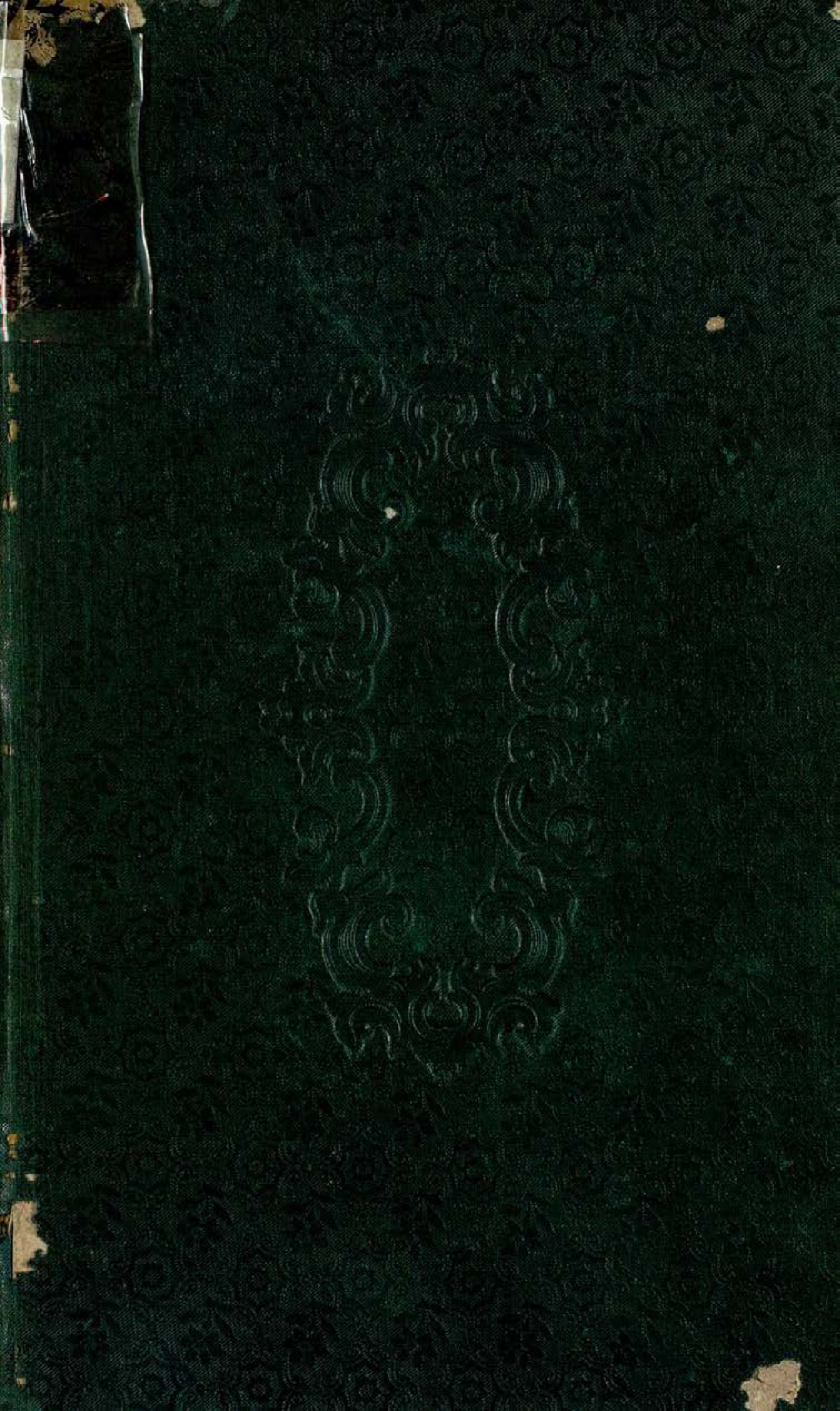






BENTLEY'S

MISCELLANY.

VOL. XVI.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1844.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY S. AND J. BENTLEY, WILSON, AND FLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

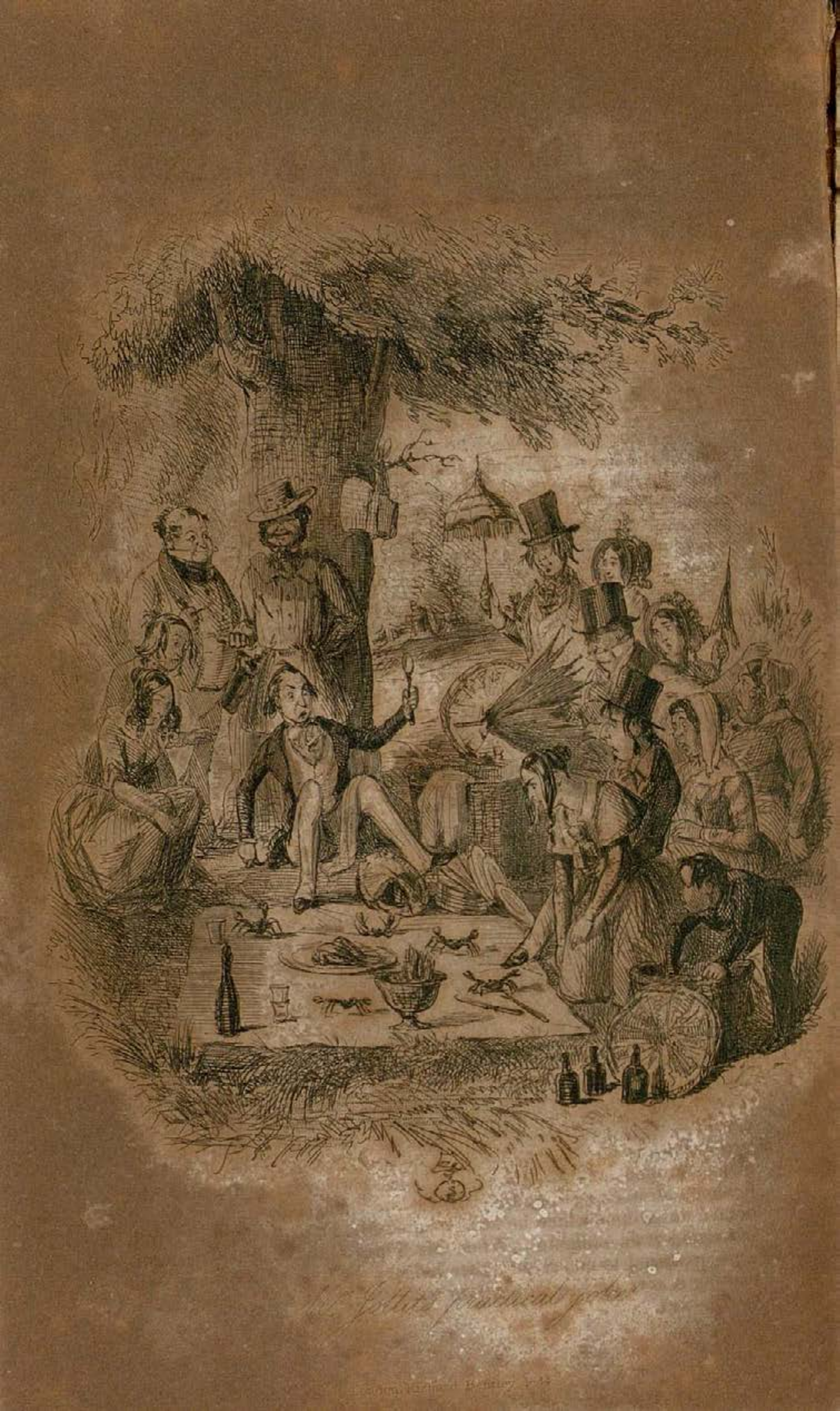
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Mr. Jollie's practical joke

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

THE FORTUNES OF THE SCATTERGOOD FAMILY.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XXII.

Joe Jollit hurries Mr. Snarry from sport to sport, to banish his regret.

The name of the lodger who played the flute in bed, on the second floor of the house in Windmill-street, occupied by the funny gentleman and his friend, was Fipps—Mr. Rasselas Fipps. He was a harmless looking young man, with a long nose: and his mouth was puckered into a perpetual simper from long practice on his instrument, which gave him a lively expression, although his nature was grave. Perhaps it was this harmless disposition that made him very popular amongst the fairer portion of the visitors to Gravesend, coupled with his musical propensities; for he knew a great number of ladies. Oftentimes as the benighted traveller returned from Cobham, he heard the dulcet notes of Mr. Fipps's pipe—he was equally great upon the flageolet—floating in the soft and mellow eventide; and at a turn of the road would discover Mr. Fipps reclining in a pastoral attitude against a stile, whilst two or three ladies, seated on logs of timber, listened to him in wrapt admiration, and donkeys browsed at their side, in classical grouping. The style of Mr. Fipps's playing was usually ambitious, and of a high school—indeed, he sometimes attempted to grasp such lofty notes that bystanders trembled for his bloodvessels; but in moments of light distraction he would essay the gay quadrille or popular waltz; and then, when nobody was by, the ladies would dance a gentle measure upon the green sward, calling each other "dear," and laughing timidly, as though they blushed to find themselves thus employed, as is their wont on such occasions, from sylvan dances to the first quadrille after supper at evening parties. So that the life of Mr. Fipps might be considered as Arcadian; and he would have formed, with his fair companions, a sort of drop-scene of the nineteenth century, had any artist sketched them.

During the early periods of their residence Mr. Joe Jollit did not get on very well with Mr. Fipps. He pronounced him "slow;" and indeed what could be expected from a man who dined every day upon soda water and perriwinkles; for such did the jocular Jollit affirm was the case. And having won an opal smelling-bottle and two mother-of-pearl salt-spoons, at Tulley's bazaar, he persuaded the elegant young lady with the long black curls, who personated the fickle goddess,—anything but blindly,—to change these prizes for an octave flute, upon which he accompanied Mr. Fipps through the wall, in an uncertain obligato. When Mr. Fipps found that his performance appeared to annoy the other lodgers, he took to playing in bed, making a sort of Esquimaux tent with the sheet, and getting under

it, together with his candle—a proceeding which, although advantageous in the aggregate, was, in the abstract, certainly prejudicial to his own safety, as well as that of the house generally. But finding that Mr. Fipps was inoffensive, and put up meekly with messages and conduct of an insulting and pernicious nature, Mr. Joe Jollit pronounced him a good fellow after all; and they finally got very excellent friends.

Meanwhile, Mr. Snarry became more melancholy, in spite of all Mr. Joe Jollit's recommendations to the contrary. He declared he could not rouse himself; and if he could not, it was certainly not from a paucity of attempt on the part of his friend to divert him, for Mr. Jollit dragged him by sheer muscular strength to Rosherville every gala night, and even introduced him to the young lady who sang coquettish ballads from an exalted position in the orchestra gallery, between the dances, which was a distinguished honour many gallant hearts sighed for, but in vain. He took him to eat water-cresses at Spring Head, and drink tea at Cobham; he lured him into sailing excursions and balls upon the Town Pier; he practically demonstrated to him that the amenities of social life were in force at Gravesend—that nobody was proud, but pleasant and affable—that formal introductions were things unknown, even to the fairer portion of humanity there locating, but that soft words might be whispered during the fireworks, upon the strength of one or two minutes' acquaintanceship, when all was dark and romantic. But the more he took Mr. Snarry into the whirl of gaiety, the more sad did that gentleman become. He preferred lonely walks, and at eventide would start forth to commune with nature, in cloth boots and a blouse; and, like the lovelorn Arcite, if he heard song or instrument about the house, he would weep without avail, so feeble were his spirits. What between Mr. Jollit's voice, and Mr. Fipps's flute and flageolet, frequent opportunities were afforded him of doing so, which increased rather than diminished his passion; indeed, he one day wandered into the fields with the intention of weaving a chaplet of wild flowers, only in the first place he did not know how to do it, and in the second, if he had, he could not find any. And so the expedition was a failure.

"I say, Snarry," said Mr. Jollit, one fine afternoon, when his friend returned from a stroll, "here 's a lark! I met Hankins and his wife, and Mrs. Hankins's sister, to-day on Windmill Hill. They came down here on Monday, and they want to get up a picnic."

"Pic-nics are not for me," answered Mr. Snarry, sadly.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Joe: "I have said we 'll join it, so you must try and see Bam to-morrow, when you go up to London. Pratt 's safe, I should think, and so 's Bodle, if he is not within the rules of Mrs. Chicksand."

"And I," said Snarry, "shall walk into the joyous circle like the ghost of departed mirth."

"Pooh! pooh!" replied Joe, "you 'll walk into the lobster salad a great deal better. I think we ought to ask Fipps—eh? He 'll bring his pipe, you know."

"By all means," returned Snarry: "I like Fipps; he is quiet, and suits my soul. And he has learnt not to believe in happiness."

Mr. Joe Jollit was certainly invaluable in arranging parties. With-

in two days, he had worked so hard, that he had not only collected twenty or thirty people together, including several regular patrons of the Topaz steamer, but he had confidentially imparted to each what they were expected to bring. Mr. Fipps he let off cheap, with the rolls and lettuces, in consideration of his musical attainments: Mr. Snarry received hints of bottled porter and British champagne: Mrs. Hankins and her sister agreed conjointly to furnish a pigeon-pie and some tarts, from their own fair hands: and Mr. Bam implored, almost with tears in his eyes, that he might make the cold punch, and dress the salad himself.

Mr. Bam was one of those men who think that the compilation of punch and salad is the great arcanum of life, known to them alone upon the mighty earth. And on the occasion of dinner-parties at houses where he was intimate, nervous people, who bolted by mistake into the dining-room instead of going up-stairs, might always see Mr. Bam at the sideboard, with his cuffs turned up strenuously high, mashing a hard-boiled egg in a crockery bowl with feverish assiduity, or spooning up the dressing and letting it fall again, for twenty-seven successive times,—that was the exact number; one more or less would have spoilt it,—in order that it might be mixed to the exact point of incorporation. And in making punch, Mr. Bam was so impressed with the grave responsibility of his task, that the attention required in transmuting metals, or preparing the universal solvent, was nothing to it. Delicately exact cubes of sugar were rubbed on precisely chosen lemons: tea-spoonfuls were poured into wine-glasses and tasted therefrom every ten seconds: rum was measured out with medical accuracy, and brandy added with alchemical care, until Mr. Bam, radiant with pride, triumphantly announced the attainment of perfection. And if after that any rash and hapless guest timidly suggested the presence of a little more of anything, he was soon sorry that he had spoken. For Mr. Bam's look of mingled scorn and anger, when he told him that punch once made was immutable, drove him into obscurity, from which he never more emerged. As far as the transmutation and the universal solvent were concerned, Mr. Bam's punch, when he made it at somebody else's house, bore affinity, in a manner, to them. For then it was so strong, that it transmuted previously dull people into amateurs of parlour magic, and imitators of popular performers; and as a solvent loosened the tongues of retiring visitors into the perpetration of comic songs, interspersed with dialogue illustrative of curious states of society, where people were constantly asking one another questions for the purpose of giving smart answers calculated to wound the feelings, or convey the imputation of exceeding mental inferiority.

The anxiety of preparation had a happy effect upon Mr. Snarry's shattered spirits: still more so, when Mrs. Hankins's sister would persist in coming every evening to see if, as a bachelor, Mr. Snarry did not require some little assistance. And in return, Mr. Joe Jollit would intrude at Hankins's lodgings when the ladies set about making the pastry; and was so funny—Mrs. Hankins's sister never knew such a mischievous creature. For he insisted upon superintending the ornamental portion of the confectionary; and even made a piecrust statue of Mrs. Hankins's sister's intended,—an imaginary person,—with currants for his eyes and buttons, and a pigeon's fea-

ther in his hat, which gave him rather a martial appearance than otherwise. Then he fashioned a dough heart, as a present for Mr. Snarry, to supply the place of his own, lately lost; and the way in which he ornamented the pie with little frogs, and snipped the edge with scissors into fanciful ornaments, required to be seen to be understood.

Mr. Snarry was admitted to these little meetings, and they relieved his mind. For no one could watch the diverting conceits of Mr. Joe Jollit without being amused; especially on the last day, when he once more invaded Hankins's lodgings, and put on an apron and a tall nightcap, with a tassel on the top, which belonged to Fipps, to make himself look like the *chef de cuisine.* And on this occasion he floured the head of the boy who cleaned the shoes and knives with the dredger, and sent him in this state several times to the baker's, to caution them lest Mrs. Hankins's sister's intended should be done too much, or burnt. And lastly, by clandestine legerdemain, and threatening the life of the aforesaid boy if he ever revealed it, he abstracted the cups from the interior of the two fruit pies, and supplied their places with something very remarkable, sure to produce an effect which would be ruined by premature disclosure. But Mr. Joe Jollit inwardly determined that the pies should be cut by Fipps,—both of them.

At last, all was arranged. Mr. Bam's brother was a surgeon, just setting up in practice in the Borough; and he kindly wrote medical certificates for all those who required them. Snarry had palpitation of the heart for two days; Pratt was laid up with any hard name the practitioner liked to insert; and Mr. Joe Jollit having successively stated that he was labouring under elephantiasis, with the additional infliction of a bone in his leg, and something green in his eye, and an access of 'Delirium Threadneedlens,' consented to be chimerically confined to his bed with the ever-serviceable influenza.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Gravesend party of pleasure, and the fate of Fipps.

There has been from time immemorial a conventional notion, that all pic-nic and *al fresco* parties should end in rain and misery. But, on the present occasion, such was not the case, for the weather was lovely, with every prospect of keeping so. The seaweed in the passage of Mr. Snarry's lodgings was crisp and rustling; the parasol of the fashionable lady in the gilt alcove on Mrs. Hankins's mantel-piece was raised in token of sunshine; and, better than all, Mr. Fipps's barometer, which was celebrated for foretelling what never happened, stood at "much rain." On the other hand, to be sure, there was a gala advertised at the Gardens: but there is no rule without its exception, and perhaps the gala might prove that one.

The party was to meet at one o'clock, and then depart for the spot fixed upon, which was about three miles out of Gravesend.

At the appointed hour everybody had arrived, and almost in uniform,—the ladies being attired in lined muslins, with shot silk parasols, and the gentlemen in white trousers and stocks of won-

drous luxury, light blue with gold sprigs being in the ascendant. Mr. Snarry simply turned down his collars, and wore a black ribbon; whilst the pleasant Jollit, in that absence of pride upon which he so much plumed himself, put on a blouse and straw-hat. Carriages had been ordered for the ladies, and refreshments, under the care of Mr. Hawkins and some other Benedicts: but Mr. Jollit pronouncing these vehicles, in his own dialect, as "ramshackled," proposed donkeys for themselves; which the others immediately agreed to, with Mr. Snarry at the head, whose forced spirits were such that they approached the hysterical.

Mr. Rasselas Fipps was the last who made his appearance. Joe Jollit had evidently enjoyed the delay, chuckling at it inwardly, as if he were conscious of the cause, which was the case. For the funny gentleman, having risen betimes, had seen Mr. Fipps's glazed boots standing like sentinels at his chamber door, and had wantonly placed in each a handful of live shrimps, which lively *crustacea* were productive of consecutive alarm, anger, and exertion, before the toilet was accomplished, and subsequently pervaded the entire house after their ejection. But Fipps had recovered his usual placidity by the proper time of meeting, having put on another pair, nearly as good-looking, but a little older, with a small hole at the sole, from which a species of dusty firework shot out every time they were drawn on. And they also, from the same cause, made a noise when he walked, something between a toy bellows dog and a cuckoo: but this, in Jollit's opinion increased the hilarity.

The donkeys were led up to the door by the retainers, and followed by a throng of boys, who entered into the proceedings with the highest glee. Funny gentlemen always want an audience to come out "rich," and these boys were quite enough to draw Mr. Joe Jollit forth, and make him go through a variety of performances, equestrian and otherwise, before he started, amidst the cheers of the spectators. And then bidding Mr. Fipps play something martial on his flageolet, which Mr. Fipps immediately did, with the air of a man knowing he is making a fool of himself but afraid to refuse, the party set off along Windmill Street, preceded and surrounded by the boys. The steed of Mr. Joe Jollit, familiarly termed "Bottle" by the owner, was so decked with fern, that it looked like Birnam Wood out for a ride; and its hilarious ruler had muzzled its mouth with a strap, placing a short pipe therein, as well as tied a pocket-handkerchief over its head. And there was a mysterious bundle hanging from the saddle, which sometimes moved, as if its contents were uneasy in their minds, or annoyed by each other's society. But nobody knew what these might be. And so was the setting forth accomplished; Mr. Fipps being placed at the head with his music,—a position assigned to him, ostensibly on the authority of Chaucer, for whom he always professed great reverence; but in reality to bear the weight of the complimentary salutations from the urchins who accompanied the *cortège*. Next followed the Jollit: then Snarry and his friends; and lastly, the boy at the lodgings, riding in great trepidation, with a hamper slung on each side before him, like kettle-drums, on one of which was stuck a flag, formed by a Union-jack pocket-handkerchief tied to the old joint of a fishing-rod, with an orange on the top, the lads cheering round him.

"That's a good idea, Fipps, about Chaucer and his pilgrims," said Jollit, as they got out of the town, and left the boys behind them; "we will call ourselves by their names."

"But we are not going to Canterbury," replied Rasselas.

"No more did they, that anybody ever knew of," returned Joe. "I think they all got jolly, and spent their money half-way; or else quarreled. It must have been very slow; how could nine-and-twenty people, all on horseback, hear what one was saying. No, no—crams—depend upon it."

Mr. Fipps thought otherwise. He did not like to hear his favourite author slightingly spoken of; but, inspired by the foliage of the country he murmured:

"'Whanne that April with his shoures sote.'"

"What's 'sote?'" interrupted Joe, maliciously funny.

"Well, 'sote,' you know," answered innocent Fipps: "oh—'sote' means anything—pshaw! its Chaucerian."

"I call 'sote' great nonsense," replied Mr. Jollit; "shut up Chaucer, and play a pleasant melody. Something sporting."

Rasselas was very tractable, and immediately struck up The Huntsman's Chorus, which lasted all the way through a pleasant village which they were approaching. And after that they rode in facetious styles, and instituted practical jokes upon each other's animals, until they arrived at the place selected for the dinner, where the rest of the company had already assembled. It was a sloping wood, with fine old trees surrounding a smooth piece of turf, and a beautiful view at the end of the avenue, framed as it were by the quivering branches.

The ladies, who had been accompanied by Mr. Bam, and the married gentlemen, had not been idle. The cloth was already spread, and the hampers unpacked. Mr. Bam was hard at work at the salad, upon the stump of a tree; and Mr. Hankins was acting as butler: uncorking all sorts of unknown bottles, and tasting each under pretence of seeing what they were. The fairer portion of the company were laying the rolls and spoons in order; and Mrs. Hankins's sister, as soon as Mr. Snarry arrived, lured him into an empty carriage to cut up the cucumber, which took so long doing, that there was no end of pleasantries from the rest when the task was accomplished. At these, Mrs. Hankins's sister smiled and blushed, and looked confused, and pleased all at once, in the manner of the lady in the front row of the pit at Astley's, whom Mr. Merryman sits down by the side of, for protection, when pursued by the whip of the irritated master of the ring.

Mr. Joe Jollit had provided the cruets, and in a jocular manner, which made great fun; for the vinegar was in a scent-bottle made like Bonaparte, his head forming the stopple; and the mustard and pepper in the glass and sand-box of a china inkstand. The salt was in a little cedar lucifer-box with a flapping lid; and when, as the *bonne bouche,* he produced a blacking-bottle full of brandy-cherries, the hilarity of the party was beyond all bounds; Mr. Snarry quietly informing Mrs. Hankins's sister, "that he never knew Jollit so rich."

The funny gentleman retired with the fruit pies for a few minutes,

unseen in the excitement; and when he returned they all took their places, after such laughing, and spreading out shawls to sit upon, and covering up of pretty ankles, and peeping feet! And then the meal began, and Mr. Joe Jollit came out in proportion. First he balanced a spinning plate on his finger, which finally tumbled down and broke. Then he crawled upon his hands and knees across the table cloth for a remote roll, preparatory to tossing up three at once, and so arranging, that at the conclusion of the performance, they all fell upon Mr. Fipps's head in succession; and finally, he fastened the claw of a lobster to his nose, and gave an imitation of Mr. O. Smith, in the Bottle Imp, telling somebody he must learn to love him, which was pronounced admirable, especially by those who had never seen the original.

"Now, Fipps," cried Joe, who always followed up his jokes by distracting the company's attention, as is usual with funny gentlemen who labour intensely to be thought off-hand, "Now Fipps, what are those tarts made of?"

"I will tell you directly," said Mr. Fipps, affably.

Mr. Joe Jollit entreated the attention of the company by a clandestine wink; as he added, turning the dish in a certain direction. "Here, this way will be best to cut it; will it not?"

The heedless Fipps plunged the knife through the crust, and cut away vigorously; but he had scarcely done so ere the whole of the top crust flew up into the air, accompanied by some of the fruit, as if a mine of gooseberries had been sprung in the interior; and a dreadful image of the nameless one darted up amidst the ruins, to the consternation of Fipps, and the screams of astonishment and rapture of the ladies.

"There's a love!" cried Joe, as he drew forth the fiend, which was of the jack-in-the-box class, won at Tulley's, and hitherto tied down by a string. "Bravo, Fipps! you managed it capitally; your health, Fipps. Gentlemen—bumpers, if you please, to Mr. Fipps."

Applause and toasting prevented Mr. Fipps from saying a word. But he looked paralyzed with astonishment.

"Never mind, Fipps," continued Joe; "go in at the other. I'll be bound you have some little new surprise for us."

"Ha! ha! capital! very good!" said Fipps, with about as dreary a laugh as any one could well conceive.

And assuming indifference, he attacked the second pie, but had hardly commenced, ere Joe, exclaiming, "Bless me, what's that!" tipped it completely over, and half a dozen live crabs—of the three-a-penny species, which children buy, dry and dusty, in poor neighbourhoods, and which had formed the contents of the mysterious saddle-bags—rolled out, and began to scuffle away sideways over the tablecloth. And then, indeed, there was something like consternation amongst the young ladies, requiring all the assiduity of the gentlemen to tranquillize. Indeed there was a report that Mr. Snarry's emotion carried him so far as to place his arm—may we chronicle it?—round Mrs. Hankins's sister's waist, and assure her energetically that there was no danger.

Order was at length restored, and they all laughed heartily, except Fipps, who did not see the joke; the less so, in proportion as every one complimented him upon his drollery. But a very shining pair of eyes on his right hand, in whose light he had whilome played the

flageolet in the quiet eventide, exerted all their influence to sooth him; and before long he had recovered his wonted serenity, and was even persuaded into the performance of an anacreontic melody, with variations.

The corks leapt joyously from the long-necked bottles, which, capped with tinfoil, were presumed to contain champagne, or if they did not, something quite as good, which had the same effect, and if anything, much sooner. The sparkling liquid, alive with tiny balloons, that rose in myriads from nobody knew where, creamed over the edges of the glasses and the taper-fingers that held them, and all went merry as a marriage-bell,—or rather as that signal of the loo of life in which a good hand is sometimes thrown away for a miss of uncertain advantage, is popularly supposed to go. What a relief from the dusty pavement, and glaring baking walls of the city, was the soft turf and the waving foliage. How every breath of sweet summer air blew the dust and blacks from the lungs. Mr. Pratt, who, not having a lady at his side, lay down in the attitude assigned in the Eton Grammar to ineligible shepherds, as he watched the transparent green leaves quivering against the clear blue sky, thought if ever a bank forgery was venial, it was that which Mr. Bam's relation had passed off upon the governors in the present instance.

"Gentlemen," cried the undying Jollit, "charge your glasses. Come, Fipps, that won't do—no dry toast here!"

The glasses were filled, and there was a moment of expectancy.

"Gentlemen," continued Jollit, "and ladies," he added with fascinating softness, "I am sure the toast I am about to propose will be drunk by you with the liveliest enthusiasm. The individual I am about to mention is one of rare merit."

Here Mr. Jollit's eye rested upon Fipps, who coloured exceedingly; whilst one or two knocked their plates with their knife-handles, not knowing who was meant, but because it is proper to do so.

"In those who have met him before to-day, his name will be sufficient to awaken all their warmest enthusiasm; to those who have not, the manner in which they see the toast will be received will alone teach them to cultivate his friendship."

Mr. Jollit here looked affectionately at Snarry, who immediately gazed upon the table-cloth, whilst his breast heaved with emotion, as he felt Mrs. Hankins's sister's arm pressed against his own, as much as to say, "He means you."

"His moral worth is only surpassed by his beauty," continued Joe, bowing to Mr. Bam, "and his intellect by both. I can keep you no longer in suspense, for you must have already made up your minds as to the individual in question. Need I say, that it is *myself?* I beg, therefore, you will drink my health with three times ever-so-many; thanking me at the same time for my kind exertions in promoting the festivity of the party."

There was great laughter at the unexpected conclusion of Mr. Joe Jollit's address from everybody except Fipps, Snarry, and Bam, each of whom thought it was himself that drew forth these compliments, and were already meditating a reply. Mr. Fipps had got as far as, "It is with feelings of the deepest emotion and gratitude;" Mr. Snarry had accomplished, "The honour so perfectly unexpected that you have just conferred upon me;" whilst Mr. Bam had resolved to

fall back upon the old joke of, "Unaccustomed as I am," &c. But Mr. Bam was rich in old jokes — especially dinner ones. Tongue, hock, calves'-head, lettus (lettuce), and rum, never escaped Mr. Bam, in common with all men who are great at concocted salad and punch.

The toast was drunk by all, however, at last, with great enthusiasm, and in bumpers, although every lady cried out, "Oh, that's quite enough," as soon as her glass held about a teaspoonful. Mr. Jollit returned thanks, with his hand upon his heart, in a neat and appropriate speech, and then called upon Mr. Snarry for a song. After much pressing, which required the solicitation of Mrs. Hankins's sister's eyes to render of some avail, he obeyed.

We have said Mr. Snarry was of portly figure, albeit he walked much, was in love, and wore a broad zone of elastic fabric; and therefore he sang with a delicate fluty voice some enamoured stanzas. And thus it is always, that those who look as if their notes would knock down the walls of a house, incline to ditties, as tenor as tender.

When this was finished Mr. Joe Jollit still kept the fun alive. He cut ducks out of apples, and made pigs from orange-peel. Then he presented Mrs. Hankins's sister with cherry teapots against she commenced housekeeping; at which Mrs. Hankins's sister said, "Get along, you strange creature, do!" The fruit was a perfect windfall to Mr. Jollit; for he conjured with the cherries also, and wore four as earrings, and tied knots in the stalks with his mouth; and popped gooseberry-shucks upon his hand, which Mr. Fipps could not manage after many attempts; and was altogether the life and soul of the company,—more especially in his taking an orange and imitating the invalid traveller on board the steam-packet, by artful incisions, and subsequent compression. And, finally, he proposed a dance.

Mr. Fipps was forthwith elevated on the stump of the tree with his flageolet, and told to play unlimited quadrilles. The first set was soon formed, the ladies taking off their bonnets, one of which Mr. Jollit put on hind side before, and disported therein merrily; plying Mr. Fipps with strong beverages between each figure, to make him play with spirit. And this he did, until the exertion, the excitement, and the sun combined, threw his notes into great confusion, and produced that vague melody common to an overworked musical snuff-box when its barrel has shifted halfway between the two tunes.

And so the day went on, to the joy of everybody. But everything must have an end, from a quartette at a classical concert downwards; and although Mr. Snarry apostrophized the shades of evening to close not o'er them, day began to decline. The things were packed up, and they mustered their party to return; when, to their discomfort, Fipps could not be found.

A search was immediately instituted, and the company dispersed in various directions, until a cry of joy from Mr. Jollit drew them to one particular spot. And there, in a romantic hollow, reclined Mr. Fipps, with an empty champagne-bottle by his side, still trying to evoke sweet sounds by playing at the wrong end of his flageolet. His first statement was, that everything was right: his second, that he believed in happiness. It was therefore thought advisable to place him in one of the vehicles, with the boy to look after him, whilst Mr. Jollit insisted upon riding postillion. The passengers were transferred to another carriage, and this made more fun; for they were

crowded for room, and the ladies were compelled to seek such accommodation as they could obtain, which Mr. Snarry observing, prevailed upon Mr. Hankins to change places with him, and then squeezed in amongst the rest, very close to Mrs. Hankins's sister.

The journey home was not less pleasant than the coming; and when they arrived, Mr. Fipps was taken in solemn procession to Mr. Bam's lodgings, and there placed to rest, with severe instructions to Mr. Bam's boy that, when the gentleman awoke in the morning, and asked where he was, he should be told in the Tower of London, upon a charge of high treason, and then locked into his room until they came to release him.

The married gentlemen retired to their homes; but the bachelors resolved to make a night of it. Long after Gravesend was wrapped in slumber, sounds of conviviality broke forth from "The Falcon," amongst which Mr. Joe Jollit's voice was ever prominent, and even Mr. Snarry became wildly excited, and forgot his deep attachment. But the next morning came, and with it the early steamer from the Town Pier; and then the steward found a record of the past hilarity in the diminished quantity of eighteen-pences from those who, hitherto, had patronized his rolls and coffee with constant uniformity. One or two pint-bottles of pale ale but ill compensated for the deficiency.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Clara Scattergood obtains a "situation" with the Constables.

On the very day that Freddy ran away from Merchant Tailors', but before his absence from the house of the Rev. Mr. Snap was made known, another separation took place in the family of the Scattergoods.

Looking to the limited circumstances in which they were at present placed, it had been Clara's intention, from the first day of their arrival in London, to seek some occupation which might enable her to maintain herself in some degree independent of the others; and this object, as far as she herself was concerned, was never lost sight of. But even the situation of a governess, unpromising and slightly lucrative as it was, was difficult to be obtained; for many hundreds besides herself were striving for the same thing. Advertisement after advertisement was inserted in the papers, but without bringing any suitable answer. Her name was entered at registry offices where the same placard, exposed in the window, contained the names of governess and scullery-maid, the alpha and omega of those who were anxious for employment,—and still to no purpose. And she received little assistance from her parents, it being scarcely within her mother's province to exert herself to that effect; whilst Mr. Scattergood set out each morning, as usual, apparently with the idea that some advantageous offer would be thrust upon him as he walked along the streets, and each night returned no nearer fortune than when he started forth. But he unvaryingly asserted that everything would come in good time, and that there was no occasion to hurry.

At length, through private recommendation, which, after all, is what these endeavours usually depend upon, an apparently advan-

tageous situation presented itself. With some little trouble the father was prevailed upon to make the necessary inquiries; and, finally arranging everything, it was decided that Clara should, for the first time in her life, leave home, and go as governess in the establishment of the Constables, who were friends of a former connexion of her own family; and the engagement was pronounced a rare and eligible opportunity.

The Constables resided in Fitzroy Square, a locality of the metropolis which subsists chiefly upon its past grandeur. A singular place is Fitzroy Square. It reminds one of a decayed family struggling to keep up appearances upon small means and former greatness. You can fancy all the starched, formal houses, containing carefully-preserved articles of furniture, which had once been very good: too ancient to set off a room, but not old enough to be fashionable—a most unpleasant medium. The buildings look with the same contempt upon the turmoil of the contiguous New Road as the venerable oaks of some county estate do upon the noisy, clattering line of railway that intrudes upon their majesty; and the carved stone-work, and grave, heavy roofs of the houses, seem shrinking with disgust from the flaunting cement eagles, composition vases, fancy monuments, and zinc chimney-pots that enliven the borders of the neighbouring thoroughfares.

The name of the Constables will not be found in the Royal Blue Book if you look, and so the trouble may be saved. But they were "most nice persons" with many of their friends, for all that. Mrs. Constable was of excellent family,—at least so she said,—and kept up her husband's genealogy upon its credit, always telling wonderful tales, without plot, interest, or termination, about her own relations. For Mr. Constable's ideas of his great-grandfather were more vague than ancestral. There was a "Conestable," to be sure, in the muster-roll of Battel Abbey; but he could make out no authenticated line of consanguinity with that family. He could go back two or three generations, and the other came down twenty or thirty; but then there arrived an awkward hiatus, in which all traces were lost,—a thick fog upon the river of lineal descent, which effectually precluded anything from being followed by anything else.

Still the Constables were, as we have said, considered "most nice persons" by a great many who knew them, and chiefly for the following reasons. They kept a carriage, in which they sometimes took their friends round the parks. They visited very few "strange sets," —by which were implied odd people who preferred agreeable friends to grand ones, without looking to money or position. They imagined nothing could be good, unless it came from conventional shops who studied high prices. They attended to their religious duties in fashionable chapels, well aware that no Sabbath could be properly kept in an obscure parochial church; and that the worship thus paraded before the great world was far more important than the silent religion of the heart, which eligible connexions could possibly know nothing about. They were very reserved; could accommodate the focus of their eyes, like that of a double opera-glass, to any object they wished to see, or pretend not to; and, whilst they considered the good points of their own immediate friends through the lenses in their proper position, they reversed them to look at the excellences of those not

in their circle, diminishing them to an incredible distance. Those folks of vivid imagination who, when they are at a very minor theatre, look at the stage through the wrong end of their glass, and fancy themselves at the opera, will best understand the effect of this optical delusion.

It was with this family that Clara Scattergood, after many vain waitings and ineligible offers, at last found a situation; and a day was fixed for a preparatory interview with Mrs. Constable, before she actually entered upon her new vocation. There were three children,—two girls about eleven and nine, and a boy not more than seven; and Mrs. Constable had been particular to impress upon the Scattergoods, as a point of unusual advantage, that she kept a nursery-maid, so that Clara need not expect that anything derogatory to her position or education would be required from her.

She decided upon going alone to see Mrs. Constable, not more from her usual quiet spirit of independence, than from a wish to save her mother from any unpleasant feelings of her present position with respect to those who might formerly have been in her own circle of acquaintances; and, consequently, she set off from home on the day appointed for the interview. When she got to Fitzroy Square there was a carriage at the door, waiting for some morning visitors; and the footman was talking to the housemaid, who was listening to him down the area, in the position best calculated to bolt away from, as soon as the drawing-room bell should ring. They paused in their dialogue for a minute as Clara approached the door; but, as soon as they heard the kind of knock she gave, went on again, just as if there was nobody there. And so there was in their own minds; for none but nobodies came on foot, and announced their arrival in such a modest manner. It was a timid, faltering knock, to which the very echoes in the hall, accustomed to high society, and a rattling sort of existence altogether, appeared ashamed of replying.

A livery-servant, in an extreme state of plush, opened the door; and perceiving by her deportment that she was not a privileged or dashing visitor, immediately shewed her into the library,—a chilly, formal room, looking out upon the leads, with a smoky portrait, in a powdered wig, over the mantelpiece, traditioned to be Roger Conestable, sometime steward of Chiltern, and latterly of Wardour Street, Middlesex: in whose features complimentary guests found a singular likeness to Mr. Constable; which Mr. Constable thought very singular, too; but he never said so. And, having shewn Clara into this agreeable room by herself, the footman left her to her own meditations for the next quarter of an hour.

At last Mrs. Constable came down to the library, and poor Clara rose to receive her. The lady was not grand, but rather patronizing; speaking to her in the same haughtily affable manner that she used towards her dressmaker, and husband's distant relatives, who came once a year, in new clothes, and a hackney-coach, to make a call. She even asked after her father and mother; and pushed her courtesy to inquiring about some other relatives who never existed, previously to recollecting that she was thinking of somebody else. And then she told Clara of the distress she had been in through the departure of the last young woman, who was a perfect imposter, and had, if anything, put the children back in their education: besides

which, she had so many strange people about her, who were always writing melancholy letters, that her head at last was much fuller of her own family's troubles than the care of the children. But she had heard a very decent account of Clara, although to be sure she did look rather young to inspire her little girls with respect; however she was willing to give her every trial.

All this was uttered with a volubility which prevented poor Clara making any reply, beyond an occasional monosyllable. So she sat quietly, bowing her head in coincidence with what Mrs. Constable said, until that lady came to more direct questions; in the course of which she persisted for some time in addressing her in French—more or less correct, but with an imitative pronunciation that concealed the defects of grammar from a casual listener. But the "Paris accent" was evidently a great point with her; and she seemed rather disconcerted at hearing that Clara had learnt the language only at Boulogne. Drawing and music were also spoken of; and finally, she came to religion, which she stated was an important point, as Clara would have to take the children to church every Sunday, and her own delicate health did not always allow her to go—she might have added especially when the morning service had been preceded by the opera, or was to be followed by the Zoological Gardens.

"And now, with respect to remuneration," continued Mrs. Constable, "I believe no terms were settled. What salary do you expect?"

"I must leave that entirely in your hands, ma'am," replied Clara, "for I have never been out before. I should be most happy to accept the terms upon which you engaged the last lady."

"Why, that requires some little consideration," returned Mrs. Constable, playing with a ring of keys, and trying to make the little ones go through the big ones successively, for the sake of appearing unconcerned. "You see, not having been out before somewhat decreases the value of your services."

"I taught my brother up to the time he went to school," observed Clara, plucking up courage to throw in the remark, whilst she was fluttering with expectancy.

"Oh—I have no doubt of that," answered Mrs. Constable; "but my children would require a different style of education to what your family might think right and proper."

The blood rushed up to Clara's face, and she crimsoned with anger at this indirect sneer. Fortunately, however, she was sitting with her back to the light, and Mrs. Constable did not observe it. The lady continued—

"Our last young person had five-and-twenty guineas, but we found that too much. Our out-of-door expenses are necessarily so great that we are compelled to retrench at home. Besides, my friend Mrs. Hamley, St. John's Wood, tells me that many governesses at present will come merely for a home. There are so many families in reduced circumstances just now."

"There are, indeed," Clara exclaimed, sadly, and almost unconsciously.

"Mrs. Hamley has five children," Mrs. Constable went on; "she sends them all to learn the piano and French, after five o'clock, at sixpence each, the hour. Fortunately, the person who teaches lives near them—some broken down schoolmistress, I believe. However,

to return to the subject of terms, I think I may venture to offer you twenty—if that will suit your views. I will speak to Mr. Constable about it, and let you know his decision by an early post."

Clara expressed her readiness to accept the engagement upon this salary; indeed, had the lady offered her half that sum she would have availed herself of it, in her wish to lighten the expenses of her own family. A double knock at the door closed the interview, and waiting in the hall an instant, while the fresh morning visitors arrived, she slipped out unheeded in the bustle of their reception.

Poor Clara—how glad she felt at leaving the house! The dingy foliage of Fitzroy Square never before appeared so grateful—never before seemed to blow as much for the shade of the nobodies outside the rails, as for the exclusive residents who had keys. Even the hot dusky atmosphere came fresh and free in comparison with the air of dependence she had been breathing for the last twenty minutes.

A britska was waiting at Mrs. Constable's door as she left the house, belonging to the visitors who had just arrived; and a young man was sitting on the box, indolently fly-fishing with his whip on various parts of the horses and harness. As Clara turned from shutting the door after her, for the servant was announcing the callers, she saw that he was looking at her with all the sight-destroying energy which a glass held in one eye is fitted to produce. And so with very becoming modesty, as is the usual plan pursued by decorous young ladies upon similar occasions, she directly placed her parasol in the position best calculated to entirely intercept the gaze of admiring young gentlemen. But somehow or another—it was very awkward—her dress caught on the scraper; and she was compelled to turn half way round to release it; when she saw, by the merest accident, that he was still looking at her; and then immediately finding an object of peculiar and continuous interest in the pavement and cellar roundabouts, she walked rapidly on.

She was passing down Russell Place—a region time out of mind dedicated, with its adjoining streets, to wonderful people of every description in music and the arts—to middle first-floor windows run to seed, for mysterious purposes of light and shade—to plurality of addresses on the doors, and sounds of grand pianos playing ceaseless chords from the windows—to board and lodging upon modest terms for those who love the confines, but cannot afford the centres of the west—when she fancied she heard a quick step following her. It came nearer and nearer; and then a gentleman wheeled round before her, and presented a pocket-handkerchief which she saw was her own—a fairy-like, lace-edged parallelogram of cambric with her name embroidered in the corner, by herself. Another glance also informed her that it was the young man she had seen on the carriage at Mrs. Constable's door.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed gently, "but I believe this is your handkerchief?"

Clara was terribly flurried at the unexpected rencontre; but she took the handkerchief with a smile, and thanked him with her eyes, if she did not with her tongue. The young man hesitated an instant; he felt that, his mission accomplished, he ought to go away; and yet he was anxious to say something more. At last he spoke:

"Am I to have the pleasure of meeting you at Mrs. Constable's fancy ball?"

Clara uttered a hurried negative, and then bowing to the polite unknown, walked on in great confusion.

"A fancy ball," she thought; "it is possible after all I may be there." And then she added with a sigh, "But it will only be as a governess in a family; and then he would not think of noticing me."

No further incident occurred to her on her way home; but this little occurrence had been enough to occupy her mind even more than her late interview with Mrs. Constable, or the prospect of her approaching occupation.

"It was very strange that he should come after me himself," thought Clara. "I wonder why he did not send the servant. And to go on talking, after he had given me my handkerchief!"

And then she began to settle in her mind that such a proceeding was very impudent on his part; coming at last, however, to the conclusion, that he was very courteous and good-looking for all that.

A very short time was necessary for Clara to make every preparation for her new situation; and the day was fixed for her departure. That she felt the estrangement, and somewhat sharply too, cannot be denied; but she was unwilling that her father and mother should for a moment perceive how her happiness was affected by it; and so she went about everything in her usual quiet and cheerful manner, keeping all her sorrow to herself, and only giving way to it when she retired to her own room at night, when she generally relieved her heart by a good long cry before going to sleep. She was well aware how even Freddy's boyish griefs had affected her mother; and she also knew that her own would be taken more to heart, if she made a display of them, by reason of her advanced age and sense. It was perhaps at this time that she felt the absence of her brother Vincent, as a protector, more forcibly than she had yet done. But it was many months since they had heard of or from him: and her father, good easy man, although indulgent and even-tempered even to a fault, was not one upon whom she could rely, in any business that required energy or decision.

The day arrived, and Clara left amidst exclamations of regret from everybody in the house. Indeed, Mrs. Chicksand was most loud in her lamentations, having, at the same time, another room thrown on her hands to increase her grief. Mr. Bodle stayed at home all day, for the sake of insisting upon carrying her boxes down to the coach himself; but then, perhaps, this was not altogether disinterested, as he wished to excite a mild pang of jealousy in the breast of the young lady who lived next door, and who was legended to have declined his addresses, upon the authority of Lisbeth.

Clara went alone, for reasons before stated. On arriving at Constable's in the evening, she found the family had gone out to dinner; but she was expected, and the extreme plush received her in the hall in dignified silence, but condescended to take her things up to her room, which was quite at the top of the house, looking out upon a corroded stone coping, evidently hitherto used as a servant's bedroom, from its general appointments. And here he left her to unpack her things, placing a flat candlestick upon the uncovered painted toilet-table, and asking if she wanted anything more, in the most careless tones of compulsory attendance. There was something so cheerless in the appearance of the room,—so strange and heartless in everything around, that Clara could bear up against it no longer.

She had combated her sorrows all day for the sake of those at home; but now the sense of her unprotected and companionless position came upon her with double keenness. She sat down by the side of the bed, and wept long and bitterly.

She was recalled to herself by the nursery-maid knocking at the door, and asking her if she would not come down into the nursery. Anything was a relief to the dreary room, and she followed her down stairs, where her future charges were at tea. The children stared at her for some minutes most attentively; then they began to whisper to one another, and finally to laugh heartily at private jokes, such as little people have generally one with another, but of which Clara was evidently the subject.

The servant was a civil and respectable young woman; she reproved the children, and then asked Clara to join them at tea, whilst her charges regaled on milk-and-water. The trio were what people term "sharp little things,"—precocious children, always on the fidget, the delight of their parents, and annoyance of everybody else, who cannot feel any great interest in their hot-house acquisitions.

"Take your spoon out of your mouth, Master Neville, this instant," said the nurserymaid to the little boy.

"I shan't," was the answer. "I don't care for you; do I, Blanche?"

"No," replied the eldest girl; "nor more do I. I hate somebody here. It is isn't you, Eleanor; nor it isn't you, Neville; nor it isn't *her*," pointing to Clara. "I know who it is, though."

"What 's your name?" asked the eldest girl.

"Clara Scattergood," answered our heroine.

"What an ugly name!" observed Eleanor. "Mamma hates people with ugly names. How much does she pay you to teach us?—ever so many shillings, I know."

"Hold your tongue, Miss Eleanor: for shame!" exclaimed the servant.

In reply to this correction, Miss Eleanor projected her lower jaw considerably, in the manner of a china inkstand, and made a grimace at the nursery-maid.

"You 've been crying," said the little boy, after looking attentively at Clara. "Miss Wilson, that taught us last, was always crying. Mamma hates people that cry."

"Have you got a sweetheart?" inquired Blanche. "I 've got a sweetheart, and Eleanor hasn't."

And these words were repeated over and over again to music, as a song of triumph, whilst the child danced round the nursery.

"My sweetheart 's always in the square," she resumed, in confidence to Clara. "If you tell, Neville and me will pull your hair. We always pulled Miss Wilson's hair when she behaved bad."

"I hope we shall be good friends," said Clara, with every wish to conciliate.

"Perhaps," said the boy; "only don't give us books. I hate books, and so does Blanche, and so does Eleanor."

And this speech was worked into another vocal performance and incidental dance, only cut short by the announcement that it was bed-time; upon which Clara once more sought her room, to arrange her things in their respective drawers and closets, previously to retiring herself, and with a very heavy heart, to rest.

LINES ON THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.

THE Carnival is o'er, with its strange and wild delight;
Now my heart is sad and heavy, like a tired child at night;
And my dream of girlish forms is gone, and hands so small to see,
And wavy hair, and boddice tight, and necks of ivory,
And eyes that tremulously glanced from balcony and car,
And the beauteous lady bending near, and the fair girl beck'ning far:
Like faded flowers trodden late in the City's gorgeous street,*
In few short hours Time's chariot-wheels have crush'd my fancies sweet.

The mask'd *festini*† all are o'er, with liquid orbs half seen,
Like glimpses round of crystal wells through dark umbrageous green,
And shrill accost and jest are hush'd, and playful, saucy feet
No longer now, at dead of night, the round fantastic beat.
The visor black, that lately hid both passion's deadly frown
And joyous stare of innocence, a thing of nought is grown;
And robes of mystery, that wrapp'd around each working breast,
Mere shapeless things of silk, are cast into the silent chest;
All revelry is dead; whilst the gaunt and shaven priest
In the cold and stately church proclaims the moral of the feast.‡

But moments of intenser life my soul still cling around,
As I wake from dreams of fairy bliss, or tired sleep profound;
Some pearly sounds are ringing still, that make my chill'd heart beat,
Like summer voices heard amidst a calm and green retreat,
When the humming of the fields is o'er, and silence ushers eve,
And the very flowers our feet press down their languid heads scarce heave—
When, lost in July reverie, with half-closed eyes we see
A dreamy wizard shape assume each Dryad-haunted tree,
The equal-feather'd cypress, or the olive's mystic age,§
Laocoon-like, that upward wreathes its limbs, distort with rage,—
When e'en the shadowy sprite that sighs amid the poplar leaves
Is lapp'd in gladness by the hour,—or grieving, silent grieves.

The lips which spake those silvery sounds I ne'er again may see;
But oft, like dreams of childish love, they 'll haunt my memory.
Looks, too, there were, as one had stray'd bright crystal gates within,
Where spirits dwell, and met their eyes without reproof or sin;
And hands clasp'd hands unknown before, with strange, magnetic charm,
Then, all abash'd, their clasp unloosed, with sudden, sweet alarm.
Oh! glorious is the *Carnival*, that rayless pride subdues,
Decking the common things of life with rich, unwonted hues.

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* The chief amusement of the Carnival consists in throwing flowers at the beautiful women in the carriages and balconies, and exchanging *bouquets* and *confetti*. The profusion of flowers on these occasions is incredible.

† These *festini* are the masked balls at the theatres, which take place every night of the Carnival. Some of them begin at midnight. By the "shrill accost" is meant the peculiar, disguised, and somewhat *alto* tone, which the Italians adopt with much facility.

‡ Immediately after the *abandon* and intoxication of the Carnival comes the *Quaresima digiúno di quaranta giorni*, during which no public amusements are allowed. It is dreaded equally by the gay inhabitant or the gayer stranger, and is the reign and triumph of priestly mummery, ending with the *Holy Week*.

§ The age of the olive-tree is literally unknown. It is pretended to show an olive near Tivoli which was dear to Horace! Certainly these trees have the appearance of extreme age. The fantastic, gnarled, and distorted trunks of an olive-grove have a very peculiar effect, particularly when seen at night silvered by the clear moon-shine. Nothing can be wilder and more bizarre and grotesque than the shapes this tree assumes.

Right glorious is the *Carnival!* that likes not hollow mould
Of hearts from eager sympathies fenced round with cautious gold.
The poet and the painter then walk forth with step unbound,
And gaze abroad with glistening eye, that never seeks the ground,
Like the fiction bravely coin'd of the poet devotee,
Nature, that shackled ever was, triumphantly seems free.

But it is past—strange, innocent *Millenium* of a week.
Next morn their usual pasture dull the sober'd herd will seek;
And I, that raise my midnight dirge, can scarcely longer trace
Already aught of those lost hours, that ran so joyous race,
As Rome, beneath me, like some mammoth skeleton of old,
Sleeps silent in the moonbeams, ribb'd with columns wan and cold.
Where late they lay, of impulse bright, the myriad handmaid throng,
As swept that fair array the streets red-tapestried along,
Sweet hecatombs of flowers, that were, with unseen pow'r alone,*
And tiny fragrant voices, cry from every perfumed stone,
Bidding the night-breeze fan me, as with scent of gardens near,
Whilst in the sleeping street I wake chill Echo from her bier.
Ye early-gather'd innocents, fresh, gladsome, earth-born flowers,
Your fate was good, as late ye died, to wreath those glorious hours.

As ceased the twinkling fires of the *Moccaletti* quaint,†
So now my song must find an end with accents weak and faint.

BELLS.

Ye bells, your clang the thoughtless deem
A joyous and exciting sound;
To me ye but a mockery seem,—
I hate ye with a hate profound!

I hear ye peal your merriest notes
For vict'ry or for bridal day,
Straining amain your brazen throats
To bid a careless world be gay:

And then I view the blood-stain'd field,
The dead, the dying,—and I hear
The groans the fated wretches yield,
And mark the orphan's, widow's tear;

Or think how little cause for joy,
Perchance, have those the Fates unite;
The worm, that sweetest flowers destroy,
Springs oft, O Hymen! from thy rite.

I hear ye call the throng to pray,
And sadly sigh for wretched man;
'Tis Sin he flies to cast away,
Or Folly draws with subtile chain.

Then comes the slow and dol'rous toll,
The voice which tells us death is near;
Dark horror low'rs upon the soul,
And all is anguish, gloom, and fear!

Night—everlasting night steals on:
We only view the gaping grave,
We only feel that life is done;
Be mute, thou dread and gloomy slave!

Be mute for aye; your iron tongue,
Oh! may it never speak again,
Ne'er bid the hills its clang prolong,
Or fright from peace the silent plain.

W. Law Gane.

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* The flowers that have been trodden under foot by day in the *Corso*, leave at night a faint, sickly, but not unpleasing, odour in the streets,—a kind of smell of green fields, which lasts for more than one night after all is over.

† The custom of the *Moccaletti* is curious enough. It is the funeral of the Carnival. Each person, at dusk, on the last day, whether in carriage, balcony, or on foot, lights one or more little wax tapers, which there is an universal struggle to extinguish on the part of others with handkerchiefs, &c., with cries of *Senza moccalo.* This childish amusement, which amongst this goodnatured and frivolous people, though it is a kind of romp, never proceeds to mischief, presents a magnificent *coup d'œil* as one gazes down the *Corso*, perhaps a mile long. It is one tumult of waving, glancing lights, brilliant as diamonds, borne by the richly-costumed crowd "*lege solutis*." All the balconies are hung with scarlet drapery, adding to the splendour of the scene. On one occasion, some years past, when the Carnival, from motives of political apprehension, was forbidden, the *moccaletti* alone were allowed. This caused a serious tumult, the people crying that they would not be mocked with the funeral of a Carnival that had never been born.

THE MURDER OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

The murder of the Duke d'Enghien is deservedly regarded as the greatest moral blot on the character of Napoleon. He felt it to be so himself, for he frequently referred to the subject during his exile at St. Helena, and on each occasion, without absolutely declaring the crime indefensible, showed that he did not know how it could be defended. But this is not the only instance in human affairs of men fancying, under the influence of surrounding circumstances, that they were doing something great, just, and noble, which, when the influence of the adventitious circumstances had passed away, they discovered to be paltry, iniquitous, and base. There can now be no doubt that some of the royalists of the French Revolution, defeated in the open field, and persecuted with a virulence to which the proscriptions of the Roman triumvirs scarcely afford a parallel, had in their despair entered into plots, from which they would have shrunk with horror at an early period. Napoleon, through the agency of his police, was well aware that mines of destruction were everywhere formed around him, but the agency prepared for their explosion escaped all the researches of himself and his agents. Although the period has not yet arrived for the complete solution of that state problem,—the seizure and murder of the Duke d'Enghien,—it may nevertheless be desirable to narrate in detail the circumstances of the transaction, which have not yet been laid before the English public with all the minuteness necessary to the formation of a fair opinion. In this atrocious proceeding, hastily resolved upon and still more hastily executed, it is easy for accomplices to shift the blame from one to another, and to attempt self-vindication by giving prominence to those particulars in which others were conspicuous, and suppressing the incidents which showed the extent of their own responsibility. From the actors in the tragedy we can only expect partial truth; the apologies published by Savary and Hulin, the excuses which Napoleon made for himself, are equally remarkable for suppression of fact, and insinuation of falsehood. Their statements are inconsistent with themselves, and with each other. But as the interest attached to this atrocious outrage is unfading, and as the question involves the character of many more than the immediate actors and sufferers, we here give a consecutive narrative of the events in the order of their occurrence.*

Louis-Antoine-Henri de Bourbon, Duke d'Enghien, son of Louis-Henri-Joseph, Duke of Bourbon, and of Louisa-Thérèse-Bathilde of Orleans, was born at the château of Chantilly, August 2nd, 1772. His mother suffered the most acute pains for forty-eight hours in bringing him into the world, and the Duke d'Enghien felt their effects at the moment of his birth, for he came into the world quite black and motionless. To restore him to life, he was immediately wrapped in cloths steeped in spirits of wine; but the remedy nearly proved more fatal to the young prince than the evil itself; a spark flew on these inflammable cloths, and it was only the most prompt assistance

* We have availed ourselves of a work recently published, entitled "Recherches Historiques sur le Procès et la Condamnation de Duc d'Enghien, par Aug. Nougarede de Fayet."

that prevented his perishing. He thus commenced, under gloomy auspices, a life, the end of which was destined to be so mournful.

The greater part of the Duke's childhood and youth was passed either at Chantilly, or at the château of Saint Maur-les-Fossés, near Vincennes, the air of which appeared to suit his constitution, which was naturally sickly. The Count of Virieu, who brought him up, neglected no means of strengthening his health by all kinds of exercises; and his tutor, the celebrated Abbé Millot, of the Académie Française, directed his whole attention to the development of his mind. The strongly-marked features which from that time displayed themselves in his disposition were, a lively and ardent imagination, which he derived from his mother, and a decided predilection for everything military. The example of the great Condé, which naturally was always placed before him, was calculated to increase this last inclination.

On the bursting out of the French Revolution, he shared the misfortunes of the whole royal family, and on the 17th of July, 1789, three days after the taking of the Bastile, together with the Prince of Condé, his grandfather, the Duke de Bourbon, his father, the Count of Artois, and others, he quitted France. The two Princes repaired first to Brussels, but afterwards to the King of Sardinia, at Turin. Here they endeavoured to bring about, with the European Powers, a counter-revolution. They secretly collected troops, under the command of Viscount Mirabeau. This project, however, being discovered, was abandoned, and Count d'Artois, with the Princes of the House of Condé, betook themselves to Worms and to Coblentz. It will be recollected that it was in order to join them at this time that the unfortunate Louis XVI. made his ineffectual attempt to escape from France, in conjunction with the Count de Provence. The latter only was able to reach the frontier, the King being arrested at Varennes.

Towards the end of 1791, in consequence of a rising among the emigrants, hopes were for a moment entertained of renewing a similar attempt upon Strasburg to that which had been projected in vain upon Lyons during the preceding year. With this view the Princes came to Ettenheim.* These attempts, however, only tended to render the position of Louis XVI. more perilous, and the most violent decrees were issued against the emigrants, particularly the Princes of the House of Condé. At this period the death of Leopold, and the accession of the Emperor, Francis II., revived the hopes of the French royalists. In concert with the King of Prussia, Francis II. led an army to the Rhine. The emigrants flocked to Coblentz, and such was the excess of their confidence, that they even refused to admit into their ranks those who they said arrived too late among them.†

The emigrants were formed into three corps, the command of one being given to the Duke de Bourbon, and under him the Duke d'Enghien prepared to make his first campaign. The allied army took the field at the beginning of July, when the Duke of Brunswick issued his famous manifesto. At first, it will be remembered, the Austrians and Prussians were very successful, and after the capture of Longwy and Verdun, they proceeded to march on Paris. Deceived, however, by the absurd confidence of the royalists, the

* "We remained a week at Ettenheim. Twice we hoped to enter Strasburg, whence we were only four leagues distant, and where my grandfather maintained a communication; but orders from Coblentz compelled us to remain inactive. The system of Coblentz has always been to wait for the aid of other powers. The King wished us to do so; he wrote to that effect, and his orders were followed. Who knows, however, whether a vigorous blow might not have saved the life of our unfortunate monarch,—and could we not have served him against his will? To save the King, to avoid a bloody page in our history,—what excuses were there not for disobedience!—and all this without any foreign assistance!"—*Memoirs of the Duke d'Enghien by himself.*

† "We expected to find the greatest facility for penetrating into France; not one of us thought of meeting with the slightest resistance. 'The patriots,' we said, 'will fly at the mere sight of an army; everything will give way before men who are enemies only of disorder. We shall be called for on every side; we shall have rather a procession to make to Paris than a campaign.'"—*Ib.*

generals of the allied forces took no adequate precautions, on entering France, for the supply of provisions for the army. Consequently, famine and disease soon made dreadful ravages, and having been beaten at Valmy and Jemappes, the allies were obliged to retreat in October 1792. This disastrous campaign cooled the zeal of the allied sovereigns for the royalist cause.

During the two succeeding campaigns the emigrants (for whom the allies had no further occasion, as they did not contemplate again entering France,) suffered severely from the insufficiency of their pay, and the neglect of the Austrian and Prussian generals. Their endurance, however, was equal to their courage. The Duke d'Enghien particularly distinguished himself. He displayed great courage at the siege of Mayence, at the attack on the lines at Weissembourg, and at Berstheim, in 1793, where, upon his father being wounded, he led on the cavalry, and made many brilliant charges. The only error with which he could be reproached was, that he yielded too readily to an impetuous ardour. From the year 1795 to 1797 the Duke d'Enghien had many opportunities of signalizing himself. At Kehl, being abandoned by the German troops under his command, and separated from the rest of his corps, it was only by the greatest efforts that he succeeded in rejoining them.

It was observed in the course of these latter campaigns that, with all his former courage, he displayed more calmness and self-possession, and was less carried away by enthusiasm; on the other hand, his military *coup-d'œil* was developed; and if his duties were restricted within narrow limits, at least he fulfilled them with talent.

In private life the Duke d'Enghien shewed rather a frankness of character than great powers of mind; the liveliness of his imagination too frequently led him to the two extremes of confidence and despondency. Being as humane as brave, he had always disapproved of those sanguinary reprisals so frequent between the republicans and the emigrants, and the wounded of both parties were his especial care. Passionately fond of military glory, and devoted to France, notwithstanding his exile, he did not conceal his admiration of the glory of the republican arms, and that of General Bonaparte in particular. This admiration often drew upon him the reproaches of his friends, especially as the openness and vivacity of his disposition would hardly allow him to dissemble his thoughts.* The emigrants about the Prince of Condé (for the most part implacable enemies to the Revolution) could not forgive these sentiments in the young Prince; consequently, notwithstanding his affection for his grandfather, he avoided visiting him, remaining almost constantly at head-quarters. This estrangement afforded his enemies an opportunity of pretending that he meditated a separation from his grandfather, and that he entertained the design of forming a corps in his own name, distinct from that of Condé.

On the dissolution of the corps of Condé, in 1801, the Duke d'Enghien having obtained from the English government, together with the half-pay of a general officer, permission to remain in Germany, repaired to Ettenheim, near the Cardinal de Rohan. For the Cardinal's niece, the Princess Charlotte de Rohan-Rochfort, he had long conceived the most ardent passion; and although Louis XVIII. (who hoped through him to secure for himself a useful alliance among the sovereigns of Europe,) had always refused his consent to this marriage, the Duke had never given up the desire of espousing her. Accordingly about this period he married her, and settled at Ettenheim.†

The death of the Cardinal, in the beginning of the following year, 1802, threw the Duke once more into a state of uncertainty as to his plans. At first he thought of repairing to England, to his grandfather; then of enter-

* On one occasion the Duke used these expressions:—"It is terrible to be obliged to despise people, and keep silent. I shall find some difficulty in accustoming myself to this. However, I am continually told that it is more necessary than ever."

† Although there exists no proof to this effect, there appears to be no doubt that they were married at this period by the Cardinal de Rohan.

ing the service of one of the great European powers. With this last design he wrote to his grandfather in England, to ask his permission. To this letter the Prince of Condé thus replied :—

"Wanstead House, 28th Feb. 1802.

"My dear Friend,

"So far am I from recognising an opinion which you did not yourself entertain three months back—since you then expressed to me your impatience to join us—that I persist more than ever in thinking you ought not to enter the service of any foreign power. Such a step is not proper for you; and no Bourbon, past or present, has ever adopted such a course. Whatever you may be told, not all the revolutions in the world can prevent your continuing to be, till the end of your life, what God alone has made you : this it is very proper to bear in mind. At the beginning of the war, which I venture to believe I carried on as well as others did, I refused to accept any rank in foreign service; it is thus you yourself ought to act. The line of conduct you advocate might possibly cause you to become the ally of French rebels, and expose you to fight against the cause of your King.

"Such are the sentiments, my dear grandson, with which I write you this letter. May God inspire you with those that you owe to us, on so many accounts! You will then lead a happy life within yourself, while anticipating the continuance of your glory, at which we shall rejoice as much as yourself.

"Adieu! I embrace you.

"L. H. J. de Bourbon."

Upon the receipt of this letter, the Duke d'Enghien renounced his project, and soon afterwards obtained permission to continue at Ettenheim.

At this place he inhabited a small gothic castle, near the house occupied by the Princess Charlotte and her father, and field-sports constituted his principal occupation. Being still attached to France, he did not conceal the regret he felt at his exile; and he often envied the lot of those whose birth and position permitted them to return thither. It was reported, too, that he went secretly several times to the left bank of the Rhine, and even to the theatre at Strasburg.* This conduct of the Prince, the report of his journeys to Strasburg, his well-known sentiments, furnished grounds, it would seem, for the supposition in London, at the beginning of 1803, that he intended to treat with the First Consul, for his grandfather considered it his duty to write to him on the subject of these reports the following letter :—

"Wanstead House, June 16, 1803.

"My dear Child,

"It has been asserted here for more than six months, that you have been on a journey to Paris; others say you have only been to Strasburg. You must allow that this is risking your life and liberty somewhat uselessly. As for your principles, I am quite easy on that score; they are as deeply engraven on your heart as they are on ours. It seems to me that you might now confide to us what has passed; and, if it be true, tell us what you have noticed on your journey.

"As regards your own welfare, which is for many reasons so dear to us, I sent you word, it is true, that your present position might be very useful in many respects; but you are very near,—take care of yourself, and do not neglect any precaution, in order to make your retreat in safety, should the First Consul take it into his head to have you carried off. On this point, do not suppose there is any courage in braving everything; it would be nothing better, in the eyes of the whole world, than an unpardonable act of imprudence, and could be followed by no other but the most fearful consequences. Therefore, I repeat, take care of yourself, and satisfy us by replying that you feel perfectly what I ask of you, and that we may be at ease as to the precautions you will take. I embrace you.

(Signed) "L. J. de Bourbon."

To this letter the Duke thus replied :—

"Assuredly, my dear sir, those must know me very little who can have said, or endeavoured to create a belief, that I should set foot on the republican soil

* This is strongly denied by one attached to the Prince's service. The report was, however, credited at the time.

otherwise than with the rank and in the position in which chance has placed my birth. I am too proud to bow my head meanly. The First Consul may perhaps accomplish my destruction, but never shall he humble me.

"A man may assume an *incognito* to travel in the glaciers of Switzerland, as I did last year, having nothing better to do; but as for France, whenever I do take that journey, I shall not have occasion to hide myself there. I can, then, give you my most sacred word of honour, that such an idea has never entered, and never will enter, my head. Mischief-makers may have wished, by relating to you these absurdities, to injure me still more in your eyes. I am accustomed to such good offices, which they have been always anxious to render me; and I am only too happy that they should be at last reduced to employ calumnies so absurd.

"I embrace you, my dear sir, and I beg you never to doubt my profound respect, any more than my affection.

"L. H. A. de Bourbon."

At this time, however, being informed of the rupture between France and England, and of the departure of Lord Whitworth, with the view of entirely contradicting these reports, the Prince lost no time in writing to London, to solicit service in the war about to commence against France. He proposed to place himself at the head of a body of auxiliaries to be formed on the banks of the Rhine, who might be joined by deserters from the republican armies.

Such was the state of affairs at Ettenheim, when the prefect of Strasburg received, on March 14th, a letter from the French government, directing him to ascertain immediately whether the Duke d'Enghien were still in that city. The result of this inquiry was, that the Duke was ascertained to be at Ettenheim; that he hunted daily; that he was in personal communication with Dumourier; that his foreign correspondence had lately become more active; that he was much beloved at Ettenheim; and that the people of the electorate seemed generally to anticipate some approaching change in the French government. One of these statements (that relating to Dumourier) was false, for he was not near Ettenheim. This mistake, arising from the corrupt German pronunciation of another name, was of serious importance to the Prince.

At the very time the First Consul was engaged in instituting these inquiries, the conspirator Georges Cadoudal was arrested. This event likewise was prejudicial to the Duke d'Enghien, for some of the conspirators declared, on their examination, their constant expectation of being joined by a French prince. Several circumstances made it appear highly improbable that either the Count d'Artois or the Bourbon Princes (then resident in England) were concerned in these plots, and it was therefore concluded that this expected Prince could be no other than the Duke d'Enghien.

The result of these reports and conjectures was, an order, transmitted on the 10th of March, under the dictation and signature of the First Consul, to Generals Caulaincourt and Ordener to proceed with an armed force to Ettenheim, to make the Duke prisoner and bring him to Strasburg. They were ordered to go together to Ettenheim, and when there, carefully to reconnoitre the Prince's residence, to learn his habits, and find out whether any resistance might be apprehended on his part, or on that of the inhabitants.

Having arrived at Ettenheim about eight in the morning of the 14th March, they repaired immediately to the Prince's house. Notwithstanding all their caution, however, and the perfect air of indifference they assumed, their presence was noticed by the Prince's servants, whose suspicions had been awakened by several circumstances. For some time previous, it was known that the prefect of Strasburg had sent various agents to the right bank of the Rhine; and many of the Duke's friends, among whom the King of Sweden himself, had requested him to take precautions. At length the Princess Charlotte received secret notice that the proceedings of the Duke d'Enghein were narrowly watched. Those immediately about the Prince were accordingly on the alert, and Féron, his valet, as he was standing behind a window, observing two strangers, who, while making the cir-

cuit of the house, appeared to be examining it with unusual attention, immediately called Canone, another of the Prince's domestics, who had followed him in all his campaigns, and had even saved his life in Poland. Canone particularly noticed the face of one of the men, and declared him to be a gend'arme in disguise, whom he had often seen at Strasburg. Forthwith he ran to warn the Prince, who treated these fears as imaginary; still, in order to satisfy Canone, he begged one of his officers to ascertain the truth. The officer questioned the strangers, but they contrived to impose upon him. For more than a league he followed them, and then observing that they took the road opposite to that leading to the French frontier, he returned to Ettenheim, declaring that no suspicion need be entertained of them. However, for greater precaution, and yielding to the entreaties of the Princess Charlotte and the persons about him, the Prince consented to remove in a few days. That very night, however, the execution of the scheme took place.

The Duke had projected a hunting-party for that day. He was already dressed, and ready to set off, when Féron came in to inform him that the house was surrounded by soldiers, and that their commander summoned them to open the doors, if they did not wish to see them burst open! "Well, then, we must defend ourselves!" exclaimed the Prince, as he ran to the window, armed with a doubled-barrelled fowling-piece, and followed by Canone, who brought a second. Colonel Grunstein also joined them. When he reached the window the Duke d'Enghien levelled his piece at the officer who had summoned him, and he was preparing to fire, when Colonel Grunstein, perceiving that some gend'armes and dragoons had already forced their way in at the back entrance, put his hand on the guard of the Prince's gun: "Monseigneur," said he quickly, "have you compromised yourself?" "No," replied the Prince. "Well, then, all resistance is useless—we are surrounded, and I observe a great many bayonets." The Prince, turning round, saw the gend'armes in fact enter the hall; and Colonel Charlot came in also. Colonel Grunstein and his three servants were arrested at the same moment with the Prince. In the meantime cries of "fire" were raised from without. They arose from the side where it was supposed General Dumourier resided, and were repeated in different directions. Colonel Charlot, uneasy as to the disposition of the inhabitants, which he knew to be favourable to the Duke d'Enghien and the emigrants, lost no time in proceeding thither. Scarcely had he left the house, when he encountered a man who appeared to be directing his steps with haste towards the church. He was a farrier, who having got up early, and understanding what was going on, was proceeding to sound the tocsin. Colonel Charlot immediately arrested him. He met afterwards the grand huntsman of the Elector of Baden, who had been attracted by the cries of "fire;" him he satisfied by observing that all that was going on had been agreed upon with his sovereign. He made the same reply to a great number of the inhabitants, also, who shewed themselves, at the doors of their houses, greatly alarmed.

On his return to the Prince's dwelling, he found Chevalier Jacques, his secretary, whom he thought proper to detain, although he was not on the list of persons to be arrested. He made the chevalier deliver up the key of his room, and took away all the papers in it. He also seized and sealed up those which were found in the Prince's cabinet. Everything being thus concluded, he informed General Ordener that he was ready, and the latter immediately made his arrangements for their departure.

While the troops dispersed round the town were being collected, the Prince and the other prisoners were placed in a mill, called La Tuilerie, a short distance from the gates of Ettenheim. Chevalier Jacques had several times been to this mill; and, recollecting that one of the doors of the room in which they were, opened outside on a plank by which the stream which turned the mill-wheel was crossed, he made a sign to the Duke, who approached him by degrees: "Open this door," said he rapidly, "pass over the plank, and throw it into the water; I myself will bar the passage against pursuit." The Prince proceeded to the door, but a child, frightened by the

presence of the soldiers, had run out to the other side, and had fastened the bolt. Warned by this movement, the commander caused two sentinels to be posted there. The Duke d'Enghien then asked leave to send one of his attendants to Ettenheim, to bring him some linen and clothes. This was immediately consented to, and permission was also given to such of his domestics as might not be willing to follow him, to depart, but all of them refused, and begged to share the fate of their master.

As they were in haste to repass the Rhine, the Prince and two of his officers were obliged to get into a waggon surrounded by gend'armes. They took him on first, the other prisoners followed on foot.

On the road which separates Ettenheim from the banks of the Rhine, the Prince and his officers fancied that one of the leaders of the escort evinced an intention to save the Prince at the moment of embarkation. Whether they were mistaken in this idea, or whether the arrangements which had been taken did not allow him to follow up his design, no attempt of the kind was really made.

The Prince was placed in the same boat with General Ordener, and during the passage endeavoured to enter into conversation with that officer, in order to ascertain the cause of his being thus carried away. He even reminded him that they had fought against each other in an affair which he mentioned; but the general, desirous of avoiding all explanation, pretended not to recollect this circumstance, and there the conversation dropped. When they reached the frontier, General Ordener left the charge of the Prince to Colonel Charlot, and returned to Strasburg.

After having travelled on foot as far as Pfofsheim, the Prince stopped to breakfast. There they found a carriage which had been previously prepared, into which he got, with Colonel Charlot. During the journey, the Duke d'Enghien entered into conversation with Colonel Charlot, and asked him, as he had previously desired to ascertain from General Ordener, the motives for his seizure. The colonel replied, that as far as he could judge, the First Consul regarded him as one of the principal leaders in the conspiracy of Georges. The Prince repelled this imputation with warmth, observing that such projects were wholly contrary to his views and habits, but at the same time admitted that, as a prince of the House of Bourbon, although he personally admired the renown of General Bonaparte, he could not but always oppose him. He then asked Colonel Charlot what he thought they would do to him? Upon Charlot replying that he did not know, the Prince evinced great dread of being brought to Paris to be imprisoned there, observing, that he would rather die at once; telling Colonel Charlot that he was on the point of firing upon him when he summoned him to surrender; and adding, that "he almost regretted he had not done it, and thus have decided his fate by arms." Charlot, in his turn, asked him respecting Dumourier. The Prince assured him that he had not been at Ettenheim; that it was possible, as he was expecting instructions from England every moment, that the general might be the bearer of them, but that in any case he should not have received him, as it was beneath his rank to have to do with such people. They reached Strasburg about five in the afternoon, and while waiting until General Leval should be apprized of their arrival, Colonel Charlot took the Prince into his house; there, taking advantage of a moment when they were alone, the Prince tried to persuade Charlot to allow him to escape. The colonel, however, would not understand him, and half an hour afterwards, a hackney-coach arrived, which conveyed the Prince to the citadel.

Here he was received by Major Machim, commandant of the place. "He was," says the Prince himself, (in the journal which he wrote day by day, hour by hour, from the time of his seizure, and which was found upon him after his death,) "a man of very obliging manners." He shewed the Prince the greatest attention, and since there was not time to prepare a room for him that evening, it was agreed that he and the other prisoners should pass the night (March 15th) on mattresses laid on the floor in the commandant's parlour. Dressed just as he was the Duke d'Enghien threw himself on his mattress, after writing a few lines in his journal. Baron Grunstein was

placed near him. Being uneasy on the Prince's account, he again asked him, in a low voice, whether there was anything in his papers which was likely to compromise him. "They contain only what is already known," replied the Prince: "they shew that I have been fighting for the last eight years, and that I am ready to fight again. I do not think they desire my death; but they will throw me into some fortress to make use of me when they want a hostage; to that sort of life, however, I shall have some trouble in accustoming myself."

In this disquietude the Duke passed the night; the next morning, Major Machim having gone to him, the Prince entered into conversation with him, protesting anew, as he had previously done to Colonel Charlot, that he was entirely ignorant of the plot against the life of the First Consul, and that he had always disapproved of all such projects. The Major observed, as that was the case, he did not think the matter could be followed by any serious consequences, and that it would doubtless only cost him a few days' detention.

Meanwhile the Duke, who, from the moment of his seizure had not ceased to think of the uneasiness which it must have caused the Princess Charlotte, asked Major Machim whether he might not be allowed to write to her. The Major replied, that he could not take upon himself to forward the letter, but could only refer the matter to General Leval; but that, if the letter contained ordinary news merely, he did not doubt that the latter would cause it to reach its destination. The Duke accordingly addressed the following letter to the Princess Charlotte.

"Citadel of Strasburg, Friday, March 16th.

"I HAVE been promised that this letter shall be faithfully delivered to you. I have only this moment obtained leave to console you with regard to my present condition, and I lose not an instant in doing so, begging you also to cheer all who are attached to me in your neighbourhood. All my fear is, that this letter may not find you at Ettenheim, and that you may be on your road hither. The happiness I should feel in seeing you would not nearly equal my fear of causing you to share my fate. Preserve for me your affection, your interest: it may be very useful to me,—for you can interest persons of influence in my misfortune. I have already thought that you had perhaps set out. You have learned from the good Baron Ischterlzheim the manner of my being carried off, and you may have judged, by the number of persons employed, that any resistance would have been useless. Nothing can be done against force. I have been conducted by Rheinau, and the route of the Rhine. They show me attention and politeness. Except as regards my liberty, (for I cannot go out of my room,) I may say I am as comfortable as possible; all my attendants have slept in my room, because I wished it. We occupy part of the commandant's apartment, and they are getting another ready, into which I shall go this morning, where I shall be still better off. The papers taken from me, which were sealed immediately with my seal, are to be examined this morning in my presence. By what I have observed, they will find some letters from my relations, from the King, and a few copies of my own. All this, as you know, cannot compromise me in any way more than my name and my manner of thinking may have done during the course of the Revolution. I think they will send all this to Paris; and I am assured that, from what I have said, it is thought I shall be at liberty in a short time: God grant it! They looked for Dumourier, who was to be in our neighbourhood. They thought, perhaps, that we had had conferences together; and apparently he is implicated in the conspiracy against the life of the First Consul. My ignorance of all this leads me to hope that I may obtain my liberty. Let us not, however, flatter ourselves yet. If any of the gentlemen who accompanied me are set at liberty before me, I shall feel very great happiness in sending them to you while waiting for the greatest. The attachment of my attendants draws tears from me every moment. They might have escaped,—they were not forced to follow me; but they would do it. I have Féron, Joseph, and Poulain. The good Moylof has not left me an instant. I have seen the commandant again this morning; he appears to me to be a courteous and charitable man, at the same time strict in fulfilling his duties. I expect the colonel of gend'armes who arrested me, and who is to open my papers before me. I beg you will direct the Baron to take care of my property. If I am to remain longer, I shall send for more of them than I have. I hope the landlords of these gentlemen will

also take care of their effects. Pray give my affectionate regards to your father. If I one day obtain permission to send one of my attendants, which I desire greatly and shall solicit, he will give you all the details of our melancholy position. We must hope, and wait. If you are good enough to come to see me, do not come until you have been to Carlsruhe, as you mentioned. Alas! in addition to all your own affairs, and the insupportable delay attendant on them, you will now have to speak of mine also. The Elector will no doubt have taken an interest in them; but, I entreat you, do not on that account neglect your own.

"Adieu, Princess. You have long known my tender and sincere attachment for you: free, or a prisoner, it will ever be the same.

"Have you sent the news of our misfortune to Madame d'Ecquevilly?

(Signed) "L. A. H. DE BOURBON."

Having written this letter, the Duke delivered it to Major Machim. General Leval now came to visit him. He announced to the Prince that a room had just been prepared for him in the pavilion, on the right of the citadel, to which he would be removed, and that he would be at liberty to walk in the little garden adjoining the pavilion. In other respects, the coldness of the General's address prevented him from speakng either of his own situation, or of the letter to the Princess Charlotte. The apartment to which the Duke was transferred communicated by passages with those of Thumery, Jacques, and Schmidt. As for Colonel Grunstein, it was thought right to separate him from the Prince, and to give him a solitary apartment on the other side of the court.

At half-past four in the afternoon, Colonel Charlot and the Commissary-General of Police, came to open the Prince's papers, which, after a rapid examination, were tied in packets previously to being sent to Paris.*

* Journal of the Duke d'Enghien, written by himself, and of which the original was forwarded to the First Consul, April 22nd, 1804:—

"Thursday, March 15th,—at Ettenheim, my house surrounded by a detachment of dragoons, and picquets of gend'armes, in all about two hundred men; two generals, the colonel of dragoons, Colonel Charlot, of the gendarmerie of Strasburg; at five o'clock. At half past five, the doors forced; taken to the mill near the tile-kiln, my papers seized and sealed up; conveyed in a waggon, between two files of fusileers, to the Rhine. Embarked for Rheinau; landed, and walked to Pfofsheim; breakfasted in the inn. Got into a carriage with Colonel Charlot, the quartermaster of the gend'armerie, a gend'arme and Grunstein on the box. Arrived at Strasburg at Colonel Charlot's house, at about half-past five; transferred, half an hour afterwards, in a hackney-coach, to the citadel. My companions in misfortune came from Pfofsheim to Strasburg, with peasants' horses, in a waggon; arrived at the citadel at the same time as I did. Alighted at the house of the commandant; lodged in his parlour for the night, on mattresses upon the floor. Gend'armes on foot in the next room: two sentinels in the room, one at the door. Slept badly.

"Friday, 16th.—Told that I am to change my room; I am to pay for my board, and probably for wood and lights. General Leval, commanding the division, accompanied by General Fririon, one of those who seized me, have been to visit me. Their manner very cold. I am transferred to the pavilion on the right of the entrance of the square in coming from the city. I can communicate with the apartments of MM. Thumery, Jacques, and Schmidt, by passages; but neither I nor my attendants can go out. I am told, however, that I am to have permission to walk in a little garden, in a court behind my pavilion. A guard of twelve men and an officer is at my door. After dinner I am separated from Grunstein, to whom they give a solitary room at the other side of the court. This separation adds still more to my misfortune. I have written this morning to the Princess. I have sent my letter by the commandant to General Leval; I have no answer. I asked him to send one of my people to Est: no doubt everything will be refused.

"The precautions are extreme on all sides to prevent me from communicating with any one whatever. If this state of things continues, I think despair will take possession of me. At half-past four they come to look at my papers, which Colonel Charlot, accompanied by a *commissaire de sûreté*, opens in my presence. They read them superficially; they make separate bundles of them, and give me to understand that they are about to be sent to Paris. I must, then, languish for weeks,

The next day (Saturday, March 17th,) the Prince rose early, uneasy and full of thought. "Saturday, 17th March," says he, "I know nothing of my letter: I tremble for the Princess's health; one word from my hand would restore it; I am very unhappy. They have just made me sign the *procès verbal* of the opening of my papers. I ask and obtain permission to add an explanatory note, to prove that I have never had any other intention than to serve, and to make war."* The Prince thus continues his journal, March 17th:—"In the evening I was told that I should have leave to walk in the garden, and even in the court, with the officer on guard, as well as my companions in misfortune, and that my papers are despatched by an extraordinary courier to Paris: I sup and go to bed more contented."

Meanwhile, the telegraphic despatch, addressed to the First Consul from Strasburg on the 15th, had arrived the same day at Paris, and orders were thereupon sent to General Leval to send the Prince instantly to Paris. The courier arrived during the night of Saturday, March 17th. A carriage was in consequence immediately prepared; and Colonel Charlot was sent to the citadel for the Prince. It was now about one o'clock in the morning, and the Prince, startled at being thus suddenly awakened, and surprised at seeing himself thus conveyed alone, and separated from his companions, demanded of Colonel Charlot the reason of it; the latter replied that he only knew that General Leval had received orders from Paris. The Duke quitted his prison therefore, in a state of great uneasiness. "Sunday, the 18th," he thus writes in his journal, "They come and carry me away at half-past one in the morning; they only give me time to dress myself; I embrace my unfortunate companions, and my servants; I set out alone with two officers of gend'armerie and two gend'armes. Colonel Charlot tells me that we are going to the house of the General of division, who has received orders from Paris; instead of that, I find a carriage with six post-horses in the square of the church. They place me inside, Lieutenant Petermann gets in at my side, Quarter-Master Blitersdorff on the box, two gend'armes, one inside the other outside."

But his uneasiness was converted into joy in the morning, when he learned from Lieutenant Petermann that they were proceeding to Paris. Nothing could have afforded him more pleasure than this news, not doubting that on his arrival he should be permitted to see the First Consul. "A quarter of an hour's conversation with him," he repeated frequently on the road, "and all will soon be arranged." He appeared at the same time pleased to revisit France; called to mind as they passed through various places, those whom he had formerly known; and, moved by the kind attention of those who accompanied him, he presented to Lieutenant Petermann one of the rings he wore, and which the latter afterwards preserved with the greatest care.

perhaps months! My grief increases the more I reflect on my cruel position. I lie down at eleven o'clock; I am worn out, and cannot sleep. The major of the place, M. Machim, is very obliging; he comes to see me when I have retired to rest, and endeavours to console me by kind words."

* This appears to be the note said to have been written from Strasburg to the First Consul by the Duke. It has not been preserved; but, from the recollections of Napoleon at St. Helena, and from other documents relating to this affair, the Prince, repeating in this note what he had said to Colonel Charlot and Major Machim, most earnestly protested his innocence of any participation whatever in a plot against the life of the First Consul. He added, "that if this plot existed, he had been left in ignorance of it, and had even been deceived on the subject; that he, more than any one, was attached to France, and admired the genius of the First Consul; that he had often regretted his being unable to fight under his command, and with Frenchmen; and that perhaps, far removed as he was from the throne, and with no hope of attaining it, he might have thought of doing so, if the duties annexed to his birth had not imposed on him the necessity of acting otherwise; that, in short, he could not believe that the First Consul would consider it a crime in him to have maintained by arms the rights of his family and his own rank."

The journey was performed with more rapidity than would appear possible for the escort of gend'armes; and on March 19th, about nine in the evening, after having passed through the city of Chalons-sur-Marne, about forty leagues from Paris, they arrived the next day about three, P.M. at the Barrier La Villette; thence, following the outer boulevards, the carriage entered the Faubourg St. Germain by the Rue de Sevres, and stopped at the Hotel of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, then in the Rue de Bac. Having entered the court-yard, the carriage-door was opened, and the Prince was preparing to alight, when some one hastily ran up, directing them to wait. In a few minutes a carriage was observed to approach the entrance, to take up a person and leave the Hotel in great haste. Half an hour afterwards the postilion who had remained on horseback, received orders to proceed towards Vincennes, where they arrived at about half-past five in the afternoon.

During the same afternoon, the two following letters were addressed to General Murat, Governor of Paris, and to Harel, Commandant of Vincennes.

"SECRET POLICE.

"29th Ventôse, Year XII, 4 P.M.

"To the General-in-Chief Murat, Governor of Paris.

"GENERAL,

"AGREEABLY to the orders of the First Consul, the Duke d'Enghien is to be conducted to the Castle of Vincennes, where arrangements are made to receive him. He will probably arrive to-night at this destination. I beg you will make the arrangements requisite for his safety, as well at Vincennes as on the road of Meaux, by which he will arrive. The First Consul has ordered that his name, and everything relative to him, should be kept strictly secret; consequently, the officer in charge of him must not make him known to any one. He travels under the name of Plessis. I desire you to give the necessary instructions, that the intentions of the First Consul may be fulfilled."

"SECRET POLICE.

"29th Ventôse, Year XII, half-past 4 P. M.

"To Citizen Harel, Commandant of the Castle of Vincennes.

"AN individual, whose name is not to be known, citizen commander, is to be conducted to the Castle the command of which is intrusted to you. You will lodge him in the place that is vacant, taking precautions for his safe custody. The intention of Government is, that all which relates to him should be kept strictly secret, and that no question should be asked him, either as to what he is, or in regard to the cause of his detention. You yourself are not to know who he is. You alone are to communicate with him, and you will not permit him to be seen by any one till further orders from me. It is probable he will arrive to-night.

"The First Consul relies, citizen commander, on your discretion, and on your scrupulous fulfilment of these various orders."

Harel had only just received this letter when, about half-past five, he observed the carriage and six, which brought the prisoner, stop at his door. He came forward immediately to receive him, and as the morning had been cold and rainy, he invited the Prince into his room to warm himself, until the apartment destined for him was prepared. The Prince replied, "that he would warm himself with pleasure, and should not be sorry to dine, for he had scarcely broken his fast since the morning."

As they ascended the stairs together Madame Bon came down. She was an aged nun, a school-mistress at Vincennes, who having had Madame Harel's two little girls at her house during the day, to take lessons, had brought them back at night. She overheard the conversation of the Prince with the Commandant. The Prince, on his part, observing a lady in the dress of a nun approach him, made way to allow her to pass. "He appeared to her," she afterwards said, "of an ordinary height, slender, and of a distinguished deportment. He was dressed in a long brown uniform riding-coat, and wore on his head a cap with double gold lace band; he was pale, and seemed much fatigued."

The Prince, meanwhile, having warmed himself, was conducted by Harel

to the King's pavilion, into the room which had been prepared for him, where a fire had been made, and some furniture brought in—a bed, a table, and some chairs. While waiting the arrival of the supper, and as he walked up and down the room, the Prince conversed with Harel. He told him he had formerly accompanied his grandfather to the Castle and woods of Vincennes; that he even thought he remembered the room in which they then were; and, not foreseeing any fatal result to his seizure, which he imagined would end in detention only, he spoke to him of his love of field-sports, and said that if he might be permitted to hunt in the forest, he promised not to attempt to escape.

The supper, which had been ordered at a *traiteur's* in the neighbourhood, was brought in not long after, and the Prince approached eagerly to partake of it, but perceiving some very common pewter covers on the table, such as were commonly given to prisoners, he took them in his hands, examined them, and replacing them, continued his walk. Harel understood what this meant, and sent for silver covers. The Prince then sat down to table, and a favourite hound, which had not quitted him since his removal, having placed himself at his side, he gave it a part of the food which had been served up. "I think," said he to Harel, "that there is no indiscretion in doing this."

The repast being finished, Harel retired, and the Prince having gone to bed fatigued with the journey, soon fell fast asleep.

At the moment of the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien, Napoleon was at Malmaison. On the pretence that the Prince was concerned in the plot of Georges, &c., he immediately set about arranging the mode of his trial. A military commission having been decided upon, he sent orders to Murat to nominate the members of it. He also caused a detailed report to be drawn up of all the facts relating to the Duke d'Enghien, to be laid before this commission.

The following decree was issued in conformity with the above report, to serve as the ground of accusation.

"LIBERTY—EQUALITY.

"Paris, 29th Ventôse, Year XII. of the Republic,
One and Indivisible.

"Article 1. The *ci-devant* Duke d'Enghien, accused of having borne arms against the Republic, of having been, and of still being, in the pay of England, of taking part in the plots laid by the latter power against the internal and external safety of the Republic, shall be brought before a Military Commission, composed of seven members, nominated by the General Governor of Paris, and which shall assemble at Vincennes.

"Article 2. The Grand Judge, the Minister of War, and the General-Governor of Paris are intrusted with the execution of the present Decree.

"The First Consul.
(Signed) "BONAPARTE."

The Minister of War was commanded by the First Consul to direct the members of the commission immediately to repair to the residence of Murat, to take his orders. He was at the same time to assemble at the barrier Saint Antoine a brigade of infantry, which, together with the legion of *gendarmerie d'élite*, of which General Savary, the First Consul's aide-de-camp, was colonel, was to guard the Castle of Vincennes during the continuance of the trial. General Savary was to have the command of these troops, as well as of the Castle.

When Savary arrived at the Barrier Saint Antoine, he was stopped. It was night; and, having only recently returned to Paris, he was not aware of the rigorous measures which had been adopted, and had not, therefore, asked for a special order from Murat to leave the capital; the guard posted at the barrier would not consequently allow him to pass, and he was obliged to send to Murat to obtain his authority to enable him to do so. On his arrival at length at Vincennes, about half-past eight in the evening, Savary placed the brigade of infantry on the esplanade, on the side next the park, and marched

his legion into the inner court and at the various outlets, with directions not to allow any communication from without under any pretext.

The commissioners having received their instructions to proceed to Vincennes, to try a prisoner, they accordingly proceeded thither; nor was it until they were assembled in the apartment of the commandant that they were made aware of the precise object of their meeting. General Hulin then shewed them the documents sent by Murat, and at the same time, in order that the Prince might be interrogated by the chief judge, gave orders to bring him into the adjoining room.

The Duke d'Enghien was in a deep sleep, when, about eleven o'clock P.M. Lieutenant Noirot entered his room, accompanied by two gend'armes. He dressed himself immediately, and followed them into the presence of *le capitaine rapporteur*. The latter then proceeded to his examination, which he drew up as follows:—

The prisoner was asked his surname, Christian names, age, and birthplace?

Answer. Louis-Henri-Antoine de Bourbon, Duke d'Enghien, born August 2nd, 1772, at Chantilly.

Question. At what period had he quitted France?

A. I cannot tell precisely, but I think it was the 16th of July, 1789. That he went with the Prince of Condé, his grandfather, his father, the Count d'Artois, and the children of the Count d'Artois.

Q. Where he had resided since leaving France?

A. On leaving France I passed, with my relations, whom I have always followed, by Mons and Brussels; thence we proceeded to Turin, to the King of Sardinia, where we remained nearly sixteen months. Thence, always with my family, I went to Worms, and the banks of the Rhine. The corps of Condé was then formed, and I joined them. I had before that made the campaign of 1792, in Brabant, with the corps of Bourbon, under Duke Albert.

Q. Whither had he gone upon the ratification of peace between the French Republic and the Emperor?

A. We finished the last campaign near Gratz; it was there that the corps of Condé, which had been in the pay of England, was disbanded, that is to say, at Wendisch Faëstrictz, in Styria. After that I remained for my own convenience at Gratz and its neighbourhood from six to nine months, awaiting intelligence from my grandfather, the Duke de Condé, who had gone on to England to ascertain what pecuniary assistance the English Government would allow him, which had not been decided upon. During this interval I asked permission of Cardinal de Rohan to reside at Ettenheim, in Brisgau, formerly the Bishopric of Strasburg. There I remained two years and a half. On the Cardinal's death, I requested officially of the Elector of Baden to be allowed to reside in that country, not desiring to remain there without his permission.

Q. Whether he had not been in England, and whether he was not in the pay of that Government.

A. That he had never been there; that England always granted him pecuniary assistance; and that without such aid he had not the means of subsistence. He added, that his reason for remaining at Ettenheim no longer existing, he intended to reside at Fribourg, in Brisgau, a more pleasant town than Ettenheim, where he had only remained because the Elector gave him permission to hunt, of which he was passionately fond.

Q. Whether he kept up any correspondence with the French Princes in London? If he had seen them for some time?

A. He had kept up a correspondence naturally with his grandfather since he had left him at Vienna, whither he had conducted him after the disbanding of the corps of Condé; that he had also maintained a correspondence with his father, whom he had not seen, as far as he could recollect, since 1794 or 1795.

Q. What was the rank he held in the corps of Condé?

A. Commander of the advance-guard before 1796. Previously to that time he was a volunteer at the head-quarters of his grandfather; and on every

occasion, since 1796, commander of the advance-guard. After the army of Condé passed into Russia this army was formed into two corps, one of infantry and the other of dragoons, of which he was appointed Colonel by the Emperor; and in that rank he rejoined the army on the Rhine.

Q. If he was acquainted with Pichegru? Whether he had any communication with him?

A. I have not, I believe, ever seen him. I have had no communication with him. I knew that he desired to see me. I am proud not to have known him, after the base means of which, it is said, he has made use, if it be true.

Q. Whether he was acquainted with the Ex-General Dumourier; and whether he had any communication with him?

A. Not at all. I have never seen him.

Q. Whether, since the peace, he had not held a correspondence with persons in the interior of the Republic?

A. I have written to some friends who are still attached to me, who have fought by my side for their own interests as well as mine. Such correspondence is not of such a nature as, he thought, they meant.

"From this examination the present document has been drawn up, which has been signed by the Duke d'Enghien, Chef-d'escadron Jacquin, Lieutenant Noirot, two gend'armes, and *le capitaine rapporteur*."

The examination being terminated, the Prince earnestly asked the *capitaine rapporteur* the mode of obtaining an audience of the First Consul. He was advised to state his demand at the end of the examination, which would be laid before the judges, and upon which they must necessarily pronounce. The Prince wrote, in consequence, the following words at the foot of his examination :—

"Before signing the present *procès-verbal*, I entreat to be allowed a private audience of the First Consul. My name, my rank, my mode of thinking, and the horror of my situation, lead me to hope that he will not refuse my request.
(Signed) "L. A. H. DE BOURBON."

The *capitaine rapporteur* then went back to the apartment where the commissioners were assembled, and having communicated to them the result of the examination, they deliberated on the propriety of acceding to the request just made by the prisoner; but Savary declaring that it would not be agreeable to the First Consul, they decided on passing immediately to judgment.

The president therefore gave orders to bring in the Duke d'Enghien, and at the same time, also, part of the officers assembled at Vincennes. General Savary was also present, and stood warming himself at the fire-place behind the chair of the president.

The Duke d'Enghien having been brought in, General Hulin put those questions to him contained in the decree of the Government, namely:—Whether he had borne arms against the Republic? Whether he had been, and still was, in the pay of England? Finally, whether he had taken part in the plots laid by that power against the internal and external security of the Republic, and against the life of the First Consul.

"The Prince," General Hulin said, "presented himself before us with a noble confidence. He admitted that he received pay from England; that he had made, and was ready again to make, war on the Republican Government, to sustain the rights of his family, and of his own rank. As to secret plots, and particularly plots of assassination, he denied them with vehemence, as a species of insult, declaring to the judges that such a mode of acting was so wholly contrary to his rank and birth that he was surprised it could be imputed to him.

The General, however, expressed his incredulity of the Duke's ignorance of these plots, alleging as a reason that very rank and birth to which he had just appealed; and concluded thus:—"By the manner in which you answer us, you appear to mistake your position. Take care; this affair may become serious; military commissions judge without appeal."

The Duke d'Enghien remained silent for a moment; and then replied, "I

can only repeat, sir, what I have just told you. Hearing that war was declared against France, I solicited from England a command in her armies. The English Government sent me for answer that they could not give me one, but that I was to remain on the Rhine, where I should soon have a part to play; and I waited. This, sir, is all I can tell you."

This answer of the Prince closed the examination. The president, Hulin, ordered the accused to retire; and the commissioners preparing to commence their deliberations, General Savary, and the other officers who had been present, retired also.

The consultation was not long; the Prince, as has been seen, did not deny having received pay from England; that he awaited, on the banks of the Rhine, the part which might be assigned him by that power; that he had borne, and was ready again to bear arms against France; finally, with regard to the conspiracy against the life of the First Consul, they would not believe, notwithstanding his denial of it, that he knew so little of a project so beneficial to his family and himself, nor that he felt so great a repugnance to means which they had observed were employed by other members of his family; finding, therefore, in the very admissions of the Prince, together with the documents in their possession relating to the conspiracy, a sufficient answer to the questions conveyed in the act of accusation, they unanimously declared him guilty of the crimes laid to his charge; and condemned him to the penalty of death incurred by those crimes.

This sentence having been delivered, the president, Hulin, immediately gave notice to General Savary and the judge, that they might take the necessary measures for its execution, and himself drew up a statement, concluding in these words:

"The Commissioners having ordered the foregoing declaration to be read over to the accused, and having asked if he had anything to add in his defence, he replied he had nothing further to say.

"The president ordered the accused to retire. The council deliberating with closed doors, the president collected their votes, beginning with the lowest in rank, the president reserving his opinion till the last. The Prince was unanimously declared guilty, and condemned to death.

"Ordered, that the present sentence be forthwith executed, under the direction of the judge, after having read it to the prisoner, in presence of the different detachments of the garrison.

"Done, sealed, and decreed, without rising of the court, at Vincennes, on the day, month, and year here subjoined, and signed.

"P. Hulin, &c. &c. &c.

"This day, 30th Ventôse, year XII of the Republic,
2 o'clock A. M."

While the President Hulin was drawing up this sentence of condemnation, General Savary and the judge had concerted measures with Harel for its execution. The court and the esplanade being crowded with troops, it was resolved to conduct the Prince to the moat of the Castle, and for this purpose Harel received orders to give all the keys and necessary directions, as well as to send for a labourer to dig the grave intended for the condemned. A gardener named Bontemps, living in the Castle, was sent for. Bontemps having descended into the moat with his spade and pickaxe, thought, in order to save time, that he would make use of a hole which had been dug the day before, at the foot of the Queen's pavilion, in the angle of a small wall, for the purpose of throwing in rubbish; and, in order to light himself, having placed a lantern with many candles, on the little wall, he finished digging the grave to a proper size. At the same time, General Savary ordered a picquet to be got ready for the execution, and gave directions to march down into the moat the different detachments of the garrison who were to be present.

The arrangements being thus completed, Harel returned to bring forth the Prince. At the close of his examination, the Duke d'Enghien had been reconducted to his prison by Lieutenant Noirot, who, having learned in the interval, who the prisoner was, had made himself known to him as having

formerly served in the regiment of Royal Navarre cavalry, and as having sometimes seen him at the house of the Count de Crussol, his colonel; reminding him also of some particular circumstances which occurred at that period.

The Prince, who in the midst of the danger in which he stood preserved an entire presence of mind, conversed tranquilly with him, asked him what he had been doing since that time, what rank he now held, and whether he liked the service. While they were thus conversing, Harel entered, accompanied by Brigadier Aufort.

In a voice of emotion, although without announcing what was about to take place, Harel begged the Prince to follow him, and, with a lantern in his hand, preceded him in the court and the different passages they had to cross. Lieutenant Noirot followed them, together with the gend'armes, and Brigadier Aufort. In this order they arrived at the Devil's Tower, which then, as at the present time, contained the only outlet to the ditches of the Castle. The Prince, seeing the narrow and crooked staircase by which it was necessary to descend, asked, "Where are you leading me? If it be to bury me alive in a dungeon, I would much rather die at once." "Sir," replied Harel, "have the goodness to follow me, and call up all your courage." When they reached the foot of the staircase, they followed the ditches for some time as far as the Queen's pavilion, and having turned the angle of this pavilion, they found themselves in front of the troops, who were seen by the uncertain light of some lanterns. A party of them was detached, for the execution. At this moment a fine, cold rain was falling.

The adjutant who commanded the detachment advanced, holding in his hand the sentence of the military commission. On hearing that he was condemned to death, the Prince remained for a moment silent; then addressing the group before him, he requested to know "whether any one there would render him a last service." Lieutenant Noirot approached him, and the Prince having spoken to him in a low voice, "Gend'armes," said he, turning round, "has any one among you a pair of scissors?" Receiving a reply in the affirmative, the scissors were passed from hand to hand, and given to the Prince. With them he cut off a lock of his hair, wrapped it in paper with a gold ring and a letter,* and entreated Lieutenant Noirot to convey the pacquet to the Princess Charlotte de Rohan-Rochefort.

The Duke then asked for a priest to confess him, but was told there was not one either in the Castle or the village, and that it was impossible to send for one. Upon receiving this reply, he prepared to die, and recommended his soul to God. After a moment of secret prayer, the Duke advanced a few steps; the party of soldiers placed themselves before him at the proper distance, and the adjutant having ordered them to fire, the Prince fell motionless, pierced with many balls!

It was now about three in the morning. The body of the Prince was carried, dressed just as it was, to the grave which had been prepared for him, and which was covered over again with earth a foot high. In one of his pockets was found the Journal to which we have referred, and which was sent to Bonaparte, together with the little packet intended for the Princess, which Lieut. Noirot felt it his duty to place in the hands of Gen. Hulin.

All being now over, while General Savary was giving the necessary orders for the return of the troops to their barracks, the members of the commission, and Brunet, the commander of the squadron, returned immediately to Paris. The latter went to give an account of what had taken place to Murat. Murat, who was capable of appreciating courage, manifested, notwithstanding his conviction of the Prince's guilt, strong emotion, and his wife, who was with him, shed tears. Little did he think, while he lamented the death of the Duke of Enghien, that he should one day experience a similar fate himself! Shortly after the departure of the commissioners, General Savary and the troops departed, and Vincennes was again restored to its ascustomed silence. Harel then wrote to the Minister

* The exact time when this letter was written is not known, nor what it contained. The probability is, that it was written between supper-time and his going to bed, and that it conveyed to the Princess the news of his arrival at Vincennes.

Réal, an account of what had passed. After he had written this letter, and as soon as day began to dawn, he went to the *traiteur* who had supplied the Prince's repast the evening before, to pay for it, and to relate the details of the important event which had taken place during the night.

In 1816, a commission was appointed to proceed to Vincennes, to disinter the body of the Prince, in order to its being transferred to a chapel in the Castle. They examined before them Jean Baptiste Blancpain, a retired brigadier of gend'armerie. He was ordered by General Savary to proceed from the barracks of the Celestines, Rue de Petit-Musc, near the Arsenal, to Vincennes, with the gend'armerie in which he served. Upon his arrival there he was placed in charge of a prisoner of great importance, who he since learned was the Duke d'Enghien, and was placed as sentinel at the top of the staircase of his apartment. He accompanied him twice to the Pavilion called De la Porte du Bois, in which the council of war was held. After the sentence, General Savary placed him in the foss under the bridge of the Porte du Bois, at the foot of which the execution took place. He was witness without, however, being able precisely to distinguish what passed, except that he heard General Savary (who stood on the outer side of the foss,) twice or thrice repeat the order to Adjutant Pell to command the detachment to fire. There was no other light than that of a lantern with many candles, placed at some distance.

Immediately after the Prince had fallen, the gend'armes approached the body, and carried it, dressed just as it was, into the foss prepared behind a wall of about five or six feet high, which served as a depôt for rubbish. The grave was immediately closed. The Prince was dressed in grey pantaloons, hussar boots, white neckcloth, having on his head a cap with a double gold band, which was immediately thrown into the foss. He had two watches, one of which only was brought away by a gend'arme to General Savary, the other was found with him, as well as the jewels which he had on his fingers, one of which was a brilliant.

After the following witnesses had been examined, *viz.*, Bonnelet, who dug the grave; M. Godard, a cannonier of the 6th regiment of artillery, who supplied the pickaxes and shovels; and Madame Bon, schoolmistress to the children of Madame Harel, the Commissioners proceeded to dig up the grave. They discovered successively,

1st. A gold chain with his ring, which Chevalier Jacques recognized to be that constantly worn by the Prince. This chain, and the little iron keys which accompanied the silver seal mentioned below, had been previously pointed out to us by Chevalier Jacques, the faithful companion in arms of the Duke, who was confined with him in the citadel of Strasburg, and who was only separated from him when the Prince was conveyed to Paris, because he was not permitted to accompany him.

2nd. An earring; the other could not be found.

3rd. A silver seal, with the arms of Condé encrusted in a mass, in which we recognized a small iron or steel key.

4th. A morocco leather purse, containing eleven gold pieces, and five of silver or copper.

5th. Seventy gold pieces, ducats, florins, and other coins, forming, apparently, part of those which had been remitted to him by Chevalier Jacques at the time of their separation, enclosed in *rouleaus* of red wax, of which some fragments were found.

They found also some fragments of his apparel, such as two boot-soles, and fragments of his cap, bearing still the impression of a ball which had pierced it. These remains, as well as the earth which surrounded them, were collected with the bones, and placed in a leaden coffin.

The coffin was soldered down and enclosed in one of wood, with this inscription on a brass plate, "Herein is enclosed the body of the high and mighty Prince, Louis-Antoine-Henri de Bourbon-Condé, Duke d'Enghien, Prince of the Blood, and Peer of France, who died at Vincennes, March 21st, 1804, aged 31 years, 9 months, 19 days."

ETON SCENES AND ETON MEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR HOOKWELL."

If in that hour a single tie
Survive of local sympathy,
My soul will cast the backward view,
The longing look alone on you!
WORDSWORTH *on School.*

THE Eton Montem! What an associating name, and what an enchanting sight to many thousands! First, there are all the old and middle aged men of the earth who were educated at Eton—statesmen, bishops, law dignitaries, country gentlemen, fellows of colleges, members of Parliament, with clergymen and barristers *ad infinitum* —just think, even with the bills of mortality before our eyes, what numbers have escaped as yet the ills that flesh is heir to, and then with these set down in a number which no man could count, the still greater multitudes who have been spectators only in that scene where the others were active participators. Add to these the generation that has more recently bid adieu to Etona—think of their Montems, and the multitudes attendant on them, and then take into the reckoning the nearly seven hundred boys now at Eton, with all their connexions, and the number of spectators that gazed upon their Montem, and then truly we may say that the Eton Montem becomes a national matter, an affair worthy to be headed by the Queen and the Prince, and from every corner of the land some *viva* in favour of its continuance must arise.

Whatever may have been its origin, whatever more barbarous custom it may have superseded, albeit a once religious ceremony has become a gorgeous spectacle of flaunting gaiety—who that has ever been a partaker in its mirth can say that there is an atom of harm belonging to it? but rather, will not hail it as a pleasant remnant of good old English days yet clinging to us, despite the modern philosopher, the sour politician, and their miserable jargon of political economy. O yes, here we go, juvenile as Lord Palmerston,

"Whang! bang! ting! tang!
With a whiz, and a buz, and a hum, and a clang,
Which is heard by Chalvey, and Datchet, and Upton.
'Tis striking four by the clock of Lupton;
And those who went full early to bed,
Thinking of feathers, and coats of red,
And had slept with their boots and cocked hat on a chair,
And fancied in dreams that 'the Duke' stood there,
Peep out, and wonder, and well they may,
That they 're still a-bed upon Montem day!"

But now we must change our tone, and relate our recollections that cling faithfully to the name of Montem, and that dearer name of Eton! What a magic word! Well did Richard West, when recalling the scenes of early friendship to the recollection of his Etonian friend Gray, exclaim, "the very thought, you see, tips my pen with poetry, and brings Eton to my view!" Well did Mathews, in his beautiful Diary of an Invalid, note the cricket-match

at Rome, "Eton against the world, and the world beaten in one innings;" and well does D'Israeli applaud Eton to the very skies, even in his random picture of Eton life and Eton Montem. And when Cowper sat down to indite his Tirocinium, suppose we that for a moment he could have thought upon Eton and Etonian kindness and humanity? oh no, he had Westminster too vividly before his excited imagination; and it is recorded by the commentary of the world that Westminster boys never meet in after life on the same congenial terms that ever amalgamate in heart and soul the scions of "Henry's holy shade." We will safely aver that the truest portion of Gray's melancholy ode on a *distant* prospect of Eton College, is that which records the mental oasis of life's wilderness, the looking back even from "bitter scorn" and "grinning infamy," to happy hills and pleasing shade, with the certain and welcome sensation,

"I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring."

Well do we remember our first parting from the bosom of a large family, and from the precincts of "hound and horn," of ancient hall, for that bugbear place of youthful minds, a school. The journey had been borne with more than fortitude, even with boyish bravery and nonchalance, of the same kind with which a child consents to have a tooth drawn who *has never had one drawn before*, until our arrival at the Christopher Inn, where a dense throng of boys surrounded the chaise and four—and in quick succession came introductions to dame and tutors, the parting with a father, and the first sleepless night in a room crowded with boys at Dame Slingsby's, amid numerous questions as to name, lineage, father's profession, under the consciousness that any sulkiness would procure a good cuffing, any slip of the tongue a nick-name for school-days' existence, and under the fear of certain well-known tricks being played on self and bed, during the dark and melancholy hours of night. No hours in after-life can be more painful than a boy's first introduction to a school.

But Eton, dear Eton, you soon smile upon your happy victim. It is dreadful uphill work before he successfully encounters the arduous routine of education, and well is it for him that a "first fault" is sacredly followed by a free pardon. But then, among the motley group of young boys are some who are "new boys" like himself, and many others who cherish a gentlemanly and generous spirit. In this little world are found those who do not like to see others "put upon," and very soon some manly fellow will take your part, and see you righted. Moreover, you soon find some boy of kindred sentiment with your own, and then a friendship is formed, and what will not this pure and gentle friendship effect in your cause? Your companion will point out the lesson to be learned, will learn it with you, will walk and play with you, perhaps he sleeps in the same room with you, and then you gain confidence indeed. After awhile, your circle widens: none treat you roughly, or as a new comer, and you have only to remember to be kind and merciful in your turn.

I was fortunate in this respect. There were two boys, and what was vastly to my advantage, they were sixth-form boys, to whom (for I will now speak in the singular number) I had been recommended. The one was John Louis Petit, who is now writing so skilfully on architectural subjects, the eldest son of L. H. Petit, Esq., late M.P. for Ripon; and the other, that son of genius and kindheartedness, the late William Mackworth Praed, M.P. Petit was a large-grown and healthy lad, and one whose physical strength at once shielded and protected me. He willingly gave me the use of his "name," that is, if any other boy of the sixth or fifth form wished to fag me at cricket or in any other way, I had only to say "I was fagging for Petit," whether really so employed or not. And if my word was disputed, it was Petit who was to feel offence, and seek revenge. But there is great honour at Eton on this point, and the use of a "name" is as good as the Bank of England, or a ticket from O'Connell amid the bog-trotters of ould Ireland. Praed was a different man altogether. He was very slimly made, not tall, and pale and cadaverous-looking, with rather large glassy eyes, and these said eyes weakened and reddened with excessive reading and writing. But then he was the cleverest one in the whole school—among the sixth-form boys he was *facilè princeps*—he set the fashion too of certain colloquialities to the whole school—and, moreover, he was conducting that very clever periodical, so well known as the "The Etonian." In short, Praed and the *Etonian* was a later edition of Canning and the *Microcosm*. And then he was good-humoured, gay, and pleasant to a degree, and even when a wicked punster in school-hours handed to him the following *jeu d'esprit* on his own name,

"Warped in body, warped in mind,
Warped in name, as you will find,"

his observation was, "Very impudent, but very clever;" and he handed on the scrap of paper with much glee. Of course Praed had a host of friends, and when he took a decided interest in me (for my father and his uncle were the oldest friends) all his friends and acquaintances also looked on me with a favourable eye; and among these were many stalwart fellows, some perhaps tyrannically inclined, but all of whom it were better to count on as being for you than against you. Petit was reckoned very clever also; so under the protection of these two mighty ones in their "new generation," I soon found myself comfortably settled, and could write home volumes of happy things to my delighted family.

But more than all this, I could clasp to my heart that prodigy of prodigies, that extra miracle in Uncle Toby's eyes, a friend. O if Jean Paul says truly, "Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all;" if the accomplished and most amiable authoress of "Blue Stocking Hall" (Mrs. Wilmot of Clifton) echoes the sentiment of Jean Paul when she writes, "those who love a few best will love all most," then, Alexander William Wellesley Leith! in loving you with warmth and sincerity, how must I have embraced as brethren the whole human kind. Leith was the eldest son of Sir George Leith, Bart., and his uncle, Sir James Leith, had borne a brave and conspicuous part in the Peninsular War. At the siege of Badajoz, Wellington must have been greatly indebted to the skill

and gallantry of Sir James Leith. The father and uncle of my friend were both generals in the British army; and I believe the clan of Leith, as a Scotch clan, is now nearly extinct. But never has it been my lot, in all my intercourse with mankind, since leaving Eton, to meet with any one at all approaching the nobleness, talent, and real benevolence of Leith's character. How we first became acquainted, I cannot now remember, but from that first hour up to the very last of my sojourn of nearly eight years at Eton, we were the very marked Pylades and Orestes, the genuine Nisus and Euryalus, of the school. Yes,—I feel confident Leith would have risked his life for me, and I am sure I would very cheerfully have laid down my life for him. It was not the romance of friendship, but the true answering of heart to heart that cemented our affection, and in those young days it was pure, unadulterated, and sincere. Leith was vastly my superior, and I beheld him with admiration; he saw something in me that he loved, and thus he singled me as his bosom companion out of a number of nearly six hundred boys. So great was our attachment that the approach of the holidays became almost a subject of regret, and my long journey homeward, with all its delightful anticipations, was somewhat saddened because Leith was not with me. As Bishop Patrick says, "I felt but half a man without my friend." And then on my return to Eton, the first endeavour was to find out if Leith had arrived—or, if we met by good chance at the inn at Slough, how joyous was our meeting, how much had we to say, how much to resolve on doing. We cared not for the rude and boisterous games of other boys, but we loved long and difficult walks into various portions of the country, and above all to roam far and wide through Windsor Park, to watch the deer, the hares, the squirrels, and other creatures at their gambols. On one pastime we were united with other boys, and that was rowing in boats upon the Thames. This "pulling in the boats" is a great and healthy recreation at Eton. It is, *par excellence*, the aristocratic and the manly recreation. Tamer boys play at cricket in the summer, and hockey in the winter; but the manlier youths pull in the boats during the summer, and play at football in the winter. Leith was a youth of uncommon prowess, and the most athletic in the school. I speak of him for the few last years he was at Eton, and he was a noble fellow indeed. Like Napoleon among his marshals, none other could approach him in feats of strength and skill. About five feet ten inches in height, he possessed singular depth of chest, and vigour of limb. It was said that no model in Jackson's sparring-rooms in London surpassed the symmetry and robustness of his arm. In that day, pugilism was at its height—and Spring and Langan were in training near Virginia Water, and many of the superior pugilistic contests took place in the neighbourhood of Eton. The Marquis of Worcester, now Duke of Beaufort, used then to walk arm-in-arm with Spring, who was a finely-made, Roman-countenanced looking fellow—and Colonel Berkeley (now Lord Segrave), the unfortunate Pea Green Hayne, and many other sporting characters of *ton*, were accustomed to assemble there, and of course Eton boys would catch the spirit of the age, and go to see these fights, as well as lay their bets on them. Moreover, there was Cannon, the Eton bargeman, an object of great attraction to all young Etonians, and he was to contend with one Joshua Hudson, a noted pugilist in the

London ring. When he returned from his successful contest, no Roman conqueror was ever more triumphantly received, for every street in Windsor was blocked up as though the whole tide of population from all parts had flowed in, and he was borne on stalwart shoulders amid the dense masses and their loud huzzas, the king and dictator of that vast mob. Leith and myself, and nearly the whole school, caught the reigning infection of the day, and never were we happier than when we could steal away in chaise and four, a merry and crowded party, to witness a first-rate fight at Colnbrook. And we may be pardoned this, when it is recollected that Oxford herself, learned and pious Oxford, was not free from the contagion, for when I went up to be matriculated, well do I recollect the complaints made by the staid tutors of the numbers of young men who had craved leave of absence, some to meet relatives, some feigning domestic afflictions, some obliged to meet their London dentist, but all going to Chichester to witness the second contest for the championship between the Silurian born Spring, and the Hibernian Langan.

Now Leith was well formed for practice in all athletic exercises, while I was more slender in form, but not without a high spirit. Leith and myself had fagged our way up the school, ever keeping near from the lower fourth even to the sixth form, and we worked our way not without distinction. Leith especially, was a beautiful Latin verse writer, and several of his compositions were read before the assembled school; and some verses of my own on the stale subject of angling, wherein I caused the angler to hold converse with his tiny captive:—

> "And when he fain would pull thee out,
> God help thee, then, thou little trout,
> To pull old Isaac in,"

rendered me notorious for the introduction of a sort of humour and wit into Latin verse, and loud were the plaudits, incessant the peals of laughter, amid which the excellent Doctor Keate read out my selected lines from the elevated rostrum. Leith was in ecstasies during this performance, and more pleased than if he had written them himself, and to this day I have his good-natured, clever eye sparkling before me with delight; that eye alas! now perished in the cold and hard grave!

Leith soon became everything to Eton. No Beau Brummel ever exercised such a sway. No one at all came near to him in personal appearance, and few in intellectual power. How well will the present Earl of Burlington, then the clever and accomplished Cavendish, remember him; and the Duke of Buccleuch, the most amiable of beings, and his brother, Lord John Scott, the bravest and most daring of all Eton boys. The Marquis of Douro and Lord Charles Wellesley were very fond of Leith, and in short, the whole school looked upon him as a kind of admirable Crichton. O when he entered the large upper school room, wherein all the boys were seated on each side, what cheering, what shouts of gratulation arose. There is a peculiar time at Eton, on a Sunday between the chapel services, when the boys all meet, while the head master reads to them from the Spectator, or some other work of that order; at which time they have licence to express approbation or disapproba-

tion of any upper fellow-scholar—and if there be a tyrant he gets a tremendous hooting, and if there be one who is peculiarly liked for his manliness and kindness, he is applauded till rafters, beams, and all shake again. I do think I have seen Leith applauded for a full quarter of an hour, the reiterated bursts becoming louded and louder, and I, as the friend of Leith, his very shadow, have often come in for a share of the lion's popularity. As may be expected, in our day, there was much imitation of the great world in the little world, and therefore pugilistic contests were not uncommon. At one time these boyish encounters were strictly forbidden, and the consequence was, that a boy, on a sudden quarrel with another, stabbed him with his penknife in such a manner as to bring on ultimate death. There is a monument in the chapel on which the circumstance is related. After that painful event the system of boxing was no longer forbidden. With Leith there was no one in his later years at school to contend, and for myself I adhorred it, but still, when dragged into a contest, went through with it in the best manner I could. There was a boy named Biggs, the son of a great Wiltshire courser and sportsman, with whom I used most frequently to contend, for he would not let me alone, and I scorned to call in Leith's majestic aid. Yet Biggs and myself were good friends, for he was naturally good-natured, and I should like to meet him again. One circumstance which led me into an encounter may just here be related. The young Lord Rothes had been particularly put under my care, for I was high up in the school, and vested with authority. His guardian was the present Lord Devon, who was at that time Mr. Courtenay, and who was acquainted with my father; and I had also known Lord Rothes when with a private tutor, before he went to Eton. Now on a certain day, when a great Caledonian festival in honour of St. Andrew takes place, the Scotch boys at Eton celebrate the day at a large dinner, and to this dinner the young Lord Rothes sought admittance, but was refused admission by the Duke of Buccleuch and others, on the score of the inappropriate marriage of his mother. This nettled the irascible young Lord, and he instantly came to me. On my interference, sharp words passed between the Hon. Mr. Ashley and myself, and the surrounding boys soon cried out "a fight, a fight," and led the way into the pugilistic arena, the playing fields. There I was victorious, after an arduous and spirited combat, for young Ashley was a lad of true courage. Lord Rothes, who is now deceased, was a good-hearted daring fellow, but once imprudently and thoughtlessly cut through the enormous rope by which the heavy barge on the Thames is drawn, and the barge floating down from the Brocas across the bridge, was placed in imminent danger, and it was said his lordship was obliged to pay a considerable sum of money in the arrangement of matters.

Though never liking pugilistic encounters, and not being of that tough and hardy genius to bear punishment from the fists of a fellow-mortal, yet still if good could be done when a fight could not be prevented, or when being unfairly conducted, I did not flinch from the line of duty. An instance of this latter I will relate. Once, on going accidentally into the playing-fields, I beheld the usual circle of boys, and heard the shouts which proclaimed the existence of a contest. On getting up to them, I found not very many present, and the most unfair work going on. One of the combatants was the

present Earl of Hillsborough, then a "new boy," and the other was a commoner of long standing, and who held what might be called rather a "blackguard" reputation among his schoolfellows. But, in this case, he had assembled his friends around him, and all, with the exception of a very few, evidently wished to see the young lord beaten, merely because he was a lord; and well to work the commoner went, as though he had particular carnal satisfaction in drubbing one of the aristocracy. I perceived how matters stood, and it was near the end of the fight. The young nobleman was being beaten, but seemed resolved never to give in. There he was, sitting on his second's knee, the second himself pale and fearful of being attacked, yet faithful to his principal, his face one clot of blood, and becoming exhausted every minute. The friends of the other called "time" just as it suited their combatant, sometimes hurrying it on if they saw his opponent suffering, and, *vice versâ*, sometimes delaying it. I was so struck by the heroism of the young lord, that at once I determined on supporting him, and stepping into the ring immediately had it cleared out, and set him on my knee. This was as a godsend to him—it cheered him, while it struck terror into the others—and he rallied so as to contest three or four rounds with considerable energy. Had I appeared sooner, he would have beaten his opponent I verily believed, but matters were too far gone, and instead of prolonging a useless contest, I gave in for him, and took him safely home to Tucker's house, which was near, and saw him attended to. I then left him, and as the upper boys rarely knew very much of those below them, though all lower boys knew the upper, I know not whether I ever came in contact with him again; but somewhile after I left Eton he became the pride and flower of the school in all athletic matters, and could beat as many bargemen as could stand before him—indeed, he could easily clear Windsor bridge of them, and enter the very barges themselves in pursuit of fugitives. Since a melancholy occurrence at Christ Church, Oxford, wherein the Hon. Mr. Osborne was injured fatally, in a mere sportive wrestling match, I have little doubt but that any exhibition of his giant strength has been in abeyance. But he is a fine fellow, and when he bade defiance to the advance of O'Connell and his repealers into the north, the protestants of Ireland cheered him as though he were a demigod sent to lead them on to certain victory; and monster, as O'Connell is, physically speaking, the gallant young earl would have loved to throw Ireland's king a summerset that would have mystified his ideas of repeal for a season more than all the sound law of Mr. Attorney-General, and caused him, to use a favourite expression of his own, to grin like a brass plate upon a coffin.

Of course it was always expected that Leith would superintend any affairs of honour that arose out of feuds that boys invest, like other children of larger growth, with singular importance. This he did in the most humane way. One unfortunate circumstance, however, occurred just at the close of his Etonian career, which cast a heavy gloom over the whole school and neighbourhood. A very handsome, spirited little boy, named Ashley (the *fourth* son, I should suppose, of the Earl of Shaftesbury) quarrelled and fought with another boy named Wood, son of Colonel Wood, M.P. for the county of Brecon, and who is now, I believe, the member for Middlesex.

Wood was a lad of noted courage, and taller than young Ashley, but perhaps not much stronger. The fight was a fair one, and very long, but at length young Ashley was carried off the ground in a kind of stupor, caused from some flow of blood to the head from over-exertion, and after being put to bed at his tutor's house (the Rev. Mr. Knapp's) he died. Leith had wished him to give in, but he would not, and other lads urged him to continue. Of course this melancholy result led to an inquiry and coroner's inquest, and on finding a verdict of manslaughter by the jury, young Wood was arrested as a principal, and Leith and others as seconds. They were bailed out in heavy recognisances to appear at the Aylesbury assizes, and Leith repaired to Lillies, the seat of Lord Nugent, near Aylesbury, there to abide the time. On the morning of the assizes they were all put to the bar, accompanied by Lord Nugent and the members of several leading families, but no prosecutor appearing against them, they were acquitted. Indeed, it would have been no satisfaction to the Shaftesbury family to have sought anything like revenge or punishment, for nothing could replace their lost son. That dreadful result of fighting is often in my mind, although I had left Eton just before it happened, and I have the look of that brave boy, with his cheerful manners and handsome countenance, ever before me as freshly as though I had seen him but yesterday. His brother, my antagonist, was greatly affected, and I heard that he sought a commission in a regiment that was about to proceed to Malta, for the sight of his home and family *unaccompanied by his gay little brother*, would totally have unnerved him. All the Ashleys were boys of acute and benevolent feelings, but exceedingly high-spirited in look and manner, and every one of them were beloved in the school. It was on behalf of this little fellow that Leith, not long before, had chastised a man named Shutes, a circumstance that will be vivid in the remembrance of every old Etonian of that day.

I might relate much of Leith's feats of extraordinary prowess—how skilful he was in the sword-exercise—how he beat the best Highlanders in Scotland at hurling the bar—how he traversed throughout France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, &c., challenging the students and others everywhere—how he walked fifty miles a day for many days, climbed mountains, rowed up before impassable rivers, and how he at last married a very amiable lady, and settled down in a beautiful cottage on Loch Lomond—although he used to say that a house at Athens, with a hill of vines rising behind it, was the acme of his wishes—but I must first say a word on the high and gifted powers of his mind and intellect.

It was the extraordinary power of his mind, combined with his unusual strength, that led me, in the commencement of this account, to regard him as an "admirable Crichton;" and in the days of the ancient philosophers, when vigour of body as well as of mind was held necessary for the character of a complete philosopher, Leith would have been considered as a Plato indeed. In our happy days, at Eton the fame of Lord Byron was at its height, Sir Walter Scott was publishing his novels, and his poems were in high request, and Moore's poetry was perused by every body. Leith, as well as myself, was a great reader, and we literally devoured Byron, Scott, Moore, and others, reading them at breakfast every morning, and

until late at night in bed. O how I have hated the summonses into school, when Waverley, or Guy Mannering, or Ivanhoe, or the favourite of all, Old Mortality, was to be relinquished. There was a very large Byronian party at Eton, of whom Leith, Kinglake, and myself, were the chiefs, and perhaps we used too much to *affect* Byronianism—and sure I am that it would have been better to have been imitators or followers of Southey and Wordsworth. But the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" had just come out, and who then could have courage to profess ardent admiration of the Lake Poets? Of that "Excursion," which was "my aversion" according to the misanthropic Lord, Southey has spoken more in accordance with public estimation now, when he writes "Jeffrey talks of having written a crushing Review of the 'Excursion.' I desired my informant would tell him, that he might as easily crush Skiddaw." I believe, if we had fallen in with Wordsworth's poems, we should have liked them, but, somehow or other, they did not cross our path, and not until I went to Oxford did I know the value of Wordsworth and Southey—albeit the Roderick and Thalaba of the latter had certainly been extremely admired by Leith, and Kinglake, and myself. Leith wrote a most elegant poetical epistle to his aunt, Lady Fletcher, of Ashley Park, Surrey, mother of the present amiable and Etonian baronet; and Kinglake penned a very superior monody on the death of Lord Byron, which appeared in the *Taunton Courier*. I shall never forget the effect of the intelligence of the death of Byron upon our little literary coterie at Eton. For days I could not learn a lesson with any spirit, and when his remains were lying in state in London, I wished to run away from school and witness the funeral procession. We felt as men would feel when a refreshing stream has ceased to flow, and they are parched with thirst without prospect of relief.

Poetry, history, and biography, were all read largely by Leith. We carried books with us, and read aloud in Windsor Park, in Stoke Park, and anywhere in the fields, always choosing some retired and romantic spot. Leith, I believe, was never punished by flagellation, and yet very few at that time escaped the vengeance of the rod in the sinewy arms of Dr. Keate. He became so perfect a master of the Latin and Greek languages that he was never at a fault in construing, and all his exercises, including his excellent copies of Greek iambics, and his poetical translations of Greek choruses, met with the highest approbation of his teachers. His tutors, the Rev. Mr. Plumtre and the Rev. Mr. Okes, both men of known talent, will bear me out in this remark. After he left Eton, and while studying law at Edinburgh, he wrote some capital articles for Blackwood's Magazine, as well as furnishing those pages with translations from the Greek poets, and this at the time when poor young Price, of Hereford (an Etonian too), was enriching that Magazine with such singularly beautiful translations also of the poets of Greece.

And now my pen must desist awhile. If I have dwelt on bodily accomplishments as connected with the character of Leith, it is because they were in accordance with the spirit of the day. Lord Byron even celebrated a Jackson in verse, and Lord Byron's friend, whom he thought incomparably of more genius than himself, even Charles Matthews, who was drowned at Cambridge, he the learned and witty fellow of Downing College, had cherished thoughts of

going into training to compete with Dolly Smith in the London ring. Thanks to the temper of this time, that pugilism is no more! completely knocked on the head through its own bravery, and the barbarisms of its very nature. What Scipios are at Eton now, I know not—whether the succession be continued or broken, I cannot tell. I am sure I should designate them as "puny moderns" when the noble form of Leith arose in my recollection. But to every *old Etonian* I would exclaim, in the words of Crabbe,

"Can you not, brother, on adventures past
A thought, as on a lively prospect, cast?
On days of dear remembrance! days that seem,
When past, nay, e'en when present, like a dream;
These white and blessed days, that softly shine
On few, nor oft on them—have they been thine?"

OLD TIME.

BY GEORGE LINNÆUS BANKS.

THERE 's a mighty old spirit abroad in the air,
And his footsteps are visible everywhere.
He hath been on the mountain, all hoary with years,
And left it bedew'd in an ocean of tears;
He hath clamber'd o'er turret and battlement grey,
And wrapt them in mantles of silent decay;
He hath swept through the forest, and laid at a blow
The stalwart oak, chief of the leafy tribe, low.
In art, as in nature, the vast and sublime,
All speak of the visits of greybeard "*Time*."

He 's a skeleton thing, with a countenance grim,
All toothless his gums, and his eyeballs dim;
A two-edged scythe in his lank, boney hand,
His scutcheon 's a hatchment, and glass ebbing sand;
With tiar of jewels, worm-eaten and black,
And arrows armipotent slung at his back:
He leaps with the lightning, and mounts with the wind,
Destroying and scattering before and behind;
The sun-dial's shadow, and old abbey's chime,
Denote, with a warning, the mission of "*Time*."

He roameth, unwearied, by night and by day,
A daring old foot-pad, still tracking our way;
He feareth no dungeon, no judicial fate,
But plund'reth alike from the beggar'd and great;
He nestleth with youth in its valley of flowers,
And sporteth with love through the eagle-wing'd hours;
But the bald-pated laird and the tremulous knee
The most he delighteth with ever to be;
While the wounded in heart, and the deepest in crime,
Beg a call from the mighty physician, old "*Time*."

He mindeth the traffic both early and late,
That lineth the road to eternity's gate,
And passeth none by, shod with earth's clayey mire,
But he taketh the body as toll for his hire.
The grandee may sit in his richly-carved chair,
And the life's blood of insects indignantly wear,—
And the monarch may rule as a god on his throne,
O'er the leasehold of "ashes" he maketh his own;
But the spoiler at last round their strongholds will climb,
And "six feet of earth" be the conquest of "*Time*."

A RAMBLE THROUGH STYRIA, THE TYROL, AND ILLYRIA, IN 1841.

BY C. F. FYNES CLINTON.

CHAPTER III.

The Tyrol, its inhabitants, and its scenery.—The Pass of Fünstermüng.—Meran. —Trient.—Lombardy.—Venice.

There are perhaps few people in Europe more interesting than the Tyrolese. Their loyalty and affection for their Emperor, and the ardour and courage with which they defended themselves against the French and Bavarians, have made their name famous in the history of Europe. This little province, containing only seven hundred thousand souls, under the guidance of the peasant hero, Hofer, successfully resisted the Bavarian yoke, attempted to be imposed upon them by French interference. We have seen, indeed, other mountaineers fight boldly for their rights and for liberty; but the case of the Tyrolese is a rare one. Their struggle was not for independence, but to return to the subjection of their old master. By being handed over to the Bavarian, they merely exchanged tyrants,—nay, I do believe their internal condition would have been benefitted by the exchange; but they would not leave their Emperor. In his cause they used their utmost efforts, and shed their blood in his defence. The reverence of this people for their Emperor is wonderful; they speak of Franz with the love and respect of children for a kind parent. His brother, the Archduke John, uncle of the present Emperor, who headed them in the great war, is still governor of the province. He has married a peasant girl, and lives entirely among the people, by whom he is much and very deservedly beloved. And I firmly believe that there is not a more amiable family in Europe than the Imperial family of Austria. They watch over the interests of their vassals with a parental kindness, and do all to enlighten and civilize their subjects (at least the German portion of them) that the unfortunate form of government, which it has fallen to their lot to administer, will allow.

The southern portion of Tyrol, from a little below Botzen to the frontiers of Lombardy, is inhabited by Italians. Trient is the capital of this district, which is called Welsch-Tirol by the Austrians. The people seem to pull rather with the Lombards than with the German Tyrolese, and are therefore not such trusty adherents of the Emperor as are the latter. But throughout Tyrol there appears to be a stronger infusion of Italian than of German blood, at least judging by the physical appearance of the peasants: the clumsy form, and heavy, sluggish features of the German, give place to the sparkling eye and more graceful figure of the Italian. The Tyrolese afford the best riflemen of the Imperial army; and the jäger regiments are chiefly drawn from among these hardy mountaineers.

Although, in the matter of grandeur of scenery, Switzerland undoubtedly ranks before the Tyrol, yet I infinitely prefer a tour through the latter country. *Die Schweitz* is so completely overrun

with travellers of all nations, horse and foot, that the character of the people is ruined. I do not know a more grasping, selfish, impertinent set of peasants than the Swiss, nor a more honest, simple, good-natured, and civil race than the Tyrolese. This, however, will in all probability not last long. In proportion as its valleys become more known and explored by *die Englischen Lords*, so will the simplicity and honesty of its inhabitants disappear.

There are, after all, only two great routes from Innsbruck southwards through the heart of Tyrol. The one crosses the Brennan Pass, and then follows a branch of the Adige to Botzen; the other runs westward up the valley of the Inn for about seventy miles, then, turning to the south, climbs the pass of Fünstermüng, and descending the Adige, meets the former route at Botzen. Here united, the road follows the valley of the Adige by Trient and Roveretо, into the plains of Lombardy. By this road of Fünstermüng I determined to direct my march to Trient, one hundred and seventy-five English miles from Innsbruck. Passing up the valley of the Inn, which becomes narrower and grander as one advances, I reached Landeck, with its old castle, and, turning to the south, entered the pass of Fünstermüng. It is a wild, narrow gorge. The road is carried over the foaming river by a bridge, with a tower and gateway at one end, and then climbs by a steep ascent to Nauders, a village in a high plain, about four thousand feet above the sea, near the sources of the Inn and the Adige. In the midst of the pass the Emperor has lately constructed a fort, which commands the road.

On leaving the plain of Nauders, one finds the streams running southwards, to contribute their waters no longer to the Black Sea, but to the Adriatic. The view, as one descends from this elevated point, is splendid. Right before me lay the Ortler Spitz and his gigantic neighbours, their snowy peaks glittering in the blue and cloudless sky. The best point of view is from Mals, a most picturesque village, with many church-towers, and an old castle. A few miles below Mals begins the new road, which the Austrian government have lately carried by the Stelvio into Italy. This grand route crosses the ridge of the Ortler Spitz, at a height of 8850 English feet above the sea-level. It is, consequently, the loftiest road in Europe, and it is also one of the safest and the best. Avoiding this route, I held on by my left, through a not very fertile valley, inclosed by sterile mountains, until I descended, amidst chesnut groves and vineyards, (the first I had seen since leaving Vienna,) to the curious old town of Meran, the ancient capital of Tyrol.

Meran is a charming spot, with its old churches, gateways, and arcade-sided streets. The situation is lovely—in an amphitheatre of mountains, whose sides are fringed with orchards, and with vineyards, and open out to the south, where the fertile valley of the Adige conducts to Botzen. A mile from Meran is the old castle of Tyrol, romantically perched among the hills, and commanding one of the most delicious views in the world. Botzen is a pretty, Italian-looking town, at the junction of four valleys.

One of the fairest scenes in Europe is the valley which leads from Botzen to Trient,—forty English miles of admirable road. It was on a glorious day, towards the middle of August, that I wended my way down this fine valley. The mountains are bold and craggy, and the vale, watered by the Adige, is filled with the richest ver-

dure. The broad leaf of the Indian corn mingles with the bright foliage, and the ripening clusters of the vine. The transition from Germany to Italy is singularly abrupt. I dined at Neumaslet, about twelve miles down the valley, in Germany, and among Germans. I stopped for a glass of wine at St. Michael, a little farther on, and suddenly found myself in Italy, and among Italians. Not only the language, but the features of the people, and the construction of their houses, is of another land; and this abrupt transition occurs in the same valley, along a direct line of road, without any natural division between the two nations. I confess I found it a relief to exchange the rough and guttural *Deutsch* for the sonorous Latin.

Trient, or Trento, is quite an Italian city. There is a fine fountain in the large piazza, some good churches, and the castle is a handsome pile. The neighbourhood is beautiful. Here I finished for the present the walking part of my tour, and proceeded in a *vettura* to Rovereto. The road lies along the Adige, through much the same sort of valley as that between Botzen and Trient. The following day I went forward to Verona in a similar conveyance. The road still follows the Adige; but the rugged mountains here close upon the river, leaving nothing but a rocky gorge. This was the scene of some of Napoleon's fighting in his Italian campaigns; and I was much amused at the way in which my *vetturino*, an old, sunburnt rascal, recounted to me the affair, in which he said that he had borne a part. He pointed out the spot where Napoleon had stationed himself during the greater part of the action, and told, with glowing cheek and kindling eye, how the French and Italians had beaten the Austrians out of the country, and sent them, broken and flying, through the pass. The *Tedesci*, whom he called dogs and *barbari*, met with very little mercy at the hands of the worthy Lombard. Indeed, there is but small affection for the Austrian rule in any part of the Italian dominions of the Emperor. It requires the presence of eighty thousand bayonets, and the constant watchfulness of a lynx-eyed police, to repress any little aspirations after liberty in a population of little more than four millions. The greater part of the Italian troops are judiciously transported to Vienna or Hungary; while the sturdy infantry of Bohemia, the hussars of Hungary, and the Austrian artillery are considered to be a safer guard over the volatile spirit of the Italians. Everything that can debauch and ennervate the minds of the inhabitants is resorted to in the great towns; yet every measure of precaution is not always sufficient to chain down the spirit of man; and some who have had the imprudence to inveigh against the kind watchfulness of the paternal government, have been consigned to prison. The published accounts of one or two of the survivors have informed the world of the treatment experienced by the prisoners. In spite of the terror of the police, Italians of all classes, in Milan, in Venice, and in Verona, have spoken to me in no measured terms of the Austrian government; which, however gentle it may be towards its German subjects, and however popular among them, has but a small share of the affection of its Italian provinces, who seem to look upon themselves as conquered states, held by a victorious army.

It may be asked, what business have I, or any stranger travelling in Austrian Italy, to meddle in the relations of the government? Only this,—that when I see a fertile and populous province misgo-

verned, unquiet, and discontented, as a man, and a native, thank God! of a free country, I cannot help feeling sympathy for the inhabitants. It is, doubtless, a difficult task to govern well a people of different race, language, and habits from their rulers; yet it may reasonably be doubted whether such an iron rule as we find in Lombardy is necessary for the preservation of those provinces. The French, at least, managed these matters better. The affection of the Italians for the French is just as great as their hatred of the Austrians. No Frenchman can speak in warmer terms of admiration or reverence for Napoleon than do the Italians. The reason is obvious. He taught them to consider the interests of both nations as one,—to identify their fortunes and their glories with those of the Empire. Whatever happiness or glory the Italians have achieved of late was gained when they were protected by the sheltering wing of the French eagle; and to France, in any European convulsion, they would again attach themselves.

As I had visited this part of Italy in the previous year, I did not tarry long amidst the rich plains and populous cities of Lombardy; but passing rapidly through Verona, and taking a hasty glance at its magnificent amphitheatre, and at the beautiful piazza and noble palaces of Vicenza, I arrived, at daybreak of the 23rd August, at Mestre, and embarked for Venice. There lay the wonderful city, appearing to float upon the still waters, its spires, and domes, and towers glittering in the beams of the rising sun; but the charm of the island city will soon be dissolved,—the spell is about shortly to be broken. A railway from Milan to Venice is in the course of completion; a bridge and embankment, of five miles in length, will connect Venice with the mainland; and the hiss and scream of the steam-engine will be heard amidst the halls of the doge's palace and the domes of St. Marc.

CHAPTER IV.

Aquileia.—Journey through Illyria.—Valley of the Drave.—Hofer's house.—Return to Innsbruck.—Arrival at Munich.

I left Venice by the steam-boat in the evening, and at sunrise of the following morning we entered the picturesque bay of Trieste. I remained some time at this handsome and oriental-looking city. It is rapidly increasing in size and importance; and if ever the line of railroad is completed, which is intended to connect this place with Hamburg, Trieste will rival Marseilles.

Having determined to explore the site of the once famous Aquileia, I walked one day from Trieste to Monfalcone, twenty miles along the gulf. The road winds along the face of the cliff, among terraces of vineyards and olives, with a fine view to the left over the Adriatic. I could see Trieste, with its castle and harbour, and background of mountains, and the high coast of Istria, indented with numerous bays. The road soon ascended the hills, and gave me a view into the interior of Illyria, a desolate, sterile country. The Julian Alps, above Laibach, closed the prospect to the north and east. Monfalcone is a pretty little town, with mineral baths, and a comfortable inn. It was formerly a place of strength and importance under the Venetian republic. The old castle crowns a barren

hill, the last in this direction. The mountains here recede from the coast, and the fertile plains commence. Upon these plains, about ten miles south-west of Monfalcone, stands Aquileia, commanding the entrance to Italy. Modern Aquileia consists of a few houses scattered amidst the fields, with here and there the fragment of an ancient wall, or pillar: one column stands alone, tall and large, in a corn-field. The church, whose lofty tower is seen from Monfalcone, is an ancient temple; the pillars are of white marble, but bad in style and proportion. It is probably in the palaces of Venice that we must look for the stones of Aquileia. So convenient a quarry would not be neglected when the inhabitants moved thither; and, indeed, this is the only way in which we can account for the almost total disappearance of so large a city, which was existing as a strong and populous place so late as the middle of the fifth century.

Either the ancients had a more complete method of draining than their descendants possess, or the whole face of the country is much changed in the present day; for we continually meet with the sites of great and once-flourishing cities in the midst of pestilential plains. Aquileia, Pæstum, and even Rome itself, are instances of this. For my part, I should be sorry to pass a night either at Pæstum or Aquileia.

One day in the middle of September I left Trieste by the *eilwagen*, in order to see something of the interior of Illyria. This province contains a million of inhabitants, chiefly of Sclavonic race. It is as rugged and mountainous as Styria; but the valleys are not so fertile. Between Trieste and Laibach, in particular, which is a day's journey in a carriage, the country is extremely barren, and destitute of water. The mountains, however, are rich in mineral productions. In this neighbourhood is Idria, one of the largest quicksilver mines in the world; and at Adelsberg, not far from Laibach, is the famous grotto, into which a road runs for ten miles, following a river which is lost there, and reappears finally on the other side of the mountain.

Laibach, or Lubiana, is a respectable town, with a castle on a hill. Here we stopped for the night, and went on next day to Mahsburg, which we reached in eighteen hours. The country all the way is very pretty—wooded hills, prettily-shaped mountains, and comfortable-looking villages. There are, however, robbers in this district, particularly between Laibach and Trieste. Guard-houses have been established by the government at intervals, and parties patrol the roads day and night. Bears and wolves are found in the mountains. A reward is offered by the government for every wolf's head. Last winter, a priest was proceeding in his sledge, accompanied by his servant, from his own to a neighbouring village; the wolves coming round them, he shot one, and dismounted to drag it into the carriage, in order to claim the reward. The horses, taking fright at the wild animal, (it was a bright winter's night,) galloped off to the village, and the unfortunate priest was devoured by the wolves.

The situation of Mahsburg is very pretty. It stands on the north side of the Drave, whose banks here are steep and wooded. The river is crossed by a wooden bridge one hundred and seventy yards long. The country round is varied and fertile,—the town completely German-looking,—plain white-washed houses, with high tiled roofs, and not a single building of beauty or interest in the whole place. The same may be said of Graetz, the capital of Styria, lying

in a large plain, about forty miles north of Mahsburg. The Sclave population of lower Styria are quite as ugly and as sombre in their attire as the German inhabitants of the upper provinces.

Having visited Graetz and Mahsburg, I determined to make my way up the great valley of the Drave, and to cross by the sources of that river into Tyrol, and so over the Brennen to Innsbruck. Finding a conveyance about to proceed to Clagenfurt, the capital of Carinthia, as the Northern Division of Illyria is called, I took my seat among the passengers. The vehicle is a *stellwagen*, a sort of omnibus, which barely accomplishes five miles per hour; but I have often found such conveyances very amusing, as affording an insight into the manners of the people. On the present occasion we had a motley collection of passengers. I found all of them civil and good-natured, and one or two very agreeable companions. The Drave hereabouts rolls his dark and rapid waters through a confined valley, inclosed between wooded mountains. There is an air of neatness about the white-washed houses of Lower Styria, with their thatched roofs and pretty gardens, which is far preferable to the dirty, squalid appearance of the Italian villages. We halted for the night at Unter Drauberg, within the confines of Illyria, and the following evening reached Clagenfurt. The valley of the Drave expands between these two places, and the road following the high ground, gives one a grand view of a fine chain of mountains to the south.

Clagenfurt is one of the nicest looking towns, and its inhabitants the most civil and hospitable, that I have met with in any part of the Austrian dominions. The streets are wide, clean, and handsome; there is a fine *platz*, or public square; and the buildings have quite an Italian aspect. The population is about twelve thousand. The town lies in a spacious and fertile plain, which is inclosed by wooded hills and lofty mountains. The views on all sides are charming. All around are agreeable walks; and altogether I was so much pleased with this spot, that I lingered many days to enjoy it, and left it with regret. From Clagenfurt I sent forward my baggage to Innsbruck, and pushed on, once more free as the air of the mountains, to prosecute my adventures on foot. The direct distance before me was one hundred and sixty-five English miles; but a circuit which I took, in order to visit Hofer's house, made it not less than two hundred and fifty.

September 25, I gaily buckled on my pack, and, wishing a hearty goodb'ye to my kind friends at Clagenfurt, I stepped off on my way up the fine wild valley of the Drave, a country seldom visited by Englishmen, or indeed by travellers of any description, as the deserted appearance of the roads fully testified. Indeed, the roads themselves, although in other respects in admirable condition, presented a forlorn aspect: they were completely grass-grown, save a small track in the centre. This district is but scantily peopled; and I hardly met anything, in a march of many days, except now and then a solitary peasant, stretched at full length in his low, light cart, in which they rattle along at a great rate. It is, however, a country that well repays the trouble of a visit to the lover of mountain-scenery,—if indeed it be considered a trouble to ramble all day in the fresh air and bright sunshine, and to pass the evening among an honest, rustic peasantry.

My walk lay for about four hours, after leaving Clagenfurt, up

the margin of a very pretty lake; then, entering a romantic defile, the road descends upon the plain of Villach, where it rejoins the Drave, and remains by that river to its source. The road is everywhere beautiful; sometimes shut in between the rugged mountains and the foaming torrent, at others winding through spacious and fertile valleys. The situation of Lienz, in a plain of this description, is very pleasing. It was in this plain that the Carinthian chivalry were cut to pieces by the Turks in the fifteenth century. On the fifth day's march I reached the sources of the Drave. Nothing can be more beautifully wild than the mountain-ridge to the south, which forms the barrier of this shoulder of Italy. The bare, craggy, and snow-capped peaks form a singularly picturesque outline. The road after this descends a branch of the Adige to Brixen, in Tyrol, from whence I started in search of Hofer's house. I first walked up the wild valley of the Eisach to Sterzing, on the Innsbruck road, and then made over the mountains to the left. The path (where visible) lies right over a steep ridge, and through a pine-forest. Nothing can be more wild and majestic than this scenery. After losing my way two or three times in the forest, I at length reached the mountain top, where, a storm of rain and snow coming on, I became regularly puzzled as to my direction, and was not without apprehensions of pitching over some of the precipices around me, whose depths I could only guess at by the roaring of the streams which rushed down their rocky sides, now buried in mist. I began to repent of not having taken a guide, till, after remaining some hours on the mountain, I heard the tolling of a bell below me, and the mist partially clearing, I discovered Hofer's church in the valley, and reached the house in the dark in a tremendous thunder-storm, after wandering twelve hours among the hills.

Hofer's house, Sand, is now, as in his time, an inn, such as inns are in the wild valleys of Tyrol. It is unchanged in appearance, and is inhabited by his daughter and her husband. It is a complete rustic peasant's house, with large projecting eaves, and spacious wooden balconies. It lies in a deep and lonely glen, where there is but just space for the house and a roaring torrent, which dashes by it. The church, and the other cottages that compose the village, are scattered along the valley. The inhabitants of this district, Passeir, are the finest peasants I have ever seen. In a group of a dozen of them at the door of the inn, there was hardly one under six feet. Their features are uncommonly handsome, and their looks free and fierce, like the Spaniards'. Their quaint, but becoming, costume sets off their straight, muscular forms to great advantage. I do not wonder at the French finding it no easy matter to contend with such light infantry as these. I remained a whole day in the valley of Passeir, rambling about this, to me, most interesting spot in all Tyrol, and listening to many a stirring tale from the heroes of the immortal struggle against the French.

From Sand I wound down a lovely valley to Meran, which I reached in four hours, and thence by the old ground to Botzen; then ascending the romantic valley of the Eisach, by Brixen, I crossed the pass of the Brennen, and once more entered Innsbruck, October 7th. It was time to cease campaigning in the mountains, as the weather was breaking up rapidly; the snow already covered all the higher ridges, adding much to the grandeur of the scenery.

I do not know whether I have yet mentioned a characteristic of the Tyrolese peasant, which is met with universally in this country, I mean the strict discharge of all the duties of their religion. The moment the bell of a neighbouring village announces the hour of noon, the labourer in the field lays aside his spade or his scythe, and, uncovering the head, gravely recites his prayer; the party at the inn-door cease their noisy mirth, and join in devotion. It is an impressive sight when, in one of their rustic inns, the family and their guests at the supper-table rise and chaunt their grace, the host taking the lead, and men, women, and children joining in the prayer. As one walks through the Tyrol, one meets here and there large numbers of peasants going to a fair, or some other meeting in the neighbourhood. They invariably chaunt as they walk, the men first, bare-headed, giving out their deep sonorous notes, and the women following, and chiming in with their treble pipes. I never saw such a country for crucifixes and images: there is one at the corner of almost every field.

At Innsbruck ended the pedestrian part of my tour. I had walked over more than seven hundred miles of beautiful scenery, and I now put myself into the *eilwagen* for Munich. Taking the Landeck road for some distance, we turned to the right through the mountains, and entered Bavaria by one of the most lovely passes I have ever met with. A journey of twenty-four hours from Innsbruck brought us to the capital of Bavaria, and into a flat, dull, and uninteresting country, in every respect differing from that in which I had been rambling for so long.

Munich and its King are among the wonders of modern Europe. In support of this assertion, I need only observe that Munich in 1812 was a shabby town, containing a population of 40,500 inhabitants. At the present moment it numbers little short of one hundred thousand, and contains a splendid picture-gallery, a gallery of sculpture, a noble palace; churches filled with costly marbles, gilding, and mosaics; porticos adorned with frescos; a magnificent theatre; handsome streets and squares; a university, library, and other fine public buildings; and all this the work of the present King. The splendid Pantheon (the *Walhalla*) near Regensburg, the improvements at Baireuth and at Regensburg, and the Ludwigs canal, connecting the Danube with the Rhine, are additional proofs of the King's zeal for the welfare of his country.

There is, however, little that pleases me in the Bavarians. They are a coarse and an unintellectual people, addicted chiefly to sensual pleasures, while their national history is one of the worst in Europe. On two notable occasions have they deserted the common cause of Germany, and attached themselves to the French, with the view of benefitting their private interests; and they glory in the manner in which they turned upon their former friends, when they found the day going against them, and in having on the field of battle poured their fire upon the French, in whose lines they were drawn up. The Germans are undoubtedly a great, and an enlightened people, and there is much warmth of heart and kindness of feeling in their domestic relations with each other; nevertheless, I cannot help thinking that we English are apt to rate them too highly, and that our admiration of their fine literature has become quite a German mania. Much of that dreamy speculation and false philosophy

which abounds in their literature is, doubtless, attributable to the limited range which a strict censorship of the press allows to their genius, debarring them from all present, tangible, and political transactions, and driving them to the realms of fancy. But why is this restraint permitted? I quarrel with the Germans, because they are for ever talking of themselves as the greatest, the most enlightened, and the most civilized people in the world, and boasting that it was the infusion of German blood into the various provinces of the Roman empire which made Europe what she now is. For my part, I am unwilling to concede so much in favour of the heathen savages who desolated and ruined Europe in those dark ages; nor do I think it speaks much for the present enlightenment of the German people, that a nation, counting thirty-four millions of souls, and capable, if united under one constitutional government, of being, what it now fondly imagines itself, the head of European states, should allow itself to be trampled under foot by a dozen different despots, who misdirect and waste her resources for their own petty and selfish objects.

A SUMMER EVENING.

There is a magic in the dewy close
Of summer's eve, which o'er the senses throws
A melancholy spell;
Tears then unbidden flow
For loved ones not below,
A sacred, soothing woe,
For some that early fell.

Then not in sorrow's wild extreme,
But memory's soft and hallow'd dream,
Those visions floating by,
Draw from its shrine the crystal tear,
Which speaks their memory still most dear
To those they fondly loved while here,
And love perchance on high.

Perhaps the friends of early years,
Long mourn'd in silence and in tears,
Look from their seats of bliss.
If seraph spirits e'er can know
Aught passing in this world of woe,
Surely they turn their thoughts below
On such an eve as this.

Sacred and soothing is the thought,
With heavenly consolation fraught,
That still they may behold,
And from those orbs of purest light,
Crown'd with immortal glory bright,
Though veil'd awhile from mortal sight,
With us communion hold.

It must be so! else what the power
That in this lone and pensive hour
Instils its secret balm?
That gently checks the breathing sigh,
That wipes the trembling tear-drop dry,
That points our hopes to rest on high,
And o'er us sheds its calm?

Dear is the thought that sever'd love
Shall reunite in heaven above,
In purer, holier ties;
That when the dreaded day shall come,
That ruthless summons to the tomb,
Joyful the soul shall hail the doom
That calls her to the skies.

Oh! from thy cloud-girt throne
Immortal power look down,
And guide my wand'ring feet;
When time shall be no more,
Oh! gently waft me o'er
To some far distant shore,
Each friend in bliss to meet!

H. B. K.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON LIFE.

BY J. FISHER MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF LONDON."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In our last number we left the impatient reader at the door of the Commons' House of Parliament, while we went to solicit for him a Speaker's order of admission to the body of the House.

With recollections of the power—somewhat profanely called the *omnipotence* of Parliament, we felt so much oppressed that a sensation of uneasiness, amounting to nervousness, at the prospect of being introduced to this august assembly, overcame us.

We imagined how venerable must be the aspect of these six hundred and fifty lawgivers of the Lower House, and three or four hundred of the Upper, upon whose will, made *law*, depend the lives, liberties, and properties of the people of England.

Regarding each individual Senator as the representative of the thousandth part of the men, women, and children of this empire and its almost ubiquitous dependencies, standing, as it were, *in loco parentis* to a large small family of two hundred thousand or so, of electors, non-electors, colonists, and their dependents; throwing the weight of his vote into the scales, in which tremble the fate of nations, by his "Ay, Ay," proclaiming all the horrors of war; or by his "No, No," restoring to desolated nations the blessings of peace.

Considering all this, I say, we anticipated the awful majesty, the grave aspect, the deliberative silence of this tremendous assembly; men in all the honours of silver hairs, grave deliberation, and authority unlimited.

St. Stephen's Chapel is, perhaps, hardly worthy its high position as the place of meeting of the most powerful branch of legislation of these countries; but, on the other hand, it is passing rich in associations, which redeem the defects of narrowness of space, and inadequacy of accommodation.

There is little to see, to be sure, within its small circumference, but how much was there to think of, in connexion with it!

There stood the very walls, once adorned with Scripture histories, the choicest in design and workmanship that those remote ages could afford; there the altar, richly decorated, where cowled monks ministered; there stood—there yet stand, and for ages yet to come will stand, the cloister, whose "lonely round" the tenants of the place paced in solitude and seclusion; there, walking in the stillness of evening, we catch a passing glimpse of some flickering shade, and lo! a holy father flits across our path and disappears.

The monks are fled, and a new dynasty busies itself in their now populous retreats; instead of

> "Repentant sighs and solitary pains,"

now the chapel resounds, not with anthem, or the silver bell of holy vesper hour, but with the tongue-strife of contending factions, emulous of power, its luxuries and dangers; the passionless, world-wearied calm of the place has fled, and envy, jealousy, hope, fear, and all the swelling emotions of active public life usurp their peaceable retreats. The world of the future retires in favour of the world of the present: the statesman grave, patriot, severe; the placeman servile, complaisant, sly; the desperate political adventurer; the swarms of hopers, waiters upon Providence, hangers upon power, are now busy in their several vocations; now popular rights are contended for and against, and liberty begins to struggle into life.

Instead of pealing anthems, the ear is now stirred with pealing laughter; instead of incense, you have abundance of toadying, man-pleasing, and hero-worship; instead of homilies and sermons, you have prate equally tedious and unprofitable,

Indeed, we should be sorry to deny, that there may be at this day in St. Stephen's a monk or two in disguise.

THE LOBBY.

The green-baize covered door, at the distant end of the lobby, guarded by a very tall doorkeeper with a very pale face, and a very short doorkeeper with a very red face, is the entrance to the body of the House. For the accommodation of the two doorkeepers are two comfortable leathern chairs, in which, during the lingering hours of interminable midnight debates, lulled by the sounds "by distance made more sweet," of the Honourable Member on his legs, these gentlemen sleep intermittingly. When the House is assembling, indeed, they are rather busy than otherwise; the very tall doorkeeper having his hand on the door is fully occupied in flinging it open, as Members in quick succession make their appearance. The very short doorkeeper is exclusively engaged in deciphering, through a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, the backs of letters, which he keeps perpetually poking into the hands of Members as they arrive. Cards and verbal messages are also intrusted to the very short doorkeeper, who, as the very tall doorkeeper seems designed as the doorkeeper of figure, I venture to conjecture is the doorkeeper of parts.

For the accommodation of the Members, a passage is kept clear—a sort of alley through the living lines of mob with which the lobby is crowded. Here, in the front rank, among the most idle and curious of the spectators, I took a place to view the Members proceeding to *their* places.

Of the assembling Senators, few were permitted to pass through the lobby to the House without a tapping on the shoulder, or an arrest from some busy body, who, rushing through the crowd, captures his representative and leads him triumphant to a dark corner, where the Member and his constituent lay their heads together; the one detailing with great volubility what it is evident, from the earnestness of his manner, he considers of the highest importance; the other, with a smile of bland acquiescence, leaning his head on one side; though there may be little or nothing in *that*.

A brisk dapper Parliamentary agent seizes a committee man of an election, or one who has the carriage of a private bill, and addresses

himself to the Senator's private ear. An influential constituent from some immaculate borough, grasping his representative by the button, reminds him, that his (the constituent's) son is now in town, waiting for the Government appointment he (the Senator) promised faithfully to procure, and entreating his instant application to the Minister on the youth's behalf. The M.P. winces; looks everyway for escape, and indulges in a declamation, in which the words, "I assure you solemnly," "'pon my sacred honour," and "you may rely upon me," are frequently reiterated; notwithstanding these repeated protestations, the constituent looks, we are ashamed to say, rather sceptical, and of imperfect faith, evidently pressing for prompt payment. The captive M.P. suddenly affecting to recollect a man whom he never saw before, at the other end of the lobby, seizes the outstretched hand of the constituent, shakes it hastily, swears what he will do, and how he will do it, then rushing towards the imaginary dear friend in the crowd, lets slip from between his teeth as he passes us a suppressed but emphatic execration.

Now slowly saunters up the populous alley, a Lycurgus in patent leather boots, coat of surpassing cut, exquisite waistcoat, glossy hat, clouded cane, and a cataract of black satin. He lingers on the top step leading into the House, taps his boot repeatedly with his cane, passes his hand carelessly through his curled locks, gives a pitying glance of mingled wonder and contempt upon those who are admiring him and repeating his name or title to one another; yawns, heaves a sigh, taps his boot, looks vacantly about, evidently not very well knowing what to do with himself. Soon he is accosted by a Solon of the same class; they listlessly inquire of each other what's on to-night, find out that the House will be occupied with a debate on the distress of the country, mutually determine that it is a "cursed bore," and, arm-in-arm, lounge away together.

A thick-set, coarse-featured, clubbish-looking man, with a vast number of rolls of parchment, in which he seems to take great pride, stowed away under his arm, now leisurely saunters along the lobby. He is a manufacturer out of, and a law-maker in, the House, and both in and out of the House deals largely in fustian. He is a popular Member of Parliament, and is entrusted with a great many petitions from all parts of the country. He walks into the House, deposits his precious burthen, and comes out again, walking up and down among the promiscuous beholders, with the air of a man who has gained popularity, and deserves a statue of brass at the hands of a grateful country.

While these, and a variety of other characters are passing across the stage, the scene suddenly changes; a messenger of the House, recognizable by his badge, the royal arms in brass suspended from his neck, enters the lobby, crying with a loud voice,—"THE SPEAKER!—THE SPEAKER!"—"Hats off!—Hats off!" is now the cry; "Take off your hat, sir!" exclaims a constable; keeping *his* hat on his head; "Silence, there, if you please!" shouts another; with more noise than that of all the crowd put together. "Make way there, for Mr. Speaker, gentlemen, if you please!" from a third, who is himself the leading obstruction of the place. Silence is observed, hats are doffed, a thoroughfare through the crowd is made from the Speaker's private apartment.

The first Commoner in the world—for such by the courtesy of England, and the law of precedence, is Mr. Speaker—at length makes his appearance, preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms, in a plain court suit of black, bearing the mace—"that bauble," as Cromwell termed it.

Mr. Speaker is dressed in plain clothes, with a silk gown, a full-bottomed wig, and carries a little cocked hat in his hand; a train-bearer carries a corner of his gown, holding up a great functionary's tail being considered in England of the last dignity and importance.

Mr. Speaker having glided into the House, the Chaplain enters in full canonicals; the doors are closed, prayers are read, and Members who care less for praying than for business, as some men forget the grace for the meat, congregate in the lobby.

Among them is our friend, who informs us, that as soon as the Speaker takes the chair it is his custom, on the application of Members, to affix his signature to a certain number of orders for admission, called *Speaker's Orders*, which entitle the holder to admission below the galleries, and *within* the body of the House. One of these orders our friend having speedily obtained, returned, and desiring me to follow him, we entered the House by the green baize door, handing the order for examination to the very short doorkeeper, who having put his spectacles on nose, looked at the order, pronounced it "all right," and for the first time in my life, I found myself on the floor of the House of Commons.

THE BODY OF THE HOUSE.

We advanced, however, only a little way, not having passed the "BAR," which forms the boundary, beyond which "*strangers*," on no pretence can be allowed to proceed, and which is drawn across the House when Counsel are heard, or offenders against the privileges or dignity of this great assembly are called thereto. This formidable bar, of which one has heard so much, is neither more nor less than a bit of stick, not so thick as an ordinary bed-post, covered with baize, and sliding backwards and forwards in a groove, as occasion requires.

Turning to the right, in front of the leathern chairs occupied by the Sergeant-at-arms, or his deputy, we take our seats; *mine* by courtesy; *my friend's* by right; these seats are in no respect different from those occupied by the Members generally, being, indeed, only supernumeraries, filling the space below the galleries, that would otherwise be vacant.

When I had thus comfortably taken my seat, without the trouble, annoyance, or expense of canvassing, polling, chairing, and paying election bill,—serious drawbacks on the pleasures with which many a new Member reposes upon these much-coveted benches,—I ventured to look around, and contemplate the "collective wisdom," THE ASSEMBLED COMMONS OF ENGLAND.

Judge my astonishment and surprise! instead of finding that gravity, solemnity, and dignity always associated in my mind with the weighty responsibilities, and almost boundless power of that House, to find the Senators "potent," but assuredly by no means "grave or reverend Signors," running round the galleries like a parcel of wild rabbits; in at one door, out at another, scrambling over benches

like schoolboys when half-holiday is proclaimed, crossing the floor of the House from the Treasury to the Opposition benches, and *vice versâ;* gathering in twos and threes, talking, laughing, scraping their feet, lounging on the seats, and indulging in other such like un-senatorial demeanour.

Around and below the bar was collected a noisy and exceedingly idle group, of law-givers of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts, scions, for the most part, of noble houses. Some rejoicing in the hirsute honours of the "moustache," others of a pale and sickly temperament; others with the "blasé" expression of men long "upon town," but, with few exceptions, men evidently more devoted to the enjoyments of this life, than oppressed with any serious idea of its duties.

One of these gentlemen I observed handing round a new puzzle snuff-box; another amused himself by displaying a patent fleam for bleeding horses, which excited great curiosity among Honourable Members; a third was displaying a new-invented cane, which he said had just "come out." An Honourable and learned Member, whose expansive face radiant with fun, and whose mouth seemed formed by nature for the continual emission of jokes, was keeping a group in a perpetual titter of half-suppressed laughter. Near him was a county Member, who looked like a schoolboy, explaining to another county Member, who looked like a fool, the various fortunes of a cricket match he that day had witnessed at Lord's, between the Kent and All England.

In the side galleries, reserved exclusively to the use of Members, (that at one end being set apart for strangers, at the other for reporters,) were several Solons taking their ease at full length; in the body of the House some were reading newspapers or pamphlets, others talking; but the greater number moving rapidly from one seat to another.

The Speaker had taken the chair, the clerks of the House, three in number, in their wigs, were writing at a table—*the* table, upon which lay the mace, some books, and two red morocco boxes; business was evidently going on, but the complication of noises was such as we shall attempt, but in vain, to describe.

"Hum drum—drum hum—drum drum—dum—dum.—Sir, I have the honour to present a petition from—buzz, buzz—hum, hum,—(coughing, sneezing, scraping of feet, talking,)—signed by seven thousand five hundred and twenty inhabitants of—drum, drum—hum, hum—buzz, buzz—dum, dum—(noises defying the minutest powers of analysis, scraping of feet, and talking only distinguishable)—Do LIE ON THE TABLE, THAT OPINION SAY AY, CONTRARY, NO,—buzz, buzz—hum, drum.—Sir, I have the honour to present—(awful scraping, murmuring, gossiping, tattling through the House, and audible laughter at the bar,)—praying for a repeal of the—hum, drum—dum, dum, boom, boom, bizz, bizz,—great, important, influential constitu—he! he!—buzz—hum—(complication of noises now totally drown the voices of the presenter of petition.)—ORDER—ORDER—BAR—BAR—(especially addressed to the legislators in patent leathers.) DO LIE ON THE TABLE, THAT OPINION SAY AY, CONTRARY, NO—hum, drum, boom, boom, bizz, bizz.—MR. SADDLEWORTH—buzz, buzz—Sir, I have to present a petition from—ORDER,

ORDER—landlord and tenant—(a chaos of incongruous noises, rendering the Honourable Member totally inaudible.)—Lie on the table, SAY AY, CONTRARY, NO—buzz, buzz—drum, drum.

LORD GRANBY SOMERDALE. Sir, I have the honour to present several petitions from—hum, drum—buzz, buzz—scrape, scrape—praying for an inquiry into—fizz, fizz—buzz, buzz—BAR, BAR!—ORDER, ORDER!—(inextricable inattention, noise, tattle, and confusion).

There is nothing in the interior aspect of the building, now temporarily serving as the House of the Assembled Commons, that can detain us long. The apartment is simply a parallelogram, fitted up with seats of the plainest oak, with green leathern cushions; the galleries are furnished in the same way, and are supported by square pillars, without the least pretension to ornament.

The interior is more akin, in the style of its fitting up, to an independent chapel, or other dissenting place of worship, than anything else we can call to mind for the purposes of illustration. The exterior is like a huge malt-house, the ventilators on the ridge of the roof aiding the resemblance.

This apartment stands upon the site of the Court of Requests, a well-known lounge for courtiers, politicians, place-hunters, and the busy intriguing mob that perpetually hangs upon the outskirts of a great legislative body.

Swift, Walpole, and many others of the gossiping spirits of their day, haunted the Court of Requests, and make frequent allusions to it in their correspondence.

As we have said, the interior is squab, plain, Quaker-like, and pragmatical to a fault; indeed, the sight of it levels a soaring imagination, and is miserably calculated to sustain the impressions of awe and veneration with which one for the first time enters the House.

The Speaker's chair, of dark polished oak, with a canopy supported upon fluted pillars, and sustaining the royal arms, alone relieves the monotonous tone of colour that pervades the House; the table, upon which lie packed a few volumes of books and journals of the House, and two clocks, one the House clock, the other for the accommodation of reporters, are the only furniture of this naked looking apartment.

The mace, and two red morocco boxes upon the table, are the only articles with which the most consummate utilitarian could find fault; everything else is plain to more than republican simplicity.

There is no peculiar dress or costume worn by members of the House upon ordinary occasions. The mover and seconder of the usual Address, in reply to the Speech from the Throne, at the opening of each session, are accustomed to appear in court costume, or military or naval uniform, or in the costume of the county lieutenancy.

When the House adjourns to wait upon her Majesty with an humble, or dutiful and loyal address, upon occasions of congratulation, the members who accompany the Speaker to the palace appear in full costume; and on these occasions the House presents a gay and somewhat splendid appearance.

On ordinary occasions, however, the House is in plain dress, the Speaker, and three clerks who record the proceedings, being distin-

guished only by wigs and gowns; and the Serjeant-at-arms, or his deputy, in a plaincourt-suit of black, with a mourning-sword by his side.

Ceremony there is none; the only observable etiquette being, that members, on entering or retiring from the House, bow to the Chair, —not a formal bow, but a mere sidelong inclination of the head. On these occasions, and also whenever, which is perpetually, they choose to move from one part of the House to another, and when speaking, they uncover. On resuming their seats, they put on their hats, or not, as they think proper.

BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE.

By the time the presentation of petitions is concluded it may be half-past five o'clock, the hour at which the Prime Minister usually enters the House.

You observe that tall man, one arm on his breast, the other concealed under the skirts of his blue frock-coat, walking briskly up the floor of the House, without stop or stay. Now he bows gracefully to the Speaker, and takes his seat in the centre of the Treasury Bench, next to the Home Secretary. He looks round, and seems care-worn and exhausted, as if the official duties of the day were sufficient for him, without being in addition harnessed to those of the senatorial night. He is what most women and some men would call a handsome man; his features regular, his complexion clear, his hair fair; dressed neither above nor under the good taste of a gentleman. If you did not know him, you might imagine him a wealthy merchant, a prosperous manufacturer, or banker; his expression and manner approach more nearly that of one of the highest commercial class than of any other; that man is the Prime Minister of England.

Yes, there he sits, the Premier, and we cannot help having a good stare at him.

Not that he is more or less remarkable in point of physical stature than the generality of men:—he is evidently neither an Irish giant nor Tom Thumb the Great; nor is there anything particularly statesmanlike in his air, manner, or expression. He is a prepossessing-looking man, with a letter-of-recommendation-face, and there 's an end on't. He looks one of those men you would select in a stage-coach, or on the deck of a steamer, for advances towards a travelling acquaintanceship, satisfied beforehand that you would meet with a favourable reception.

But when one contemplates the man's *position*,—when you come to consider how much is in his power for good and evil,—how much depends upon him,—what a large small human family look up to him, as to some presiding genius, upon whose will depend the alternations of public prosperity or distress, — when you think of the weighty interests intrusted to his vigilance and care,—when you recollect that, placid as he is, war may be proclaimed from those lips, and that arm, no longer than another man's, can reach the Antipodes in mercy, vengeance, or justice,—when you remember that to him, simple as he sits there, is delegated the patronage of the Crown of Great Britain and Ireland, and that the fates and fortunes of the aspiring intellect of England, in every way in which it can be exhibited as connected with public life, are more or less in his hands,—that a smile from that man is fortune, and his frown exclusion from expected

honours and coveted rewards,—I say, whether you regard the weight of his responsibility, the depth of his care, or the height of his power, you cannot behold the Chief Minister of England without some emotion, with which you are unaffected in contemplating any private man, of a station soever exalted.

The Prime Minister swells beyond the circumference of ordinary mortals. He is not a man; he is a body politic. We do not behold a right honourable baronet; he is before our eyes a great gubernating abstraction. In royalty we regard the pride and pomp; but in him we see the *circumstance* of executive authority. Yet, great as he is, high as he is, above us as he is placed, he is, after all, the creature of the Crown, the humble servant of the law; the power that gave him power is yet more powerful than he; he is but as one of the *genii*, who in his turn is obliged to obey the spirits that obey him; he is tenant of power only at will; he holds all that his magnificent position bestows upon him, and enables him to bestow upon others, of the people of this country.

Recollecting that the power of a Premier is but the power of the public will, devolved upon one man, exercised by one man for the time being, we have a greater interest in him; he is nearer us, and all that concerns him is our concern.

The minister of a despotic monarch, responsible only to his master, the depository of his absolute power, and registrar of his sovereign will, this happy land is a stranger to, and we cannot, therefore, determine in what light such an one would be regarded. We should behold in him only a courtier of a higher grade, and our regards, if analysed, would probably be made up of commingled hate and fear. The *interest* which a responsible minister inspires, the activity of individual censure and applause could never heighten the interest with which the career of a great statesman is here pursued by all classes and denominations of men, from the highest to the lowest,—from the most affluent to those who have nothing but an opinion.

But we forget that we propose merely to bestow upon the reader a familiar picture of the progress of a parliamentary night, and not to follow the footsteps of the noble author of an Essay on the English Constitution.

The Premier having taken his seat, order is restored, members take their places, and the House speedily subsides into something like repose. Now begin, in regular rotation, members who have questions to put to the right honourable baronet at the head of her Majesty's Government.

A good-looking, well-dressed, and rather dandyish style of man, young-looking, or at least not looking so old as a man should look who has taken a prominent part in public life for more than a quarter of a century, unexceptionable in air and manner, and with a reasonable share of the self-confidence that, we are informed, pertains to superior minds, rises from the opposition bench, and propounds an interrogatory touching Servia, or Scinde, or some other of our more important foreign relations.

No great interest is excited in the House by the question, unless it be one of unusual importance, when a "Hear! hear!" may be heard from the back benches of the Opposition.

The Premier, rising with deliberate air, replies at some length, and

in a peculiar style; for, though replying, he takes care not to answer, unless he has *nothing* to say. In that case, he appears communicative enough; and, although his responses are occasionally mystificatory enough, his style is clear; and, whatever the *matter* of his reply may be, the *manner* never fails. *What* he says may not give complete satisfaction; but there can be no quarrel with the way in which he says either what he chooses shall or shall not be communicated. He weighs carefully every word, knowing it will have a wide circulation, and takes care that he will issue no light ones. If he seems to think it proper that the question should be largely entered into, he enters into it at large; but if, on the contrary, there is any doubt in his mind as to the policy of complete reply, he reserves his information, but in a deprecatory manner, studious to avoid the remotest possibility of giving offence.

Question follows question, almost always from the opposition benches, addressed to the ministers, in reference to matters connected with his particular department; for it is observable that no minister appears to know anything of the business pertaining to his colleague, and, indeed, an indisposition to afford information is the prevailing character of the Treasury Bench on these occasions. Sometimes it is not as yet fully informed upon the subject inquired into by the honourable member opposite; sometimes it will cause immediate inquiry to be instituted, and will communicate the result with the least possible delay to the House. Again, if papers of importance, or of no importance, are demanded, the Treasury Bench avoids to the very last moment laying them on the table. Sometimes, to communicate papers at present would not be expedient for the public service; at other times, the honourable paper-hunter is assured —the Treasury Bench is a great *assurer*—there is *policy* in that—that the moment the papers are printed the House will enjoy all the benefit their contents can afford the "collective wisdom."

Sometimes a question is refused an answer, on the ground of want of notice. If an honourable member should ask something tantamount to "What 's o'clock?" without notice, the minister whose department it is to keep a watch cannot by any possibility know the "time of day" without notice; not having had, he says, notice of the question, with the most profound respect for the honourable member putting the question, he (the minister) declines answering the question. The inquirer then, rising in a pet, gives notice that on such a day he shall inquire of the right honourable baronet, the Secretary for the Home Department, "What o'clock it is," and sits down, the secretary bowing attention to the speech of the honourable member.

Sometimes the question is irregular, sometimes irrelevant, sometimes impertinent. One or two captains, with foreheads of brass, and a *singing* tone of voice, that one would expect to find proceeding from metallic heads, make a business of putting questions, which, with no expenditure of brains, procures them a high-up place in the Parliamentary columns of the morning papers. Their questions generally arise out of a hypothetical paragraph in a country paper; as, for example, whether the right honourable baronet is aware of the storming of a round-house in the West Riding of York by an armed body of men, and rescue of the only prisoner therein;—or whether

the right honourable baronet has taken any steps to avenge the insult offered to our national flag, in the person of a Plymouth bum-boat woman, who was boarded by the crew of a French frigate in Hamoaze, and who were bravely driven off by the bum-boat woman, with the loss, on the side of Britain, of a leg of mutton and trimmings.

These, and a great many other questions, having been asked and replied to with great deference and suavity,—the Treasury Bench is supremely polite and deferential,—the preliminary business of the day is over, and the adjourned debate, which must be called business of courtesy, but which is, in fact, the most laborious idleness that can possibly be conceived, is resumed, generally by some plodder, or dull fellow, put up purposely to drawl his everlasting platitudes against time.

This useful Member of the House, in pursuance of his duty, gets up, makes a bob of the head towards the Chair,—hems, coughs,—hems, haws, coughs again,—looks at the array of documents he has displayed upon a vacant seat at his right hand, and begins,—the reporters in the gallery, of one accord, laying down their pens, taking snuff, and conversing one with another.

This operation in the reporter's gallery is the best criterion of what you are to expect from the senator on his legs, whose stolid, unidea'd face, cropped head, squab, commonplace figure, and whose voice, like the indefinitely prolonged drone of a bagpipe, give sad presage of the infliction with which he threatens the House. There is a dogged determination in his face, his voice, his manner, that plainly tells you he means nothing less than two hours and a half of it. The majority of the House makes its escape; but, as the debate is supposed to be of importance, ministers are obliged, in decency, to remain; and now one can see at a glance that these high officers do not get their high salaries for nothing. There they sit writhing in their seats, now from this side, now to that, as if the bench they sat on were at a red heat; now they write letters on their knees, or open little green and red boxes, with little gold keys attached to their guard-chain, or read despatches, or converse with one another in a low tone. The Premier, meanwhile, leans back on the bench, with difficulty keeping his eyes open, although maintaining, by continual effort, the aspect of attention, evidently present *only* in the flesh, absent in the spirit.

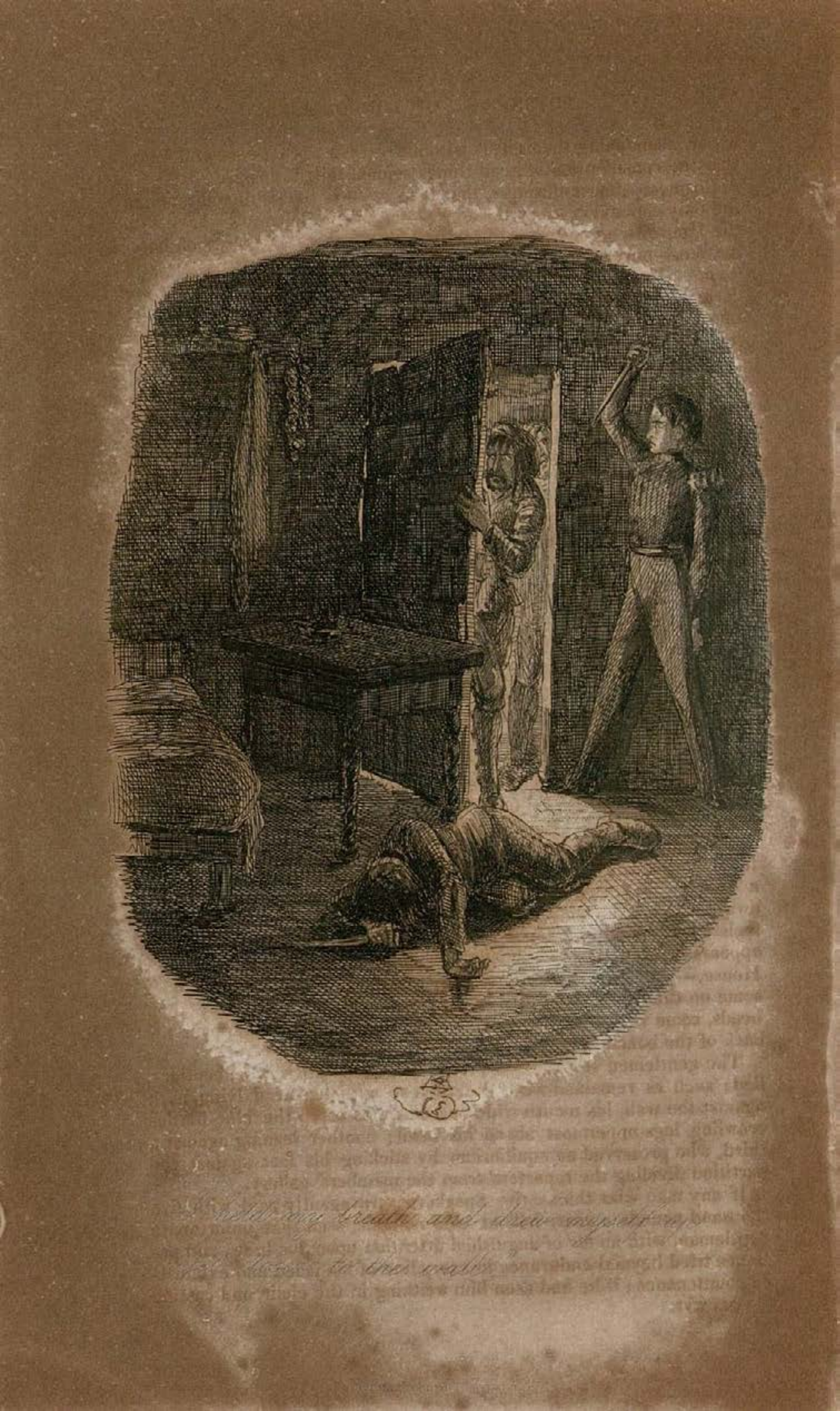
The proser proses on, the reporters mutter many a curse; the members in the side-galleries roll a cushion beneath their heads by way of pillow, and at full length compose themselves to that sleep which the tone and manner of the orator makes inevitable.

The House becomes hot and sultry, and everybody in it exhausted, with that kind of lethargic apathy one feels, when having no employment of body or mind, in the dog-days. Our friend, having read the newspaper from end to end, and declaring he can stand it no longer, desires me to follow him. We steal out of the House by a side-door, and, after climbing sundry stairs, and threading intricate passages, find ourselves in a spacious, but naked, half-furnished, and common-looking chop-house, or coffee-room.

BELLAMY'S.

Here are Members of the House seated on the tables, mounted on the rails of chairs, eating steaks or chops, sipping wine or brandy and





I held my breath and drew myself up close to the wall.

water, abandoning themselves without reserve to that ease and jollity that the consumption of good things seldom fails to inspire.

Business—house-business, that is to say—is never thought of; or the only connexion we at Bellamy's—for this is Bellamy's—have with the House is, an occasional inquiry whether that ass, dolt, fool, bore, &c. &c.—never uttered without the usual damnatory prefix—is still "*up*." The answer in the affirmative is sure to be the signal for ordering more wine, or more brandy and water, or adjourning to the smoking-room, or the tea-room, there to remain till the talking nuisance below stairs is abated.

We returned, however, after enjoying a comfortable chop, served up in the plain English fashion,—and I need hardly say how very plain that English fashion is,—said English chop being usually raw in the middle, with a strip of solid fat round one side, like a tallow-candle six to the pound, served up in a half-cold plate, without gravy.

Such was the parliamentary chop at Bellamy's, — the attendant, when we asked if any vegetables were to be had, staring with that bewildered air with which a loyal man may be supposed to look when he hears treason uttered in his presence.

Of Bellamy's it is enough to say, that it in no respect has the advantage of an ordinary city chop-house; and to say thus much for it is by no means disparaging the concern.

THE HOUSE AGAIN.

My parliamentary friend and myself having returned to the House by the little side-door, had the mortification to find that we had returned too soon. The mover of the adjourned debate was even yet upon his legs, maintaining the same interminable drone, with a pertinacity worthy a better cause; paper after paper he read; letter after letter from one of his constituents he quoted to the House; sentence after sentence he repeated, with a sweet oblivion of having given utterance to the very same words twenty times before; two hours and a half by Shrewsbury clock had this odious man kept hammering away, with just as much weariness or fatigue as a locomotive engine feels when dragging a ponderous goods' train. The House had disappeared, save a devoted band of brothers — enough barely to keep a House,—who slumbered on the benches in every variety of attitude; some on the broad of their backs, some with their heels above their heads, some with their heads down, and their hands leaning over the back of the bench immediately beneath.

The gentlemen in the reporters' gallery had, with few exceptions, fled; such as remained were dozing, one with his head lying back against the wall, his mouth wide open, as if to catch the blue-bottles crawling legs-uppermost above his head; another leaning against a third, who preserved an equilibrium by sticking his feet against the partition dividing the reporters' from the members' gallery.

If any man who thinks the Speaker extravagantly paid with five thousand pounds a year, had at this moment seen that unfortunate gentleman, with an air of anguished attention upon his brow, and patience tried beyond endurance in every line of his jaded and exhausted countenance; if he had seen him writhing in the chair, and casting

a half-indignant, half-imploring look upon the talker, saying as plain as look could say it, "Do you *never* mean to cut it short?" depend upon it that man would not submit to the same infliction, or undergo the same torture, for twice the money.

If any man thinks it mighty high, and mighty and great to be a Parliament man, to take the oaths and his seat, to shout "Ay, ay; No, no," let him come here night after night with a Speaker's order, and when he retires night after night, jaded and out-worn, from listening to speeches such as we are suffering under now,—speeches that, like the other world, are not merely incomprehensible but eternal, — be assured he will feel, that to do his duty in that House, to attend to its business as he ought, is no ordinary toil, no easily dischargable duty.

At last the honourable *bore* begins to get hoarse; he has spit out the last pip of his last orange, and begins to intermit his endless twaddle; he makes full stops, and labours to say something he has said twenty times, the twenty-first time, but in vain; he finds himself "pumped out," still he is unwilling to sit down; he looks round, and, accustomed to find the House asleep, takes no notice, but rummages his papers for some more nothings. At last, when voice and matter fails, with a refinement of cruelty we could hardly have anticipated, he declares that, being "unwilling to trespass upon the time of the House," (a derisive laugh from the House, and a painful smile from the unhappy Speaker,) he concludes, recommending what he has said to the attention of ministers, and the country. Then, at last, sits down as great a blockhead, as consummate an ass, as impenetrable an example of unblushing ignorance, and stupid self-conceit, as ever, like a nightmare, depressed the faculties and the senses of a too-enduring body of men.

The House awakes, yawns, coughs, stretches itself, rises, runs about from one seat to another, like men recovering from the mesmeric sleep; the patient Speaker looks round, careful to catch the eye of one of the many competitors for the honour of inflicting another oration upon the assembled Commons.

But I think I hear the impatient reader inquire why the House *stands* such interminable inflictions as that we have taken such pains in describing? Why is it, you ask, are not these endless *screws* coughed down, or laughed down, or put down by united noises more hideously monotonous than his own?

Impatient reader, you appear by this inquiry to have forgotten that there are such things as *parties* in the House, — men who have partizan interests to care for; men who look not much beyond the House, its tricks, stratagems, and petty warfare; men who wisely consider that the best representative represents himself; men with whom number *one* is the golden number, and in whose estimation self is not only the *first*, but the *only* law of nature.

This being premised, the management of a party is part and parcel of the so-called *public* business; and one part of that management is always to have a *bore*, or succession of bores, to talk against time during that tedious interval between the departure and return of the Members from dinner.

And this vital daily business of dinner, the curious stranger will discover to possess an important influence on *the* House, as upon all other houses.

The House begins to fill, as we have already said, about half-past five; about half-past six it begins to empty; hardly any other sound is heard than that of senators going out of doors in quick succession; in vain does the Speaker, who has had an early dinner, that he may be enabled to attend as he ought to his business, cry "order! order!" "bar! bar!" in vain do honourable Members, who have just returned from their chop at Bellamy's, to snooze away the evening in the body of the House, cry "chair! chair!" everybody rushes out of doors, save the sixteen on the one side, and fourteen on the other, who are House-keepers for the time being, and the Secretary to the Treasury, or Board of Control, who in his own person represents during dinner-time all the ministers.

Even the Serjeant-at-arms quits his easy leathern chair, and retires to dinner, his deputy taking his principal's place. The business of the House, that is to say, the talking, is now done by deputy; second, third, fourth, and fifth-rates; the parliamentary sloops, gun-brigs, are put in the van, to pour in their little batteries of speech, until the return from dinner of their betters.

Now, does the House present a languid, *effete* appearance, which continues till about half-past ten, when the diners-out return, and the empty benches fill again.

Now, a most amusing scene is enacted; one of those dull touches that enliven the dulness of a tedious description of a tedious place; I mean, the anxiety of the Members possessed of bottled speeches to have an opportunity of uncorking them, or, in parliamentary language, of "catching the Speaker's eye."

This organ must, indeed, have a preternatural squint to include all the rising orators, who, starting simultaneously from their seats, where they half-sit, half stand, like greyhounds in the slips, poke forward their several heads in eager rivalry. I have counted sometimes no less than twenty on their legs at once; the more retiring, and those better worth listening to, gradually sitting down again; one more obstinate and long-winded, fixing himself steadily on his pins, papers and speech in hand, determined, as Dogberry says, "to bestow all his tediousness upon their honours." At length, the Speaker, by a significant wave of the hand, in the line of direction of some honourable Member, intimates that the Member indicated shall proceed; the disappointed orators sit down with lack-a-daisiacal visages, and the selected Cicero does proceed, with a vengeance.

Here, at this point of the debate we may take occasion to digress a little towards a general estimate of the oratory of the House of Commons, I mean as to its quality; when the ocean is measured in imperial pints, somebody may succeed in calculating its quantity, but not till then.

Speeches must follow the classification of speakers; and of speakers there are in the House, I take it, the following leading, or predominant classes:—

I. Statesmen.
II. Men of Business.
III. Orators.
IV. Praters.
V. Twaddlers.
VI. Bores.
VII. Downright Fools.
VIII. Merry-Andrews, or Buffoons.

By referring to Parliamentary Reports, and carefully reading any

given debate, the curious in such inquiries may find it difficult to ascertain to which of the above categories any particular speech is referable, for a reason to be immediately stated.

Nothing, indeed, can be more truly and essentially different in their nature than a speech as it is spoken in the House, and a speech as it is read in the morning or evening paper. A newspaper report conveys about the same idea of a speech as it is spoken, as a map of a city or country does of the country or city itself. Both give you some idea of length and breadth, but of style, manner, peculiarities, eccentricities, much, if not all which the hearer can appreciate, is totally lost to the *reader*, who beholds merely a flat superfices of so many columns, more or less, as the case may be, of speech, smoothed, rolled, levelled, compressed, packed, and made up for the next day's market by the talent and discrimination of the reporter.

Out of the House, too, the by-play, the various significant sounds with which that illustrious body greets the praters, twaddlers, bores, fools, and merry-andrews, is altogether lost and omitted. In the analysis of the debate, indeed, one reads that the House expressed impatience, or that such and such an honourable member addressed at great length a noisy and inattentive House—no wonder—yet the fun of the thing is non-apparent in the newspaper, and to those who do not study the speeches of the preceding evening with attention, a speech of one man, though a little longer, or a little shorter, looks as well upon paper as the speech of another man. Much and deserved praise has been accorded to the reporters for the fidelity of their transcriptions of Parliamentary Debates; yet nobody seems to acknowledge the merit they possess in making debates readable; in extracting order out of chaos, and connecting rationally a jumble of incoherent sentences, which, if reported exactly, and with the usual accompaniments would lead one to imagine he was reading the newspaper turned upside down.

One honourable Member, as the opener of the adjourned debate of this evening, speaks in a continuously monotonous drone, varying from its key-note not a semi-tone during the entire infliction; another deals out an infinite deal of nothings in an unvaried sing-song; a third recites, school-boy fashion, a got-off-by-heart speech, the words flowing faster than his breath; he fears he shall forget what is to come next, and pushes sentence after sentence heels-over-head, till, order and regularity being forgotten, words are a mere mob, equally devoid of choice, intelligence, and order.

A third *encores* the concluding word or two of each period, in a sententious alliteration, enacting at once the part of speaker and his echo, as thus:—

" And this, sir, is a Christian country; this is a country that cares for the poor—ahem—that cares for the poor." (Hear.)

" This is the way in which the people are treated—ahem—are treated." (Hear.)

Sometimes this exquisite figure of rhetoric is encored two or three times while the orator is endeavouring to recollect the next sentence, and thus you often hear the last word or two of the preceding trembling repeatedly on the speaker's tongue, like a pea in a tobacco-pipe.

Some, evidently suspecting that their recollection of what they are about to say may desert them, and that this oration may resemble Hudibras'

"Adventure of the bear and fiddle,
Begun, but left off in the middle,"

rattle along an endless chain of words, in a full, flowing vein, hardly pausing to take breath, apprehensive, like Herrick's nightingale, that the auditory may disappear

"Ere half his tale be told,"

which, to say the truth, they generally do.

Every variety of voice, from the deep rumbling bass of the honourable member for Birmingham to the shriek of Mr. Shiel, and the intermediate tones through the full compass of the chromatic scale, you have an opportunity of admiring in its turn; and, varied as is the voice, more various is the action of the House.

The leading speakers on both sides usually hold forth from that part of the Treasury and opposition benches opposite the table. This position has many advantages. By concealing the lower half of the orator's person, he can kick his heels, stoop on his haunches, rise on tiptoe, put one foot a'top of another, in the manner of the sailor's hornpipe, and perform a variety of other intricate evolutions, which upon the open floor of the House, or even from the back benches, would be inexcusable. His hands, too, find ample employment in clenching each knock-down argument with a knock-down blow on the red box, which resounds under the successive verberations of the senatorial shut fist.

The reader may have some idea of a red-box oration from the following report, in which we have carefully supplied the omissions of the regular parliamentary reporters, who omitted altogether to notice the effect of the several thumps, and their harmony with the articulate sounds of the speaker.

Mr. Littlewit, who had been on his legs one minute and twenty-five seconds before the preceding speech was concluded, having caught the Speaker's eye, vibrated several times between the red box on the table and the front opposition bench; and, having given a preliminary cough, hem, and slap on the box, to awaken the slumbering attention of the House, delivered himself with tongue and fist as follows:—

"Sir,—(slap on the box)—I thank the honourable Member who spoke — who spoke last (thump) for his speech — his speech, (slap—slap) which tears the (thump) the veil from the professing—the professing friends — friends of the landed interest. (Hear, and two thumps on the box.) Sir, (slap) the honourable (slap, slap) Member who spoke last, the Member for Guzzlebury (thump)—

An Hon. Member.—"Swigham."

Mr. Littlewit.—I mean Swigham—Swig—(a laugh)—Swigham, has said—(slap)—has said that nothing — (thump) — nothing (two thumps) is to be done—is to be done to (thump) alleviate the distress —(slap)—the distress of the (thump, thump) agricultural interest. (Two slaps, and Hear, hear.) Sir (slap), we are arrived—are arrived (thump) at a crisis,—(thump, and a laugh,)—I say, sir, a (slap on the box) crisis has arrived—(two thumps, and Oh! oh!) An honourable Member says Oh! oh! (thump) but I say (slap) Oh! yes. (Laughter, and two loud knocks with the knuckles on the red box.) Sir, we

are in great distress—(here the honourable Member, whose full-fed roseate countenance by no means confirms his assertion, buries nose and mouth in the pulp of an orange)—in the deepest distress. (Laughter, and an emphatic knock.) The right honourable Baronet (slap) has deceived his supporters. (A vindictive bang on the box, and Hear, hear, from the opposition.) The honourable Member for Swigham (slap) tells us that we are to expect (thump) what?—(thump)—nothing at all—(slap)—I say, sir, (slap) nothing at all. (Laughter, two knocks, and Hear, hear.) Well, sir, what then? Will the right honourable Baronet take measures—(slap)—will the right honourable Baronet tell the House (Hear, hear) what he means to—(bang)—to do? (Bang, bang, the right honourable baronet alluded to smiling, as plain as smile can speak, "Don't you wish you may get it.") The right honourable Baronet (bang) smiles,

"in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself to think
He could be moved to smile at anything;"

(bang, bang)—but will he come to the (crack on the box)—to the point—(slap)—to the—(slap, bang)—the point. (Hear, hear, hear, from the opposition.) The country—the country expects—(whang)—England expects that every (bang) this day will (slap, bang) do his duty. (Whang, bang, and a laugh, excited by the novelty of the quotation.) If, sir, this great—(bang)—this *great* country is to be—(whack)—is to be dependent on foreigners—(slap, bang, and Oh! oh! This being the seventy-ninth repetition of the words "dependent on foreigners" in the course of the session, the Oh! oh!'s are numerous in proportion to the impatience of the auditory)—I say, sir, (slap) if we are to depend—(Oh! oh! and cries of "Question"—why, that *is* the question (bang, slap.)

An Hon. Member.—What?

Mr. Littlewit.—What?—*that*—(indicating by a bang on the box that that much buffeted receptacle is the question, whereat is much laughter)—I say, sir,—(bang, and scraping of feet, coughing, and the other sounds by which the exhausted senate expresses its impatience)—I suggest, sir, that the right honourable Baronet (bang) should—(Question, question. Here the honourable Member becomes confused, shuffles to and fro, performing intricate evolutions with his feet and legs, the heels betraying the obfuscation of the head; embracing the red box with wandering fingers, at length he ventures to lift the lid, and seems surprised at finding it empty.)

A facetious Serjeant-at-law sitting near suggests, in an under tone, "Try your head;" an audible titter runs over the part of the House within hearing; the dumb-foundered orator, looking exactly like a schoolboy on a speech-day, who finds himself the victim of a treacherous memory, remains speechless, until reassured by a few hearty cheers, and a cry of "Go on," from both sides of the House, enabling him to stammer out a most lame and impotent conclusion.

Yet the beauty of it is, that this speech, and speeches of this, the Twaddle category, are so connected in phrase, so dove-tailed in sentence by the skill of the gentlemen of the press, that, when I have looked in the paper next day, nothing but the member'a name prefixed could have enabled me to be satisfied of its identity.

THE KING OF THE COBBLERS.

A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

BY MRS. GORE.

PREFACE.

THE following drama is founded on an authentic anecdote in the history of the Spanish Netherlands. May it obtain a more patient reading from the dramatic critics of the day, than the Prize-comedy obtained a hearing on the stage.

C. F. GORE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARLES V., *King of Spain, a minor.*
DUKE OF ARCOS, *Grandee of Spain.*
ALVAREZ, *a Spanish Merchant.*
COUNT DE CHIEVRES, *Minister of Charles V.*
AMBHART, *his Son.*
CHRETTS ALLYNX, *a Cobbler in Brussels.*
HANS HOFFMANN, *Servant to Ambhart.*
A PADROON.
Pages, Ushers, Guards, Sailors, Neighbours, Servants.

DONA MARGUERITE, *Sister-in-law to Alvarez.*
DONA TERENCIA, *Daughter to Alvarez.*
LOINCIA ALLYNX, *Daughter to Chretts.*
MARJORY, *her Mother.*
Neighbours.

Time, 1517.—*Scene, Brussels.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Gothic hall in the old palace at Brussels. To the left a throne. In the back ground, two sentries of the Burgher Guard.

CHIEVRES *and* AMBHART *come forward.*

AMB. One word, my lord!—
CHIE. Not one!—I 'll hear no more on't!
You plead unto the winds. Submission, sir,
Is the sole argument from son to sire.
You must to Bruges!
AMB. To dismiss me thus
Crushes the very soul of filial duty.—
I do but crave a single week, my lord;
One poor week's respite, but to nerve my patience;
Then—send me where you list—I shall obey you!
CHIE. Thanks, *humble* thanks, fair sir, for the concession!
Not as your father,—(that poor claim of mine
I pass as strengthless,)—but as delegate
Of the King's majesty, who deigns to name you
His envoy to the Burgherhood of Bruges.
AMB. Alas! my lord, *who* better knows than I
That Charles's word echoes your lordship's will,
Prompt as the thunder to the lightning's flash.
'Tis *you* alone who banish me from Brussels!
What though the royal hand may sign the mandate
Of my commission,—still—
CHIE. Suffice it, sir,
You are deputed by the King,—approved
In council by the States,—to bear his pleasure
To an expectant city. The delay
Even of an hour were deep offence.
AMB. My lord!
The man who bears the pleasure of a King
Unto his lieges,—should be one whose aspect

Abounds in joy and grace,—his soul unchurl'd
By selfish cares,—his heart a fount of honour!
How, then, shall I, a poor desponding wretch,
A traitor to the sweetest, purest breast
That ever pledged its virgin faith to man,—
How shall I *dare* usurp a post, demanding
Virtues my nature knows not?—
CHIE. Be content!
Howe'er unfit to grace the royal errand,
You are the man!—Your train waits but my signal!
To-morrow, sir, at dawn, you quit the city.
AMB. But if I *swear* to you that, here abiding,
I'll seek nor speech nor greeting with Terencia,
No,—nor e'en look upon her face!—My lord,
But yesterday she was my plighted wife;—
Mine, by those thousand vows which youthful love
Sheds on each passing hour, as spring time, blossoms.
And now, to hear your stern, abrupt decree,
Bidding us part at once, and part for ever,—
It is too much—*too much!*—You should have spoken
Your pleasure earlier, or might speak it now
Less harshly.
CHIE. I was slow to treat as earnest
A passion I esteem'd mere boyish pastime.
In Dona Marguerite's house I knew you toy'd
Your idle hours away.—What then?—Her niece
Is fair, they say:—the better fortune yours!
Could I surmise a son of mine so abject
As wish to wed the minion?—*wed her!*—YOU!
Heir to the richest signiory in Flanders!—
You, to whose choice the Barons of the Empire,
Nay, reigning princes, bring their daughters' hands,
As pedlars' wares!—Ambhart! I pity ye,
Even to deem my sanction *possible*
To such a troth-plight!—
AMB. My Terencia, sir,
Is come of gentle blood. Her mother's house
Claims kindred with our own.
CHIE. Ay, and her *father's!*
Whence is her father sprung?—kindred with whom?
A merchant—a mere merchant!—Hear me, sir!
I *loathe* these Spaniards!—From the proud hidalgos
Down to such dregs as this Alvarez,—Spain
Presumes to scorn and vilify your father!
Thwarted in her desire to greet the face
Of her young King, she dares revile my name
In all her jealous discontents, as cause
That Charles the Fifth prefers this cordial land,
His boyhood's home, to the cold, stately pomps
Of his new kingdom!—Think, then, on their triumph,
Could they but hail the union of my son,—
My heir,—my all on earth,—with the vile offspring
Of one their pride rejects as scutcheonless:
A trader—a mere merchant!
AMB. You would blight, then,
My youthful hopes, my knightly honour, but
To set at nought the haughty sneers of Spain!—
This shall not be!
CHIE. *Shall* not?—Fair sir, beseech ye
Look in my face, and tell me,—frankly, ay,
And freely, you've my warrant,—*who* am I?—
What is my post in Flanders?—Nay, I'll spare ye;

For 'twas but now you echoed vulgar rumour,
How the young King,—my ward,—my pupil,—fondly
Bends to my will, and yields to my exactions.
And think ye that the sovereign's sovereign,
The man whose wand of power outweighs the sceptre
Will be outbraved by *you*?—Hear my last words :—
This is the day appointed by the King
For audience to the Spanish deputation,
(The grey-hair'd Duke of Arcos and his colleagues.)
At their departure, on your bended knees
Tender your humble thanks for the preferment
The King vouchsafes you.
AMB. On my bended knees
To one so long my playmate,—brother,—friend?—
CHIE. That playmate now is Charles the Fifth of Spain.
The lion's fangs have grown!—Beware of them!
[*Cheers without. Trumpets.*
But hark,—the King! [AMBHART *looks from the window.*
The trampling multitude
Defy the efforts of the archer-guard,
So eagerly they crowd around the steed,
Curvetting to the rein of their young prince.
[*Enter guards and ushers, who line the hall.* CHIEVRES *receives from one of them his wand of office. Courtiers surround the throne. Trumpets.*]

Enter CHARLES *hastily.*

CHAR. (*entering.*) Thanks, gentle friends!—
(*aside, in front*—and double thanks, methinks,
To the good steed, and better horsemanship,
Which kept me in my saddle firm and steady,
Despite their clamour.
(*Sees* CHIEVRES.) Ha! my Lord of Chièvres!
Early or late, however I bestir me,
Beforehand with me still!—Ambhart! God speed ye!
(*Gives his hand, which* AMBHART *kisses.*)
Your face is somewhat of the lengthiest
For a successful suitor. (*To* CHIEVRES.) Am I late
For these ambassadors?—
CHIE. True to a moment.
CHAR. 'Tis well. Let them be summon'd. I await them.
[*Exit Usher.*
Now for a speech swollen with tumid words,
So big, the teeming soul wherein they struggle
Labours till the deliverance :—a discourse
Purporting humbleness and loyalty,
But sour with exhortation. 'Shrew my soul!
These Spaniards think to chide me to their shore,
As a vex'd beauty *scolds* back to her feet
Him whom her charms have fail'd to render faithful!—
But while my heart beats warm as now, and round me
I greet the honest faces of my Flemings,
Gay and heart-cheering as their quaint old chimes,
Let Spain go vaunt elsewhere her joys of empire!—
I 'm for free thoughts, free hours, free sports, free air!—
My hawks, my hounds, *my friends*, and I 'm content.
CHIE. Content with the reflection, sire, of happiness
Which you confer on others.

Re-enter Usher.

USHER. Sire, their graces
The ambassadors of Spain, attend your pleasure.
CHAR. 'Tis well. Let them approach.

Enter the Duke of ARCOS *and train.* ARCOS *advances to the foot of the throne, and kneels.*

ARC. Most gracious liege—
CHAR. Arise, my lord.
ARC. My *knee*, sire, best becomes
My mission here;—a poor petitioner
Unto your grace's feet.
CHAR. Arise, my lord,—
Again we say, arise!—The humblest suitor
In a great kingdom's name, should arrogate
A monarch's level. Face to face, and heart
To heart, must stand the man who pleads before us
The cause of Spain! (ARCOS *rises with a profound obeisance.*)
'Tis well!—And now, your mission!
ARC. My liege, I bear to your most gracious presence
The murmurs of a loyal, loving people,
Frustrate in their intense desire of holding
The offspring of their ancient kings, in hostage
For the realm's welfare. Sire, your faithful nobles
Languish for the great joy that fills my heart
Now, as I gaze upon your fair proportions,
And on your brow, as one should read the stars,
Trace out a happy horoscope for Spain!—
That my old eyes are misty for the task,
Forgive me!—To your grandsire's time belongs
The history of my service. If I gaze
Upon your lineaments till tears efface them,
(As rising dews obscure some landscape's beauty,)
'Tis that I trace there the commingled features
Of Ferdinand and Isabella! (*Clasps his hands passionately.*) Sire,
Such love as now yearns in the old man's heart
Inflames ten thousand loyal breasts in Spain!—
Were but a wrong to menace Charles the Fifth,
Legions of swords would start from forth their scabbards
To make his cause their own!
CHAR. We thank their zeal;
We thank your love, my lord. Time and our deeds
Shall frame a stronger tie to bind us to ye
Than mere *ancestral* claims.
ARC. God grant it, sire!
And yet, indulge an old Castilian's faith,
That such ancestral claims derive their force
From the great King of kings!—My gracious liege,
Redeem this pledge!—deign, deign to be our King.
Spain claims you for her own. A vacant throne,
An idle sceptre lack your strengthening presence.
Abuses spring like weeds from the poor soil
Whereon no royal foot imprints its trace.
The people need the solace of your smiles.
Great enterprizes lack your fosterhood.
Time was, whene'er the roving mariner
Spied o'er the ocean's wastes some mighty fleet,
Or a white sail, winging its arduous way
In search of worlds to conquer,—without heed
Of flag or signal, he would shout at once
The name of "SPAIN!"—adventurous Spain!—triumphant
Spain! (*Pauses.*) The wide seas know not our banners *now!*
Our gallant ships lie rotting in our harbours;
And i' th' Atlantic wilds the Indian sleeps
Safe in his hut, for lo! the Spanish sword

Is rusted to its scabbard!—
CHIE. (*aside.*) Out on him!
This grey-beard's vaunts stir with a trumpet's voice
The pulses of the King! (*Appealing to* CHARLES.)
May 't please your grace,
Ere the departure of the Duke of Arcos,
To charge him with instructions to the Cortes
Touching this bold revolt in Saragossa.
CHAR. Revolt?—the Cortes?—True; our mem'ry fail'd us.
Spain, which so lacks employment for her leisure,
Might find apt occupation in the study
Of her old laws, and her young sovereign's edicts.
When next, my lord, you greet the Cardinal,
(From whom, as we conceive, derives your mission,)
We pray ye signify our urgent pleasure
That these insurgents be coerced and quell'd
By *sternest* measures. On rebellion's head
As on the serpent's, deal a *crushing* blow
Ere it find strength to sting. For his desire
To welcome us to Spain, our royal thanks!
His Eminence's able regency
Relieves our soul from all solicitude;
But, when the year wanes, let Asturia
Look for our galley in her ports!
ARC. Alas!
A long half-year's suspense!—Oh! good, my liege,
Recall the word—
CHAR. Our men of war till then
Will not be launch'd, for convoy, on the Scheldt.
ARC. What need, in time of peace, of stouter vessels
Than the good merchantman that brought me hither;—
A noble ship, my liege, and nobly freighted
With the rich dowry of Alvarez's daughter,
The plighted bride of the young Lord de Chièvres.
CHIE. (*interrupting him furiously*). Now, on my soul,—
CHAR. (*putting him back.*) Your pardon, Duke of Arcos,
You said a dowry for—
CHIE. (*interrupting.*) False, false, my liege!
A son of *mine* wed with a merchant's daughter—
A Spanish merchant's?—'Tis a base invention
Of these Castilian lords, to flout the honour
Of Flanders and her fiefs!—This girl hath been
His toy,—his light of love,—
AMB. (*indignantly.*) Father!—
CHAR. Enough!—
Let not unseemly words provoke contention
Before this grave assemblage! (*Descends from the throne.*)
Duke of Arcos,
You have our answer. Lose no time, my lord,
In bearing it to those who sent ye hither!
The tide will serve to-morrow. Fare ye well!
ARC. (*in despair.*) And is this all?—
USHER (*advancing.*) Your audience, sir, is ended.
ARC. (*aside.*) Then prosper, God of Heaven, my purposes,
For I must dare the worst!—(*To the Usher.*) Lead on!
[*Exit with Usher.*
CHAR. (*to* CHIEVRES.) My lord!
We pray ye see that due respect attend
Our grandsire's faithful servant.—Let our batteries
Salute his parting sails!—Such is our pleasure.
(*Signs to all present to withdraw.*)

We 'd be alone !— (*As they are departing beckons* AMBHART.)
Ambhart, a word with ye !
[*Exeunt, manent* CHARLES *and* AMBHART.

CHAR. You are too hot of mood ;—distemper'd thus
You must not meet your father !
AMB. Good, my liege !
CHAR. Liege me no lieges !—With yon gorgeous train
The King departed :—here remain behind
Charles and his *friend.* (*Takes Ambhart's hand.*)
Then let my friend resolve me,
What means this sudden exile ?—
AMB. Sire, my father
Makes it your royal act.
CHAR. (*gaily.*) About as much
As aught beside that chanceth here in Brussels.
In my great reverence for his statecraft, blindly
I gird his measures on my kingly shoulders;
And in return, he leaves me freedom,—FREEDOM
To come, to go, to ride, to run!—What else
Attaches me to this cold clime ?—On Spain
The sun looks with more ardent eye ; its maids
Are brighter-eyed, its fruits of richer flavour,
Its palaces of marble, and its fountains
Throw up their glitter in the golden sunshine
As all were ostentation in the land !—
Yet better far I love this homely country,
Where first I saw the light. In Spain, my father
Perish'd of weariness !—A prince, young, handsome,
And die of weariness. The pompous dulness
Of their formality extinguish'd him !
I mean to *live,*—a life of liberty,
A life of joy !—
AMB. God grant it, sire !
CHAR. Sir Sluggard,
We 'd noble sport without ye yesterday.
My boar-hounds are the staunchest pack in Flanders.
AMB. (*impatiently.*) Sire !
CHAR. Even now, my falconers wait me yonder !
The cast of hawks my Lord de Chièvres procur'd
From Norway, proves a treasure !
AMB. (*sneering.*) Sire, my father
Is a most thoughtful chancellor.
CHAR. Yet to-day,
The keenness of my sportsmanship is blunted.
(*Leans confidentially on Ambhart's shoulder.*)
Do ye remember, Ambhart, ere ye grew
A puling lover, how, o' summer nights
'Twas our delight in quaint disguise to roam
The streets of Brussels ?—Many a merry secret
Scarce to my burghers known, attain'd me thus.
Do ye remember ?
AMB. How should I forget ?
'Twas in these wild exploits my better fortune
Acquainted me with her whose love inspires
A taste for nobler joys !
CHAR. *I'm* humbler minded !—
So many a lesson, man, have kings to learn,
That they must find their schooling where they can.
In these disguisals, oft have I surpris'd

Acts of oppression,—oft redress'd a wrong;
Oft listen'd, unsuspected and unknown,
To the outpourings of my people's love!—
You smile?

AMB. To see your grace thus credulous!
The burgher guard, instructed by my father,
Respects your strict incognito, on hearing
A password known to both—

CHAR. To *us* alone!
What then?—

AMB. That in these midnight wanderings,
Never yet stray'd your royal foot so far
But *he* prepar'd the way!—

CHAR. Go to!

AMB. My liege!
You hear the words he *wills*;—you see the things
It suits *him* you should look upon!—Nay more,—
In such and such a spot, his knaves are posted
To cry, "Long live our gracious King!"

CHAR. Away!
Am I a dolt?—If my good Lord de Chièvres
Thus practise on my faith, i'faith he meets
As shrewd requital!—Why, but yesternight,
Disguis'd and arm'd, I took my cautious way
Along the quays, parleying, at intervals,
With the strange crews of foreign merchantmen
Crowding our port. Were *they*, bethink ye, school'd
To play their parts?—Listen.—Quoth one, (a Spaniard,
Blunter of bearing than the good old twaddler
Who lectur'd me anon,) when I demanded
The nature of their freight,—"GOLD, friend! hard ducats,
To gild the palms of Flemish councillors,
Who lead by his long nose our boyish King!"—
Was *this* your father's prompting?

AMB. 'Twas base slander!

CHAR. Hear on. From an adjoining vessel (like
Myself, disguis'd) issued the Duke of Arcos.
What did he there?—Wherefore *disguised*?—Good Ambhart,
This very night I'll hunt the secret out.
Then, what a triumph, should my vigilance
Detect conspirators who have eluded
Your father's zeal!—

AMB. Then is my purpose hopeless!

CHAR. *What* purpose?—Speak!—

AMB. I was about to pray
Your Grace's aid.

CHAR. Why hesitate?

AMB Alas!

CHAR. How! with your friend, your comrade, scrupulous
In choice of terms? Out with your suit!

AMB. To-morrow
I quit this spot! One parting hour to-night,
One hour with *her*—to breathe consoling hopes
Of better times to come,—would mitigate
The pangs of exile—

CHAR. Or, in simple words,
You'd have me to your Spanish fair one's gate
Give ye safe conduct? (AMB. *bows.*) And while *you*, within,
Enjoy a lover's parting privilege,
I may go whistle to the midnight winds.
I have not strength to say ye nay. (In *that*

You share your father's pow'r!) By evil hap
Our purposes to-night are opposite!
I'm for the quays, while *you*—Well, well!—Remember
The password of the night is "Brabant!"—Should
Obstruction chance, here is my signet ring,
To bear ye harmless. (*Gives the ring.* AMBHART *kisses his hand.*)
In return for this,
All I exact is patience with your father.
Bend for a time to his imperious mood,
And, in the end, we'll win his sanction to
This marriage.

AMB. Oh! my gracious liege!

CHAR. (*with spirit.*) And now,
Now for the hooded hawks,—the bounding plain!—
To horse, to horse!—Nay, you must share my sport!
What ho! within!—my prickers there! (*Guards appear in the background.*) To-night,
"Brabant!" and luck attend ye!—Now, to horse. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Cobbler's stall, open to the street; a short staircase up to the inner room, the window of which overlooks the stall.

CHRETTS *discovered at work, singing.*

(*Works.*) Tap—tap—tap—tap!

"Merry, merry rang the chimes
Of the good old times!"

(*Works.*) Tap—tap—tap—tap!

"When men had soles for mending,
When men had groats for spending,
And merry rang the chimes
Of the brave—the brave old times!"

(*Places his stool in front.*) There's a good hour's work yet in these clogs of the old canon's comely housekeeper; and if I set another stitch after sunset, may I be hanged in a cordelier's girdle!—But *one* holiday in the whole year for us poor cobblers; and, by the beard of St. Francis! I'll not lose a second on't.—Three hundred and sixty-four days of *care*, against *one* of *sport!* *There*'s a balance to bring a merry heart to bankruptcy!—A pretty long account current could I make out against the jade, Fortune, as thus, "Debtor, Dame Fortune to Chretts Allynx the cobbler; *imprimis*—"
(*The window opens above, and* LOINCIA *appears at it, singing,*)

"Merry, merry rang the chimes
In the good old times!"

LOIN. Father, father! you're not at work, for you've stopped piping; and merry and busy go together, like toast and sack. May I come down, and have a bit o' chat with ye, father?—

CHR. *May* ye, forsooth! As if you ever waited, minx, for your old father's leave to do aught that you'd a mind to. (*Aside.*) Bless her!
(LOINCIA *disappears from the window, and descends the stairs, while* CHRETTS *works and sings.*)

"And all had soles for mending,
And all had groats for spending,"

LOINCIA (*comes behind him, and adds,*)

"And merry rang the chimes
Of the brave—the brave old times!"

(*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

CHR. (*looking up from his work.*) *Chat* with me, quotha?—Show me your bran-new holiday gear, you mean, popinjay!—Buss me, girl,—buss me! (*She kisses his forehead.*) You 've not forgot, I see, that 'tis St. Crispin's Eve!

LOINCIA. I 've not forgot that you invited Hans Hoffmann to sup with us to-night, poor fellow. (*Sighs.*)

CHR. *Poor fellow?* What! because he 's bidden to the feast of the King of the Cobblers?

LOIN. Because at daybreak (*sighs*) he must escort to Bruges his master, the young Lord de Chièvres.

CHR. Serve him right!—An the fellow had the spirit of a beetle, instead of remaining serving-man to e'er a lord in the land, he 'd set up a stall of his own, and become a free and independent cobbler (*taps*).

LOIN. A cobbler?—His father would disown him! Master Hoffmann is a burgher of Brussels!

CHR. Ay! and fancies himself an emperor, 'cause he happens to be shoemaker to the King's Majesty!—Why, I 'm greater than *he!*—An the shoemakers knew their trade there 'd be ne'er a cobbler in the world.—*We* 're their betters, girl —clearly their betters; for what *they* live by making, *we* live by *mending!* (*Sings.*)

"They give us soles for mending,
They give us groats for spending;

LOIN. So merry ring the chimes
Of the brave—the brave new times!

(*While she is singing, draws a stool near her father's, and examines a basket of boots and shoes.* CHRETTS *continues to work.*)

LOIN. There seems no lack of bad shoemakers afoot, father; for you 've a week's work on hand. (*Takes shoes from the basket.*) First, here 's a friar's sandal—wanting a latchet!

CHR. Ay! Brother Joseph's, the begging Franciscan. I 'm to botch *him* gratis, by way of alms. Mother Church is like the grave, swallows all, and gives back nothing!—Put the friar's sandal at the bottom o' the basket.

LOIN. (*showing shoes.*) Next, here 's a pair o' quilted satin slippers, lacking a heel-piece!

CHR. The slippers of the fierce *gouvernante* of a justice of the peace, worn out by *stamping* her fellow-servants into submission! Other prime-ministers besides Madam Bridget have got change out of a ducat by *that* line of policy. —Lay aside the slippers.

LOIN. As I live, a pair o' boots o' Spanish Cordovan, peaked as a heron's bill!

CHR. And no more *sole* to 'em than to the gimcrack captain they belong to; whose gold consists in his laced jacket, and whose valour in his *whiskers*. But he 'll *do!*—he 'll *rise!* — *he 'll* come to knightly spurs! Instead of heading his company yonder in Friesland, he campaigns it by deploying the fan of the general's lady, and manœuvring her brigade of lap-dogs,—a dragoon in petticoats, with moustachios an ell longer than his own!—Draw off the boots!

LOIN. And what shall I do with these broidered pantoffles, that have seen better days?

CHR. Fling 'em where you will! They belong to the gadding waiting-woman of Dona Zidora, the prude, who swears she wore 'em out carrying her lady's *billet-doux*, and bids me slip the job into her bill.—Embezzlement, child,—embezzlement!—*I 'm* not a government contractor, to make three sides to a bargain.—The only dirty thing that ever sticks to my fingers is my own wax!—

LOIN. *These* should be the slippers of Madam Marguerite, the good lady who bides by the cathedral?

CHR. And has ducats enow in her purse to don a new pair of shoes for every saint in the calendar; but that she bestows more alms upon the poor

than e'er a state-councillor in Brussels.—Put them a-top, Loincia,—put 'em a-top!

LOIN. And blessings on the little foot that wears them, and never stirs but for some good action!—Her ladyship's niece, Dona Terencia, is to marry Hans Hoffmann's noble master; and (*sings*)

"There 'll be stirring times
For the merry, merry chimes!"

CHR. Like aunt, like niece! By the bibs and tuckers of St. Ursula's eleven thousand virgins,—'tis a pleasure to stitch for 'em! Sooner have their leathers under my strap than those of the Empress! — But where 's your mother?

LOIN. Setting forth the supper within. There 's a dish of barbecued fowls might feast all the cobblers in Christendom! (*Puts aside the basket.*)

CHR. And all the serving-men who come a-courting their pretty daughters, eh! my chuck? — (*Carillon of chimes without.*) But, hark! sunset! Not another stitch to-night, wer't for the King in person. (*Puts up work.*) St. Crispin's eve!—God bless St. Crispin!—

(*Chimes again. Neighbours look in at the window.*)

NEIGH. Long live St. Crispin!—Long live Chretts Allynx, the merry cobbler of Brussels!—

LOIN. Here are our guests; and your beard of a week's growth!

CHR. No matter!—A hearty welcome; a hearty supper, a good spiced cup or two—to aid digestion, and a fig for my beard!—Wer't longer than the tail o' the King's charger, they 'd find a grace in 't. Ho! Marjory, I say!

MAR. (*appearing at the upper window.*) Here!

CHR. Our guests cry out for trenchers!

MAR. Supper 's ready!

Enter, a dozen neighbours.

CHR. Welcome, welcome!—a cheer for St. Crispin!

NEIGH. A cheer for the King o' the Cobblers!— (*Chimes, and a cheer.*)

CHR. (*sings.*)

"Merry, merry ring the chimes
Of these jolly good times!"

To supper!

ALL. To supper!

MAR. (*at window.*) To supper! (*A group.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Chamber at a hostel. Chests, bales, and bags of specie piled in a corner. ALVAREZ discovered seated beside a table, on which stands a casket; in his hand a string of pearls.

ALV. Each pearl worth twenty ducats!—Would it were
Twenty times twenty,—even then less costly
Than she hath claim for. My fair girl must brave it
Among the best. No high-born dame of Flanders
Shall in her rich attires outshine my child;—
That, when the passers by cry, "Look on her,
'Tis the fair bride of the young Lord de Chièvres,"
None may be moved to add, "of homely seeming,
As fits the *merchant's* daughter."

Enter a servant.

Well—your errand?—

SER. Senor, a stranger craves admittance.

Enter Arcos, *disguised.*

Alv. Ha!
A guest of no good promise, with these treasures
So slightly guarded. (*Puts up the jewels.* Arcos *discovers himself.*)
How! the Duke of Arcos!

Arc. (*aside*). Hush! not a word!—I would be *private.*

Alv. (*to servant.*) Leave us. [*Exit servant.*

Arc. Alvarez, I have need of ye. I wait not
Assurance of your will to serve your friend.
Give me your hand!—We 've broken bread together
By land and sea: and, whether in my palace
Beside the quiet Ebro, or of late,
When raging storms shatter'd your falling masts,
I *know* your steadfastness of heart and mind.

Alv. My lord!—

Arc. To bear me to these Flemish shores
A royal armament was mann'd. I chose
Rather to sail—your *guest.*

Alv. A proof of friendship
Felt in my heart of hearts!

Arc. *Prove* that you prize it,
By setting sail with me anew to-morrow.

Alv. For Spain?—*to-morrow?*—'Twas but yesterday
I moor'd my gallant barque in the canal,
Where she rides listless yonder, as though scorning
Its sluggish waters!

Arc. Yet to-morrow, mark me,
If you would serve your country and your friend,
Back to Asturia!—

Alv. My Padroon is able,
My seamen active, my own heart as prompt
To answer the appeal of friend or country;
But there 's a tie, my lord, tugs at my heart
With four-fold strength. I am a father, sir.—
I came to Flanders to embrace my daughter,—
My child,—my only child!—She knows not yet
Of my arrival. When I saw her last,
She was no higher than my knee; and now
She 'll throw her arms around her father's neck—
A *woman!*—Would you have me sail to-morrow?

Arc. I ask a sacrifice. Did you conceive
Its moment unto Spain—

Alv. Have you a daughter?—
No!—I remember—*sons.* A son, my lord,
Joys our vain-glorious pride; a daughter wakens
Such superhuman tenderness, as seems
Almost too holy for man's rugged nature.
Mine hath a double claim—she 's *motherless!*—
I wedded with a Fleming,—(when their prince
Espoused our Spanish princess, crowding fleets
Of vent'rous merchants anchored in the Scheldt,
And I among them;)—but my young wife's kindred
Prevail'd on me to leave her here in Brussels,
Till she became a mother. Never seem'd
Voyage so slow as that which brought me back
To claim my wife and child.—Sir, I landed,—
I hurried to the house,—I sought my wife,—
I call'd upon her name with joyous clamour,
Till hushing voices chided me.—And when
I swore impatiently she was too *cold*
In welcoming her eager, doating husband,

They placed a helpless infant in my arms,
And told me it was all I had to live for !—
The mother was with God !—That child, my lord,
After long years of absence, hastens now
To greet me.—You'd not have me sail *to-morrow*?
ARC. Might she not share our voyage?
ALV. You forget !—
My daughter, nurtured by her mother's kindred,
Is on the eve of marriage. In my joy
To have her nobly wed, I've brought from Spain
A dowry might have match'd her with a prince.
Her father's voice must soothe her at the altar,—
Her father's hand bestow her on her lord,—
ARC. Her *lord*?—the *altar*?—Have you yet to learn
That, with the utmost bitterness of scorn,
The Count de Chièvres forbids this match?—
ALV. *Forbids* it?—
ARC. With contumelious insolence I heard him,
In presence of the King and the whole court,
Revile, in terms would shame me to repeat them,
Your gentle child.
ALV. *Reviled* her?—my Terencia?—
In presence of the court?—O for a word
To smite the coward into dust! My lord,
Your pardon—one word more!—You're *sure* you heard him
Deal lightly with my girl?—
ARC. As the Almighty
Hears *me*, I *heard* him!—Nay, be calm, Alvarez.
ALV. (*wildly.*) It seems but yesterday her little hands
At parting clung to me,—her silken curls
Came 'twixt our farewell kisses!—*Motherless!*—
Her father absent,—and this man,—this ruffian,
Defile her innocent name?—Is there not pardon
In heaven for *any* deed of violence
A father outraged *thus* may perpetrate?—
(ARCOS *leads him to a seat.*)
ARC. Compose yourself. Hear me!—The man who wrought
This evil, is the mightiest in the land.
Despot of Flanders, by his withering influence
Our youthful King, an alien from his realm,
Is prison'd here in Brussels,—squandering
His energies in idle sports and pastimes.
ALV. (*not heeding him.*) Methought the tenour of my sister's letter
Spoke of his father's *sanction*?—
ARC. To redeem him
From the fell grasp of this same crafty guardian,—
This Flemish Count,—this Lord de Chièvres,—
(ALVAREZ *becomes attentive, and rises,*) I've sworn,
To rescue him by stratagem. The King
(Prompted by his wild Spanish blood) is apt
To stroll by night, as gallants list. 'Twere easy,
When thus unguarded, to secure his person,
Bear him unto your ship; and when these lords
Awake and miss their charge, the noble vessel
That wafts him to his kingdom will have grown
A speck in the horizon.
ALV. For this plot
Our *heads* must answer.—To abduct a King
Were treason of the darkest dye.
ARC. Alvarez,

He who would serve his country in such straits
As render service *virtue*, must not pause
Before the terrors of a name.—*Who* talks
Of treason 'gainst a *minister?* To Charles,
The act would yield enfranchisement, for which
He 'll thank us, when in his own proud Escurial
Throned, as becomes the sovereign lord of Spain.

ALV. 'Twere much to thwart this cunning councillor,—
This venal Fleming—

ARC. Glorious retribution
For his offence to your fair daughter!—

ALV. No!
That he must answer to her father's sword!—
Are ye prepared, my lord, with heart and hand
To head the enterprize?—For *me*, my duty
Binds me to Brussels, till I shall avenge
A wrong which, like a burning brand, hath eaten
Into my flesh!—I' the interval, my ships,—
My crews—are at your orders.—

ARC. (*seizing his hand.*) Nobler service
Ne'er yet was render'd by a faithful friend!
Thanks, thanks!—And now, no moment must be lost.
Such preparation as the time allows
Must be achieved in haste.

ALV. (*striking the table.*) What ho!

Enter a servant. I prythee,
The men who brought yon chests, carouse they still
Below?—

SER. Right joyously.

ALV. Summon them hither— [*Exit servant.*
Your lordship's bounties have endear'd you to them:
They 'll serve ye well.

(*Re-enter servant, showing in the Padroon and Sailors.*)

My honest friends, draw near.
It grieves me to disturb your landward sports;
But 'tis imperative we sail to-morrow
Upon our homeward voyage.

PAD. Sail *to-morrow?*—
Our zeal, sir, is well known; but, by St. Francis,
This is impossible!—

ALV. *All*'s possible
Where the will 's good.—

ARC. To make which lesson cogent,
There are four thousand ducats for division
Among the crew, if they conform to duty.

SAILORS. Hurrah!—

PAD. Your excellency, then—

ALV. Henceforward
The Duke of Arcos will assume my place
Of chief command.—Be diligent to serve him
As ye would serve myself. The man I find,

(ARCOS *talks apart with the Padroon.*)

On my return to Spain, most honour'd by
His favour, wins command of my galleon
Freighting for Cape de Verd.

SAILORS. We 'll do our best!

ARC. (*to the Padroon.*) E'en so. You 'll station them in the lone street
Flanking the palace.—From the western postern
A youth will issue.—Wheresoe'er he turn,
Follow, till he attain some quiet spot,

Secure from interruption of the watch:—
Then, seize him,—with respect,—*humblest* respect,
But firmly,—and escort him to the vessel,
Where I shall wait ye.
PAD. *Seven* to capture *one*?—
Small odds but we succeed!
ALV. Whate'er he argue,
Whate'er authority assume,—*remember!*—
Stand to your duty.—
PAD. Sir, I warrant you.
ARC. Away, then, to your post. [*Exeunt Padroon and Sailors.*
I'll straight to mine.
Alvarez, on the issue of this night
Hang all the future destinies of Spain!—
Shades of our ancient kings,—hallow the cause,
And bless our zeal!—
ALV. Amen!
ARC. And now, farewell!
Support me with your prayers, as I with mine
You and your child. (*They embrace.*)
ALV. Till better times, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A chamber in the house of Madame Marguerite. Terencia discovered watching at a window. Marguerite attempts to lead her away.

MAR. He'll come anon, impatient girl!
TER. Dear aunt,
I do but watch the glancing moonlight yonder
Glimmer on the canal, sporting in snatches
'Mid the reflections of the clustering masts.
To-morrow my dear father's barque may lie
At anchor there.
MAR. Fie, fie!—you do but watch
For Ambhart's coming. Wherefore urge me back
From my calm, quiet grange to the loud city,
But in the hope of seeing him?—
TER. The hope
My father may arrive.
MAR. I say again,
Of greeting him you love!—Well, well—content ye.
His message bade us look for him to-night.
Yet seem'd there not, my child, (it might be fancy,)
A sadness in his letter?—
TER. Out on thee,
For evil presage in an hour like this!
No matter!—my whole heart's so bright with joy,
There's not a nook left dark enough to lodge
One gloomy thought! (*Starts.*) He comes!—Oh! wherefore comes he
At nightfall, and disguised? Were *I* a *man*,
And *he* Terencia, there's no face of day
So open, but I'd hasten through its light
To throw me at his feet.

Enter AMBHART.

AMB. My own beloved! (*They embrace.*)
MAR. She had begun to chafe at your delay.
AMB. Oh! did she know how hard the task hath been

To reach her presence! Yet e'en now I'd fain
The meeting were afar; for it precurseth
A parting.
BOTH. How?—
AMB. A parting, hard to bear
For *her*,—for *me*, millions of times more bitter!
Terencia! I've been schooling my poor heart
With words to soften the most cruel blow
Ever yet fell on two who loved like *us!*
Vain hope!—vain care! The worst must still be utter'd,
Howe'er we dally with 't. Dearest, our marriage
Thwarts the ambition of the proudest man
In Flanders. By my father's tyranny
I'm exiled hence—our union is forbidden!
Lives not the priest so bold as solemnize
A rite which *he* opposes.
(TERENCIA *sinks into a chair; he hangs over her.*)
MAR. Have ye courage
To utter this to *her?*—
AMB. Alas! she is
My better part of life. All, all I know,
Or think, or feel, is shared with my Terencia;
And every evil fortune that befals me
Must reach her gentle heart! (*Falls at her feet.*)
Oh! blessed one!
How shall we bear this sentence?—how, Terencia,
Endure to live apart?—in sorrow *you*,
And I in banishment!—Oh! answer me,—
How shall we bear it?
MAR. Now, the saints be thank'd,
Her father is at hand!—To lack protection
'Gainst *royal favourites*—
AMB. (*starting up.*) Dare not so to name me.
In this I'm twice a victim. On my father
Exhaust your anger; but, in pity, class not
Our names or deeds together. Speak, Terencia!
It is not *you* who think to need protection
Against a man who loves you as his life?
TER. I need it 'gainst *myself!*—(*rises*)—against a heart
Idolatrous of one as high above me
As heaven from earth. My dream is over now.
'Twas bright—how passing bright! and vanishes
Like other gleams the setting sun throws out,
Ere it decline to darkness!
AMB. Dear Terencia,
Despond not thus. Hope on—hope ever!—LOVE
Needs not a stronger element of life.—
If I submit me to my father's mandate,
'Tis in the surety that the King's persuasions
Will win him to consent.
MAR. *Win* him?
AMB. Ay, *win* him!—
MAR. (*furious.*) Holy St. Gudula! were I a man,
'Twould be short argument! Refuse his sanction?
Deny his kindred?—Had my sister, pray,
The less his blood warm in her veins, because
She wed a merchant?—Let this haughty lord
Go ask upon our quays of Don Alvarez,—
Visit our ports,—or on the Spanish main
Hail the first ship bearing its merchandise
To either India; and he'll find that name

More widely bruited, and more potent far
Than those of mere great vassals of the empire!
TER. Dear aunt, be patient.
MAR. If his ancestors
Fought not for knightly spurs at Ascalon,
May heaven have pity on that kingdom's welfare,
Where thriftless barons and ignoble courtiers
Hold higher influence than a man of merit,
Who ventures fortune, time, thought, energy,
To strengthen its condition.

Enter HANS, *alarmed.*

HANS. Mercy! mercy!
AMB. Did I not bid thee watch beside the porch?
Away!
HANS. (*trembling.*) My lord!—
AMB. Back to thy post!
HANS. *Return?*
Not for your lordship's barony!
AMB. How! sirrah?
HANS. There are some dozen men-at-arms below,
Waiting your coming forth! (*Cries.*)
AMB. Ha! armed men?
HANS. It *may* be arm'd, but of a *certain*, ruffians.
AMB. Go to!—some vile poltroonery!
HANS. Nay, sir,
I *swear* I *saw* them,—*spoke* with them,—to make
Assurance sure, inquired their business.
AMB. Well?
HANS. The answer was a cuff, that made the world reel.
I stagger from it now!
MAR. This is some outrage
Projected by your father.
AMB. (*drawing.*) If I thought it—
MAR. I 'll have no brawling in my peaceful home.
If you must leave us,—if your father's will
Be paramount,—why, go in peace!
TER. You 'd send him
Forth from our gates, in peril of his life? (*Clings to him. He kisses her forehead, and places her in the arms of* MARGUERITE.)
AMB. My *life*, sweet heart? I 've not a foe so friendly
As rid me of the burthen. Fare thee well!
Heed not this coward's idle prating, love;
They 're but belated revellers.—Fear nothing.
I 'm guarded by the signet of the King. (*Shows it.*)
The burgher guard obey 't.—Farewell!—Anon
This knave shall bring back tidings of my safety.
TER. Heaven guard thee safe!
[*Exit* AMBHART, HANS *following.*
Would he had never come!
The balcony within o'erlooks the street. (*Going.*)
Quick, quick!
MAR. (*trying to detain her.*) Terencia! hear me!
TER. Follow me!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A street, overlooked by the house of Dona Marguerite, having a balcony and a deep portal.

Enter the DUKE OF ARCOS *disguised, and out of breath.*

ARC. His fleeter foot hath baffled me!—Methought
I heard the clang of arms?—

Enter Padroon and Sailors from the portal.

What do ye *here?*
A moment since, he fled from my pursuit
Towards the ramparts—
PADROON. Sir, this half hour past
Hath he been housed in yonder mansion.
ARC. Ha!
You 're *sure* on't?—
PADROON. *Sure,* my lord!
SAILORS. We watch'd him in.
ARC. It was some other, then, I follow'd.—*Here*
Wait ye his coming forth. I 'll hasten on
Unto the vessel's side. Now, for your lives,
Be vigilant, be firm, and your reward
Shall be a prince's ransom!— [*Exit.*

Enter from the portal AMBHART, *followed by* HANS.

PAD. 'Tis he!—surround him!
SAILORS. You 're our prisoner!
(*They surround him.* HANS *skulks away.*)
HANS. I 'll off and give the alarm. [*Exit.* AMBHART *captured.*
AMB. What means this outrage?
PAD. No outrage, noble sir,—if you consent
To follow us. You 're among friends.
AMB. Such friends
As I could well dispense with.—Know ye, villains,
With whom ye parley?—
(TERENCIA *and* MARGUERITE, *veiled, appear on the balcony.*)
PAD. 'Tis enough, good sir,
We know the worthy lord who prompted us.
(AMBHART *struggles, and throws off the Padroon.*)
AMB. Unhand me, or 'twere worse for you! (*Shows the ring.*)
Behold!
Look on this signet!—
PAD. Sir, 'tis a fair jewel;
But nothing worth to bribe us from our duty.
AMB. *Duty?*—Bold knaves! tremble to look on it!
'Tis the King's signet!—
PAD. You are merry, sir.
A royal signet is not oft intrusted
To midnight strollers.—You must straight with *us!*
(TERENCIA *and* MARGUERITE *disappear from the balcony.*)
AMB. (*drawing suddenly.*) Not while my sword can cut my way to safety. (*A struggle; they disarm him.*)

Enter TERENCIA, MARGUERITE, *and servants, from the portal, shrieking.*

TER. Help, help!—the guard, the guard!
PAD. Sweet lady, peace!
We mean him well.
TER. (*surprised.*) These strangers should be Spaniards,
My father's countrymen!—
PAD. Your *father?*—
TER. Ay, sir! (*Proudly.*)

I am the daughter of the rich Alvarez,
Who 'll see ye brought to justice !—
(*Movement among the sailors ; they uncover.*)
PAD. Gentle lady,
We are his people. 'Tis by *his* command
That to his vessel we conduct this stranger.
TER. My father !—my dear father *here*—in Brussels ?—
PAD. Since yesterday.
MAR. What mystery is here ?
TER. *to* AMB. Fear nothing, dearest !—all is now explain'd.
Resist not—follow them !—I 'll on with ye.
(*To Pad.*) Oh ! lead us to my father !
MAR. To the quay ?
TER. What have I *now* to fear ?—all 's safe—all 's well !
AMB. Lead on, then. (*To the sailors.*)
SAILORS. On !
TER. (*going.*) My father ! my dear father !
[*Exeunt confusedly.*

SCENE IV.—A street before the house of Chretts Allynx. The shutter of the stall is closed.

Enter CHARLES, *his sword drawn, his dress disordered, his boot torn.*

CHAR. I 've distanced them at last !—Foul fall the knaves,
That the first time I venture forth unguarded
By my credentials, I should fall into
A strait like this !—(*Sheaths his sword.*)
Rare triumph for these rufflers,
Had they, in chase of some loose boon companion,
Captured the King !—(*Examines his dress.*)
Faith ! in my outward man
Small show of royalty !—My boot disabled ?—
How reach the palace in this piteous guise ?—
A halting, tatter'd King ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
A cobbler for the King of Spain !—A cobbler !—
(*Looks round.*) I should be near the quays. Hard by I 've noted
A stall, cheer'd by a merry face—ay, *here*,
(*Knocks at* CHRETTS's *window.*)
All 's fast ; but there are lights within. Past hours,
For work, perhaps ; but gold turns night to day.
What ho !—within, I say ! Cobbler !
(CHRETTS *lets down the shutters. Lights and noise within.*)
CHR. Who calls ?
CHAR. A friend.
CHR. What friend ? (*Leans on the window-ledge.*)
CHAR. The best of friends—a customer.
CHR. Away with ye ! On all other days o' the year a customer 's a friend ; *to-night*, I 'd sooner see the face o' one of his Satanic Majesty's lords-in-waiting, than a fellow who comes reminding me o' my lapstone ! I wouldn't cobble the coronation shoe o' the Emperor, were he to come in person asking the favour. To-night, friend, every cobbler in the land 's a gentleman !
CHAR. And, prythee, *why* to-night ?
CHR. Where were ye born and bred, to ask the question ? 'Tis plain you 've kept little company with cobblers. Why, 'tis the eve of St. Crispin !

(*Sings.*) And merry ring the chimes
For such jolly, jolly times.

(*Chorus within*) Merry, merry ring the chimes,
For such jolly, jolly times!

D' ye hear 'em?—a score of as honest cobblers as ever dived for sops in a wassail bowl!—

CHAR. (*aside, laughing.*) Twenty cobblers at hand, and not one to botch the boot of the King of Spain! (*Laughs heartily.*)

CHR. Why, you 're as merry as a cobbler, yourself. What 's the fellow chuckling at?

CHAR. Faith! I 've but little *cause* for mirth. I 've been set upon by bravos, and escaped, after a deadly struggle.

CHR. Ay, that 's the use o' police,—to keep the streets quiet o' nights, that thieves may find no hindrance in their business.

CHAR. And I must e'en hobble on as I can, with chance of re-encountering the ruffians, and (*shows his torn boot*) not a sole to stand on.

CHR. 'Twere a shame to turn an honest fellow from the door in such a pickle,—(I say *honest*, for your scurvy knave could no more get up a hearty laugh like yours, than a jackdaw crow like chanticleer!)—and, though 'tis against the honour of a cobbler to drive his awl for hire on St. Crispin's day—

CHAR. The honour of a cobbler! Ha! ha! ha! ha!

CHR. A merry knave like *you* deserves better of the fraternity than to be left shelterless. So, by the bibs and tuckers of St. Ursula's eleven thousand! though you be not of the craft, you shall even sup to-night with the King of the Cobblers!—

(*Guests within in chorus.*) And all have soles for mending,
And all have groats for spending.
(CHRETTS *joining them.*) And merry ring the chimes
For these jolly, jolly times.

CHAR. (*aside.*) There 's a world of promise in this adventure. My pursuers will scarcely look for me *here*.

CHR. (*opening the door.*) In with ye, and a good appetite for your supper. —In, I say! (*As* CHARLES *enters, a shout within.*)

ALL. Hurrah? hurrah! Long live St. Crispin!—long live the King of the Cobblers! (*They enter.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Quay of the grand canal; vessels moored; lights among the shipping.

Enter DUKE OF ARCOS, *as from the ship.*

ARC. All is dispos'd. At break of day we reach
The port of Antwerp. Ere the alarm be giv'n
The Scheldt will bear on her unconscious stream
The hopes of Spain;—ere night, the bounding ocean!—
My old heart throbs to think on't!—For myself,
Welcome the utmost vengeance Charles can wreak,
So I restore to my expectant country
The King she loves!— (*A noise within.*)
They come! I dread the meeting.

Enter Padroon and sailors, escorting AMBHART, MARGUERITE, *and* TERENCIA.

I dare not look on him.
(*Supposing himself in the presence of the King,* ARCOS *is about to sink on one knee.*)
Sire!

(*Sees* AMBHART. *Starts up.*)
God of Heaven!
I thought to greet the *King!*—
ALL. THE KING!
TER. Alas!
It was my *father* whom we sought!
PAD. (*to sailors.*) We 've scap'd
A gibbet high as Haman's!—A fine risk,
Had we laid hands upon the Lord's Anointed. —
AMB. (*to sailors.*) Your *heads* shall answer this! For my own wrong
I 'd welcome it with joy, so it secured
Exemption for my sovereign. (*To* ARCOS.) Duke of Arcos!
I charge ye with high-treason, as conspiring
Against the sacred person of the King!
ARC. (*drawing.*) Decide we *thus* my guilt or innocence!
(TERENICA *and* MARGUERITE *interpose.*)
AMB. Fear nothing! To *my* sword grey heads are sacred,
And traitors, past contempt!
ARC. (*rushing on him.*) Defend yourself!—
(TERENCIA *clings to* AMBHART.)

Enter HANS.

HANS (*as he enters*). This way! — this way! I 've track'd 'em step by step!

Enter the COUNT DE CHIEVRES, *attended by his retainers, bearing torches; and a company of the Burgher Guard.*

CHIE. (*pointing.*) Arrest them!
(*The guards disarm* ARCOS *and* AMBHART; *others sur round* MARGUERITE *and* TERENCIA.)
As I guess'd! a midnight flitting!
(*Sneeringly, to* TERENCIA *and* MARGUERITE.) Pardon, fair ladies, if my intervention
Obstruct your dainty projects!
AMB. On my life, sir,
We 're here as *victims,—prisoners,*—
CHIE. Who denies it?
Prisoners to your wrong'd father, and the state.
(*To guards.*) Conduct these ladies to the citadel,
The night air is injurious.
AMB. Now, by heaven!
This outrage shall not be.—Upon your *peril,*
Lay not a finger on them!—
CHIE. Boastful boy!
Peace with your idle threats. (*To guards.*) Away with them!
(AMBHART *exhibits the royal signet to the Captain of the Guard.*)
AMB. In virtue of this signet, I *command* ye
Release them!—In my royal sovereign's name
I claim the succour of the Burgher Guard.
(*Whispers to the Captain of the Guard.*)
"Brabant!"
(*Captain salutes him with his sword.*)
CHIE. What means this mystery?
AMB. It means
That while you here insult two helpless women
Dangers surround the King.
ALL. THE KING!—
AMB. For Charles
Mistaken, I was captur'd and brought hither
By yonder hoary traitor and his minions.

TER. (*aside.*) What hath he done?—Alas! my hapless father
Is compromis'd in this!—
CHIE. (*to guards.*) Go, scour the city!—
Leave not a nook unsearch'd, till ye secure
The person of the King! (*To others, showing* ARCOS.) Convey yon traitor
Safe to the guard-room of the palace!
ARC. Sir,
The persons of *ambassadors* are sacred.
CHIE. And *what* the person of a *King*?—Till Charles
Appear, I hold ye hostage. (*To the guards.*) He who brings
The tidings of his sovereign's safety, wins
His weight in crowns!
HANS (*aside*). In *crowns*?—This King-chase tempts me!—
I'll join the hunt. (*Sneaks off.*)
CHIE. Away—away!—Disperse!—
I hasten to the palace! Meet me there.
(*To his retainers.*) Forward!

[*Exeunt in confusion.*

SCENE II. opens, and discovers the house of Chretts Allynx. A supper-table spread (after a picture by Teniers). Chretts, Marjory, Loincia, and neighbours, singing and drinking. Charles seated between Marjory and Loincia.

"And merry rang the chimes
Of the brave—the brave old times!"

CHR. (*to* CHARLES.) Why, friend, you take up your stave as readily as though you'd been a cobbler from the eggshell!—Yet, I warrant, were you trusted with an awl, you'd make bungling work on't.

CHAR. (*laughing.*) I've handled sharper tools before now.

CHR. Bless ye! your young cobbler's sure to prick his fingers!—the reason they don't trust the young king yonder with the clutch of his own sceptre. The lad might do himself a mischief, and *us* too! Here's his health, and may he soon be out of his indentures, and set up shop for himself. (*To* CHARLES.) Ware heeltaps, like a true cobbler, and drink—'THE KING!"

ALL. "The King—the King!"— (*They drink.*)

CHAR. The King, and St. Crispin!

CHR. With your leave, saints before sinners. "St. Crispin and the King!"

LOIN. Ay, father, for Master Hoffmann says, (and being the King's shoemaker, ought to know the state of his soul,) that there's a deal more sinner than saint in Charles the Fifth.

CHR. Master Hoffmann (saving the presence of his son's chair, which stands empty yonder,) had best salve his lips with a little of his own wax. As to the King, my great grandmother might give absolution for all the peccadillos *he's* allowed tether to commit!—The boy's kept penned in the palace yonder, like a fatted calf in its stall.

CHAR. (*piqued.*) The bravest bull of the arena was a calf in its time.
(*Guests talk in dumb show.*)

CHR. Ay! in *Spain!*—But when Charles gets freedom to taste the corn, wine, and oil of his bull-fighting kingdom, I'll swallow the Zuyder Zee, with the Doggerbank for a sop in't.

LOIN. But *why* won't they let the poor King embark for Spain?

CHR. 'Tis as much as the chancellor's place is worth, and that's no trifle! — For every week comes a galleon, laden with moidores mulcted from the Spanish officers by old De Chièvres, only that he may get the name of Charles scribbled on their commissions.

CHAR. (*indignantly.*) The greater fools the bribers!

CHR. The greater *knave* the chancellor!—As to his countess, 'tis a niggar, who makes broth out of a flint, and dines her lackeys on the soup-meat.

But we don't drink.—Loincia, child,—throw a handful o' spices into the bowl. Here's the health o' my jolly neighbours! May their heads always prove strong enough for their liquor, and their liquor for their heads!

ALL. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! (*They drink.*)

CHAR. But surely the Flemish do not *wish* that the King should depart for Spain?

CHR. Why, look ye here.—No cobbler beyond his *last;* and *my* politics are apt to savour o' my wax!—If so be a man walk heavier on one of his boots than t'other, the sole on't is worn out, and comes to the cobbler; whereas, an he walk even, no need o' botching!—So, if a king have a pair o' kingdoms, turn and turn about's fair-play, as Satan said to the windmill. Charles has been setting his best foot foremost in Flanders these seventeen years.—Let him give a turn to the Spanish.

CHAR. (*piqued*). Brussels may become hereafter jealous of Madrid, as Madrid is *now* of Brussels. (*Guests talk in dumb show.*)

CHR. Not a bit on't, if the King leave us his wise Aunt, Margaret of York, to be gouvernante of the Netherlands.—Kingdoms never hold their heads higher in the world than with a distaff for a sceptre.

CHAR. (*aside.*) More *true* than *flattering!*

CHR. Look at his royal grandame, Mary o' Burgundy. *There* was a mettlesome lass for a throne! *Head,* hard as a lapstone, *heart* as soft as wax; *man* in courage, *woman* in kindness;—*knight,* a-horseback, *lady* in hall. *There*'s your sort o' Queen to make heroes of her subjects,—ay, down to the *last!* For not a cobbler of us all but trailed a halberd i' the days o' Mary o' Burgundy.—We'll drink to her memory.

CHAR. Nay, 'tis *my* turn to propose a toast. We've drunk the King, and St. Crispin. And now,—

CHR. (*knocking the table.*) A toast—a toast!

CHAR. (*rising.*) Here's the health of Chretts the First, King of the Cobblers!

ALL. Hurrah! The health of Chretts the First, King of the Cobblers!

CHR. My service t' ye, neighbours. Faith, I should return thanks in a speech! (*To* CHARLES.) Which will ye have,—a speech, or a song?

CHAR. The speech first, the song afterwards.

CHR. Hoist me on my throne, then; and I'll give ye a touch o' Charles the Fifth, when he harangues the States o' the Low Countries yonder at the Stadt House. (*They place his stool on the table, and hoist him up.*)

CHR. (*aside.*) Now, for the reverse of the royal tapestry. (MARJORY *throws him up his cap.* CHRETTS, *catching it.*) Neighbour Boozman, hand me up the jack-chain!—Why not a Golden Fleece, as well as my betters?—
(BOOZMAN *gives the chain.*)

LOIN. (*giving a riband from her dress to* CHARLES.) Give him this riband.

CHAR. (*handing the riband to* CHRETTS.) I dub your most waxy majesty Knight of the Last.

(CHRETTS *cocks his cap on one side, and disposes the chain and riband, in imitation of the portraits of Charles V.*)

ALL. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

CHAR. Silence—silence for the speech of the King of the Cobblers!—

CHR. Hand on hip, and here goes! (*In a solemn voice and attitude.*)
"My loving subjects,

"You're welcome to Brussels;—more *welcome* than *free,* for my ministers take care you shall never be more *free* than *welcome.* You won't be sorry to hear that Flanders enjoys a state of profound peace with *the universe,*—[*Murmurs of approbation*] wherefore, (*mark* the *wherefore,*) I'm forced to levy new taxes, *to carry on the* WAR!"

ALL. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

CHR. "I rejoice to inform you that, at home, the seventeen provinces are in clover; enjoying a state of unparalleled tranquility, and prosperity. [*Murmurs of approval.*] *Wherefore* (mind ye!) I'm forced to create fur-

ther imposts, to provide bread for the starving population of Guelderland, and arm brigades of cavalry to quell the insurrection in Cleves !"

ALL. Ha! ha! ha? ha! ha!

CHR. "So down with your dollars, up with your lances!—Fork out your Spanish, like true Flemings, and cry, "Long live Charles the Fifth!'"

ALL. Long live Charles the Fifth! Ha! ha! ha! ha! And long live the King o' the Cobblers!

CHR. (*to* CHARLES.) That's something of the kick on't, eh?—So now, being somewhat hoarse, I call on Neighbour Boozman to whet his whistle, and give us a song!

ALL. Ay, ay! a song! a song!

(*Song, with chorus.*)

While we trudge round the world, like an ass in a wheel,
The priest may absolve us, the doctor may heal;
But the best man at heeling's the honest old snob,
Who is true to the last, and a hand at a job!
Chorus. Hurrah! for the honest old snob!

Your cordwainer's one often good, *at a pinch*,
But the rogue from his *measures* is noted to flinch;
While firm is the soul of the honest old snob;
True steel to the *last*, and a hand at a job!
Chorus. Hurrah! for the honest old snob!

The great ones of earth touch the cordwainer's *soul;*
The cobbler's more generous, and lives for—the *whole.*
Let philosophy thrive, and the good, honest snob,
So true to the last, will ne'er want for a job!
Chorus. Hurrah! for the honest old snob!

The shoemaker's wife's the worst shod of her clan;
The cobbler to *his* gives his awl, like a man!
Then, while women have *souls*, let the good honest snob,
So true to the last, never want for a job!
Chorus. Hurrah! for the honest old snob!

(*During the song* CHARLES *has been talking earnestly in dumb show, with* LOINCIA.)

ALL. Bravo! bravo! bravo!

CHR. (*rather tipsy.*) A jolly good song! Boozman, you shall be leader of my majesty's musicians.—You, Groofen van Schatzkins, being given to fisticuffs, shall be generalissimo of my armies.—(Go and kiss the hand of her majesty, the Queen of the Cobblers, on your appointment.) *You*, Paul Proogenhoof, (as you 've got pretty wide pockets in your Dutch not-to-be-talked-abouts, to carry off the *plunder*,)—*you* shall be my chancellor of the exchequer,—*my* Lord de Chièvres!—

ALL. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

CHR. (*slapping* CHARLES *on the back.*) As to *you*, my fine fellow! as there's something Spanish in the cut of your jib, *you* shall be ambassador from the cordwainers of Cordova to my majesty's court;—that is, when you get a beard to keep yourself in countenance.—And, by the pig of St. Antony of Padua! were *I* ambassador from Spain, I'd carry off the young King, will-he, nill-he, to Madrid, and make him his own master, and master of his subjects!—

CHAR. At the peril of your *head*?—

CHR. What signifies the *head* of an old cobbler, compared with the *hearts* of a nation?—They *want* him yonder.—They're calling for him to redress abuses, and make the people happy; and I can't bear to see a fine young fellow bamboozled into neglecting his duty, only to enrich a pack o' pocket-picking courtiers,—I can't!—

CHAR. My good friend, Chretts—

Enter HANS, *pale and disordered.*

CHR. What, Hans?—Tumble in to supper when we've picked the bones of the last fowl, and reached low-water mark of the bowl?

LOIN. (*turning her back to him.*) I can tell you, sir, you've been neither missed nor wanted. We've had a very merry evening without you.

NEIGH. (*half drunk.*) Yes, we have had a jolly, merry evening. (*Sings.*)

"Merry, merry rang the chimes
For those jolly, jolly times!"

HANS (*throwing himself into his chair.*) More shame for ye, then, to be *merry*, — when the whole city's crying its eyes out, and the tocsin going to be rung, and the passing-bell to be tolled!— (*They rise from table.*)

CHR. The tocsin? (*Reeling.*) Don't you see the fellow's drunk, and hears double? Fie on ye, Hans! I'll never have a son-in-law addicted to liquor! — *We*, cobblers, are always sober as judges. — Better try a cup o' wine, (an you can *find* one,) to clear your understanding.

HANS. Away wi' your cups o' wine! All I care for is to find the *King!* (*They surround his chair.*)

ALL. THE KING?—Why, what do *you* want with the King?

HANS. To get my weight in Brabant crowns for bringing news of his safety.— (CHARLES *stands behind with* LOINCIA.)

ALL. SAFETY?

HANS (*pompously.*) There's been a foul and unnatural conspiracy discovered, for kidnapping his sacred person, and carrying him off to Spain.

CHR. But he's safe, I hope?—I wouldn't have a hair of his young head hurt, for double my year's earnings.

HANS. Safe?—There's *nobody* safe.—All the city's up in arms. Why, they arrested me and master, though no more concerned in the plot than babes unborn!

ALL. *You?* oh, (*incredulous*) come—come—come!

HANS. And they've crammed the old Spanish duke of an ambassador into *one* dungeon; and master's affianced young lady, and her papa, into another dungeon.—*Everybody*'s being plunged into dungeons. (*Whimpers.*)

CHR. Why, *that* won't help 'em to find the King?

HANS. No; but they've set a price upon his head, as if he was a malefactor escaped from the galleys.

CHAR. (*aside.*) 'Tis time, methinks, I made my way back to the palace. That an absence of two short hours should be the cause of all this disturbance!—(*Preparing to go. Aside to* LOINCIA.) Farewell, my pretty Loincia! (*Shows his foot.*) I came hither without a *sole*, and *leave* you without a *heart!* (*Kisses her hand.*)

LOIN. (*fetching boots from her father's basket.*) If you'd please to leave your boots, sir, for father to mend, and wear the Spanish captain's in the interim, why (*curtseys*) you'd be all the surer to come back *to-morrow*, sir, and fetch 'em.

(*While he changes his boots,* HANS, *from whom he has hitherto been concealed by the neighbours, discovers him, without recognizing the King.*)

HANS. Ha! Loincia, holding a boot-jack, and for a strange young gentleman? (*Approaches them.*) Do my eyes deceive me?—(*Stoops to look in* CHARLES'S *face, who is stooping to arrange his boot.*) Eh?—what?—holy St. Francis! (*Is about to proclaim the King.* CHARLES, *without rising, puts his finger to his lips.*)

CHAR. On your life, not a word!—We would be private!—

HANS (*terrified.*) Sire, I—that is—Holy St. Francis!—I'm a made man, —that is, I'm a lost mutton! (*Aside, about to escape.*) My weight in Brabant crowns!—

CHAR. (*to* CHRETTS.) My worthy host, accept my grateful thanks!—I'd fain see the issue of this strange affair!

CHR. And I!

ALL. And all of us!

CHR. I shouldn't sleep a wink, with the notion that evil might have befallen my poor young prince.—By the last o' my forefathers! I *love* Charles as though he were a bantling o' my own.—

(*They shake hands.* HANS *skulks out.*)

CHAR. In short, the King of the Cobblers is the faithful ally of the King of Spain! (*Tocsin sounds.*)

CHR. To the palace!—To the palace, and let's see what's a-doing! (CHARLES *flaps his hat over his eyes, and wraps himself in his cloak, while the cobblers are putting on their caps, and* MARJORY *and* LOINCIA *assisting them.*) To the palace!— (*Exit. Tocsin ceases.*)

CHR. Hillo! What's become of my guest? No matter, I shall find him in the crowd!—To the palace! to the palace! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Throne hall in the old palace. In the centre a council-table, with seats. In the background, the retainers of the Count de Chièvres, bearing torches. Before them, the Duke de Arcos, in custody of the Burgher Guard. On one side a deputation of twelve councillors. On the other, the Count de Chièvres and Ambhart. The former accosts the councillors.

CHIE. Were not the strait demanding our assemblance
Most imminent, I had not dar'd, my lords,
At this unseemly hour exact your presence.
The sacred person of our King's in danger!—
An outrage (by the grace of God defeated!)
Hath been attempted, by conspiracy,
To bear off Charles to Spain! Behold, my lords!
(*Points to* ARCOS.) *Yonder* the *traitor* stands!—But *where* the King,
To whom all Brussels burns to testify
Her loyal indignation?—*Where* the *King*?
Alas! my lords! Vainly the Burgher Guard
Hath search'd the city.—
1 COUN. Doubtless the Duke of Arcos
Had in this bold attempt abettors?—Let him
Redeem his forfeit head by free confession
Of his accomplices.—Approach, my lord!
(*The guards bring forward the* DUKE OF ARCOS.)
Relieve us from this dread incertitude.
Avow by *whom* the king is held in durance.
Speak!—
ARC. Had I known it one poor hour ago,
Nor he, nor I were at this moment standing
On Flemish ground.
CHIE. You hear him?—In his treason
He glories, to our face.
ARC. But that I stand
The captive of your lictors, scornful lord!
You dare as little breathe the name of traitor
To one like Arcos, as you dare assign
Freedom to the young Prince, by craft enthralled
Within your grasp!—
CHIE. My lords! this Spanish traitor
Insults the states of Flanders in my person.
What chance of wringing from his haughty lips
The secret so imports us?

Enter ALVAREZ, *in custody.* MARGUERITE *and* TERENCIA *following.*

Lo! my lords,
The partner of his crime,—this Spanish merchant.

1 COUN. ALVAREZ?—One whose name is rife among us
For loyalty and honour!—
ALV. One, my lords,
Who hath no fear a blot should stain with shame
The memory he is about to leave!
1 COUN. Confess!—
Where is the King conceal'd?
ALV. GOD grant—in safety!—
Lives not the subject of his realms, whose heart's blood
Throbs with more fervent loyalty than mine!—
This breast—whereon yonder ignoble lord
Hath set his spurning foot,—yearns to its King
As doth a parent's to a hopeful child!
I'd give my life, and all that makes it dear,
To spare him but a pang! (*Murmur of approbation.*)
CHIE. These protestations
Yield not, my lords, the tidings we demand.—
Let him produce the King!—
ALV. Am *I* his keeper?
ARC. Deign no reply. Our doom is in his hands.
CHIE. Then, by my soul of souls, the *rack* shall force
The secret from their lips!—
TER., MAR., AMB. *The rack?*
CHIE. (*to guards.*) Remove them!
The executioners have their instructions.
Remove them!—To the judgment hall!—
(*Guards surround them. General movement.*)

Enter HANS *breathless, and kneels to* CHIEVRES.

HANS. My lord,
My gracious lord, my weight in Brabant crowns!—
CHIE. What means this saucy knave?

During these speeches, enter CHARLES *unperceived, and, concealed by the movemeat of the guard, ascends his throne in his royal dress.*

HANS. (*pointing.*) Behold, my lord!
(*General movement of joy.*
ALL. The King in safety?—Long live Charles the Fifth!—
CHIE. (*approaching.*) Oh! my dread liege. (CHARLES, *motioning him away, addresses the guards. Exit* HANS.)
CHAR. Release your prisoners.
My Lord of Arcos!—(ARCOS *kneels.*) Rise—once more, arise!
Ambassadors from realms like Spain must wear
Their honours with a princely pride. My lord,
Till now, the glories of our grandsire's reign
Amazed us. But if Spain, amid her nobles,
Count many patriots resolute as Arcos,
The reign of Charles the Fifth shall rival *yet*
The lustre of his sires of old!—
ARC. (*kissing his hand.*) My liege,
My country's cause is saved!
(CHARLES *motions him to his right hand.*)
CHAR. Who be these captives?—
ALV. (*advancing.*) Victims of a tribunal, dread my liege,
Whereof your grace is umpire; for the breath
Of Kings confers *honour* or *infamy!*—(*Moved.*)
CHAR. Speak, and boldly!
ALV. Sire, I am a man
Who, through the struggles of an arduous life
Have won my way without reproach;—a man

Whose name hath worth where'er the Spanish flag
Protects the commerce of your realms.—My liege,
My gold runs molten in the veins of Spain,
Giving her life and vigour! The Levant
Hath not a port but havens ships of mine.
The spices of the East,—the precious ores
Which a new world yields to your conquering arms,—
Attain your quays but as my gallant vessels
Are swift or slow.—My word creates abundance
Or famine in the land?—

CHAR. You are Alvarez!
Your name hath reach'd our ear.—The cardinal
Applauds your zeal, as bravest in opposing
The Algerines that vex our fleets.

ALV. My liege,
My hardy *crews* have wrought against these pirates
Marvels of valour.—For myself, I claim
No merit in the struggle, save protecting
By cost, by care, by energy of action,
The humble merchant craft, denied, alas!
Those royal favours, still reserved to grace
The warrior and the statesman,—men who serve ye
With *showier* seeming, in the field or senate,
But not more strength.—The stagnant kingdom, sire,
Must languish to extinction, did not commerce
Invigorate its sinking energies
With *thrilling, vital* warmth.—I 've ventured much
For Spain,—life, fortune, time,—(my liege,
Your captains or your prelates do no more!)—
And at the close of a laborious life,
I find myself an alien from your presence;
Incompetent to match with those who crowd
Your councils, or who bask at listless ease,
Sunn'd by your smiles.—For it hath needed, sire,
Imprisonment and shame to bring Alvarez,—
The MERCHANT, to whose flag the seas do homage,
Thus to his sovereign's feet!—(*Murmur of approbation.*)

CHAR. Is *this* the wrong
For which you claim redress?

ALV. Sire, this obscurity
Contents me,' tis your will!—But when I find
A cringing *lord*, back'd by the royal favour
Denied to *me*, presume on it to cast
Defilement on my household gods,—to fling
Ashes of desolation on my head,—
To stigmatize the honour of my child,
And make me wretched,—*wretched* as the slaves
Who crawl around his feet, and fawn upon them,—
Then,—*then*,—my liege, I cry aloud to GOD,
And ask by what contrition, what atonement,—
What gift more than my means have compass'd yet
Of offering to his altar, or enlargement
Of Christian slaves groaning in Pagan lands,
May expiate the unknown fault that dooms
My child and me to shame!—(*Murmur of approbation.*)

CHAR. Your good renown
Is known to us, Alvarez, and extenuates
This bold appeal. Yours is a private wrong
We will not canvass here. My Lord de Chièvres,
Let it bespeak indulgence from your prince,
That you embitter by no farther hindrance

The love your son obtain'd, by honest suit,
From the unspotted daughter of a man
Whose name I *honour*.
CHIE. Sire, my life and fortunes
Are in your hands—dispose of them!—
CHAR. (*to* TER.) Fair lady,
Draw near. (AMBHART *and* TERENCIA *ascend the steps of the throne.* CHARLES *rises, and joins their hands.*)
And be your nuptials solemnized
Here in my palace;—quickly, too; for know—
(*They rise, and* CHARLES *descends the throne.*)
To-morrow, at the dawn of day, escorted
By our good Duke of Arcos, we embark
For Spain.
ALL. For Spain?—
ARC. My gracious liege!
CHAR. Alvarez,
Your gallant ship shall bear your sovereign
Unto your native land. We name the barque
The "ROYAL CHARLES." (ALVAREZ *kisses his hand.*)
(*Aside.*) Upon our homeward voyage
We shall have scope for converse.
(*To* CHIEVRES.) Count de Chièvres,
Select such vessels from our arsenals
As suit your embarkation in our train. (CHIEVRES *bows, and exit.*)
One duty yet remains.—
(*Enter, with Ushers,* CHRETTS, MARJORY, LOINCIA, *and* HANS, *Neighbours, &c.* CHRETTS *falls penitentially on his knees.*)
My merry host!—
Wherefore this doleful visage?—
CHR. Mercy, mercy!
CHAR. *Mercy*?—For *what*?—For hospitality
Unto your King?—Up, up, man; and henceforth,
(*Aside to* CHRETTS.) When merry ring the chimes
For St. Crispin's times.—
CHR. Oh! my dread liege!—no more on't!—
CHAR. You'll remember
That Charles of Spain asks from his faithful people
(*imitates the intonation of* CHRETTS.)
"No succours, sir, to *carry on the war*,
When *peace* prevails in Flanders!" Is't a bargain?
CHR. Most gracious King, if a poor cobbler dared
Stand in your royal *shoes*, deign, sire, remember
You've stood in *boots* of ours!—
CHAR. (*laughing.*) Go to! bold knave,
What wouldst?—There's asking in thy face.—
(*Pointing to* LOINCIA.) For *her*?
Ask nought—a dowry waits her marriage-day.
(HANS *and* LOINCIA *overjoyed.*)
CHR. My liege, if I might dare—
CHAR. Speak, brother King.
What wouldst of Charles the Fifth?—
CHR. (*boldly.*) That from this day
The cobblers of Flanders may emblazon
For legal arms, a royal boot surmounted
By an imperial crown.
CHAR. Tut, man!—a boon
Like this puts not a crown in pouch of thine.
What wouldst thou more?
CHR. That in the guilds of Brussels

The cobblers may obtain precedence o'er
The shoemakers.
CHAR. Precedence—still precedence!
Are *all* my subjects crazed? (*To* CHRETTS.) Thy wish is granted!
To-morrow, hie thee to my treasurer.
I 'm still thy debtor. In thy wassail cups
At each St. Crispin's eve,—remember CHARLES!
CHR. Huzza!
CHAR. During my absence, lords, I claim
Allegiance for my royal kinswoman,
Margaret, the gouvernante of Flanders!
(*Aside to* CHRETTS.) "Mark ye!
The distaff forms the steadiest sceptre!" Eh?
Was it not so?—Still thou 'st an asking eye.
What wouldst thou more?
CHR. An please your Majesty,
That you would crave indulgence from all present.
CHAR. With all my soul!—Throw up your caps, my friends,
Cry, "Long—"
ALL. Live Charles the Fifth!
CHAR. Nay, nay; *I* bid ye
Cry, "LONG live Chretts the First, King of the Cobblers!"
Shouts—trumpets. The curtain falls.

AN ODD DOG.

BY GEORGE SOANE, B.A.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.]

HE was an odd dog—a very odd dog!

He had four legs, and a handsome tail to boot. Still, common as are these appendages, he was an odd dog, and but for his extreme fidelity, might almost have passed for a human being. Captain was in every sense of the word an odd dog; he was a character,—not, perhaps, a very amiable one, — but still a character, and of so marked a kind that it was impossible not to take an interest in him.

Such was the companion with whom I set out on a short excursion through the Peninsula, about two months after the time when the allies had for the second time entered Paris for the purpose of binding over the French people to keep the King's peace, or rather, the peace of all the Kings and Kaisers of Europe.

Scarcely had we set ourselves down in the Spanish capital than adventures, as usual, began to throng upon us, the exquisite forms, and dark, flashing eyes of the Madrileurs leading me into divers scrapes, I take no delight in recollecting. Let them pass, therefore, and come we at once to an affair in which no wrong could by any possibility be imputed to me, and which, notwithstanding, threatened a fatal termination.

Madrid, as every traveller knows, has not, or, at all events, had not at the time of which I am writing, the benefit of gas-lights; it is true a moon, almost as bright as our northern sun, rendered lamps of any kind a superfluity when she happened to be shining; but the moon does not always shine, even in these southern skies. On such occasions, therefore, a stranger might very easily lose himself in the

dark, narrow streets of Madrid. Even so it chanced to me in the very first week of my sojourn there. While I was yet endeavouring to find my way out of this maze of buildings, my ear was caught by the clash of swords from a street close by, and, prudence being at no time one of my distinguishing qualities, I started off in the direction whence the sound came, to see what was the matter. On turning the corner, I could dimly make out a man with his back to the wall, defending himself desperately against no less than three opponents, who were pressing on him with equal vigour. Naturally enough, my first impulse was to fly to the assistance of the weaker party, and, though I had nothing with me but a cane-sword, yet my attack was so sudden and unexpected that one of the three rolled lifeless at my feet almost before he was aware of his new adversary. The combat now was continued upon more equal terms, man to man, and if my opponent had the advantage in the quality of his weapon, a long, two-edged toledo, these odds were again equalized by my superior skill in fencing, as was sufficiently proved by the sequel, for in a very few minutes my sword had passed through him, and he dropt, severely, if not mortally, wounded. At this sight the third of the assassins fled, and I was about to pursue, when I was called back by the cavalier, who in a faint voice besought me to remain, and help him home before he bled to death. Thus conjured, I of course abandoned my first intention, and holding up the wounded man as well as I could, contrived under his direction to thread the streets, and lead him to the house of his father, Don Antonio di S——. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the manner of our reception, the grief of the old man at his son's bloody plight, the hasty calling in of surgeons, the agony of suspense while they were examining their patient, and finally, the warm expressions of gratitude that were poured out upon myself when my part in the drama had been made fully known, and the wounds of Carlos, though sufficiently numerous, were pronounced to be neither deep nor dangerous. Scarcely would the happy father allow me to leave him, and it was only after a solemn promise to call again in the morning, and make his house my home for the next few months, that I was at last, with great reluctance, permitted to depart.

For brevity's sake, I will now at one bound o'erleap the three ensuing months, during which I had become domesticated in Antonio's house; his son had recovered, and our first intimacy had ripened into a friendship. To this result the similarity of our years and habits not a little contributed.

It was nearly the fourth month of my stay in Madrid, when the old man proposed to his son an excursion to Andalusia, where, it seems, they had a large family estate, which, by some mismanagement or treachery on the part of the steward, required the immediate presence of one or other of them. To this proposal Carlos readily assented, only stipulating that I should join him in his tour; and, as my object was to see as much of Spain as possible, and I had been more than long enough in the capital, I, of course, was glad of the opportunity. The affair, therefore, was settled at once, and a few days saw Carlos, Captain, and myself on the road to Andalusia.

Nothing could exceed the harmony of our trio during the first half of our journey, which we prosecuted so as to have the full be-

nefit of the fine season and the beautiful country through which we had to pass. Captain was the first to interrupt this agreeable state of things. He had been in a sullen mood throughout the day; for the route had been longer than usual, the weather exceedingly hot, and our way had lain over ground that, from its ruggedness, no doubt tormented his feet not a little. I am the more particular in mentioning these points, however trifling in themselves, because the ill-humour of my quadruped ally conduced, indirectly indeed, to very important consequences, or, to speak according to the letter, was the means of— But I must not anticipate.

The posada, or road-side inn, at which we took up our abode for the night was rather worse than usual; and this is saying a great deal, considering the usual run of hostels in the Peninsula. Captain, who, it must be confessed, was at no time a very rigorous observer of the law of *meum* and *tuum*, was, I presume, on the present occasion, urged by hunger beyond his usual prudence; for he had made a daring foray upon the host's larder, and feloniously abstracted thence the quarter of a kid, which he now dragged with great glee into the room where we were sitting in expectation of our supper. Close at his heels followed the whole *posse-comitatus* of the inn, armed with whips, pitch-forks, staves, and other anomalous weapons of offence, all clamouring for vengeance on the culprit who had thus impudently violated the sanctuary of the comestibles. As a matter of course, I snatched the meat from him, as much from a wish to divert the wrath of his enemies, which might else have proved fatal, as from any moral conviction of his enormities. But the ungrateful Captain by no means appreciated my motives as he ought to have done. Instead of crouching at my feet, and wagging his tail, in token of acquiescence, the rascal bared his fangs, and grinned formidably at his master, with every symptom of being quite ready to do battle for the recovery of his plunder. Incensed at such open rebellion, I gave him a hearty kick on the ribs, whereupon he uttered a single low growl, and made his escape through the window. What great events may spring from trifles, which at the time would hardly seem to merit repetition!

The pleasures of supper, the dreams of night, the morning's breakfast, I pass them all over, and resume our journey. Mounted on two gallant horses of Andalusian breed, wild with life and spirits, that were every moment ready to burst off into a full gallop, and who favoured us with a thousand caracoles and plunges, at the least check from the bridle. Carlos, at no time subject to hypochondria, or indeed to reflection in any shape, seemed all at once to share the excitement of his horse, being, I should say, in that state of mind the Scotch emphatically call *fey*, to denote the exultation that so frequently is the forerunner of some dreadful calamity. One moment he would chaunt a favourite national ballad, and the next would give the reins to his willing horse, and dash up ascents that, to all appearance, defied any visitor less sure-footed than the mountain-goat. However reluctant to peril my neck in so mad a chase, I could not do otherwise than follow him, till at length it fell out as I had been for some time expecting. The animal I rode came down upon his knees, flinging me over his head to a considerable distance, and then, recovering himself, he set off again in all the wildness of terror, but without seeing a precipice close before him; over this

he went headlong, and was instantly dashed to pieces. It was in vain I shouted at the top of my voice for Carlos. Had I possessed the lungs and throat of a Swiss mountaineer, he was by this time too far off to hear me.

For some time I waited, in the full confidence he would return when tired of his frolic; but either he had lost his way, or had met with some accident; for hour passed after hour, and still I saw nothing of him. What was to be done? From the time of day, I felt assured that the way back would be longer than the way forward, and therefore on I resolved to go, thinking that, as there was but one wide road, I could not possibly miss my place of destination. Unfortunately for this reasonable inference, after I had gone a few miles, the road branched off right and left, without the least sign to guide me in my selection. Not a soul was within sight, much less within reach of my voice; so that nothing was left to me but to go on at all hazards, and this just as the last sunbeams were vanishing behind the mountains. The darkness that followed naturally made me quicken my steps; but, after about an hour's walking, the road narrowed into little more than a sheep-track, so that all my increase of speed had only been leading me the farther from my journey's end. Again I asked myself what was to be done? I was much too weary to think of retracing my steps; and yet the way onward held out no promise of shelter for the night. Before me lay a desolate mountain-track, crag piled upon crag, and rock upon rock; while on either side spread thick woods of cork and ilex, in which there was small chance of finding any habitation. Still, as the least of the two evils, I determined again to push on; and in another hour my perseverance was rewarded by seeing the friendly twinkle of a light in a dell at no great distance. By this, as my polar star, I was now guided, and soon, to my infinite satisfaction, found myself in front of a large, rambling building, that in its better days might have been the rural retreat of some noble, but which, as I now saw it, was little more than a heap of ruins. In spite, however, of these unpromising signs, it was habitable,—and, more, it was inhabited, as appeared by the ruddy light that streamed through the lower windows, giving sufficient tokens of a goodly fire within, and most probably for the purposes of cookery, since the weather was too hot to make it otherwise needed, or even desirable. At the door, therefore, I knocked with all the impatience of a way-worn, hungry man; and, after some delay, it was opened by a rough-looking mountaineer, clad in sheep-skin, who in a surly tone demanded my business;—a very unnecessary question, as I then thought, to a lonely wanderer by night in the depths of a Spanish sierra. Or did he take me for a brigand? I am sure, appearances considered, I might have returned the compliment; for, take him altogether, he wore as unpromising a set of features as ever cried "stand!" to benighted traveller. Keeping, however, these opinions to myself, I gave the desired explanation, backed with the promise of a handsome gratuity for my board and lodging till daybreak. At this intimation his face relaxed into a grim smile, and he invited me to enter with as much civility as could be well expected from his uncouth exterior.

The room into which I was ushered had probably been the kitchen of the original building. It was long, with a high-arched roof, and was

paved with what appeared from the sound to be stone, but so discoloured by the accumulated dirt and stains of many years, that I could not be certain of the substance I was treading on. At the farther end blazed a wood-fire, over which was suspended a kettle, of the size of the witches' cauldron in Macbeth, exhaling a compound odour of garlic and high-kept game, that to the nostrils of a hungry traveller was anything but disagreeable. Before it stood a heavy oak-table, garnished with wooden spoons, and platters of the same material, for a dozen people, though there were only five persons present, in addition to the old goat-herd, namely, a middle-aged woman, with features not a whit more promising than his own, a lad of about fourteen, and three young men, who, from their faces, all belonged to the same family. This pleasant party was already seated at the table, impatient, as it seemed, for their expected supper, with the exception of the hag, who was broiling herself before the fire, in attendance upon the cookery.

"Be seated, senhor," said the old goatherd, placing the only chair in the room at the head of the table for my accommodation. "You are just in time, as you may see, if you have stomach for a plain meal, and are not too proud to eat with a poor peasant and his family."

"I have plenty of stomach, and no pride," said I, laughing, and flinging myself into the proffered seat; "so, produce supper when you will, and doubt not my doing justice to it."

Again the old goatherd smiled grimly, and, turning to the woman, bade her delay no longer.

"Off with your cauldron, Inez, and let us see what you have done for us to-night."

"I have done just what you brought me to do, and nothing else," replied the hag crossly.

"Better fare I would not wish for," said the goatherd; "so, once again, out with it, and don't keep us starving here all night. 'Tis no fast-day, I reckon. San Nicolo!" he exclaimed, as the woman emptied the contents of the kettle into a huge beechen bowl,—"San Nicolo! but this same olla podrida has a savoury odour with it. It reeks as if it came from the queen's own kitchen. Ha, Juan!"—this was addressed to the lad,—"I see your mouth waters to be at the dish already. But patience, boy, and shuffle the cards; you must wait till your elders and betters are served, for our teeth are not so good as yours; and you can afford to give us the start, and still get the largest share of the olla."

Saying which, he filled a platter with the stew, and sent it up to me from his end of the table.

"As I told you before, senhor, 'tis only mountaineers' fare; but if you have been wandering, as you say, for the last half dozen hours upon our sierras, 'tis odds that you have got by this time an appetite that may relish it."

"Indeed have I," was my hasty answer, as I fell to upon the reeking olla. "Capital!" I continued, after having assured myself of the fact by swallowing several mouthfuls,—"capital! I know many farmers in my own country, who would be glad to sit down to such a mess, even upon a Sunday."

"I am glad to hear you are so well contented," replied the goatherd. "Let me fill your platter again."

"Right willingly," was my answer. "Such an offer is by no means to be rejected. But can you oblige me with a glass of water?"

"With a pailful, if you like water, and don't like wine."

"Not so, my friend. Water may do very well where nothing better is to be had; but if you have any wine, out with it, I pray you, and leave the other liquid till your cellar begins to run low."

"No fear of that, senhor. Juan, go fetch us up the wine-skin that hangs in the right-hand corner of the vault. You'll know it by the size."

Juan nodded assent, and in a few minutes returned with a wine-skin from some hidden nook, which, though not of the first quality, proved something more than passable, and tended not a little to promote the harmony of the evening. Seldom in my life had I spent a more thoughtless, happy hour, than here among the Spanish mountains, and that, too, in company with her wildest peasantry, men whose manners were altogether as rude as their attire. But just now, when the general mirth and good-fellowship were at the highest, an event occurred that at once gave my thoughts a very different complexion.

The old goatherd was leaning over the table to fill the cup of one of the young men, when a miniature, set in diamonds, dropt from his bosom. At a single glance I recognised in it a miniature that Carlos constantly carried about him, and was not likely to yield to any one except with life. It was the picture of his deceased mother, to whose memory he was devotedly attached. Involuntarily I exclaimed,

"That miniature belongs to my friend, Carlos!"

The whole party could not have looked more unpleasantly surprised had a thunderbolt dropped amongst them. Was it the confusion of guilt? or only of fear lest they should be suspected? These doubts hastily swept through my mind, making me seem scarcely less embarrassed than themselves.

"It belongs to a friend of yours, does it?" said the old goatherd, with an effort to break up this awkward pause, which had now lasted for several minutes. "Well, it may be so. I found it this morning on one of our sierras, close by the torrent-head: you know where I mean, Pedro?" he added, turning to the companion on his right hand.

"I should think so," replied the other. "There's not a more dangerous spot for the traveller in all Spain."

The old goatherd looked uneasily at this remark, which, indeed, might bear a double meaning; but, though he cast a reproving glance at the speaker, he said nothing. As much to turn the conversation as from any other motive, I asked,

"At what rate do you value the miniature? I should like to buy it, that when I meet my friend again I may return it to him."

"At what rate do I value the trinket?" repeated the old goatherd doubtfully. "I think the question rather is, what are you disposed to give for it?"

"Now, out upon you for a half-witted fool!" exclaimed the woman, in great wrath. "If the senhor wants the bauble, let him have it. What earthly difference can it make to you?"

There was again an ambiguous speech, which might bode good or

evil, as the hearer chose to take it, and I must confess it by no means tended to restore me to my equanimity. It, however, had the intended effect upon the old goatherd; for he immediately tendered me the miniature, observing,

"Inez says well, senhor; so take the trinket. You are a gentleman, and, *voto de Dios*, it won't be long, I'll be sworn, before you give it up again—to the right owner."

"The first moment I see him, rest assured of it," was my reply; at which the boy, Juan, burst into a fit of laughter, greatly to the indignation of his mother, who requited his mirth with a sound box on the ears, that made him look grave enough for the next half hour.

"You must excuse the lad," said the old goatherd, "if he laughs at the notion of your giving up this pretty trinket. He knows no better."

Was this indeed what he laughed at? I rather thought his mirth was excited by my fancying I should ever look upon the face of a friend again; but I was anxious, if possible, to conciliate their good-will, and, taking out my purse, said,

"I am much obliged by your offer, though I cannot accept it without some return on my part. I must needs repay you, as far as my present means go, for the ready surrender of a precious gem, which, if it be not exactly yours, is, unquestionably, still less mine. Accept this trifle."

"Not a bit of it, senhor."

"Nay, I entreat—"

"Not another word, senhor; you have the trinket, and there's an end of the matter. Another wine-skin, Juan."

But this offer I declined, pleading weariness in excuse, and a wish to go to bed, that I might be up the earlier on the morrow. The fact is, I had been completely upset by this last occurrence of the miniature, and longed to be alone; for in the midst of my dangerous companions, whose every word and look gave rise to new doubts and darker apprehensions, it was impossible to grapple with the difficulties of my situation. Much to my delight, as well as surprise, but a very slight opposition was offered,—no more, perhaps, than a spirit of good-fellowship would have raised; and then the lad, lamp in hand, showed me the way to my chamber, where he left me with a brief "a Dios, senhor," that had anything but kindness in it.

Now that I was left to myself I set about examining the room, looking under the bed, and in the closets, but nowhere did I find anything to alarm my fears, nor on sounding the oaken wainscots were there any signs indicative of a secret entrance. The most suspicious point was the door itself, which was exceedingly thick, and plated besides with sheet iron, but had no fastening on the inside except a simple latch, while on the outside were two immense bolts, which being once drawn, the person within was as effectually a prisoner as if he had been confined in the strongest cell of Newgate. It was impossible to suppose such arrangements could have been made for any good purpose, though it certainly might be that they had not originated with the present occupier of the house. Still this circumstance gave me a fearful sense of insecurity, and I endeavoured to remedy the want of bolts and bars as best I could, by pushing the only table against the door. My next step was to place my pis-

tols, and a long Spanish knife, which I was in the constant habit of carrying about me, ready at hand beneath my pillow. Thus prepared, I flung myself on the bed, dressed as I was, not to sleep, if I could by any means avoid it, but to reflect on the impending danger, and the best means of escaping it.

Strong as were my suspicions, a hope yet lingered in my bosom that my hosts might be more honest than they seemed to be. After all, on what were my doubts grounded? — on looks, that were no evidence at all, on words which I might have misinterpreted, and on the miniature. But even this last, though the strongest of all my causes for fear, did not in reality amount to much; the old goatherd might have spoken the simple truth in saying he found it, for what could be more probable than that Carlos, in his wild ride up the mountains, should have dropt the trinket? I was the more inclined to dwell upon this favourable view of things from the utter hopelessness presented by the other side of the picture. If Carlos had actually been murdered, and these goatherds in name were bandits in reality, how then? what chance had I, single-handed, against their numbers, such as I had seen them, and they perhaps only a part of a gang which was yet to assemble? In that case nothing short of a miracle could save me.

During these, and many similar reflections, sleep was gradually stealing upon me, notwithstanding all my efforts to keep awake. My weary eyelids would close, strive as I might against it, and at length I fell into an uneasy slumber. Thanks, however, to a merciful Providence, it did not last long. I could scarcely have slept a quarter of an hour when I was awakened by a blow on the face from some sharp weapon, that struck through to the very bone. On the instant I started up, and before I was perfectly conscious of what I was doing, instinctively seized a pistol, and pulled the trigger without any definite aim or object. It flashed in the pan, and the assailant had escaped. But how? the table still remained in its place against the door, the window-shutters remained all fast, and when I again searched under the bed, and in the cupboards, there was no concealed enemy, not even the slightest traces of one. Yet the blow could not have been ideal, since I not only still smarted from the wound, but felt the trickling of the hot-blood down my cheek, and could see it dropping on the front of my shirt.

I listened, in the hope my ears might supply the evidence denied to sight, and, sure enough, after a short pause I heard a strange, rustling sound in the chimney. Without stopping to inquire who, or what might be lurking there, I levelled my second pistol up the opening, but that, too, flashed in the pan just as the first had done, and before I could examine into the cause of this second failure, down came a mass of some kind, and I received a blow on the head that for the moment staggered me. My spirits, however, rose with the increasing peril. I hastily grasped my Spanish knife in one hand, and the lamp in the other, but before I could discover my enemy something whizzed past me, and dashed the light to the ground. I was now in total darkness, with the certainty that an enemy of some kind was in the room, for the noise augmented, sounding like the rush of wings, with a hammering at intervals, as if a hard substance were bounding from wall to wall, and occasionally knocking against the shutters. Luckily I remembered the Ger-

man-tinder I kept for lighting cigars, and having with some difficulty found that, and a small powder-flask belonging to my pistols, I contrived to re-light the lamp. The secret now came out. My supposed assassin was a large bat, who, alarmed by the light, again made his way up the chimney, leaving me as little pleased with myself as with the object of all this useless alarm. But when I came to examine my pistols, and found the charges of both had been drawn, I took a very different view of the matter, and instead of continuing to mutter execrations upon my ugly visitant, I began to hail him as my better genius. By awaking me from the sleep into which I had unwillingly fallen he had at least given me a chance for life, for that an attack would be made upon me I now felt more assured than ever, and the wakeful man might perhaps foil the assassins, whereas, had they stolen upon my slumber, the case would have been utterly hopeless.

Before I could reload my pistols there was a stealthy sound of feet in the passage, followed by a gentle pulling at the latch, and pushing at the door. The hour for the deed had come then, but it was evident they had wished to surprise me in my sleep, and, finding an impediment to their quiet entrance, from the table placed against the door, were hesitating how to proceed. Darkness was manifestly my best friend, being one against so many, as I judged them to be, from the shuffling of feet, and the low buzz of voices. I blew out the lamp, therefore, and fixed myself close to the wall, knife in hand, ready to stab the first who should enter, and listening with intense anxiety to their low murmurs, the import of which, however, I could not make out, though I might easily guess at it. Short as were these few moments of suspense, they were not without their use, for they gave me time to collect my thoughts, and wind up every nerve for the struggle, which I well knew must be a desperate one.

"Be cool! be firm!" I muttered half aloud, as if the sound of my own voice could encourage me, and produce that perfect coolness and self-possession, so indispensable to my slightest chance of safety.

A gentle pushing at the door showed me that the assassins had matured their plans. It was plain they still intended to gain a stealthy entrance, if possible, under the idea of murdering me while I slept, and thus preventing all risk to themselves. As the table slowly gave way before their cautious efforts, and the opening gradually widened, a feeble ray of light was visible from some half-shaded lamp carried by some one in the back-ground, not strong enough to show any object in my chamber, but quite sufficient for me to distinguish the figure of the leading-assassin. With noiseless motion he at length got the door so far open that he could enter, though with difficulty. Another step brought him fairly into the room. His back was towards me. I struck with all my force, fortunately burying the knife in his spine, and he dropt dead on his face, without uttering a single groan. His companions evidently thought he had stumbled, and whispered curses on his awkwardness, which they feared might wake me.

"He must sleep soundly not to hear that," said one.

"Hold your tongue, fool!" muttered another. "All's well, if you can be quiet."

There was a brief pause, when, finding all silent in the room, a second ruffian squeezed himself in, with the same caution that the

first had used. I know not what prompted me to change my plan, but this time I struck at the breast, and the bandit, groaning heavily, fell back against the door.

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed several at the same time, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"He is awake, to be sure, and has put his knife into them!" cried a voice that I easily recognised for the old goatherd's. "Fling the door open, and all fire into the room at once."

I held my breath, and drew myself up yet closer to the wall. In the next moment the door was violently forced back by one sudden and united effort, a volley of carbines was discharged right into the chamber, and the whole party rushed in with so much vehemence, pushing and hustling each other, that the lamp-bearer was tumbled to the ground, and in his fall crushed the lamp to pieces.

"Never mind, lads," shouted the old goatherd; "throw the shutters open—throw the shutters open."

With more zeal than prudence they all rushed to obey this order. I could hear them cursing and tugging in the dark, at the bars, and, taking advantage of this happy opportunity, I darted out of the room, and bolted the door behind me. The necessity for speed would not allow of caution, and the sound of course did not escape them, but what then? the door, with its huge bars and iron plates, would stand an infinite deal of battering, and, meanwhile, I hastened down stairs and reached the kitchen, where I unexpectedly found myself face to face with the old hag. It was her life or mine; had I spared her, she would, beyond doubt, have freed the ruffians above, in which case my fate was certain, and, therefore, cruel as it may seem, I struck her down without pity.

Having perpetrated this necessary, though savage, deed, I hurried out just as the banditti had succeeded in getting open the shutters; and, as the moon shone out brightly, they did not fail to discover me. The sight seemed to inflame the old goatherd to madness. He shouted in a voice horse with rage, "After him, lads; don't stand for the height. You are young and active, Diego, and are sure to come safely on your legs."

It may seem to many incredible, but this new and unexpected form of danger so completely paralyzed me, that I stood fixed to the spot, stupidly gazing at the young ruffian as he mounted up to the window-sill. When there he hesitated, appalled, no doubt, by the tremendous height.

"Down with you!" cried the father.

And the son leapt. In less than a second he lay upon the ground below, with his head literally smashed to pieces, in sight of the father whose bidding he had obeyed. Never, while I can recollect anything, shall I forget the horrid howl—it could not be called a cry—of agony set up by the old goatherd, when he heard the crushing sound of the body as it fell to earth, and saw the bloody spattering of the brains as the skull struck upon a fragment of loose stone, disjointed by time from the ruined building.

It is in vain to attempt reasoning upon the springs of human action. Even this hideous spectacle failed to rouse me from my strange stupor, but, what nothing else could do, was effected by so simplé a thing as the baying of a dog. I could not see the animal, but, from the rattling of his chain, he was evidently endeavouring to

break from his confinement, and no doubt for the purpose of flying at me, who was an intruder upon his domains, though a most unwilling one. At this sound, I started off full speed for the cork-wood, about half a mile off, under the shelter of which I might pursue my further flight in comparative safety, should I be fortunate enough to reach it before the goatherds could break down the door I had bolted on them. Scarcely, however, had I run a dozen yards when I heard the panting of a dog behind me. The beast had broken his chain, then, and now what hope remained? Every moment I expected he would seize and pull me down, yet still I continued to fly, vain as might be the hope of escape, and still, without venturing to look round, I was sensible of his being close at my heels.

At length I reached the wood, and, taking fresh courage from its friendly shelter, I faced my enemy, resolved to destroy, or be destroyed, when—sight of joy!—the animal lay down, whining and crouching at my feet. It was Captain, who, like his master, had in his rambles, fallen into the hands of the treacherous goatherds, and like him, too, had been fortunate enough to escape from their clutches. What a singular coincidence! but then, as I mentioned at the very outset, Captain was an odd dog, and so, I suppose, he could not but meet with odd adventures: it was all in character.

I now struck deeper into the forest, hoping that I might ere long, hit upon the main road, or fall in with some peasant, who, for gold, or christian charity, would put me in the right track. Nor had I gone far, before I had the good fortune, as I then considered it, of coming up with a detachment of soldiers on their way to join the troops in the capital; here was at once safety from the treacherous goatherds, and I lost not a moment in claiming their protection, having first given the officer of the party a hasty narrative of what had passed. But, as it turned out, I had only exchanged one peril for another, it being a matter of some doubt whether the last was not likely to prove the greatest. To not one syllable of my story would this sapient commander give credence, and when I produced the miniature in proof of my assertions, he exclaimed, indignantly, "This, with your bloody hands, and general appearance, is quite enough to identify you as the murderer of my friend, Carlos, whose body we have found among the underwood of this very copse, and in the direction whence you came to us. Yonder it lies," he added, pointing to a litter of green boughs, that was carried by four of the troop. "You must go, therefore, with us to Madrid, where the magistrates may decide upon your guilt or innocence, but so convinced am I of your having perpetrated the murder, that, if you escape the law, as many scoundrels before you have done, I will take care you answer for it to myself, though I am half ashamed of crossing my sword with such a ruffian."

Finding the officer so utterly insensible to all reason, I sank into a dogged silence, and obeyed the order to march, since resistance was useless, under the especial escort of half a dozen soldiers, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets. Yet, even this ready compliance, did not secure for me better treatment. The sergeant of the party, thinking it right, no doubt, to model himself upon the example of his superior, affected on the sudden to fancy I intended to escape, and, under this pretext, ordered me to be handcuffed, when, having thus deprived me of every chance of defending myself, he freely exer-

cised his halberd on my back and shoulders. As the sun was getting high, and the road was both rough and hilly, I felt well nigh exhausted long ere the day's march was over, and when at length we reached the posada, a little before nightfall, I was allowed no better fare than bread and water.

Two days more of equally pleasant travel brought us eventually to Madrid. Here, thought I, my innocence must be speedily made known, and my torments in consequence have an end. But it seems I had reckoned with very little knowledge of Spanish justice, her pace being slower, and her ways even more crooked than with us in England. For full two months was I kept a prisoner in a foul, damp dungeon, without the slightest notice being taken of me, except that the jailor brought me my daily allowance of prison fare; nor did one of my many letters to our ambassador receive any answer, though the fellow swore by all the saints in the calendar, to their having been safely delivered. The only result of my remonstrances on this topic, was to alarm the Spanish authorities lest the secret of my imprisonment should transpire, and my story become noised among the English residents in Madrid, in which case they might reasonably dread some effectual interposition on the part of my countrymen. At least it was to this cause I attributed my sudden, quiet removal to Andalusia, where they were less likely to be interrupted in any course of iniquity they might think proper to adopt. My trial, which took place immediately upon my arrival there, fully justified the suspicion, and, as the judge had evidently made up his mind beforehand to condemn, the affair did not take long. In half an hour, or even less, my guilt was satisfactorily proved, and sentence given that I should be hung the next day upon a gibbet, a degree of speed so unusual in Spanish law as to show they were not altogether without fears of interruption even in this remote quarter. It must, however, be frankly admitted in the Spaniards' excuse, that appearances were much against me, and the prejudices peculiar to the case itself were yet further strengthened and confirmed by the national antipathy existing very generally throughout the Peninsula towards all Englishmen, notwithstanding their recent services. The plight in which I was found, with the marks of blood about me, the miniature belonging to the murdered man in my pocket, the fact of Carlos and I having travelled together, with the not very probable story of our separation, the vain search for a habitation of any kind in the direction I had pointed out,—no doubt arising from my ignorance of the country — all these things, taken together, formed a fearful mass of circumstantial evidence. Of course I did not view the matter exactly in this calm, clear light at the time, when sentence of death was passed upon me; few men would; but at this distance of time, when the whole scene lives with me only as a fevered dream, as an exciting recollection like that which belongs to some strongly-written tale, I do not so much feel disposed to quarrel with Spanish justice.

Notwithstanding the terms of my sentence, nearly another month elapsed of captivity in the Seville jail, and but for the rations of food that regularly appeared at the same stated hours, I should have fancied myself forgotten. "Dame Justice," said I, to myself, "is slow in tying the hangman's knot, perhaps, from the want of prac-

tice; so much the better; there is some chance she may overlook me altogether." But I did the good lady wrong, for early one morning she sent the turnkey to my cell, with several other officials, and a file of soldiers, to escort me to the gallows. My first idea on seeing this conclave was to resist to the utmost, with the hope of dying in the struggle, but it is wonderful what a change a few months of solitary confinement, and bread and water diet, can bring about in the most determined spirit. I was no longer the same man that had baffled, single-handed, all the efforts of a dozen ruffians in the goat-herd's den; my courage was as hollow as my cheeks, and they were hollow enough, Heaven knows. After the first transient flash of rage was over, I submitted quietly to have my arms pinioned, and, at the voice of my attendants, mechanically took my place in the procession, that now set forth amidst an immense crowd assembled for the humane purpose of seeing how an Englishman would look, suspended from a gibbet.

Dying in a strange land, with no friendly voice to soothe or comfort, is in every case reckoned an aggravation of the tremendous hour we must all pass through sooner or later, and I much question if the sense of loneliness and desolation, is diminished when death expects us, not on a pillow of down, but on the hard boards of a scaffold. Disease and sickness, however painful in themselves, are yet the ministers sent by benevolent nature to lessen our instinctive dread of the grave, and gradually wear away the strands of that strong line, which binds us to life, and which, when whole, can never be snapt asunder except by a tremendous struggle.

But was I alone? no, not entirely; for scarcely had I left the prison on my melancholy road, than Captain made his appearance. It would almost seem as if the poor brute had been sensible of what was going on, for instead of showing the usual signs of canine joy at our meeting, he took his place close behind me, and followed with as much gravity as though he had really been one of the procession. Will it be believed? a smile, half of mirth, and half of pain, crossed my face as the old thought arose even in that hour that *he was an odd dog*. But this feeling was as brief as it was unnatural to the occasion. The clang of the funeral bell jarred on my nerves, shaking me to the very centre; in my ears there was a strange confusion of stunning sounds, like the roar of waters, and the rushing of winds; and the atmosphere around turned to a dull red, in which heaps of little black specks were flying about, while the earth itself seemed to be sliding and slipping from under my feet. So strong was this last impression, that I leant with all my weight on the attendant priest at my right hand, lest I should fall.

A frightful stillness and clearness now succeeded, both to my brain and sight. I was at the foot of the scaffold, but hesitated, and the executioner was urging me to ascend when a loud cry burst from the nearest of the spectators. My faithful dog had suddenly, without any cause as it seemed or warning, flown at one of them and pulled him to the ground, fairly pinning him by the throat. In his fear and agony the man shouted for help, but, unfortunately for him, he was surrounded on all sides by women, who had pressed thus forward with true female curiosity, and who were afraid to render the aid they prevented others from affording. That voice! I

knew it in an instant, it was the old goatherd's! and at the sound, the blood, that had stagnated at my heart, again flowed freely, and I called aloud on those around to seize the murderer.

On occasions of this kind, a trifle will in a minute change the feelings of the people, or perhaps it is the charm which the surprising never fails to exercise over the human imagination. Of all that vast multitude, so hostile, or, at best, indifferent, a few moments since, there was probably not one whose bosom did not now throb with kindly feelings for the poor stranger. My innocence was as readily and as groundlessly admitted at this cry, as my guilt had been before. Some friendly hand even went so far as to cut my bonds, when I rushed to the spot where the goatherd was still vainly struggling with Captain, and just in time to save the dog from the sticks and stones that would soon have beaten his brains out, though too late to help his victim. Life was ebbing fast from some wounded artery, and he called in a faint voice for the priest; for, however loaded with blood and crimes a Spaniard may have been, the sentiment of religion seldom fails to awake in him at the last moment. At his summons, the priest in attendance on me, stept to his side, holding the cross before his failing eyes, and exhorting him to reconcile himself to heaven by a full confession of his earthly sins. And he did confess! His last words, uttered at broken intervals, and with great difficulty, acknowledged him for the murderer of Carlos, and the next moment he set the seal on that confession by his death.

While we were yet gazing on his last struggles, there was a commotion amongst the more distant part of the spectators,—cries of "Stop the execution!" with a waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and presently a troop of horse, breaking through the crowd, made straight for the scaffold.

"Where is he?" exclaimed the officer; "on peril of your lives, where is the Englishman?"

A hundred voices answered, "Here! here!" and so intent was every one in communicating what had just passed, that it was with some difficulty he could make out the truth. When at length he did learn that the goatherd had in dying acknowledged himself for the murderer of Carlos, he said, touching his hat to me with all the dignity of a Spanish cavalier,

"I congratulate you, senhor, on this singular chance; though, had it not been so, I have come by her Majesty's order to bring you to Madrid, that your case might undergo revision. You owe this grace to your ambassador, who did not hear of your danger till the eleventh hour."

It were useless to dwell on what was said and done in consequence of this order from the capital. In a few weeks Captain and I had left Spain, and now—poor fellow!—he rests under the shade of a willow-tree in my little garden, while my hairs are turning grey. There, in a summer's evening, I often sit smoking my cigar, with my feet upon his grave, and then, — I am almost ashamed to own it, but truth is truth,—I feel for my poor dog what I seldom felt for human being.



London Richard Bentley 1841

THE FORTUNES OF THE SCATTERGOOD FAMILY.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XXV.

The duties of a governess in a "genteel family."

It was long before sleep came, and brought its temporary relief to poor Clara's despondency. The cheerless room,—the painful feeling, for the first time, of inferiority and dependance, — the unpromising prospect of comfort before her, from the specimens she had experienced that evening; and the sorrow attendant upon this first estrangement from home, with its dispiriting novelty, all tended to prevent her, for a long time, from finding any refuge in slumber from her wretchedness. And through the long, dreary hours of night, when all her meditations partook of its gloom, and the merest unpleasantry, that would scarcely have cost a thought of uneasiness in the daytime, became magnified by undiverted thought into an overwhelming misery, her tears fell fast upon the pillow.

She counted every succeeding division of the hours as they rang out from strange clocks in cold, melancholy chimes, until the grey morning twilight stole into her chamber, and the first sound of movement was heard in the square; and not till then, worn out with sorrow and anxiety did she fall asleep. But it was only to dream of former happy times, vaguely intermingled, in visionary confusion, with the events of a bright and glowing present: cheering phantasms, which only make the waking reality more dejected,—*ignes fatui* of the mind, the more resplendent by contrast, in proportion as all around is depressing and hopeless.

She was aroused at halfpast seven by the nursery maid, whom she had met on the preceding evening; and who now civilly came, and offered to assist her in dressing. She then learned it would be part of her duty to make breakfast every morning for Mr. Constable, previously to his departing for the City. For Mrs. Constable's duties to society kept her from rest so very late every evening, that she found it impossibie both to sit up and get up; and, consequently, the duties of the breakfast-table usually devolved upon the governess. For, of course the governess could not expect any evening-visiting, and might go to bed at eight o'clock, if she wished it, so long as her charges were disposed of, and she was not wanted to be useful before company in the drawing-room.

Clara had not yet seen Mr. Constable. He received her at the breakfast-table with a staid civility, which expressed what he possibly thought, — "I should be very happy in being polite to you, but the restraints of society must be observed, and my wife would not be pleased at my making you of more consequence than is proper for your situation." So his courtesy towards Clara began and terminated in a grave sideways bow, and one or two cold inquiries about her

family: after which he took up a damp morning-paper that was lying on the table, and began to peruse it very intensely, paying no more attention to her than speaking when he wanted anything.

The new governess felt cruelly humbled. She could not take breakfast, for there had been only one cup and saucer laid; and she could not help deeming herself almost reduced to the position of a barmaid of private life, waiting in attendance at the counter, to dispense whatever might be asked for. At length Mr. Constable finished; and then, with another lateral bow, walked out of the room. His departure was some relief to Clara. She ventured to think about commencing her own meal, and rang the bell accordingly. A servant in plain clothes, with a cotton jacket, apparently higher in command than the extreme plush, answered the summons; and keeping half in and half out of the room, with the handle of the door in his hand, waited to know what was wanted.

"I will trouble you for another cup and saucer," said Clara mildly. She almost felt she was speaking to an equal.

"My mistress always takes her coffee in bed," replied the man.

He was evidently a superior servant, who had lived in families of the first gentility, and knew his duty better than to say "miss" to a governess.

"It was for myself I wanted it," said Clara.

"Mrs. Bingham's laid breakfast in the nursery for you, and the young ladies, and Master Neville," replied the servant. "Miss Wilson always breakfasted in the nursery," he added, in a tone which obviously betrayed the mental addition of "and why shouldn't you?"

And, having condescended to deliver himself of thus much, he walked towards the table, took up the paper, and disappeared, leaving the door open behind him, as if it was meant as a hint to Clara to re-ascend to her proper sphere.

This short colloquy let her into the secret as to in what light she was to be looked upon in the house. Society has the same links in its scale as the animal creation: and a governess in such a family as the Constables' was evidently considered the connecting tie between the family and the domestics; but, like anomalous classes generally, either in zoology, social life, or politics, looked at shyly by both the species, with which they held any attributes in common.

The olive-branches of the Constable family were seated at the table when she entered the apartment — half school-room, half nursery, where they were generally domiciled, Master Neville being in disgrace with Bingham for having emptied the contents of a small Noah's ark into the slop-basin, for the purpose of seeing whether the camels could swim or no. The children luxuriated upon milk and water; but there was a black teapot on the hob, which Clara was informed contained the infusion of what the Constables' grocer in Tottenham Court Road,—their acknowledged one in Piccadilly was chimerical, — recommended to his customers as "good sound family congou, at three-and-fourpence." Neville was yet crying from a recent chastisement, to which Eleanor kept up an accompaniment upon a small musical instrument of three indefinite notes, along the top of which passed a continuous procession of poultry, who ran along a tape out of one sentry-box, and into another, with no apparent end beyond the gratification of a cylindrical lady in a round red hat, with a stick in

her hand; and who watched their progress with as much interest as the direction of her eyes allowed, which were found to be, upon close inspection, one under her ear, and the other in the centre of her cheek. Blanche was simply trying how far she could poke her spoon into her mouth without choking, and indulging in a desultory humming as she watched the proceedings of the other two.

"There!" cried Bingham, as Clara entered; "here's Miss Scattergood, I declare! I wonder what she will say to you now."

"I don't care," said Neville, making a face at Clara which might have been construed into a personation of the cherubim who blow the winds in old classical pictures of tempests.

"I knew a little boy once," said Clara, "who always said 'don't care,' and was at last eaten by wild beasts."

"No you didn't," replied Miss Eleanor, "for it's in the spelling-books. Oo-o-o-o-o! you're a story, you are!"

"I must tell mamma you have been naughty, I'm afraid, if you don't mind me," said Clara, trying to look as angry as her sweet face allowed.

"Ah! then I know what I'll do, and so does Eleanor, and so does Blanche," returned Neville. Then, repeating the words to the air of the preceding evening, he chorused, "I know what I'll do, and I know what I'll do, and I know———"

"Silence!" cried Bingham sharply. "How dare you make such a noise!"

"When Miss Wilson told mamma, I hit her in the face with Nelly's doll, and made her bleed," said Neville, with an air of triumph.

"We had more money than she had," said Eleanor, "and we told her so; a nasty cross thing!"

"All our things were better than her's, too," continued Blanche: "Mamma said they were. Ah! you hav'n't got a velvet dress, I know. We have."

And in conversation similar to this, with equally pleasant remarks from the "sharp little things," did the remainder of the breakfast-time pass.

When they had finished, Clara, after some trouble, made them get their books, and endeavoured to find out what they knew. Their stock of learning was exceedingly limited, and she was considering what she should first do when Mrs. Constable entered the nursery.

At their first interview the mistress of the house had been, as we noticed, tolerably courteous; but now that Clara was acknowledgedly a governess in her family, her whole demeanour altered to that of extreme distance. The question was whether she was not most polite to Bingham, who was certainly more independent than Clara, received very good wages, and could leave when she chose, with the prospect of obtaining another place immediately.

"You need not be so particular about their reading, Miss Scattergood," observed Mrs. Constable to Clara, who was turning over the dirty, dog's-eared books, in some perplexity. "French, if you please, and music, I wish to be the chief features in their education.

"I shall learn French, mamma, sha'n't I?" said Neville; "and then I shall know what you mean when you speak French to papa, and don't want us to make out what you say."

"I should like to hear you on the instrument," said Mrs. Constable to Clara; "perhaps you will be so good as to play some tune."

She pointed to the corner of the room, where an old square piano —a staggering four-pounder—was stationed. Clara sat down to it; but the first chords struck were enough to shew her what effect would be produced. She played two or three waltzes, whilst Mrs. Constable looked coldly on, with the grave air of a judge, but without any expression of approbation or the contrary. It was a nervous undertaking for Clara to be thus watched; and the wretched jangling piano did not much assist her, so that there was little cause for wonder if she played with less spirit than in common.

"What ugly tunes those are," observed Miss Eleanor, as the new governess concluded. "I liked Miss Wilson's best."

"You will be astonished at the ears my children have," observed Mrs. Constable to Clara. People who called at the house, and found the remarks they made in an undertone were heard and repeated, often thought the same thing. "But—you will excuse me—I think your playing wants a little brilliancy,—and touch. Touch is what I wish you particularly to attend to with the children."

"I think, ma'am, you would find a slight improvement if I had another piano," answered Clara modestly.

"Very likely," replied the lady. "This is one of Broadwood's, too."

Mrs. Constable evidently thought pianos were the same as violins, and improved with age.

"You will, also, be good enough not to omit practising Blanche's voice. You sing, I believe; at least, I think that was understood in the engagement?"

Clara bowed her head in acquiescence.

"Will you let me hear you?" asked Mrs. Constable.

"I am sorry to say I have a very bad cold at present," said Clara; "if you will excuse me, I would rather not."

"Dear me! that is rather unfortunate," replied the other, possibly surprized that governesses should ever take cold. "Blanche, my love, let me hear you sing."

But Blanche did not choose to sing just at that minute; whereupon Master Neville, who never required much pressing, directly struck up a popular infantile melody, which he had picked up from the children who played outside the square-railings on fine evenings. The others joined in chorus, and the Babel was only put down by the most strenuous exertions and assaults that Bingham dared to make before her mistress.

"You will be able to form some idea this morning of what they require to be taught," said Mrs. Constable; "but, with respect to the piano, pay great attention to the touch. We have a better instrument in the drawing-room, on which you shall play this evening. We have a few friends coming to arrange about a fancy-ball I am about to give."

And with these final observations the lady sailed out of the room, taking Bingham with her, to consult upon domestic affairs, and leaving Clara alone with her interesting charges, to manage and instruct as she best might.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mr. Joe Jollit wins a smile from Mr. Snarry, who still struggles with his feelings.

It was a fine sparkling afternoon—the morrow of the pic-nic—and Brunswick Wharf, Blackwall, was all life and gaiety. Bands of music, of untiring vigour, played lustily from elevated positions: and guests with light hearts and heavy appetites arrived each minute by land or water to demolish whitebait, with the reckless addition of cold punch and ducks, or the more sneaking subterfuge of premature tea. Visitors rested themselves upon the seats, and fancied they were at the sea-side; or perilously ventured to the extreme verge of the wharf for the sake of a purer blow. Knowing fellows with cigars, check trowsers, and hats worn at angles, called schooners "brigs," and pointed out vessels, unknown to everybody else, as craft with whose captains they were intimately acquainted; whilst many others lingered on the pier in conversation until the time came for the steamer to depart for Gravesend.

Amongst these last, in grave costume as became the Bank, were Mr. Snarry and the vivacious Jollit. The expected train arrived: the bell rang, and then, as Joe remarked to his friend, they were once more upon the waters, yet once more! The traces of yesterday's revelry had entirely vanished; appetite had returned, and they descended into the cabin to dinner, being warned thereunto by various assistants, who appeared suddenly, like Eastern genii, with cooked meats under cover, no one might tell wherefrom, and hurried about the deck, wafting savoury odours of roast and boiled, to entice and determine vacillating passengers.

Everybody on board knew Mr. Joe Jollit; and everybody appeared anxious to make room for him near them when he entered the cabin. But he took the top of the table, with Mr. Snarry on his right hand; and then he proceeded to "come out" as was his wont, directing his attacks chiefly against a fat curly-headed boy in attendance, whom he loved to insult by sarcastic allusions and speeches, or confuse by imaginary orders for rare viands and beverages. And in the interims of pleasantry he delighted the company by giving his far-famed imitation of the four-in-hand cornet, in an accompaniment to the band upon deck. This was in some measure useful in making out the tune; for the trombone was the only instrument heard, in consequence of its end being projected through the top window; and a trombone by itself is not an agreeable solo.

"Now, Periwinkle!" cried Mr. Jollit to the boy, for so had he christened him; "look alive. A pint of pale ale, and ask the engineer for a nice fresh cinder to put in it."

"He seems to know his name," observed Mr. Snarry as the boy grinned and dived out of sight into one of those mystic closets with which steamers abound.

"I should think so," returned Joe. "I called him Periwinkle, because when I first patronized the boat, he was so dunny that I was always obliged to wind him up out of the cabin stairs with my stick, before he would come, when I wanted anything. He 's better now. What 's that, sir!"

"Pale ale, sir," replied the boy, placing the bottle on the table.

"Very good. Thirsty people find that a fine 'bass relief,'" observed Mr. Jollit, in the pride of a pun.

"Whereabouts are we, steward?" inquired one of the guests of the principal attendant, who was cutting veneers from a fillet of veal, as if he were working for his life.

The gentleman who asked the question was reading the "Steamboat Companion," and drinking brandy-and-water, to beguile himself into an idea that he was making a voyage, at one of the side-tables.

"If you go upon deck, sir," said Mr. Jollit, "you will see, written on a board, 'You are requested not to speak to the man at the *weal*.'"

The gentleman looked somewhat angry at the uncalled-for observation; but Mr. Jollit followed up his speech in a sort of double-barrelled joke fashion, by asking:—

"Why is that guide-book like a pair of handcuffs? Because it is meant for 'two wrists'—tourists!—don't you see? I think I had you there!"

The rest of the company laughed: and the strange guest, after deliberating for a minute or two what he should do, did the same.

"That friend of your's is an odd fellow," whispered a gentleman to Mr. Snarry.

"I was not aware of it, sir," replied Mr. Jollit, whose ears were ever keenly open to the remarks of those around him. "If I have given you the sign of the order it has been by accident."

"I was alluding to Periwinkle, as you call him," observed the gentleman.

"Ah! he's a remarkable boy," replied Joe, catching hold of the young steward by his coat, and pulling him back as he was going. "His father was many years exposed in chains opposite Blackwall, and he never had a mother. Periwinkle!"

"Yes, sir," added the boy quickly. He evidently stood in awe of Joe.

"Transfer the earthenware, sir, and produce the herbage. Will you have any more of these verdant swanshot?" he added, offering the peas to Mr. Snarry.

His friend declined.

"These boats are fine things for people of delicate appetites," said Joe, as the vibration was more than usually perceptible.

"Why so?" inquired Mr. Snarry, in kindness and charity, seeing he waited to be asked.

"Because you have only to put the food in your mouth, and it is sure to be shaken down whether you will or no," replied Jollit.

"The victuals are always very good, I'm sure;" urged Mr. Snarry.

"Snarry, my friend,"—replied Joe affectionately,—"oblige me by not saying *victuals*: it is an ugly word. I know not why, but "victuals" never seems to mean anything else beyond cold potatoes, mutton bones, and pie-crust; say food, viands, refreshment—anything but victuals. Periwinkle; do you call that clearing away? I must lecture you. Come here, sir!"

He pointed reproachfully to a solitary pea, that was wandering vaguely about the table-cloth with the motion of the vessel; and then again seized the lad with a firm grasp.

"The pea," observed Mr. Jollit, looking gravely at Periwinkle, and assuming the tone of a lecturer; "the pea, though small, offers a beautiful example of design in the vegetable creation. In infancy, when our hopes and fears are to each other known, it excites our wonder, enclosed within the tiny drum of childhood. In youth it invokes the spirit of independence, when projected against the windows of the obnoxious tradesman from the tube of moderate price. And in riper years it exercises the talents of the ingenious housekeeper, who knows that though too tough to boil with bacon, it will yet stew with veal. In the elaborate language of common place life, it is called a *pea;* in the more simple nomenclature of botany it is denominated a "*papilionaceous legume.*" Now, sir, if you do not repeat this to me, word for word, to-morrow afternoon, I shall put you into the boiler, until you are done to rags. Go along, sir!"

And Mr. Joe Jillet finished his oration by kicking Periwinkle all along the cabin, against various guests, and telling him to give the steward the change.

When dinner was over, Mr. Snarry and his friend went upon deck, —for they are not great wine-drinkers on board the Gravesend boats, —and here Mr. Jollit amused himself by pointing out imaginary localities on the banks of the river,—Netley Abbey, Kenilworth Castle, and the like—to strange old ladies; after which, he occupied twenty minutes in what he termed dodging the music, which was shifting away from the man who came round for coppers: and lastly, he took his seat with his companion on the edge of the boat, behind the man at the wheel.

The pale ale had opened the springs of Mr. Snarry's affections. It is lowering to the majesty of the mind to think how much of romance occasionally depends upon bottled beer: but yet this cannot be denied. And as he watched the landscape on either side, with the river winking and sparkling in the afternoon sun, he allowed his thoughts to return to Clara Scattergood, over whom a space of both time and distance was throwing a greater halo, to the detriment of Mrs. Hankins's sister. For so it ever is. We look back with lingering fondness, admiration, and even regret, to the past, which possibly was not one whit more agreeable than the present, because distance takes off the rough edges, and allows only a softened and favourable view of it. In like manner, the traveller crossing to the Continent, throws many a glance of fondness and pleasure towards the white cliffs of the sea-port town that he has left behind, pondering upon their general view only, and never calling to mind the fleas, the landladies, and the tavern bills that therein excited so much of discontent and sorrow.

Mr. Jollit divined his friend's thoughts; and looking at him with an expression of great meaning, as if he had something to communicate of importance, said,

"What do you think?"

Mr. Snarry could not tell.

"Who do you imagine that is from?" enquired Mr. Jollit, taking a parcel from the pocket of his coat. And without waiting for a reply, he went on. "That direction was written by Miss Scattergood."

It was an ordinary parcel of brown paper, tied with packthread

and sealed; but from that minute it became in Mr. Snarry's eyes a casket of morocco and gold.

"And how on earth did *you* come by it?" he asked, all astonishment.

"Bodle came just before we left to-day, and asked me to take it to the address in Gravesend. He heard Mrs. Scattergood saying she wished it delivered by a private hand, as there was an answer expected of some consequence; and, just like him, offered to do it, without having the least notion of when he could."

"I think he might have asked me," said Snarry, slightly offended, "considering I lived in the house, and knew the family."

"Why, so he would have done," answered Joe, "only you had just gone. However, you shall come with me if you like."

"Where is it?"

"'Gregory Scattergood, Esq., Chamouny Cottage, Windmill Hill,'" said Joe, reading the address.

"It's a brother of our one," said Snarry. "The little boy used to talk sometimes about his uncle Gregory, who'd got lots of money, but never gave him anything. He said he was mad."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder," replied Jollit: "Bodle said something about not being surprised by eccentricities: only those musical people are always in the clouds, and you never can tell precisely what they mean."

The remainder of the journey passed without any particular excitement, except a slight personal encounter between Periwinkle and Mr. Jollit, in consequence of the former having said to him, "Any orders, gents?" in a mechanical manner, before he knew whom he was addressing.

"I think he will remember that," said Joe, once more kicking him several yards off, and throwing after him the large pincushion tied round with rope that was let down over the side of the boat when it came near a pier, which completed his downfall, to the discomfort of two gentlemen who were playing chess on the top of a bandbox.

"That is an insult," continued the funny gentleman. "Ever since I came by this boat, Periwinkle has brought round a broken old basket containing three tough sun-dried cigars, a fossil captain's biscuit, and an empty ginger-beer bottle, which he calls refreshments. He wont do it again, I know."

By this time the boat came alongside the Terrace Pier; and after Mr. Jollit had returned various salutations not intended for him, from people he did not know who where waiting for their friends, and challenged the steward to a rifle-match at Rosherville for the price of the passage, he went on shore with the rest of the passengers.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A singular member of the Scattergood family is introduced to the reader.

Anxious to become acquainted with any relative of the object of his thoughts, Mr. Snarry allowed no rest to his companion until they started forth to deliver the parcel; although Mrs. Hankins's sister was looking out for them in a new muslin dress of so delicate a tex-

ture, that she became a walking fly-trap, to the admiration of all beholders. But Mr. Snarry gave a hurried, though courteous greeting; and hoping to have the pleasure of seeing her by and by, dragged Jollit on towards the heights above the town.

They went up Parrock Street, which, as a newspaper would have said, presented a gay and animated appearance. For there were long lines of hack carriages, of every form and description; with the drivers upon the boxes, like so many beasts of prey waiting to pounce upon inoffensive travellers, and bear them off they knew not whither, until they came to pay. And at the lodging-houses, every first-floor window was open, and had an occupant of the softer sex, and sometimes two: wives looking out anxiously to see if their husbands had arrived, or, perhaps, if they had not: young ladies expecting their devoted cavaliers, upon whose advent their presence at Rosherville, that evening depended: and snug coteries, in the plenitude of unlimited shrimps and water-cresses, gazing down upon the passengers, and making such remarks as their temperament dictated—jocular, matter-of-fact, or satirical. But still, in spite of all the houses being lodgings, where the thousands went who hourly landed, remained in the same mystic obscurity, and ever will. The steam-boats might almost be considered as enormous fireworks, which discharged crowds of human sparks in rapid succession, who coruscated on the pier for an instant, and then vanishing away altogether, were seen no more.

Mr. Jollit and Mr Snarry passed on: and at length, after much investigation amongst a region of cottages in the various styles of Elizabethan, Swiss, Gothic, and Cockney Tudor, discovered the house they were seeking, after passing it three times. But this oversight may be excused, when it is stated that the name was inverted, as well as the brass-plate on the door, which read thus:

MR. GREGORY SCATTERGOOD.
RING THE BELL.

"Well," said Joe, "I don't know what you think, but this looks very like as if he *was* mad. Never mind—here goes."

So speaking, he pulled the bell, and the next minute a page answered the door. Mr. Jollit explained his mission, and they were shown into the hall, where they were left whilst the servant went to announce them, to their utter astonishment turning over and walking upon his hands, like mountebanks at fairs, with his heels in the air.

Mr. Jollit, forgetting what was due to politeness in his perception of the ludicrous, immediately went off into a roar of laughter: whilst Mr. Snarry, who began to feel very nervous and uncomfortable, sidled towards the door. But the page almost immediately returned, in the same strange fashion, and begged them to enter.

However singular everything had yet appeared, they were astonished a little more at entering the parlour. It was a remarkable room, and the first sight of it always brought the visitor to one of two decisive conclusions,—either that he himself was wonderfully drunk, or the owner intensely mad. Between these two ideas there was no medium: which may readily be conceived when the room, which the gentlemen entered, is described.

The floor was simply whitewashed, and along the ceiling was stretched a handsome Brussels carpet. The paper was a rich flock,

consisting of sprigs all growing downwards; and several engravings were hung from the walls, but everyone was upside down; as also was a birdcage in the window, although the inmate did not accommodate himself to its position. Two gilt cornices were placed on the ground, below the French windows, with muslin curtains pulled up from them, and thrown over the pins at the side; and the venetian blinds drew up from the floor. The chairs and tables were in their ordinary position, it possibly having been found impracticable to make them assume any other, without screwing their legs to the ceiling; but there was a bust of Sir Isaac Newton on a bracket which was topsy-turvy, kept so by some artful mechanical contrivance.

A cheerful-looking old gentleman, with grey hair, was sitting in a large easy-chair at the end of the room, whom Mr. Jollit half expected to see with Wellington boots on his hands, and his legs thrust into the arms of a coat. But he was mistaken: there was nothing out of the common way in his appearance: on the contrary, he was dressed with minute care.

"Mr. Gregory Scattergood, I believe," said Mr. Jollit politely, still wondering what it all meant.

"Yes, sir," said the old gentleman, "I am Mr. Gregory Scattergood — or rather," he added with a sigh, "I was; for I have learned to disbelieve my own senses."

"I have brought this parcel from your brother, sir; and I have to request an answer."

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, shaking his head: "I wonder what he wants now, and so and so. I am sorry to keep you in this painful position, but what can I do?"

Mr. Snarry looked at Mr. Jollit, who returned the glance; and then they both assumed an expression of perfect incompetency to reply to his question, or define its meaning.

"I must get you to read it," said the old gentleman. "I suppose there are no secrets, and I have broken my spectacles, and so and so. They flew off from me centrifugally, as everything else goes."

Mr. Snarry eagerly took the letter; whilst Joe Jollit appeared labouring under the most painfully apoplectic attempt to restrain a laugh that it is possible to conceive.

"Why, that's a month ago," said Mr. Gregory Scattergood, as Snarry read the date. "Ah! I suppose my brother had to forward it, and so and so. Go on, sir; if you can read, so strangely placed."

The visitors were again at a loss to divine his meaning; but Mr. Snarry read as follows, with a palpitating heart; for he saw the lines were traced by *her* hand:—

"My dear Uncle,—You will doubtless be surprised to receive a letter from us, considering how long we have been silent. But if you are angry, you must blame me alone; for it is all my doing, and I had to use great persuasion to get papa's and mamma's consent.

"You need not be told how much our circumstances are altered since we last saw you. We left Boulogne six months ago, and since then have been lodging in London, in the hope that papa may ultimately find a situation in a government office, through some of his electioneering friends, to whom he was agent. But hitherto his efforts have met with but little success.

"It is a long time since we have heard from Vincent; but we hope he is doing well. Freddy is at Merchant Tailors'; and I am going out as a governess, in a family to which I have been recommended, at the end of the month.

"I need not tell you that these changes have put us to some expense, which, although comparatively trifling, we can very ill afford; and I have ventured to solicit your assistance in a loan of twenty pounds. Papa could get the money in town upon the same security that we shall offer you, (for it is only with the understanding of its being repaid as speedily as possible that I am permitted to write); but he would, I am sure, prefer any other method. He has already suffered so severely by the bill-discounters, and people of that class.

"I wished papa to have come with me to your house; but we have been so long apart that he said he did not know how you would receive him. And, pray forgive me, uncle, if I have done wrong in thus acting, for, as I said before, I must take it entirely upon myself. Be assured, too, that the pain attendant upon asking is in itself sufficient punishment for so doing. With our kind remembrances, believe me to be your affectionate niece, CLARA SCATTERGOOD."

"Umph!" said the old gentleman pettishly, as Mr. Snarry, with a tremulous voice, finished the letter, "all their own faults—every bit. Do you know them, sir, and so and so, and so and so?"

"Very well, indeed," replied Snarry, getting used to his odd host's expletives. "I lived in the same house, sir."

"Ah! well; eh? and so and so," continued Mr. Scattergood, twitching his nose about nervously, as if he smelt imaginary salts. "There—wait a bit, sir—wait a bit. Ring the bell; and when that mad servant of mine comes, tell him you want some wine."

As he spoke, the eccentric gentleman left the room, and Mr. Snarry joined Mr. Jollit in an irrepressible fit of laughter, which was only stopped by the appearance of the servant, who walked in upon his hands, like a clown, and had evidently opened the doorwith his heels. As soon as he saw that his master was not there, he resumed his natural position, and establishing himself immediately upon those terms of easy familiarity only to be acquired by intercourse with society, exclaimed, pointing out of the room, with a jocose grin,

"Isn't he mad, too—that 's all."

"I hardly know myself whether I 've been on my head or my heels," said Mr. Snarry, getting more bewildered every minute.

"Well, you 're on your heels now, if that 's any consolation," answered Jollit positively.

"You wouldn't know at all if you lived here long," said the boy.

"But what does all this lunacy mean?" asked Jollit, looking about him, and then going off again into convulsions.

"He says all gravity 's upset," replied the boy, with another grin.

"I don't wonder at it,—at all," said Joe: "mine is. And who are you?"

"I 'm the page. He hired me because he saw me walking on my hands for halfpence on Windmill Hill. He says that 's the proper way now the earth's changed. The housemaid wouldn't do it, and so I came."

"The little boy told me once that his uncle was very strange in

some notions he entertained about philosophy," said Snarry; "he made out it was from over-study."

"And so you used to tumble for money," asked Joe, who had a great affection for mountebanks. "Let us see you do something."

"I can pick up sixpence with my eyes," said the boy.

"Well, fire away, then," returned Mr. Jollit.

"Ah! but I hav'n't got the sixpence."

Mr. Jollit, divining the motive, directly threw down the coin, and the boy went through a series of posturings, which the funny gentleman immediately attempted to imitate as near as possible, and with some success. Indeed, Mr. Jollit had commenced a very elaborate feat upon one of the chairs, when Mr. Gregory Scattergood returned.

He was not surprised at finding Mr. Jollit thus engaged: on the contrary, it appeared to please him; for when the facetious visitor dropped into a natural position, the old gentleman begged him not to discompose himself. His gymnastic feat had evidently been a point in his favour.

"There!" he said, placing a parcel in Jollit's hand: "there 's the twenty pounds. Tell them I don't want any security, and then I shall buy them up for good, and so and so. My brother ought to have foreseen all this before. Ugh! bah! he 's mad, sir,—quite mad."

"I will take care that an acknowledgment is sent to you, sir," said Mr. Snarry, who did not choose to be cut out of this, to him, interesting mission, because he could not stand on his head.

"Ah, very well—very well—as you please," replied Mr. Scattergood. "Ask my brother if he recollects trying to get me into a madhouse: the act of a confirmed lunatic, who always thinks everybody else cracked but himself, and so and so. But they found me too particular in money-accounts for them; and my system is the right one."

"Beyond all doubt, sir," answered Jollit.

"To be sure, and it will all come out soon. The centre of gravity is gone, sir,—gone. Apples will no longer fall to the ground; in three years they will go up like balloons when they tumble off the boughs. I am on my head, sir—you are on your head—we 're all on our heads, and so and so."

The old gentleman was evidently getting excited, which state Mr. Snarry did not improve, by rashly observing that no one would think it by looking at them.

"No, sir," said Mr. Gregory Scattergood vehemently, "that is the misfortune; no one would, but the ingenious optician who manufactures telescopes to see about eight miles, and sent me his treatise upon the eye, although I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, which was a mark of respect that would have been improved had he paid the postage, and so and so. Look, sir, and convince yourself."

He took a diagram of the eye from the mantelpiece, exclaiming:—

"There, sir; what do you think of that?"

"It 's very curious," said Mr. Snarry, not knowing at all what to think, and getting more nervous.

"Not a bit curious, sir; as simple as you are. Look at that arrow marked A, B: its image falls upon the retina topsy-turvy, and you see everything in the same manner. How could you be walking along the ceiling as you are, if it were not so?"

"I perfectly agree with you, sir," said Joe Jollit, "and so, I am

sure, does my friend. We will take every care of your polite transmission, and deliver it to-morrow."

And bowing politely to the old gentleman, who was getting as ruffled as an insulted turkey-cock, he left the house with Mr. Snarry,—the latter gentleman evidently alarmed.

"Well," said Joe, as they got out once more into the highway, I rather think we shall make Mrs. Hankins's sister laugh when we tell her about what we have seen. It would not be believed in a book."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Clara is made to feel her position.

For two or three hours did Clara endeavour to find out what the little Constables knew, or rather what they did not, without arriving at any nearer conclusion than she had formed in the first two or three minutes. They were evidently clever children, but entirely beyond all controul: nor, indeed, could they be expected to look up to any governess with respect or obedience, whilst Mrs. Constable herself set them so bad an example in treating her almost as a domestic.

About noon a message was sent up to say that the young ladies and Master Neville were to go for a walk in the square, under Clara's charge. They were to call in the drawing-room as they went down, where Mrs. Constable gave her very minute instructions as to what children they were to associate with, and to avoid.

"Be particular, Miss Scattergood, not to form any acquaintance with those girls in the white bonnets," said Mrs. Constable, pointing to a little party in the enclosure. "They are the Hendersons; very vulgar children, and exceedingly forward."

The Hendersons were remarkably pretty, and always attracted more notice than the Constables.

"Oh! there are the Armstrongs now going in," said Mrs. Constable. "A family of rare attainments, — quite different, I am certain, to any you have ever known: most charming people!"

And here Mrs. Constable ran her eyes up and down Clara's figure with a look of inquiry as to whether her toilet was sufficiently imposing for her to appear with credit before the Armstrongs as the governess in the family. The inspection was satisfactory. Clara was plainly dressed, but everything, albeit, made by herself, fitted so exquisitely that there was no room for fault.

"Now, Blanche — Eleanor," continued the lady; "mind, you are very polite to Bessy Armstrong. And, Miss Scattergood, do not let Neville talk to the low children outside the railings: he picks up all sorts of vulgar habits from them. I shall have my eye upon you."

The children left Clara as soon as they got into the square, and went to their friends, leaving her seated on a bench under a tree, and taking no more notice of her. Two or three of the inhabitants of the surrounding houses were walking about, and as they passed they stared at her, seeing she was a stranger, and then made remarks, just audible, concerning her, and sometimes looked back after walking on a little way. At last a young lady, who was with the

Armstrongs—a pale, delicate girl, about one-and-twenty,—came and offered her a morning-paper to read which she was carrying in her hand. She did this without any introduction, for she perceived that Clara was like herself — a governess; and there was immediately a tacit intimacy established between them, closer than any conventional etiquette would have brought about. For they were both in the same isolated position; no wonder that the one was as glad to accept the proffered acquaintanceship as the other was to offer it.

"You have not been long at Mrs. Constable's?" said her new friend.

"I only came last night," replied Clara. "Do you know anything of them?"

"They are gay people," answered Miss Deacon, — for so was the other young lady called; "but I think Mrs. Constable yields too much to other people's opinions. No one appears to stay long with her."

"Did you know the last governess?" asked Clara.

"Miss Wilson: oh! yes. Poor girl! she had disease of the spine. She was not there many months; and Mrs. Constable actually told her at last that if her figure did not improve she must get rid of her."

An expression of pity and reproach combined fell from Clara's lips.

"I was told that she said, nothing added so much to the respectability of a house as good-looking servants and governesses. And so Miss Wilson went away, — I heard, to a school at Brighton, where she scarcely received any salary, on account of the sea-bathing.

"Did she ever speak about these children?" inquired Clara.

"I believe she thought them very perverse and untractable, although clever. I think sometimes people gain a certain sort of credit for sneering at schools, and talking of their own governesses, which they are but little entitled to.

"In what respect?"

"Because it is a mere point of saving. It is much cheaper to pay us a small salary to teach three or four children, than to put them separately to an academy. I am afraid, though, I must leave my present situation. There is too much to do; and they say my lungs are not very strong. I do not think so myself, though,—do you? See,—I can draw a very long breath."

The young girl made a long inspiration as she looked earnestly at Clara. But towards the end of it she pressed her hand against her left side, and her face assumed an expression of pain.

Clara turned the conversation, and before long they found they had both been to school at Boulogne about the same time, although at different establishments; and this started such a fresh series of questions and reminiscences about the brown dresses which all the young ladies wore at Miss Burton's, and the puce uniforms at Miss Cruickshank's: if they went to the balls at the establishment; and so many others of a similar kind, that Clara was quite sorry when her new friend left her, to look after her charges.

"No one appears to stay long with her," thought Clara, repeating the words of the other. "And if I go away soon, which perhaps I may, how shall I find another situation?"

She took up the newspaper that was lying at her side, and her eye fell upon the second page. There were two entire columns—nearly seventy advertisements of young women wanting to be engaged as

governesses,—nearly seventy records of broken domestic circles, fallen fortunes, and the struggles of refined and educated minds against circumstances! Many offered to teach, too, several branches of education, of which she had not even studied the elements: others would be content with the heartless, unsympathizing home the family or school afforded as an equivalent for their services; and all put forward salaries so modest that they would not have been accepted by a footman or a cook. The sheet did not put forth the wants of a year, a month, nay, a week. It was the chronicle of a single day.

She felt her heart sink at the cheerless prospect, and turned over to the miscellaneous news. Amongst the paragraphs was one that caught her eye. It was headed "Daring burglary and incendiarism," and detailed a robbery and fire that had taken place at some country-house in Essex, near the town where her family had once resided, and with whose inmates they had formerly been on terms of some intimacy. It ended by stating that the leader of the gang had been taken; but that at present, for certain reasons, his name had been suppressed. She had scarcely time to finish the piece of intelligence, which somewhat interested her, before Miss Deacon came for the paper, as they were going to leave the square. Clara expressed no little pleasure at having met some one in a similar situation to herself, who might be a companion; and then almost immediately afterwards, accompanied by the children, whom she had some difficulty in getting together, went home to the nursery-dinner.

The afternoon passed away much in the same manner as the morning, with the exception that the children were more rebellious and troublesome, as soon as they found their mamma had started forth to pay visits. At bed-time, also, there was a terrible uproar, in consequence of Master Neville having discovered that Blanche was to sit up in the drawing-room, as some friends were expected. But, what with threats and bribes, the latter preponderating, he was at length pacified. And then a message was brought up to the nursery by the servant in plain clothes, requesting "that Miss Scattergood would be so good as to come down, and bring her music with her."

Having accomplished his mission, and without waiting for any reply, the man went away. Clara collected a few sets of waltzes and quadrilles, and putting aside her tea, which she was just about to commence, in all the form of the black tea-pot and German-silver spoon, went down stairs to the drawing-room, where seven or eight of Mrs. Constable's friends had assembled.

She entered the room unannounced, and without being introduced to anybody. Two or three of the ladies turned their heads round and stared at her, until Mrs. Constable remarked to them, half audibly, "It is only my new governess, Miss Scattergood," when they immediately turned back again, and went on talking. Clara, however, perceived at a glance that the young man was there who had followed her with the handkerchief in Russell Place. He was sitting at a small side-table, talking and laughing with a young lady, as he copied a fancy costume from a fashion-book lying open before him.

The governess placed her music on the piano, and then silently took her seat at its side, like the musician at an evening party waiting for the signal to commence playing. No one took the least notice of her except the gentleman, who immediately rose from his place, and

offered her a chair. The young lady he had been laughing with evidently thought this a great act of condescension on his part; and Mrs. Constable looked very angrily at Clara, probably for having been so bold as to attract the gentleman's notice.

In a short time the servant in plain clothes entered, bearing coffee, followed by the footman with another waiter, and forming a procession of two. They went round to everybody except Clara, of whom they did not take the least notice, and then left the room. The young man, with whom they all appeared very intimate, and who was called Herbert, noticed the omission, and said politely to Clara,

"I do not think you have had any coffee."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Constable, "dear me, Miss Scattergood, I am afraid they overlooked you. Shall I ring for them to bring you up a cup?"

This was said in a tone which implied, "You will surely never have the assurance to ask for it."

"Thank you, ma'am," replied Clara, as her eyes filled with tears at the unkind slight; "I have taken tea."

Mrs. Constable need not have distressed herself. It was not likely that Clara would have had coffee up for herself alone.

"Then, perhaps, you will be good enough to play something," said the lady, directly afterwards going on with some plan for a costume quadrille at her approaching party.

Clara rose to the piano; but Mr. Herbert went also, and assisted her to open it; and when she began to play, he stood at her side, and turned over the leaves of the music, every now and then uttering a few words of encouragement in a low tone of voice. This was to the great horror of Mrs. Constable, who kept saying, "Come, Herbert, we are waiting for your decision here,"—as well as of the young lady, who looked all sorts of things. But nevertheless he still kept there.

This had gone on some little time, when the butler opened the door, and informed the guests generally that there was a person in the hall inquiring for Miss Scattergood. Clara was surprised, and at the same time annoyed from the man's tone; but, thinking that it might be a message from home, she begged Mrs. Constable would excuse her for a minute, and left the room.

"Dear me, how strange!" said the lady, when she had gone. "I wonder who it can be at this time of night. It is very odd. That is the worst of governesses: you never know what odd sets of connexions they have in the background. I shall ring and inquire."

But as she had been telling her friends, before Clara came, that she was very well connected, upon second thoughts, the lady decided upon not doing so, and turned the conversation.

Some minutes elapsed before Clara came back. At last she returned; and, as she entered the room, her altered appearance struck everybody. She was deadly pale, her lips were quivering, and tears were chasing one another over her almost marble face; whilst she faltered across the room to the piano, and leant upon it for support.

"I fear you are ill," said Mr. Herbert, first speaking, as he rose to lead her to a chair.

But ere he could approach her, she gave a piercing hysterical shriek, yet so full of agony, that it went to the hearts of all present, and then fell senseless upon the floor.



THE LOVELY ONE.

A TALE OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

EDITED BY THE HON. MRS. PUFFINGTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL, WITH TWO PORTRAITS OF THE AUTHOR, IN GLYPHOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

"L' apparence est trompeuse."

AN APOLOGY FOR WRITING.

THERE has been of late so much written descriptive of the manners, customs, and language of the aristocracy of Great Britain, that it would indeed appear a task of supererogation and intrusive impertinence in any one to make the attempt at the "eleventh hour," were we not perfectly aware that most of those who have employed their authorcraft on this delicate subject, have not been able to discover in the gay and witty young lord, enveloped in a loose Waterford frock, a rough Taglioni, or a *dégagé* Chesterfield, with a slouched beaver, and perhaps a cigar, or even pipe in his mouth, lounging about with the air of a groom, the elegant form, the man of wit, the observed of all observers, who for his intrinsic worth is invited to appear at half-a-dozen *soirées* in the same evening. The plebeian writers, who pride themselves upon knowing these specimens of the equestrian order, have described the grub, but not the butterfly!

CHAPTER II.

"Revenons à nos moutons."

"Commencez, mon belier, au commencement."

"Come, let us dance and sing."

"I have the honour to touch the tip of your ladyship's little finger."

THE SOIREE.

"RAP—rap—rap—bang—bang!" went the knocker appended to the "ligneous barricade" of Lord Aldgate's splendid mansion in —— Square.

Eleven o'clock had struck, and a string of carriages kept rattling up to the classic portico of the temple of fashion and hospitality. The powdered livery-footmen swung, with their habitual activity, from behind the *recherché* vehicles; and, what with the rapping, the rattling, and the clattering of carriage-steps, there continued for two hours a discordant *tintamarre* in the ears of the vulgar, but which to the initiated *clique* proved a source of excitement and exhilaration that is indescribable. But we will no longer linger on the threshold; for, being of that fortunate few who have the *entrée* to these select *symposia*, we will at once *chaperon* the reader into the elysium of the drawing-room.

O! the lights and delights of that focus of fashion! We must, however, turn our head as we ascend the grand staircase, notwithstanding our name is announced, and, borne from mouth to mouth of ready lackeys, has already reached the ears of the noble entertainer, for we hear the voice of our old and valued friend, the Marquis of Stratford, who has just entered the hall.

Two servants out of livery, with their stiff white cravats, and white cotton gloves, struggle for precedence, eager to assist the illustrious marquis, whose *bonhomie* and courtesy is notorious, rendering him an excessive favourite with all the menials wherever he condescends to visit.

His rough great-coat, and broad-brimmed beaver are already laid aside, displaying the brilliant star upon his breast. With that familiar smile which only the *élite* of polished society know how and when to assume, he addresses one of the servitors by his baptismal name.

"Joey," says the noble marquis, exhibiting his "*Cartwrights*," "take especial care of my tile and upper Benjamin, for I've just time to pay my dutiful respects to Aldgate; and then, *presto!* I'm off to the Countess of Pugnoso's squeeze. Now, my starters! sing out!" continued the nobleman, still smiling, and gracefully waving his hand to display the brilliant ring upon his smallest digit, he ran up the carpeted stair, to the music of his own name. Dear old man! he was indeed a perfect type of the old *noblesse!*

But, *allons!* to the drawing-room. At least three hundred choice spirits already graced the superb *salon*. Many of the junior branches were already whirling on the "light fantastic toe," accompanied on a grand piano by the celebrated Mr. ——, who was playing the then novel, but now-grown-stale-by-custom, quadrilles, composed of those lively and invigorating transatlantic airs, "Lubly Rosa," "Sich a gitting upstairs!" "Uncle Sam," "Jump Jim Crow," &c. Lord

Aldgate was playing at cribbage with old General Brussels. Some dowagers, rather *passées*, were engaged at whist, or loo, or vingt-et-un, with appropriate partners, in the retired corners of the extensive apartment.

Lady Aldgate, with two of her maids, was squeezing lemons in a huge china bowl, "brewing a jorum of lemonade," as the Marquis of Stratford wittily observed, "for the juveniles." No one could possibly be more attentive to the wants of her numerous friends. *The* evenings we have passed so pleasantly under her roof can never —never be effaced from our grateful memory!

When the dancing ceased the gallant Colonel Buffer presented his hand to the Honourable Miss Augusta Fizzle, and, leading her to the instrument, wound up the music-stool to her height, for she was rather short—in the body, — and it was, indeed, as broad as it was long, as the Marquis naughtily whispered; but, then, her neck was *so* long that it made ample amends for the deficiency. She struck the chords, and in a moment every tongue was hushed, for the polite attention of the aristocracy is a well-known trait in their character. After rattling over the keys with the touch and the *hand* of a master, she ravished the ears of her auditors by the artistical execution of "Una voce poco fa." That first of teachers, Crevelli, might well be proud of such a pupil, and declare, without a particle of untruth, that there were few, if any, on the "boards" who sang like her! Then she was so obliging, that at the particular desire of Lady Aldgate she laid aside her Italian music, and sang "The Woodpecker," and "Alice Gray."

"Beautiful, by jingo!" exclaimed the Honourable Frederick Slipcard; then, turning to an heiress, who was lounging on his arm, he satirically whispered, "But,

"If to her share the *charms of singing* fall,
Look at her phiz, and you 'll forget them all."

"She is, in truth, 'Vox et preterea nihil,'" said the envious little heiress, whose only charm was in her coffers, as she playfully rapped her admirer on the knuckles with her ivory fan.

"Excellent! exceedingly witty!" cried the Honourable Frederick Slipcard. "I must—*corpo di Bacco!* I must and will whisper that splendid *jeu d'esprit* in the ear of our amiable hostess;" and away he hurried, intent upon his errand.

With the rapidity of the lightning's flash the *mot* was circulated among the nobility assembled. A titter convulsed the whole "bevy of beauties," while roars of laughter, accompanied by approving and enthusiastic thumps on the card and other tables, most flatteringly welcomed and applauded the choice *morceau!* Slipcard having fired the train, retreated to the side of his blushing innamorata, to witness the explosion. It was a Mount Vesuvius of approbation! The "iron tongue of Time" now warned the *distingué* party that it was "to-morrow-morning;" and the golden repeaters of the *noblesse* repeated the intimation. After a jovial game at blindman's buff, followed by a witty game at forfeits, the assembly broke up.

CHAPTER III.

"C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour
Qui fait tourner la ronde," &c.

"Sure such a pair was never seen,
So justly formed to meet by nature."

"There swims no goose so grey but soon or late
She finds some honest gander for her mate."

The dowager Countess of Tiddydol had two fair daughters, respectively baptized Araminta Juliana and Mariana Helena.

These two scions of nobility had a companion named simply Mary, the orphan daughter of a clergyman of the established church, who had given her a finished education, and then died, and left her to seek her own fortune in this adamantine world. So perfectly moral was she in her conduct, that she was like a bound-up copy of ethic slips furnished by a writing-master to his caligraphic pupil. Art had done much for her, but Nature had made her so indisputably beautiful — a beauty almost amounting to etheriality — that she perfectly eclipsed the two very plain young ladies towards whom she condescended, from her necessitous circumstances, to perform the ungracious office of companion. She perfectly eclipsed them, without effort or intention; and, too candid to become a "toady," she suddenly lost their "countenance," (which few would have considered a loss,) and her situation. In her disposition sweet and refined as the best lump-sugar, she was only appreciated by the judicious and discerning "very few."

Among the gay and *recherché* society daily, or rather nocturnally constellated in the *salons* of Tiddydol House, there was a brilliant load-star, who, like Mrs. Johnson's soothing-syrup, might not be inaptly termed a "real blessing to mothers," that is to say, those mothers who had marriageable daughters, and who were skilful or fortunate enough to attract his flattering attentions, for he was the cynosure of all eyes! in his person and manners elegant, and in his prospects very attractive, being the only son of the opulent and fast-fading Lord Fitz-fizzle, who, from his advanced age and infirmities, for he had married late, promised fair to "shuffle off" the "mortal coil," and be transported to "another and a better world" with the smallest possible delay.

The Honourable Algernon Fitz-fizzle was in truth what is poetically called a "catch." Her Grace had long "marked him for her own"; but whether Araminta Juliana or Mariana Helena was to be the victim to be sacrificed on the "glittering altar of ambition" was a point not yet decided; at the same time, it must be admitted they were both equally ready and willing to thrust their rather long necks into the hymeneal noose. He was, as the dowager duchess declared, quite "one of the family," and, despising etiquette, was continually at her parties, declaring, in his usual facetious manner, that although he was not in the *army*, he considered that he had a *general* invitation to Tiddydol House. He made morning calls, and would entreat the "girls" to play that long duett from "Norma," while he would loll on the sofa, and stare at Mary, who was poking her needle through a framed canvass, and doing a poodle in Berlin wool for a foot-stool for Araminta Juliana.

He ate sandwiches, and sometimes scrawled "poetry" in their albums, for which he possessed a talent, which, cultivated, might have produced verses worthy of Byron. The following is an epigram with which we have been favoured, from a source which we are not permitted to name:—

"Oh! Araminta Juli*ana*,
How well you play the grand pi*ano*.
Oh! Mariana (oh!) Hel*ena*,
How well you sing that German *scena!*"

What a thousand pities the innate love of the "*dolce far niente*" and the pride of aristocracy should have prevented such a genius from expanding his capacious wings, and soaring like an eagle in the "cerulean realms" of poesy! The contributions of such a man would have made Bentley's Miscellany appear in the splendid livery of an illuminated missal, and all the fairest *fingers* of the female world would have *thumbed* thê book.

The Honourable Algernon Fitz-fizzle was of an ardent temperament, which was harmlessly vented and equalized by twisting off knockers, and driving his buggy upon the broad *trottoirs* of the West, to the terror of all nervous old women and gouty sexagenarians. Although he "never told his love," he secretly pined for the accomplished but dependent Mary, and ultimately found himself "over head and ears in love, and pleased with ruin." What was his consternation when, one day "dropping in" at the dowager duchess's, he found, upon inquiry, that they had displaced his idol from her pedestal. He could not have been more confrabigasticated if her grace and her daughters had discharged a blunderbuss at his devoted head! But he was too fashionable to appear excited. Collecting his scattered senses, which had at first flown affrighted in all directions, he coolly took his leave, resolved to seek his lovely treasure — where? Ay, "that 's the rub!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE RENCONTRE.

"Hinc illæ lachrymæ!"

"Pity the sorrows of a poor *young* man."

"Oh! where, and oh! where has my *pretty lassie* gone?"

"La ci darem la mano!"

"TEMPORA mutantur et nos mutamur in illis." This aphorism may be true, but it was a very libel applied to the Honourable Algernon Fitz-fizzle. The more distant appeared mundane felicity to him, the more he loved the at present unapproachable object of his delicate and sincere affection. In his uncomfortableness he rushed into the billiard-rooms, and lost his game; he lounged into pastry-cooks', and ate ices to cool his fervour; he perambulated the street with a pea-shooter in his hand, and frightened sedate shopkeepers from their lethargy by a discharge of the harmless missiles. But all his efforts were vain and fruitless; he could not reconcile himself

to the bereavement he had sustained. The rain fell in torrents, and the elegant Fitz-fizzle was reclining against a lamp-post; for the tumult of his excited feelings had produced a fever, which he had endeavoured to abate by drinking stiff brandy and water during his peregrinations. Bewildered as he was, poetry still floated like the bubbles of creaming champagne on the surface of his distracted brain, and he muttered,

"Oh! Mary, Mary,
My love shall never vary.
The fates indeed appear contrary;
But still I love thee, lovely Mary."

This pathetic effusion had scarcely issued from his parched lips when a large blue bandbox appeared from the door of a cab, which drew up at the lamp-post, followed by an elegant female, whose graceful figure was concealed in the ample folds of a Tartan cloak.

"What's your fare?" demanded the lady, with all the timidity of modesty and a shallow purse.

"My fare?" said the cabman roughly.

"My *fair!*" echoed Fitz-fizzle, rushing, or rather reeling, forwards, overcome by his feelings—and the brandy and water.

Reader! it was Mary! We could draw a scene; but we *prefer* "drawing a curtain over the scene!"

CHAPTER V.

THE NUPTIALS.

"In my cottage near a wood."

"Whistle, and I'll come to thee, my lad."

"Come, let us dance and sing,
While all Barbadoes' bells shall ring,
Love scrapes the fiddle-string,
And Venus plays the lute."

"Happy, happy, happy pair."

Mrs. Mirvers was an accomplished laundress, and a celebrated clear-starcher. She dwelt in the romantic neighbourhood of Kensington Gravel-pits. On Sundays, she used to sit under the Reverend Theophilus Thumpcushion, and was altogether a moral person,—although she kept six women! She was in her lavatory, formed of an extensive shed, or out-house, with here and there a tile out of the roof, to facilitate the exits and entrances of the steam and fresh air. Up to her red elbows in the suds, she was engaged upon the classification of some "fine things," when she was hastily summoned from the small tub upon three legs to the particularly small apartment in her humble domicile, dignified by the appellation of parlour. A single-dip, with a red-red nose, was on the pembroke table, serving admirably to mystify any ocular penetration of the extent and beauty of the apartment and furniture.

"Mary!" exclaimed she; "why, what in the name o' goodness is in the vind now? Have you left your sitivation?"

"No, my dear madam," said the elegant Algernon, advancing like an Apollo from the obscurity, for Mary was too overcome to give vent to her feelings; "her situation has left her!—Othello's occupation 's gone!"

"And, pray, may I be so bold as to ax who *you* are?" demanded the laundress, looking rather suspiciously upon the gentleman.

"I am this lady's suitor."

"Oh! you 've been a-courting on her; and I s'pose it 's all along o' you she 's got the sack?"

"I believe there is some truth in your supposition," replied Algernon; "but I can, and will, make her amends for the sacrifice she has made."

"But have you anything to do?—are *you* in a sitivation?" demanded Mrs. Mirvers.

"No, madam; but I have expectations—"

"A fig for expectations! A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," said the clear-starcher.

"My dear aunt, be calm," interposed Mary hysterically. "This is the Honourable Algernon Fitz-fizzle, eldest son and heir of Lord Fitz-fizzle. 'His intentions are honourable,' and—"

"Bless me! what a born fool am I," exclaimed Mrs. Mirvers, "not to know one of the orristocracy! Take a seat, my lord—though I 'm afeared 'I 've put my foot in it.' I 'm sure if so be I 'd only known as how—"

"Say no more," said the placable Algernon; "treat this dear and much-loved girl with every attention. With your permission, I will visit her in this humble dwelling; and," continued he, with emphatic eloquence, "when the 'old one' vacates, and I come in for the title and the dibs, I will throw myself at her feet, and be proud to lead her to the altar."

"Oh, gemini! will you, though, and make her a real lady?" cried the delighted Mrs. Mirvers; "and will my dear Mary ride in her carriage? Well, I did think summat would happen; for a *pus* flew out of the fire last night; and, come a week next Friday, I dreamed of a burying, which is a sure sign of weddin'. It never rains but it pours. I al'ays said Mary would be a honour to her family. I hope, my lord, ven you comes in for the title, and all that, you 'll think of Mrs. Mirvers. I shall be happy to do for your lordship."

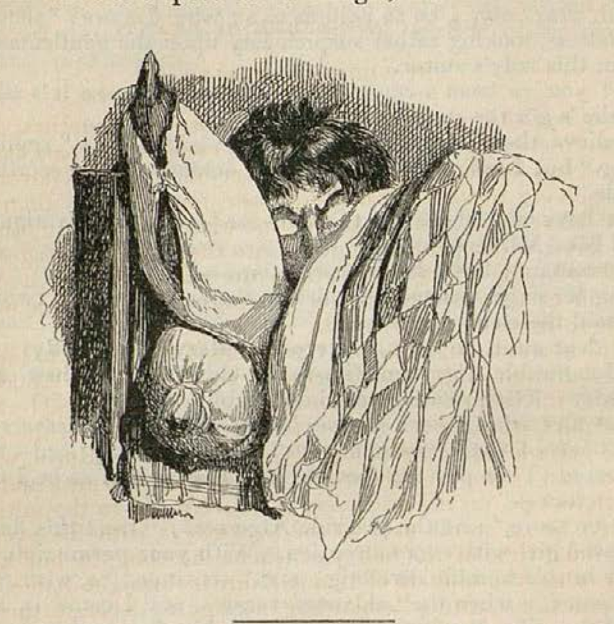
"You may rely upon me for doing all in my power to promote the interest of all connected by ties of blood to my adorable Mary," answered Algernon, cordially taking the hot pulpy hand of the laundress, and pressing it fervently. Bidding an affectionate adieu to Mary, he departed, when Mrs. Mirvers declared, in the fervour of her feelings, that "she had never come across such a perfect gentleman in all her born days, and she 'd lay down her life to sarve him."

So much does a little condescension on the part of the great soften and win the hearts of the multitude!

Six weeks after this memorable evening did the old lord, as if in consideration of the filial feelings of Algernon, depart this life; and, after one month's decent mourning, Algernon, now Lord Fitz-fizzle, led Mary, the "lovely one," to St. George's, Hanover Square, from whence she returned Lady Fitz-fizzle, with a certificate of marriage

in her pocket, for the particular gratification of Mrs. Mirvers, who expressed a wish that "everythink should be properly done."

By the munificence of the enraptured bridegroom she was enabled soon afterwards to dispose of her mangle, and retire from business.



TO ——.

WHEN will ye think of me!
Not when morn's golden hue
O'erspreads the concave blue,
Bright pledge of coming day;
When the wild breeze wafts along
The lark's matin song,
Sweet tributary lay.

Not in life's noonday hour,
Nor in pleasure's festal bower,
When all is gay;
When the dance and song
Their notes prolong,
To chase the hours away.

Not when the flowers of spring,
In brightness blossoming,
Their perfume breathe;
When the jessamine white
Its stars of light
With the wilding rose shall wreathe.

But in the twilight hour,
When the dew is on the flower,
And the star in the sky;
When the trembling moonbeams lave
In the bosom of the wave,
And hope rests on high.

And when summer dies,
And the rose-wreath withering lies,
And Nature seems to mourn
For those sunny hours,
And faded flowers,
Which can ne'er again return.

When the passing-bell
Breathes forth its knell,
Then let it be!
When the grave shall close
O'er my last repose,
Then think of me!

H. B. K.

MARTIN GOURRI;

THE SAUSAGE-MAKER OF GHENT.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

GHENT is a city of numberless attractions; its churches, its pictures, its *Béguinage*, its *Jardin botanique*, even its prisons afford interest and instruction to travellers of every degree; the lover of the picturesque can nowhere gratify his taste more readily than in this place of old renown, nor can the antiquarian find in any other city of Flanders a wider field for inquiry into the forgotten usages of the past. The beauty of its architecture, the spaciousness of its streets, and the air of life imparted by its commerce, present a scene which has little to resemble it elsewhere.

But it was not to kneel before the shrine of St. Bavon, to lose himself in admiration of the wondrous representation of the Apocalypse, to listen to the vesper-song of the *Béguines*, to loiter amid the parterres of the Casino, or to traverse the silent corridors of the Maison de Force, that a young French artist, named Victor Morin, was hastening, as fast as the canal-boat that plies between Bruges and Ghent would allow him, on the afternoon of a lovely day in the autumn of 1836. As he sat on the deck of the *treckschuyt*, with his eyes fixed on the gilded vane of the belfry of Ghent, he thought but little of the time when the soldiers of Count Baldwin brought home in triumph from Constantinople that dragon-effigy to decorate the townhall of Bruges, or how, in after days, the fierce Gantois won the trophy from their neighbours. His recollections were not associated with a period so remote; if he thought of the past, his memory reverted to events at most only a few months old; but it is more than probable that he dwelt on the future, for he was of an age and temperament when the future appears all sunshine, and his heart was so full of hope that it had little room for anything beside. Why then did he gaze so earnestly upon that antique memorial of ages irrecoverably gone? If he cared not for the Crusaders, what other object associated itself with that old grey tower? It was something neither grey nor old, dwelling beneath its shadow. In the narrow street which winds from the belfry to the cathedral there dwelt the prettiest girl in Ghent. How Monsieur Victor Morin knew this, and what befel in consequence, will presently appear.

Everything has an end, even a voyage in the *treckschuyt*; and as the day was closing, the vessel which carried Victor and his fortunes was safely moored off one of the quays, in the heart of the city, and with a light step he leapt ashore, and soon found an hotel, and having deposited the light knapsack which he carried in travelling, set out for the quarter where his mistress dwelt. It may be as well to mention here under what circumstances Monsieur Victor Morin had placed himself in the enviable predicament of having one.

Paris was his native city, where he had studied his art from boyhood till now that he had reached the mature age of twenty-two. Like most of his fellow-students, he drew well, imagined extravagantly, and coloured in total defiance of Nature; he belonged, of

course to the romantic school, wore in his *atélier* a costume adopted after that of the sixteenth century, suffered his hair to grow as long as it would, and smoked an immeasurably long pipe; he had, of course, adopted the creed of *la jeune France*, which bids every one who swings a pallet on his thumb believe that he holds in his hand the maulstick of a Raffaelle. For the rest, he was gay, good-tempered, and good-looking, fond of fun, but fonder of a pretty face, though till within a very short period of the time of which we treat his heart had remained untouched. But the summer, which leaves Paris a comparative desert, had sent him forth with his sketchbook, and leisurely skirting the coast of Normandy and the Pas de Calais, he had made his way to Ostend, where, on the broad dyke that overlooks the sea he became the slave of a pair of bright eyes, the owner of which, a fair maid of Ghent, had come to the city of small oysters to bathe during the first month in autumn. Marguerite was the only daughter of a substantial citizen of Ghent, who followed the unsentimental calling of a charcutier,—a trade by whose successful cultivation he had contrived to amass a good round sum of money, destined, no doubt, for his pretty daughter, if she married in obedience to his behest; but he was singular in his views, and if he persisted in adhering to them, it became a question whether the fair Marguerite might not, after all, die a maid, unless she chose to marry without a dower, — a choice whose adoption has been discountenanced by all respectable people since the days of the patriarchs. This, however, was a point which did not enter into the consideration of the lovers, — for such they speedily became, — nor was it till her faith was irrevocably pledged to Victor that Marguerite ever bethought her of the necessity of obtaining some other consent to her marriage besides her own.

The old aunt who accompanied her — the Vrouw Van Swart, — was quite out of the question; she was a very good *chaperone* to the pavilion on the dyke, when Marguerite went there every evening to dance with Victor, and she trotted after her at a very respectable distance when they walked upon the sands; but the only real controul which *she* exercised was over a little Dutch dog, named Linnet, a perfect *juffrouwshondtje*, in which her whole soul seemed centred, and whose movements, as with difficulty it waddled along, were of far greater importance than those of a dozen pretty marriageable nieces. The consequence was, that for a whole month Marguerite and Victor led the pleasantest lives possible; nor did they awake from their dream of happiness, till a message, which came from Ghent, informed Marguerite that the respectable charcutier who called her his daughter desired her immediate return. They parted, therefore, but, like all lovers who ever yet have parted, with vows and protestations, and the promise of speedily meeting again. Marguerite, the Vrouw Van Swart, and the little dog Linnet, wended back to the quaint, old-fashioned house, where they dwelt in an odd corner of a street, behind the cathedral of St. Bavon, and Victor remained at Ostend. The place, however, had lost its charm, and the following day saw him on his way to Bruges, where, fortunately, he found objects that afforded him occupation, if not interest, until he might with propriety present himself at the old charcutier's door. It is time we should speak of that worthy himself, he being, in truth, the most important personage in our history.

Although Ghent was his place of abode, and the Vrouw Van Swart his sister-in-law, Martin Gourri was not a Fleming. He was born in Paris, and began his career in a *charcuterie* in the Rue St. Denis; eventually he took up his abode in Brussels, and while serving in the capacity of *sous-chef* in the kitchen of the Prince d'Aremberg, he became acquainted with and married the pretty Jacoba Van Swart, the younger sister of the dame who now officiated as the protectress of Marguerite, who brought him a tolerable fortune, and enabled him to set up for himself in the line which absorbed all his ambitious thoughts.

Ambition "taketh all shapes," and shows itself under many aspects. Martin Gourri pursued the phantom through the maze of experiment; he sought to render his name illustrious by DISCOVERY! He was desirous of being enrolled amongst the benefactors of mankind, and, as a great writer has observed, that "Les plaisirs qu'on doit à la cuisine ont toujours tenu un rang distingué parmi tous ceux des hommes rassemblés en société," Martin Gourri proposed to render himself illustrious by one of those *coups-de-tête* in the science of gastronomy which should inevitably secure him immortality.

Martin Gourri had been some years a widower, and his family consisted now of only his daughter and sister-in-law; the *soins de ménage* being conferred on the former, the *soins de boutique* on the latter, for the Vrouw Van Swart had certain qualifications, which rendered her an useful assistant in his trade, though her practice in opposing the Flemish to the French system was frequently at variance with his opinions. For instance, in the mystery of stuffing a *cochon de lait*, or "*speenvarken*," as the Vrouw delighted, in the breadth of her native tongue, to call it, she always adhered to the "*Brabantse manier*," and thus laid down her code:—"*Neemt de lever en 't middelrijf, kleyn gehackt met Petercelie, en kruym van Wittebroot kleyn gewreven, dan Pruymen, Corenten, Nagelen, Muskaten, Caneel, doet het met Schape-sop en Boter in een pot, en laet 'et droogh opstoven, vult het Varcken daer mede, en laet 'et braden* (*met kruytnageln bestoken*) *tot het gaer is.*" Martin Gourri despised this method as old-fashioned and barbarous; he objected in toto to the prunes, currants, spice, nutmeg, and cinnamon, which, he said, were only fit to make gingerbread, and shuddered at the idea of sticking the delicate little animal all over with cloves, "comme un petit hérisson.' "Au contraire," he used to observe, "le meilleur moyen de préparer le petit bon-homme est de le farcir avec son foie haché *avec lard blanchi, truffes, champignons, rocamboles, capres fines, anchois de Nice, et fines herbes, assaisonnés de poivre de la Jamaïque et du sel marin; le tout passé à la casserole.* When," he added, "*notre petit ami a tout cela dans le ventre on la ficelle et on le fait cuire de belle couleur en l'arrosant sans cesse d'huile vierge,*" and at the thought of this triumph of art his colour used to mount, and his eyes glisten with pleasure, while the Vrouw Van Swart contrived to cram *her* pig with parsley and bread-crumbs, and the other condiments already named, as if truffles, mushrooms, shalots, capers, and anchovies existed only in imagination. When she spoke to him,—"*Om Varckens-Lever-beuligen te maken,*" (the art of making black-puddings *à la Hollandaise,*) he merely shrugged his shoulders, and let her have her own way, for the good people of Ghent had taken a great fancy for these preparations, and the *consommation* was conse-

quently great,—a fact which entirely reconciled the Sieur Martin to the process.

But, whether by the aid of French or Flemish cookery, his shop was deservedly attractive, and is, perhaps, worthy of being described. The house where Martin Gourri dwelt was snugly jammed in between two that were much taller. The front was painted that delicate pale-green colour which is so much affected in Flanders, and the diapered diamond-panes of many casements gleamed brightly on its surface. Over the door was raised a carved effigy, coloured *after life* (" *d'après nature*," as Martin proudly said,) of the patron saint of the charcutiers, the blessed St. Martin, whilome Bishop of Tours, wearing his episcopal robes, and above his head was a scroll containing the legend, " Au bon Saint Martin," which indicated his name and rank.

The shop itself, which, though low-browed, was of considerable width, exhibited a rare assemblage of objects of *charcuterie*, the happy result of labours past and present. Here, on broad slabs of white porcelain, were ranged dishes of *galantine* curiously and beautifully marbled; *fromage de cochon of Troyes*, soft to the touch, and inviting to the eye; *andouilles* of rare size; sausages of exquisite flavour, including the rich *mortadella di Bologna*, the *saucisson d'Arles*, redolent of garlic, and the highly-seasoned *Mettwurst of Brunswick*; *pâtés de jambon* from *Paris*; *Leunwardensche-spëk* (bacon) from West Friesland; *boar's-head* from Osterode and Hagen; *hure de sanglier* from the Ardennes; dark-skinned, succulent hams from Bayonne; hams also, but smaller, and of more delicate hue, from Mayence; *panne de cochon truffé*, that mysterious *plat*, which it is given to none but the initiate to conceive; and here and there a deep dish of " pekel-spëk," sustained by the liver-puddings which the Vrouw Van Swart had rendered so famous. The walls of the shop were hung with broad gammons of bacon; strings of black-puddings dangled at the doorway, and little porkers, in various stages of preparation, stood upon dressers, exhibiting all the energy of still life.

Like most of the Flemish shops, the " winkel " reached very far back, and through a door, which generally stood open, shewing a long vista ending in light, might be seen a small square room, floored with coloured tiles, whose windows, opening to the south, were encircled by a luxuriant vine, from whose spreading branches hung many a golden cluster. In this room Marguerite, and the Vrouw Van Swart usually sat at work, while Martin Gourri was engaged in vending or preparing his *comestibles*.

A few words now in regard to the personal appearance of the family of Martin Gourri, and then the picture will be as complete as we can make it.

Martin Gourri himself was a little brisk rotundity of a man, with a shining face, fat cheeks, abbreviated nose, and short, frizzly black hair; from his general contour, and the rapidity of his movements, one would at a distance have fancied him the personification of jollity, but on a nearer approach a settled gravity was observable on his features, which, however ill it sat there, seemed to have entirely usurped every other expression. As this semblance was totally at variance with his natural disposition, which was cheerful in the extreme, it may fairly be concluded that the weighty thoughts which

oppressed his mind as he laboured in the construction of his *magnum opus*, had superinduced this grave aspect. When he discoursed of ordinary affairs he was voluble enough, but in treating of the mysteries of his art his accents were matured, and his language chosen, and he was in the habit of adding to the solemnity of his arguments by an impressiveness of gesture, which consisted chiefly in the application of the forefinger of his left hand to his nose, and this action was so frequently resorted to, that on beholding that feature the idea naturally suggested itself that it had been gradually worn away by the friction.

With respect to the Vrouw Van Swart there could be no mistake: she, too, was short, stout, and jolly, and literally "*vet als spek*," as if there had been sympathy between her and the bacon amidst which she lived; there was a merry twinkle in her eye, and a short gurgling laugh always struggling for utterance in her throat, that betokened the constant presence of mirthful objects in her mind. To describe her by a Flemish phrase, she was "vrolyk en blyd," as if her years were only thirteen instead of threescore. Her portraiture would be incomplete if her faithful attendant, the little dog Linnet, were not introduced to form part of it. He was the smallest, roundest, tightest, compactest *hondtje* that ever was stuffed into dogskin; his coat was of a bright ochre colour; his eyes black and sparkling; his muzzle of the same sable hue, and his tail, as a matter of course, curled stiffly over his back. His age was unknown, but from the entire absence of teeth, he was thought to have exceeded the ordinary age of the canine race.

Nature delights in contrasts, and it was probably on this account that when she moulded the infant form of Marguerite she made her as pretty a girl as ever tripped along the promenade of the *Coupure*, where the damsels of Ghent delight so much to disport themselves. Marguerite was slightly above the middle height; her figure was beautifully rounded, and her little feet realised as she walked the poet's description, and "like mice stole in and out." She had the sweetest face imaginable, its expression being so radiant, and when she smiled, it was like the sunlight glancing suddenly on the dimpled surface of a bright, transparent stream. There was at times a melancholy expression in her clear blue eyes, giving them the appearance of liquid sapphires, but it was tenderness, not sorrow, that lent them this hue, and the tears which sparkled there arose from emotions that had no kin with grief. I know not how to convey a distinct image of her beauty, unless, indeed, you had seen that beautiful portrait of the daughter of the Burgomaster Edelinck, which has been immortalised by the pencil of Vandyke; it was once in the collection of Monsieur Von Schamp, but since the dispersion of these gems of art, I am ignorant of its whereabout.

While we have been describing the charcutier's family, Monsieur Victor Morin has been left to find his way through the intricate streets that conducted to his house. Once in the right direction, there was no difficulty in fixing upon the abode of Martin Gourri, and by the light of a lamp which was burning in the shop the figure of the charcutier came out into distinct relief as he busied himself with some preparation pertaining to his art. After hesitating for a few moments, Victor approached the shop, and raising his casquette, demanded whether he had the honour of presenting himself to the

Sieur Gourri. The charcutier desisted from his occupation, and with politeness equal to his own, returned Victor's salute by doffing his white nightcap, and bowing with all the grace of one brought up in the region of a court, even though it were only *la basse cour*.

"I have the honour to call myself Gourri, monsieur; what is there I can do for your service?"

"Monsieur," replied Victor, "I am an artist now on my way to Paris after a very pleasant sojourn in Belgium. I was lately at Ostend, where I had the happiness of making the acquaintance of Madame Van Swart and Mademoiselle Gourri,—your accomplished sister-in-law, and charming daughter; it was impossible to resist the desire of presenting my respectful *hommages* in passing through Ghent, at the same time that I was anxious to become known to a countryman of whose celebrity France is justly proud."

The charcutier bowed as he received the compliment, and thanked Victor for his flattering opinion.

"*Je travaille, monsieur,*" he answered; "I labour, sir, in my endeavour to enlighten and improve, — that is to say, — gratify mankind. I have done something to obtain a name, but there is more *here*," he added, pointing to his forehead, and then laying his finger on his nose; "the resources of the imagination can never be exhausted so long as the field of discovery remains to be fully explored. You see," he continued, spreading out his hands, — "you see how much has been done in the region of *charcuterie*, but, take my word for it, the science is comparatively in its infancy; there are yet things to be accomplished by the aid of the estimable animal who has supplied these dishes, which will astonish, while they delight posterity. You are an artist, monsieur, and will therefore understand my position. Does your *genre* lie in my direction?"

"Not exactly," returned Victor; "I also endeavour to add to the *agrémens* of society, though in a less solid manner. I am a painter."

"Your occupation is, notwithstanding, an honourable one. Yes, I appreciate your *métier*, — I admire painting; it is, as it were, the foster-child of *charcuterie*."

"I do not quite comprehend," observed Victor; "of *charcuterie*?"

"*Oui, mon jeune homme*, of *charcuterie*. But for the *cochon* where would have been your art? Has not a great man* observed, in speaking of pig, "*Le poil de son dos est devenu le premier instrument de la gloire de Raffaelle*. Without hog's bristles there would have been no painting, just as without pig there would have been no cooking; without him no hams, no gammons, no sausages, no black-puddings, and, consequently, no *charcutier!*"

Victor resolved to indulge the charcutier's humour to its full bent, and observed:—"What you have said, monsieur, is very true,—all the arts depend upon each other, and if we neglect the parent source, our ingratitude brings with it, sooner or later, its own punishment. I never before felt in so forcible a manner the extent of my obligations to your profession."

The charcutier rose from his seat, and again he pulled off his white nightcap, at the same time extending his hand, which Victor warmly shook; he then added,—"But I am keeping you here too long;

* M. Grimod de la Reynière. Almanach des Gourmands.

you are acquainted with my family; do me the honour to enter; we are going to supper almost directly; I shall be very glad if you will join us."

Victor was only too well pleased to obtain admission so easily, and readily followed his host into the inner room, where, to his infinite satisfaction, he found the fair Marguerite, whose eyes glistened with pleasure on seeing him, though, sooth to say, she was not quite unprepared for the interview, having recognised the tones of her lover's voice on his first entrance. The Vrouw Van Swart was also there, and smiled a good-natured welcome; nor did little Linnet fail to recognise him, but wagged its tail as well as it could, an effort that deserved encouragement.

In a family like that of Martin Gourri, and with a good supper already on the table, the barriers of formality were speedily removed; indeed Victor was determined that none should exist, for it was his cue to be as amusing as possible, and he accordingly soon won his way into the good graces of the little charcutier, whose weak side, he speedily discovered, was that on which he thought himself strongest, and he listened with deep attention to the anecdotes which Martin Gourri related of the celebrities (in *his* line) of his early days, reminiscences of moments dear to the memory of the charcutier, which were not told with unmoistened lips; and the Rhine wine and Roussillon flowed so freely that at length he began to unlock the secrets of his own mind, and dwelt learnedly and mysteriously on certain preparations which were now in progress to astonish the world of gastronomy.

"You have tasted that sausage," he said to Victor, pointing to a fragment of a fine dried specimen, to which justice had evidently been done. "*Eh bien*, I call that sausage '*La saucisse des noces*.' I will tell you why. I have a brother-in-law who lives in Paris; about ten years since he was married to my only sister, and as a matter of course I was invited to the wedding. Well, I went to Paris; the *festin de noces* was superb, and in honour of the alliance with my family, my brother-in-law, who is himself a *rôtisseur*, paid me the compliment of preparing several *plats d'après ma façon;* amongst them was a *saucisse*. I will not deny that it was good; it had been got up with skill, and the guests enjoyed it; but I had a doubt on the subject. It was not a perfect sausage; it was still susceptible of improvement. That sausage tormented me. I said to myself, I will achieve an object. '*Je vais remporter une victoire sur cette saucisse!*' On the following day I left Paris to return hither. I was fortunately alone in the *interieur* of the diligence; the moment was favourable for thought,—besides, I could not sleep. For eight-and-forty hours, during which my journey lasted, I abandoned myself to the task of discovery. I examined that sausage *sous tous les points de vue*, and it was not without a happy result. I laid down the basis of my operations at Amiens. I had already made some progress at Arras; at Lille I was approaching my discovery, and finally, at the *Octroi de Gand* my victory was complete. I there composed the sausage whose remains you see before you. It was my destiny,—I had fulfilled it!"

Victor was a Frenchman, and could therefore sympathise with the enthusiasm of the charcutier. He was stirred by his eloquence,

and raising his eyes to the ceiling, as if the discourse had been of the discovery of the magnet, he exclaimed, "Et quelle destinée! C'était sublime!"

From that moment his lodgment in the citadel of Martin Gourri's affections was secure; the old man again grasped his hand.

"*Et bien, mon ami!* one of these days I shall tell you more. You have a soul for great things. It is a pity you are only a painter. With your feeling for the sublime, you might have been a great cook; but, courage!—we shall see—we shall see!" and, tapping his nose slowly, he relapsed into a reverie.

Victor now rose to pay his adieux, but he did not depart without receiving from Martin Gourri a warm invitation to repeat his visit on the following day.

Those who are aware of the opportunities offered by the churches in Catholic countries will not be surprised to learn that at an early hour next morning, her devotions already paid, Marguerite was seen slowly pacing one of the aisles of the cathedral of St. Bavon, — nor that in passing the portal her lover should have stept in, — merely out of curiosity, — to see the *chef-d'œuvre* of the two Van Eycks. We need therefore say nothing of their innocent surprise on meeting,—nor how their devotional feeling, or love of art, induced them to linger long within the walls of the cathedral. One thing, however, it is necessary to mention, and that is, that during the night,—which had been a sleepless one for Marguerite,—the maiden had hit upon a plan for ensuring success to their mutual wishes, which she was in haste to communicate to her lover. What constituted its merit will presently appear. In the meanwhile we must speak of the general course of events.

The visits which Victor paid to the Sieur Gourri became frequent, for the old man had found a good listener, and the young one had too important an object in view to be chary of his attention. As he found himself gaining in Martin's good opinion, he began to break ground on the subject that mostly interested him, and gradually turned the conversation from the charcutier's *ménage* to the fair girl who presided over it. Next to his profession, Martin Gourri was proudest of his daughter, and Victor's praises were not uttered to unwilling ears. He listened complacently, and at length the young painter ventured to avow the state of his feelings, and besought his kind approval of his suit. The charcutier was agitated; the radiant smile which had played over his features, while, with his eyes fixed on a *fromage de cochon truffé*, he listened to the commendations of his lovely daughter, gave place to a sombre expression, his brow became clouded, and thrice he tapped his organ of intelligence before his voice found utterance in words. At length he spoke:—

"*Malheureux jeune homme!* you know not, then, the oath that I have registered. Here, on this very altar," he exclaimed, smiting the dresser with his clenched fist, "did I swear that no man should espouse my daughter who could not equal my own works. Yes," he continued, with increasing vehemence, while the perspiration trickled from his brow,—"yes, when I accomplished that sausage I felt that I had illustrated my name,—that henceforward my family must never derogate from the high position in which my toil, my energies, I do not scruple to add, my genius, had placed it. You are an excellent young man; but were you ten times more worthy

than I believe you to be, you could not become the husband of Marguerite, unless—*mais c'est une chose impossible*—unless you achieved a pendant to my own unrivalled sausage. I pity you; but fame is the idol I have worshiped,—I cannot yield to the affections!"

Having given utterance to this magnificent sentiment, Martin Gourri looked round him with the air of Virginius when he sacrificed his child; the locality was favourable to such an exhibition. Presently he turned his gaze upon Victor, in whose countenance the traces of strong emotion were visible; his cheek was flushed, his lips were compressed, and tears were starting to his eyes. If Martin Gourri had not been so entirely absorbed by his own sublime emotions, he might, without being very far wrong, have ascribed the expression of Victor's features to anything but grief; but he could not doubt that the young man was strongly affected when he saw him bury his face in his pocket-handkerchief, and lean against the wall for support, while the convulsive movement of his frame indicated the violence of the struggle within.

He placed his little fat hand on Victor's shoulder. "Do not despair," he said, in a kind tone, "I cannot reverse the past; but everybody has a future: your's may yet be a brilliant one!"

Victor raised his head; no sign of sorrow was on his face; his grief—*if grief it were*—had passed away, and a pleasant smile greeted the surprised charcutier, while in a cheerful voice he replied,—"Your words, *mon père*—may I venture to call you so?—have not quite banished all hope from my bosom. I am not totally unskilled in your sublime art;" (Victor had often been obliged to dress his own dinner, besides, he was a Frenchman,) "if by dint of study I succeed in producing a sausage equal to that work of art," pointing to a fine one that lay in a dish beside him, "may I then flatter myself that you will not be inexorable to my prayer?"

Martin Gourri raised his eye to the ceiling; his attitude and expression resembled those of Louis the Eighteenth *quand il octroyait la Charte*;—his words were brief: "*Je le jure*," was all he uttered, and then, with a strong pressure of the hand, he turned hastily away, and entered the inner chamber, while Victor made the best of his way out of the shop, reserving till he had turned the corner of the street the explosion of laughter into which he then burst forth.

We may now advert to the communication which was made by Marguerite to her lover in the cathedral of St. Bavon.

It has been observed that the Vrouw Van Swart was no mean adept in the science of charcuterie, and she had not hesitated to declare to Marguerite that she could make a sausage superior even to that on which Martin Gourri so much prided himself, and it required but little coaxing on the part of Marguerite to induce the good-natured old woman to promise her aid in defeating her brother; it was therefore with a smiling face that Marguerite again met Victor, and agreed on the plan of operations against the Sieur Gourri; and it was subsequently settled between the contending parties that on that day fortnight—every facility of access, with the use of means, and all appliances being afforded to Victor—a *déjeuner* should be given by the latter, to which a certain number of guests were to be invited, by whose decision the success of Victor's efforts should be determined.

It is not our purpose to describe the process of Victor's new

métier. Perhaps to some it may appear singular that he should learn the art of stuffing sausages by gazing on the fair face of the prettiest maiden of Ghent, for certain it is that such was his principal occupation for the greater part of every day of the stipulated fortnight. But candour compels us to add, that, though Marguerite solaced the hours which, it was supposed, were devoted to her lover's toil, she came not alone to the little chamber above the charcutier's back-parlour, but was followed through the little *porte dérobée* by the Vrouw Van Swart, who then and there really busied herself in the confection of the condiments on which Victor relied for discomfiting Martin Gourri.

The important day at length arrived. The loves of Victor and Marguerite, and the reputation of Martin Gourri, hung trembling in opposing scales, the Vrouw Van Swart holding the balance.

About four or five miles from Ghent, on the road towards Courtrai, exist the remains of a once magnificent forest, the antiquity of which is apparent in the enormous size of the few oaks that still stand to mark one of its boundaries; the character of the scenery is more sylvan than is usually met with in this part of Flanders, and the River Lys, which here flows in many a sinuous track, adds greatly to the beauty of the spot. On a slight eminence, easily discoverable where the country is for the most part so flat, are to be seen the crumbling walls of an old monastery, dismantled as far back as the time of the *Gueux*, when the wars of religion desolated the Flemish provinces; a sparkling stream circles the base of the slope on which the ruins stand, and two or three lofty ash-trees, whose boughs wave gracefully above the ivied walls, contrast pleasingly with the sturdier monarchs of the forest. Nature seems to have consecrated scenes like this to purposes of pleasure, and Victor, in selecting the spot for his *champ clos*, could scarcely have made a better choice had the forest of Soignies, so famous for pic-nics, been within reach. Though the autumn was far advanced, the month of October being on the wane, the weather was still fine enough to render a fête in the open air extremely delightful, and except the parties most concerned in the issue, unmingled pleasure shone in the countenances of the guests, chiefly comfortable citizens, with comely wives and daughters.

When a festival is toward in Flanders, it is not much the custom to waste time in sentimental preliminaries, and the banquet was well nigh spread before the party had bestowed even a cursory glance at the ruins. It is needless to say that Victor had proved a good caterer, or that ample justice was not done to the viands which he had provided. Though their devotion to the table does not quite equal that of the Germans, the Flemings know how to bestir themselves when good things are set before them, and there was no lack of activity on the present occasion. But, to enable them to discriminate nicely, it was necessary to pause somewhere, ere the edge of appetite became too dull, and accordingly, after a libation of Moselle, which went all round, at a given signal the rustic table was cleared, some bottles of Rhine wine, and fresh glasses, were placed on the board, and from a basket, over which each of them had kept a watchful eye, Martin Gourri and Victor simultaneously produced THE RIVAL SAUSAGES!

They were both fair to look on; of an inviting aspect, graceful

outline, and fine tone of colouring; to judge by their appearance, even Brunswick herself would not have been ashamed to call them her sons. Without the distinguishing letters "M." and "V.," artistically *piqué* beneath the skin, it would have been difficult, as they lay side by side in the same dish, to have declared which was which. An elderly gentleman, Hans Van Buyk, formerly a *spekverkooper* in the Vrydags Markt, undertook to cut them up, and in consideration of the gravity of his office and his great experience, was allowed—in case of equality—a casting vote. The division was made, and a slice of each sausage was distributed to all the guests, excepting, of course, the rival champions. Martin Gourri looked grave; Victor appeared slightly excited; Marguerite trembled, and the Vrouw Van Swart uttered one of her short, gurgling chuckles; it was a moment of intense interest. At length the tasting began. The operation was silently performed by the elders of the party, with laughter and an occasional sly joke by the *jouffrouws* and *jonkers*. Opinions were divided; some said that the sausage of Martin Gourri was the more delicate; others, that the manufacture of Victor was the more piquant; but all agreed that both were excellent of their kind. Martin Gourri stared with astonishment to think that his claim to superiority should be for a moment contested, but his astonishment increased when the votes were given in, and the numbers were declared equal. Everything rested now upon the decision of Hans Van Buyk. He held a slice of sausage in either hand, and nibbled alternately at each, occasionally pausing to moisten and refine his palate with a glass of hock. By degrees his attentions to the left hand slice waxed fainter, while those which he bestowed on the dexter morsel were redoubled; in a few moments nothing was left of the latter, but, instead of finishing the rival slice, he threw it on the table unconsumed. "De *best* is gaan," he said. The rejected fragment was the handywork of Martin Gourri!!!

When the great event is reached on which the interest of a romance depends, the narrator, if he be wise, will abstain from entering into further details. Martin Gourri was beaten, and Victor, like his name, was triumphant; he married the fair Marguerite, and the old charcutier, unable to endure the scene of his defeat, disposed of his business, and realising a handsome sum, which he settled on the newly-married couple, accompanied them to Paris. But before he left Ghent, being desirous of making a further provision for his family, he caused an advertisement to be inserted in the *Moniteur de Gand*, of which we have taken a copy, and now present it to our readers *verbatim et literatim*, with the assurance that it is perfectly genuine:—

"Brevet à *vandre*, d'un *commestible* qui conserve deux ans sans perdre la moindre *calité* qui *raporte* cinquante pour cent de *benefises* et au *dessue*. Le *dit vandeur ce* chargerait de *ce* transporter chez l'*aquereur* pour monter sa fabrique et confectioner sa marchandise, *pandant* six semaines pour lui *montré* la confection et lui *prouvé* son *benefises* c'est un *commestible auquel* on fait *gran usages* qui s'*espedie* aux *illes* et dans tous les royaumes on n'en fait jamais assez. *La mateur ce* transporterat chez le *vandeur* et après qu'ils seront d'*acord* et *qui aurat* deposé la somme chez un notaire ou *banquer* le *vandeur partirat* avec *la quereur au près* de *la quereur* il *deverat etes nourie* et *blanchie pandant* les six *semaine* et le retour du voyage au *frès* de

la quereur et toucher la somme en *rantreings* chez lui pour *commenser*. Cette fabrication doit *commanser* le premier *desembre* jusqu' au premier avril pour faire de la marchandise de *conserves*. Et pour le *prit* de quinze *milles franc*. *La mateur ecrirat* quinz *jour* avant son *arivé* en ville à *fain* que le *vandeur ce* trouve chez lui et par *letres a franchis* et au Francais."

If these pages should chance to meet the eyes of Messrs. Fortnum and Mason, and excite in their bosoms an interest in the fortunes of Victor and Marguerite, they will at once purchase Martin Gourri's *brevet*, and consummate their long-established fame.

A few words more. The Vrouw Van Swart has not been forgotten. *Deprived of her little dog, Linnet*, she, too, quitted Ghent, and passed the remainder of her days with Monsieur and Madame Morin. It will be asked what caused her bereavement?

"Curious fool, be still!"

What made the sausage of Victor so much better than that of Martin Gourri?

THE NORMAN PEASANT'S HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Hope of the faithful! behold us now bending,
Submissive, contrite, at thy footstool of love;
The tears of thy children repentant are blending,
Oh! plead for their help in thy kingdom above!
Thou canst each bosom see,
May it more sinless be,
Ave Maria,
To glorify thee!

We are defenceless without thy protection,
To watch o'er our night, and to shield us by day;
And 'tis to the warmth of thy care and affection
Our thoughts are more hallow'd, our feet less astray.
Thou canst each bosom see,
May it more sinless be,
Ave Maria,
To glorify thee!

Be thou our comfort, when shaded by sorrow,
For weak are the tendrils we cling to below;
As night is subdued in the dawn of a morrow,
Illume with thy brightness the depths of our woe!
Thou canst each bosom see,
May it more sinless be,
Ave Maria,
To glorify thee!

Through the dim valley our vespers are pealing,
Borne on the winds to a sunnier sphere;
While yon star that lonely the skies are revealing
Doth tell in its beaming thou hearest our prayer.
Thou canst each bosom see,
May it more sinless be,
Ave Maria,
To glorify thee!

MY GREAT UNCLE.

BY DALTON.

An old, a grave, discreet man, is fittest to discourse of love-matters, because he hath likely more experience, observed more, hath a more staid judgment, can better discern, resolve, discusse, advise, give better cautions, and more solid precepts.
BURTON'S *Anat. Melan.*

"MARRY, sir?" said my uncle, pulling off his spectacles; "a boy barely six-and-twenty think of marrying! Trash, — you don't know what it means, sir."

"But, sir," I replied, "this is not a sudden whim, my attachment is now of considerable standing."

"So much the better," was the reply; "it will be the sooner over."

Now my uncle was a great man, an extraordinary man; I may say, with reference to the powers and proportions of his intellect, a gigantic man. Many men are said to speak like a book,—my uncle spoke like an encyclopædia,—positively and profoundly upon all subjects; like another great man, to whom he bore some striking resemblance, he would not only knock down an argument, but occasionally (though this was a rare occurrence with him) his opponent also. Of course he had his peculiarities; how, indeed, could he lay claim to so vast a genius without them! and one of the most remarkable was a habit of delivering his opinion in terms perfectly intelligible and decisive, but without much regard to the conventional euphemisms of society. Some people called him rude, but he himself always maintained that he was a polite man, and I know no one to whose judgment greater deference is due. Under these circumstances I naturally proceeded in the discussion with becoming diffidence and caution.

"If you would but condescend, sir, to an interview with the lady, you would find my Emily to be possessed of every requisite advantage, every attraction."

"Attraction!" said the great man; "black hair, blue eyes, alabaster nose—rubbish—a mere matter of colouring; how long will that last? Go to Lawrence and buy something that will."

"But then, sir, her accomplishments!"

"Sings Italian songs, and paints pickled cabbages, I suppose,—charming accomplishments in a companion for life!—pooh!"

"But her disposition, sir, it is sweet and gentle in the extreme."

"So much the worse," said my uncle, "it will sour the sooner for the want of spirit."

A little cast down by these rebuffs, I nevertheless summoned up resolution, and proceeded with some earnestness. "Pardon me, sir, if I observe that this is not a matter to be dismissed lightly; it is one that has cost me much deliberation, many an anxious thought, one in which my heart and happiness are deeply concerned."

"Heart and happiness!" repeated my uncle; "it is stomach and indigestion. Try blue pill,—the great Condé was cured by cathartics. I 've been in love myself, and know the proper treatment of the disease."

"*You*, sir!" cried I in astonishment. "You in love?"

"Yes, sir, *I*," returned the old gentleman sharply. "Do you suppose you are the only fool in the world?"

There was something so strange, so irresistibly droll in the idea of my uncle, my *great* uncle—with such a wig too—being, or ever having been, in love, that an involuntary smile betrayed itself on my countenance.

"Don't grin, sir," was the rebuke which followed this sad breach of decorum; "don't grin, but attend, the lesson may prove a profitable one."

My uncle filled a bumper of port, and considerately motioning me to follow his example, proceeded somewhat in the following manner:

"It is more than half a century since I made my first appearance in London, having been invited to spend a few weeks with a distant relation, one Lady Maclacklin. I was at this period nineteen, sufficiently good-looking, and esteemed quite a miracle of wit and wisdom in the town of Hoginton, whereof my father was the vicar. It was doubtless owing to a reputation for precocious talent that I obtained the countenance of the lady in question. Lady Maclacklin was a literary lady, above all a lion-loving lady, and accordingly at her *soirées* I was trotted out and exhibited 'as our rarer monsters are,' when the connoisseurs were obliging enough to pronounce me a cub of very considerable promise. At length, on one memorable occasion, my keeper introduced me at a sort of club recently established, which took its name (doubtless in token of humility) from the hose of one of the more eminent members. Here, to my great relief, I was not called upon to roar, 'older and better' lions had been provided, and I had an opportunity of listening to the arguments of a profound doctor, who was at great pains to prove that everything is nothing, and that by consequence there is no such thing as anything,—that matter has no actual existence, and that it is no matter if it has.

"This was a most interesting and important theory, and while deliberating on the effect so startling a doctrine would produce among my friends at Hoginton, my reverie was interrupted by a light laugh behind me. Turning, I beheld the loveliest, merriest-looking maiden that mortal eye ever lit upon. Mr. Moore talks of sunny smiles,—what they may be I do not pretend to guess, but of earthly smiles her's was the liveliest and sweetest, a smile of innocence and happiness. All plans for the advancement of metaphysics at Hoginton dissolved on the instant, and, leaving matter to take care of itself, I summoned up courage to address my charmer. It would be unprofitable to trace our conversation, suffice it to say, that I returned home with a sovereign contempt for all philosophers, thought Lady Maclacklin looked more bilious than ever, and sat down to address an ode to—to whom? My 'laughter-loving queen,' of course; but her name? an elderly lady had repeated it in my hearing, but I had no ear save for *her* voice, no consciousness save of *her* presence; each sense was held in thrall as I gazed upon her, and the name, true to its sex, kept coquetting with my baffled energies, hovered in shadows around my memory, now advancing, now receding; fifty times was I on the point of fixing it, and as often did it elude my grasp, so, giving up the attempt, I inscribed my verses, as is customary in these cases, 'To Phyllis,' called myself 'Damon,' and there the matter rested.

"The longest, dreariest week I ever waded through elapsed ere we met again; it was at a similar party, and fortunately some one had procured for the occasion a live Indian chief, a great delicacy in those times, when red men were not to be met with daily on the omnibuses of the pale-faces. This phenomenon, despite the articles with which, in deference to British prejudice, he was encumbered, obliged the company with a lively series of dances and songs, descriptive, as we were assured, of the sack of a wigwam, together with the scalping, broiling, and devouring of the devilled prisoners. In conclusion, so grateful was he for the applause bestowed on his exertions, that he good-naturedly volunteered to close the exhibition by then and there cooking and eating a real child, could such a commodity be obtained.

"Meanwhile we, my charmer and myself, sat apart, happy and unnoticed, till the party began by degrees to thin, when perceiving a magnificent turban with a little old woman beneath it, bustling in the direction of our retreat, I said abruptly, 'One word ere we part, let me crave your name?' Jove but granted half my request, the remainder was dispersed in empty air; before my companion could or would reply her chaperon had interposed, and the softly whispered syllables were lost in a mass of gauze, tinsel, and birds of paradise. 'You may call me Adela,' was all I heard, a nod and a smile all I saw, and she was gone.

"'Adela! you may call me Adela!' The words vibrated in my ear,—a generation, sir, has passed away and those words vibrate still. I thought of them, and unfortunately thought of little but them. Lady Maclacklin talked to me of inattention to herself and rudeness to the lady of the house. To all her reproofs I only answered, 'You may call me Adela.' She called me an ass, and sent me home to Hoginton.

"From this place I proceeded, according to a previous determination of my father, to enter upon a course of studies at the University of Leyden. Yet even here, spite of the novelty of the scene, deep reading, and fresh companions, the phantom, the eidolon of that fairy form was constantly before me, and amid the din of strange and unfamiliar sounds the tones of that light laugh were ever audible. There were times, indeed, at the dead of the night, when alone in my gloomy chamber, I felt a sort of consciousness of her actual presence, it was as though the unseen spirit had quitted its slumbering tenement and flown to cheer me in my exile; a mysterious feeling seemed to tell me she was near and conversant with my inmost thoughts. It was a winning fancy, and I cherished it as the child of my solitude. But the most extraordinary circumstance was, I never could recall her name. More than once in my sleep I fairly had it, and was aware of repeating it time after time that it might not escape my waking recollection. Morning came and it was gone, an indistinct murmur lingered for a few moments on my lips, and every trace had vanished.

"After an absence of nearly three years, the sudden death of my father summoned me once again to England, and circumstances arising out of that event soon after compelled my personal attendance at York. Once here, I determined not to return without including in my visit some of the beautiful districts of Cumberland and West-

moreland. The excursion was of course to be performed on foot, and accordingly, with a few necessaries wrapped in oiled silk and disposed in the pockets of my shooting-jacket (an arrangement by the way infinitely superior to the common one of being harnessed to a heavy knapsack, *crede experto*), I started on my solitary ramble. It was at the close of a lovely day that I found myself descending one of the mountains that look on Ennerdale Water; there was a wildness and a beauty here which, albeit on a somewhat reduced scale, far surpassed, in my opinion, any of the more known and more celebrated scenery of the Lakes; the water itself possessed an unequalled brilliancy, and threw back the forms of the surrounding cliffs that rose direct from its margin with a distinctness as to seem rather a continuation than a reflection. It might be, too, that the utter seclusion of the spot, its difficulty of access, and comparative freedom from the profane footsteps of summer tourists, lent it an additional interest. A single building was visible, situate in one of the numerous little bays, and which held out promise of accommodation for man (no horse was very likely to tax its power of entertainment); resolving to make this my head-quarters for a few spare days, I proceeded on the following morning to explore the romantic valley which, skirting the base of old rugged 'Pillar,' extends nearly to the black-lead mines of Honiston Crag. With a view of visiting that singular spot, I quitted the low boggy grounds, and was endeavouring to make my way up a rarely frequented pass, both difficult and dangerous of ascent, called the 'Scarf Gap,' when, trusting to a loose stone, my foot slipped and I fell, wrenching my ankle most severely as I did so.

"For some time I struggled hard to retrace my steps, but the pain, increasing momentarily, became at length insupportable; further progress without assistance was clearly impossible. The clouds meanwhile, or rather large rolling masses of the mountain mist, were rapidly gathering round, a few drops of rain succeeded, the air became suddenly chilled, and almost in an instant hill and dale, rock and river, were shrouded from my sight by the rushing storm. By dint of crawling on hands and knees, both of which suffered seriously from the sharp edges of the stones, I contrived to reach a shelter beneath an overhanging crag, and here, with nothing to support me but patience and a hard biscuit, I remained for about a couple of hours.

"Biscuit and patience were well nigh exhausted, when, to my great relief, I perceived a man advancing along a sheep-track below. I shouted as only downright honest despair can shout. The stranger paused, hesitated, and seemed inclined to pass on. To explain my distress amid such a roar, and at so great a distance, was out of the question, and in agony lest this last hope should fail, I sprang to my feet, tottered for a moment, and again fell heavily to the ground. This circumstance, however, seemed to decide the stranger, and scrambling up the rock, he was soon at my side.

"He was an elderly man, tall, slight, and of gentlemanly bearing, and on perceiving my helpless state, willingly proffered aid and hospitality. To return to the inn at Ennerdale was not to be thought of; his cottage was within a mile, and I was welcome to what it might afford. I never found an elderly gentleman so agreeable before. An hour's painful walk, or rather hop, brought us to the domicile in ques-

tion. It seemed to be an antique farm-house recently repaired, and was snugly lodged in a sheltered nook on the mountain side. We were received by an old deaf woman, with whose assistance and that of my kind guide I was speedily provided with dry clothing and the requisite bandages for my injured limb. The apartment into which I was now ushered, and which, while my host was employed in changing his own dripping garments, I had full leisure to examine, contrasted strangely with the exterior of the building. It was small and ill-proportioned enough, but furnished with taste and even costliness; among other articles betokening the existence of some *Dea loci*, were a lute, sundry folios of music, and an embroidery frame. There was something not a little perplexing in all this. 'I can't be in the palace of a gnome king,' thought I, 'nor in a dream, nor—.' Further speculation was cut short by the opening of a door, a light female figure glided in, and *Adela* stood before me.

"For a description of our mutual surprise, I must refer you to those masters of modern eloquence, the novel writers; my feeble powers are unequal to the task.

"'Yes, sir, as I have said, Adela stood before me, yet not my Adela; the girl was woman, and added years seem to have brought with them a fearful increase of care. The snowy brow, the bright black eye, were there, but the smile—the smile was gone; a sad and settled expression occupied its seat. She welcomed me, but with an humbled and embarrassed air, and listened to my rhapsodies in silence and with downcast looks; in vain I tried the liveliest sallies and the most thrilling sentiments, she was to be moved neither to love nor laughter. Matters were taking a very depressing turn, when the sound of footsteps descending from the room above, caught her ear. 'It is my father,' she exclaimed. 'Put no ill construction on the request, but I could wish that he should remain ignorant of our ever having met before.'

"On the re-appearance of my host, he begged to introduce to me 'his daughter Miss Brownlow.' '*Miss Brownlow*,' I repeated half unconsciously.—'Miss Brownlow, sir?' returned the old gentleman hastily; and looking up I discovered the eyes of both father and daughter bent anxiously upon me.—'Oh, indeed!' I stammered, 'I am delighted to make her acquaintance, sir!'

"But Brownlow was not *the name;* not the name the sparkling Adela had first responded to—not the name I had so often syllabled in my sleep, but which in waking moments seemed like the seeker's stair, never to be regained.

"With the exception of the little *contretemps* alluded to, the evening passed away pleasantly enough, and so did the day following, and the day succeeding that; in fact a week passed, for my kind hospitable entertainer would not hear of my removing until I was fairly convalescent. In him, though a little in the way at times, I found a very delightful companion; he was a man of talent and education; one, too, who had evidently seen much of the world, and mingled in the higher grades of society. One circumstance, however, could not escape notice. Whenever he called up reminiscences of his past life, Adela appeared restless and uneasy; and even he would at times suddenly check himself, and subside into a moody melancholy silence. To one older and wiser than myself, all this

might have afforded grounds for suspicion, and distrust; I was, however, too much engrossed with warmer emotions to feel even curiosity on the subject. At length the day fixed for my departure arrived; I had delayed it to the extreme verge of propriety, and, moreover, an engagement with my agent again imperatively summoned me to York.

"It was a soft and sunny morning; Mr. Brownlow had sauntered out with his shepherd, and Adela and myself were left alone in the little parlour. It was then for the first time with my lips I spoke to her of love; by looks I had full oft discoursed eloquently of the matter. Adela became violently agitated, as I pressed my suit; sobs and tears succeeded,—conduct quite allowable, but verging, as I thought, a trifle towards the extravagant,—when at this most interesting point the old gentleman returning from his walk, interrupted our *tête-à-tête*. Adela on a sudden became earnestly intent on the manufacture of a silk purse, and I simultaneously felt myself smitten, with a desire of study. Seizing the first volume that was near, I turned hastily over the leaves; it was a book of prayer; some handwriting on the title page caught my eye. There it was,—the phantom that had eluded me so long,—*the name*, each character traced in a plain bold hand, 'With a father's blessing to Adela Mesurier.' 'Ha!' I exclaimed, without a thought of my imprudence, 'at last I have it,—*Mesurier!* Adela Mesurier! the long lost, long sought name.'

"Little did I anticipate the effect which these words were to produce. Adela with a faint scream sank back fainting in her chair; her father deadly pale, and without uttering a syllable, immediately removed her from the apartment.

"Perplexed and aghast at so unlooked-for a feature in my wooing, I waited patiently for some explanation. A considerable time elapsed ere my host reappeared; he was calm, but his countenance bore evident tokens of recent and deep agitation. 'Young gentleman,' he commenced, 'by the imprudence of my poor girl, you have become master of our secret. Nay, sir, regret is useless; we are in your power, and you must exert it as you will!' I never felt so thoroughly mystified in my life. Mr. Mesurier, if that was his name, continued: 'My daughter, sir, has made me acquainted with the conversation which passed prior to this unhappy exposure; she desires for a brief interview; for ten minutes therefore I leave you together.' So saying, the old gentleman made a stiff bow, and quitted the room. 'But what the devil does it all mean?' quoth I.

"At this moment Adela herself, pale, trembling, and with downcast eyes, appeared. What passed for some time, I know not; but at length, pointing to the unfinished purse, she said, 'You have more than once begged of me this trifle; if you can still value it, it is yours.'"

Here my uncle's voice grew a little husky; he tried a glass of port. It did him good, and he continued:

"'Then dearest,' I exclaimed, 'I have not presumed too far; my affection is not altogether unreturned?' She seemed to regard me with astonishment. 'There is some mystery—I seek not the clue—some secret chord of grief on which I have unwittingly touched, pardon my heedlessness, and tell me I am forgiven.—'Tis better so, far better so,' she said, speaking rather to herself than to me, and,

after an instant's pause, extending her hand.—'Thanks! a thousand thanks!' said I, pressing it—cold it was—to my lips; 'I accept the pledge, and will instantly address your father.'—'No, no,' she said hurriedly, 'not—not to-day, he is disturbed, unwell; it must not be to-day.' With some reluctance, I agreed to postpone my application till my return from York, which could be effected within a fortnight. 'And now,' said I, 'farewell, and Heaven shield you. You will think of me, Adela, think of me till we meet again!' She raised her eyes, and replied slowly and solemnly, 'I will,—*till we meet again!*' But, sir, we never *did* meet again, and never shall in this world.

"Within the period mentioned, full of love and hope, I revisited the cottage; it was tenantless. I followed the fugitives to the coast, and there every trace of them was lost.

"Many years after, on rummaging some chests that had remained undisturbed in all the dignity of dust since my father's death, I lit upon several old files of newspapers; and in carelessly turning over one of these, the name of Mesurier once more caught my eye. It was a case in one of the criminal courts; and on pursuing it, I found that a gentleman so named, of high connexion and ample fortune, had been convicted of the crime of forgery. It further appeared on subsequent inquiry, that although every effort had been made to obtain a commutation of his sentence, justice for some time proved inexorable; when on the evening previous to the day fixed for the execution, a reprieve arrived unexpected, and almost unhoped for. How this was effected, was never clearly ascertained; it was, however, commonly referred to the agency of the Duke of ——, who possessed at that period very considerable ministerial influence, and dark and cruel hints were whispered of the price paid for his interest. Be that as it may (and I turn gladly from this portion of the story) perpetual banishment was substituted for death; but even this Mersurier found means to evade, and succeeded in making good his escape on the way to embarkation. Some slight search was attempted, but without success, and it was generally supposed that he had contrived to quit the kingdom.

"The date of the trial in question was June 17—, but two months after my arrival at Leyden, where the news of such an event was not likely to reach a student deep in the delights of Aristotle and Burgusdicius.

"I was of course a good deal startled and pained by this discovery; but observe, sir, there was no breaking of hearts, no nonsense of that sort; I soon recovered, and here you see me as cheerful and happy an old bachelor as freedom and independence can make one. I do what I like, say what I like, go where I like, have my dog in the parlour, and dine in a dressing gown."

And yet methinks there was a something in my uncle's tone not quite in unison with the tenor of his speech.

"You ask my advice, sir? Well, go apprentice yourself to a weaver, take to the stage, or edit a morning newspaper, but don't *quite* bind yourself to slavery,—don't marry."

"*Amicus patruus sed magis amica Emily.*" And somehow or another, on that day fortnight, spite of all injunctions, I found myself in a rattling post-chaise, with a favour as big as a plate in my buttonhole, and by my side was the most provoking little satin bonnet,

garnished plentifully with orange flowers, and shading a blushing happy face, the object of my uncle's warning.

And has one unkind thought ever been bestowed upon that yellow bodied vehicle? and that bonnet with the orange flowers—and that favour as big as a plate; are they not yet laid up in lavender? And that stern old gentleman himself, that misogynic uncle, did he not confess that *for a wife* I had certainly chosen the least exceptionable of her sex? — Reader, apply to Mistress M. or N., as the case may be, for a full solution of these queries.

GANYMEDE.

BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.

Among the flowers, the many-coloured flowers
Young Ganymede is thoughtless straying;
The zephyr with his tresses playing
A fresher tint to his smooth cheek hath given;
And his dark eyes, so mutely eloquent,
Are carelessly upon the blossoms bent:
Swiftly the golden hours
Move on their noiseless path, — in the blue heaven
Hangs not a single cloud;
The birds sit silent in their forest bowers,
And by the soft breeze bow'd,
The trembling willows kiss yon placid stream,
Where sportive fishes bask in the warm beam.

Hark! stooping from the sky
The noise of clanging wings!
No coming tempest sings,
But yet the sound draws nigh.
And now an orb of brilliant light
Slowly descends — dazzling the aching sight.
A rainbow line of many tints
Gleams from the crimson'd west,
As when the sun through soft showers glints
Upon a summer cloud's dissolving breast.
A heavenly fragrance is diffused around;
And Ganymede his lovely face upturning,
Startled by the sudden sound,
Beholds amid that glory lambent burning,
The immortal messenger of Jove;
The thunder-bearer of the skies.
He hath descended from above
To bear afar from mortal eyes
The beauteous object of a godhead's love.
Pillow'd on his majestic pinions,
Lo, the blushing boy ascends!
But a downward glance still bends
Upon his father's wide dominions;
And to his home and mortal friends
A mute farewell, while gush salt teardrops, sends.
Tears never more those lustrous eyes shall dim.
Star after star is pass'd—
At last
Heaven's lofty portals have received him.
On to the palace of the God,
Along the broad ethereal road;
A thousand spacious domes on either side
Lift their heads in glitt'ring pride,
Spangled all with gorgeous sheen,
Richer far than aught, I ween,
That the astonish'd youth before hath seen.
Now the golden gate is enter'd,
And the journey long is o'er;
There is every glory center'd
That heaven keepeth evermore.
Jewell'd roof, and walls, and floor,
Are shedding wide a pure effulgent light
Insufferably bright.
Around the awful conclave see!
Each enthroned Deity,
With how majestic and celestial mien;
While on tissued seats between
Sit the fair goddesses, and their imperious queen.

Welcome, young Ganymede! for thee a place
Is vacant here!
No more shall sorrow cloud thy face,
Or anguish call into those eyes a tear.
Be thine the pleasing task that cup to fill
Which the Immortals drain,
And listening with rapt soul to the soft strain
That rings through Heaven, forget each trivial ill
Which thou didst meet on earth; rescued from pain,
Life's troubles shall not shade thy cheek, nor wound thy breast again!

Banks of the Yore.

USED DOWN.

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

"Used down?"—Ay, worn to the stumps;—every angle rounded, every feature effaced,—smoothed, pummiced, polished, into the most level monotony of surface! The reader of *νους* of course perceives that the present aspect of society is the insipid surface complained of;—a surface from which neither dramatist nor novelist can extract, either plot or character, without violating in the grossest manner the probabilities of civilized life. Singing is far from the only feat that is accomplished "by the million." People eat, drink, sleep, talk, move, think, in millions. No one *dares* to be himself. From Dan to Beersheba, not an original left! All the books published seem to have been copied from the same type, with one of Wedgewood's Manifold-writers. All the speeches made might be stereotyped in January by an able reporter, to last out till June. In society, men are packed one within the other, like forks or spoons in a plate-chest, each of the same exact pattern and amount of pennyweights. Doctor, divine, or devil's-dragoman, (*Ang.* lawyer,) all dressed alike,—all affecting the same tastes, pursuits, and domestic habits!

Would Shakspeare ever have invented Falstaff, or Parolles, in such an order of society?—Would Scott have hit upon the Baron of Bradwardine or Lawyer Pleydell?—Would even Fielding or Smollett have extracted the ripe humour of these inventions out of such a sea of batter? The few authors of fiction who *do* pretend to individualize, are obliged to have recourse to Newgate and the Coal-hole for elements of character; society of a higher grade being so "used down" into tameness, as to form one long Baker Street or Guildford Street of mean, graceless, and tedious uniformity, from number one to number one hundred, ditto repeated.

It is not so in other capitals. Elsewhere, every profession has its stamp, and every grade its distinctions. In Paris, or Berlin, or Vienna, you can no more surmise when you dine out what will be placed on the table, or what conversation will take place around it, than you can pre-assure the morrow's weather. In London, whether the dinner occur at the house of a man of eight hundred a year, or of eight thousand, you are cognizant, to a dish and a topic, what will be supplied for the delectation of your ears and palate. You eat the turbot and saddle of mutton by anticipation as you go along, and may chew the cud of the great letters of the ministerial and opposition papers, which anon you will have to swallow, diluted with milk-and-water by the dull, or vivified by a few drops of the alcohol by the brilliant.

In the evening-entertainments, as in the dinner, "*toujours perdrix!*"—Jullien, Gunter, and Lord Flipflap,—Lord Flipflap, Gunter, and Jullien!—You see the same people waltzing, fiddling, and serving the refreshments, at every fête given at the west end of the town between May and August, and you hear the same phrases exchanged

among them. May and August indeed?—say from A.D. 1835 to A.D. 1850!

This horrible uniformity of conventional life, which has converted society into a paper of pins with people stuck in rows, instead of minikins, is, we are told, the result of a high state of civilisation. The moment the English left off clipping their yew-trees and laying down their gravel walks at right angles, they transferred the system to society. "Ye fallen avenues," so pathetically sung by Cowper, you have *now* your parallels at every dinner party; and not a coterie in Grosvenor Square but presents the stiff unmeaning rectangularity of Hampton Court Gardens, Maze included.

It is curious enough, that while this eternal sameness of manners and opinions is so notorious among ourselves, no one ventures to say, "It is a fine day," till he has ascertained whether such an opinion has been duly emitted by the Lord Rigmarole or Mr. Tompkins, whosoever may be the Pope or fugleman, or model man of his set. England still retains on the Continent the distinction of being "*le pays des originaux*;" and one of the first ejaculations of a foreigner to an English person with whom he is on confidential terms, is, "admit that you *are* the oddest people in the world!"—

Useless were it to assert that, on the contrary, we are the evenest,—smooth as glass,—level as wood pavements; forsooth to say, half the traits of English eccentricity cited by foreign journals, are strictly true. Not a city on the Continent but has witnessed some marvellous trait of English originality,—some feat performed for a wager. The truth is, that the moment an Englishman feels the pragmaticality of the land to be "using down" his spirits to extinction, off he goes, to relieve himself abroad; and, like a high-pressure boiler, of which the safety-valve has been obstructed, the explosion is terrible. A man of peculiar habits, who has vainly tried to drill his whims and oddities to the regimental discipline of London life, and fire his opinions in platoons, with the commonplace people of his parish, the moment he finds himself out of bounds of conventional tyranny, is sure to run into extremes. The English, consequently, pass for *cracked* on the continent of Europe, just as the Russians pass for *millionaires;* because the wealthy of Russia and eccentric of Great Britain are forced to travel in search of enjoyment.

Were they to stay at home, an inquest *de lunatico inquirendo* would soon settle the matter! The moment a presumptuous individual acts or thinks an inch out of the plumb-line of perpendicularity exacted by the formalities of society, his next of kin steps in to prove that he ate, drank, or slept at the hours that suited him, not at those which suited the rest of the world; perhaps that he had attachment to a particular coat, and wore it though threadbare, having new ones in his wardrobe; or perhaps that he chose to have too many new ones in his wardrobe, though he had a good one to his back. Any twelve respectable steady-going jurymen, accustomed, like footmen, to their two suits a-year, and to eat, drink, and sleep by clockwork, will not hesitate to return him *non-compos;* and the unhappy wretch is eventually driven into idiotcy by the imputed loss of reason. An instance occurred the other day of an individual, deprived of liberty and the control of his property by the decree of such a jury, and the evidence of the usual number of old women,

who, being rational enough to give the slip to his incarcerators, figured with distinction at a foreign court, and obtained the verdict of the highest members of the French faculty that he not only possessed the perfect use of his senses, but that his senses are of a highly intelligent order.

Had he lived in Charles's days, or even in the days of the royal nieces of Charles, he would have been laughed at as an odd fellow, and perhaps been hitched into a lampoon; or, fifty years later, mimicked in one of the farces of Foote. For, after all, what was he but one of the marked features of a varied surface of society? And when the cases of half the unfortunate persons we dismiss, as incompetent of mind, to a residence at Chiswick, Hamwell, or Hoxton, come to be investigated, it usually turns out that they are no odder than people who were called humourists in the days of Goldsmith, and characters in those of Fielding.

The great origin of this peremptory uniformity is the influence of our habits of business. To facilitate despatch, everything the least out of the common way must be avoided, and all obstacles in the railroad of life removed. People have no time to lose in wonder. They like to find in the man with whom they have to deal a facsimile of themselves; so that they can meet him, point to point, without inquiry or examination. As society is at present constituted, they know to an item with what and whom they have to deal in a stockbroker, banker, physician, or barrister. They could draw his portrait, or make a model of him, without ever having set eyes upon his face. Such people are made to pattern, and the type of each is as familiar to every mother's son of us, as though it were specifically sold at a turner's, like a bat and ball.

The using down of society has, in this point of view, certainly effected a sort of overland-mailish facility of intercommunication between remote points of society. Lord Chancellors have become unmysterious as haberdashers; and my Lord Duke, no longer arrayed in his star, garter, and unapproachability, can be trafficked with in the sale of a hunter or a living, with as much ease as formerly his agents. The days of chain mail and farthingales are gone by!—It is all "Doudney!"—all "rich gros de Naples at 1*s.* 11¾*d.* a yard!"

Epochs are apt to obtain a name in history, as the "age of gold," "the age of iron," "the age of the crusades," "the age of Shakspeare;"— and Byron, in a fit of bitterness, characterized *our* century as "the age of bronze." The truth, and consequently the treason, would be far greater were it defined as "the age of non-entityism!" Examine it in all its phases: go to church, to the play, into the courts of law, nay, to court itself, and you will be forced to confess an utter want of individuality. In our public exhibitions, in our booksellers' shops, as in our eternal circles of dulness, nothing salient, nothing remarkable; and the Roman Emperor who wished that mankind had a single neck, that he might make an end of it at a blow, should come back and see how vast a step we have achieved towards the accomplishment of his desire. To modify a phrase of Wordsworth, there are not "forty" but four millions "feeding like one!"

The vast and oceanic platitude of such an order of existence is

bad enough in itself; but even the least inquiring spectator cannot help exclaiming "What *next?*" What became of Rome when it had drivelled into inanity?" What became of France after the collapse into which it subsided after the overexcitement of the days of Louis le Grand?—What shall we turn out after we have ceased to be a *bête monstre?* Shall we ever become parcelled out again, like the overgrown empire of Alexander?—shall we ever rise up armed-men, after being sown in the earth as the worn-out stumps of a dead dragon?—Or are we fated to an eternal calm of corruption, like that described in the "Ancient Mariner," when

"Slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea?"

After figuring as the "infinitely little," are we to figure as the infinitely *less*—the *pigmytissimi* of modern civilization?

But dulness preserve us, — what words are falling from our pen? Dr. Sutherland and a strait-waistcoat in every syllable! There was not a word of the kind in any periodical of the past month. They are not to be found in the column of the Post or Herald, or the speeches of Peel, or Mr. Benjamin Bond Cabbell. Let us mix a little water with our wine, and talk more soberly.

We once heard our friend Tompkins say to his son, who is what is called a rising artist and aspires to the honours of the R. A. (when he saw on his easel an attempt at a colossal subject from the *Niebelungen Lied*) "Bless my soul, John! you surely are not going to set up for a man of genius?—Remember you have seven brothers and sisters, and what I can give you is scarcely worth speaking of." And there are hundreds of Tompkinses who would petition parliament to bestow a Jennerian grant on Coroner Wakley, if he could only discover some variolous preventative against poetry, which might secure by inoculation the youth of Britain against rhyming, or at least reduce the disease to a mild and momentary seizure. Nothing so bitter to parental hopes as to discover a poet in the family. Advice is instantly called in as to the best mode of suppressing the disorder, and preventing contagion. Fumigations are ordered for the benefit of the family, and blisters and caustics for the use of the patient. If it be true that no man is a prophet in his country, it might fairly be added that every poet is a butt. And why?—Because a poet is something out of the common line,—something eccentric and undrillable,—something that cannot be "used down" so readily by the rolling cylinder of commonplace!

Is there any living mortal young enough of his age to confess that he remembers the villanous old coinage of George III.? The tin-like sixpences which added a word to the slang dictionary, and the button-like shillings, of which the image and superscription might have been Cæsar's, or the Elector of Hanover's, or Old Scratch's, for anything that the most scrutinising turnpikeman could decide to the contrary! Just such flat and featureless dumps are we becoming. Nothing short of ringing on the counter can determine whether we be of the right metal; for silver or lead, God wot! bears precisely the same aspect.

It was felt to be a national blessing when the Regent favoured us with a new coinage. For the first week or so, people scarcely liked

to spend their half-crowns and shillings, so gloriously did they resemble medals. The inscriptions had to be read,—the reverses to be studied. The unthrifty, who had flung about pursefuls of those bits of tin, began to hoard the new issue of the Mint, as having more significance.

So will it be when our present "used down" generation gives place to a sharper die. The first man who dares to think and speak for himself, and think and speak strongly, will become as Gulliver in Lilliput. The prodigious flock of sheep, into which it has pleased our nation to subside, will follow at his piping. Let him ply his galvanic battery with address, and the corpse of our defunct literature will revive, making perhaps, like other galvanised corpses, a few grimaces in the onset.

Time was, indeed, that comets were esteemed prodigies, and sufficed to produce a national panic the moment their tails whisked into sight. But, now that their movements are as well understood and correctly chronicled as those of the sober-sided fixed stars which are always winking in their proper places, people are delighted to be broken in upon occasionally by these extraordinary visitations, which lend bloom to our roses, and flavour to our vintage. We seriously assure Mr. Tompkins that the vocation he has interdicted to his son would be a very thriving one. A cow with five legs is prodigiously wanted. The announcement of a singing-mouse sent all London into hysterics. Even the very beasts of prey are tamed; and, thanks to Van Amburgh and Carter, the lions and hyænas "used down!"—Self-playing organs grind the oratorios of Handel into insignificance; and the august Transfiguration of Raphael has seen its interest evaporate in the pale and worn-out lithographs which multiply and enfeeble its mysteries. The seven wonders of the world are in ruins, and the only wonder left is that we cannot find out the secret of inventing an eighth.

Our ancestors ran to look at an aloe in bloom, in the conviction that it flowered but once in a hundred years. We know better; but the aloe has lost its charm. Our ancestors reverenced a fine timber-tree, extending its gigantic arms beside their dwelling, and certifying its antiquity far better than the genealogical tree in their hall. We bring ancient trees in Pickford's vans to our lawns, and make them overshadow our upstart villas; but the oak has lost its charm. Our ancestors thought a shilling well spent for admittance to see the skeleton of a cameleopard. We have giraffes kittening unnoticed in the Regent's Park, and keep a serpentry for improving the domestic breed of rattlesnakes and boa-constrictors. But if Mungo Park, or Waterton, were to write their travels now, they would have lost their charm. The sting is taken out of everything; and with the mischief, the flavour is extracted!

The reviews, which used to dip their pens, like the Indians their arrows, in such subtile poison that the slightest scratch was fatal, now put syrup of poppies into their standishes; and instead of requiring a human victim to be sacrificed to them annually, like the Nile of old before it would overflow and fertilize the land, strive to conciliate the public by pirouettes, and smiles, and deprecating curtsies, like those of a *danseuse*. Yes! the terrible Hyrcanian bears have been "used down" to a Saraband!

Even the most high Court of Parliament has voted itself a supply of nail-nippers and pincers from Birmingham, and sacrificed its own teeth and claws! It mumbles where it used to bite. Its thunderbolts have fizzed into squibs: its storms are rattled with a sheet of iron and a quart of peas. People care no more about appearing at the bar of the Reformed House than at the bar of the Eagle Tavern. The terrors of the place are "used down!" The Sultan, so terrible as the "turbaned Turk," is scarcely worth mentioning in a Fez!

For our own parts, we like a little hocus-pocus with our conjuring. The wizard who stands simpering behind a table in a Saxon cloth coat and tweeds, is as dull a fellow as any other species of public lecturer; and, but for the "alligator stuffed," and wand and hieroglyphical robe of the magician, Lord Rochester would scarcely have turned the heads of the maids of honour who consulted his black art!

But, dulness preserve us! (as we said before,) here we are "using down" our wisdom, and giving way to the weight of the roller. Our angles are rounding. We are becoming pebbled, like the rest, by the friction of the stream. Our spirit melts away like a dissolving view. The vast platitude of Salisbury Plain is around us, and mole-hills are mountains! Farewell, dear public, before the pen in our hand, and energy in our soul, become altogether "used down!"

A TALE OF THE WARS OF MARLBOROUGH.

BY HENRY CURLING.

Eftsoons there dwelt a right portly and merry-conceited host. Nigh unto the high road which crosses the wastes of Cumberland was his hostel situate. And so it was, that sitting one gusty afternoon, in the month of August, withinside the brick-built porch in front of his dwelling, smoking his pipe, and discussing his afternoon tankard, and occasionally munching his supper of bread and cheese, whilst the robins hopped from bough to bough to claim the crumbs he left for perquisites, that he observed in the distance a traveller wending his solitary way across the moss.

"Within there!" cried the landlord, soon as he espied the creeping atom upon the distant wold,—"within there, Thammas Ostler! come forth, lad; I spy a guest yonder away. He has passed the gibbet where the four roads meet, and comes hitherward. Pass t'word to missus to clap a log on t' fire in Dolphin parlour."

"Be he a-horseback or afoot, measter?" said the shock-headed stableman, as he lounged into the porch from the interior, and stared over the waste.

"A-horseback, to be sure, sleephead!" said the landlord, rising, and knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "else wherefore call to *thee*? Each to his fellow, Thammas Tyke. 'Tis for thou, who art beastly, to look to thy fellow-beast; the horse to *thy* care, the rider *mine*."

"Humph!" said the ostler; "truly so, measter. Perchance I shall have the nobler animal of the two."

"Go to," said the landlord; "thou art a shrewd knave. Attend

thou to the traveller's horse when he arrives, whilst I look to prepare for the rider within doors."

The traveller rode straight up to the gate of the little garden in front of the house, and, dismounting, resigned his steed to the ostler, as the host hurried out to bid him welcome to the comforts of his roof, and usher him into the Dolphin parlour. The stranger was tall, and of a commanding figure. He glanced around the apartment, as the host busied himself in stirring up the crackling logs upon the hearth, and, then turning, walked to the casement and looked forth, doffing his broad-brimmed castor, and removing the mufflers, which had completely hidden his countenance.

"What quality of draught would your worship like to drink?" said the host, as he placed a tray with refreshments upon the table.

The traveller turned to answer, and the host started a couple of yards back, with surprise depicted in his countenance as he gazed upon him.

"I 'll taste of the cup you yourself love best, host," said the traveller, disregarding the astonished look of the landlord; "for I have ever found, that to drink of the cup best relished by the host, is to taste of the most superlative in his cellar."

"Your worship speaks sooth," returned the landlord, gradually recovering himself, and filling. "Here 's a cup of as good as is to be found in any inn upon the border. I look towards your worship. My service to your honour."

"Come, landlord," said the traveller, lifting his glass, "I 'll give you a toast, one you have ofttimes drank in former days. Fill, man, a bumper. Here 's to the memory of Sorrel, and the little gentleman in velvet."

The enemies of King William were frequently in the habit of drinking this toast. They charged him with having entertained a design of excluding Anne from the throne, and introducing the Elector of Hanover as his successor. By *Sorrel* they meant the horse (so named) which fell with him; and, under the appellative of "the little gentleman in velvet," toasted the mole that raised the hill over which the horse had stumbled, and caused his death.

The landlord was a cautious north-countryman, one who was as crafty as a Jesuit. He hemmed once or twice, carried his glass to his lips, and then set it untasted upon the table before him.

"You know me now, Phillpot," said the traveller. "Nay, never deny it, man; I saw you start when I removed my kerchief from my face."

"Nay," returned the landlord, "I certainly did think I never looked upon a face so like that of my old master's son; but, Lord save us, sir! until you gave the old pledge, it was not my cue to claim acquaintance with one who has been returned dead in these parts for near a quarter of a century. Nay, the good lady, your wife, spoke even with one who, arriving from the Low Countries, brought your honour's watch and other effects, affirming that he himself had been a soldier in your troop, and had assisted in burying your body, as you lay dead upon the field before the walls of Lisle. My certie! but there 'll be a precious kick-up here by-and-by! I suppose your worship knows the good lady, your wife, has been long time deceased?"

"What I know, I know," returned the traveller, taking from his

pocket a gold snuff-box of exquisite workmanship and curious device. "Suffice it I am myself, landlord, whole and sound, and now it imports much that you should know my history since we parted. Clap, therefore, a sentinel upon that door. In other words, turn the key of the lock, fill your glass, light up your pipe, and lend me your ears."

Mine host, upon this, seated himself opposite his guest, who began his story at once, merely preluding it with the caution, that, if his hearer offered to stir a step from the apartment till he had finished, he would whizz a brace of balls through his brain-pan.

"You doubtless remember," said the traveller, "many passages in my nonage, landlord, which proclaimed me a sort of reckless ne'er-do-well, and how, after my worthy father had articled me to a scrivener's desk in Carlisle, I ran away with a recruiting-party stationed at Berwick-upon-Tweed, and enlisted as a private in a regiment of dragoons. You may remember, too, the efforts my father made to buy me off, and how I refused to be so reclaimed; so that the old gentleman, finding me resolved upon making a target of my body in the Netherlands, at last made up his mind to purchase me a commission, rather than I should thus disgrace his family by serving in the ranks."

"I remember," said the host, "all about it; and how your wilful conduct broke both your parents' hearts."

The traveller took no notice of this observation further than stopping for a moment, and tapping his gold snuff-box, from which he took a pinch of snuff, and applied it to his nostril with ineffable relish. He then glanced at his listener, and continued his story.

"Before, however," said he, "I had obtained my commission, I thought proper to accommodate myself with a wife."

"Does your worship mean that as news to me?" said the host archly.

"Not exactly," returned the traveller; "but as you never, I believe, heard the circumstances under which I was induced to become a married man, it suits my purpose to dilate at full upon that part of my story. Whilst, then, I was recruiting with a party of my regiment, we beat up through Yorkshire; and one night, whilst stationed near the town of Scarborough, the sergeant of our party, who had made acquaintance with the housekeeper of a gentleman resident in that neighbourhood, carried me with him on a visit he was invited to pay her.

"Major Careless (the owner of the mansion we visited) was absent at the time with his lady at York, and the servants of the establishment held a sort of revel the whilst. There is nothing like a trooper, host, on such an occasion. The red rag communicates a spark in the bosoms of the fair sex like gunpowder, the outworks are mined, and the citadel blown up in a twinkling. It happened that the only daughter of Major Careless had on this occasion been left in charge of the establishment, and her maid induced her to become a spectator of the sports of the servants' hall. I was struck with her beauty, and persuaded her to be my partner in the dance. In short, she soon found I was a gentleman by birth and education. The romance of the thing pleased me, and I persuaded her to agree to an elopement. Major Careless, of course, felt scandalised at his daughter's conduct in running away with a common dragoon, and,

burning with resentment, followed and overtook the troop at Beverley, where, waiving all distinction of ranks, he insisted on satisfaction for the injury he conceived I had inflicted upon him. We met behind the barracks in that town; I being attended by an officer of my own regiment (for I had two days before obtained a commission), whilst he was accompanied by the friend he had brought with him from his own neighbourhood. I was wounded in the encounter, but succeeded in disarming the enraged parent; after which I condescended to grant him so much information as that I had married his daughter on the morning I carried her from his house; that I was of a family as ancient as his own, and at that moment held a commission in the service. Although these circumstances considerably mollified the wrath of Major Careless, he refused to be reconciled to his daughter, and immediately took his departure without even seeing her. You recollect, host, my bringing my wife to Cumberland, and installing her in my father's house there. After which I joined the confederate army abroad, then amounting to one hundred and thirty squadrons, and fifty-nine battalions. The Duke of Marlborough had just crossed the sea, and assembled the allies; and my first impression of actual warfare was taken at the siege of Bonne. Come, fill your glass, host, and replenish your pipe," continued the traveller. "I'm coming now to the best part of my story."

"Truly so," said the host. "When your honour discovered to me that you were your ownself really returned from the grave, I could have told you all that has followed that announcement. My service to your honour."

"It so happened," continued the traveller, "that in the brigade to which I belong there was an officer of a regiment of heavy cavalry so like myself in figure, feature, voice, and manner, that, even when we were present together, our comrades were occasionally puzzled to know which was which. Indeed, except from the difference of regimentals of the corps to which we belonged, it was almost impossible to distinguish Captain Crewkheart (for that was the name of my double) from Cornet Catchimont. In short, whilst we served together in the same brigade, as many ludicrous mistakes occurred as the great poet has described to have happened between Antipholus of Syracuse, and him of Ephesus. Our similitude in person begot a close friendship between us, and our tastes and pursuits were also similar; during the intervals of service, whilst thrown together, we were inseparable companions. Amongst other proofs of his regard, Captain Crewkheart made me his confidant in a love-affair, describing the beauty of a young lady he intended to return home and marry as soon as the present campaign was over. In return for this confidence, I was induced to tell him the story of my own marriage, and sing the praises of my wife, who (indeed, I need not tell you, host,) was a very lovely woman. So that, our conversation in our tents more frequently turning upon home than any other subject, as is usual with gentlemen of the blade, we commonly fuddled ourselves in toasting our sweethearts and wives ere we parted for the night. After the first twelve months of our acquaintance service separated us; I was detached with a part of the army to Anderlech, whilst Captain Crewkheart was sent home to England with dispatches, where he remained for about three months. But you are

asleep, mine host?" said the traveller, regarding the landlord, who was, in truth, somewhat somnolent, and had given one or two nasal indications that he was quietly dropping into the arms of Morpheus.

"Not a whit, your honour," returned the host, rousing himself; "but you must find it rather dry work all this talking, and so little liquor called for. My service to you. There 'll be a precious row by-and-by. I be main sure of that," he muttered *sotto voce.*

"Whilst Captain Crewkheart was absent," continued the traveller, "the army was pretty constantly engaged. The Duke of Marlborough at this period made a tremendous march, from Asche, as far as Hersenlinger, and took possession of a strong camp the French themselves intended to have occupied at Lessing. Ha! ha! the great Duke was his craft's-master, landlord! he knocked the frogs about in good style wherever he undertook them. After the march I myself obtained a short leave of absence, and, crossing the seas, I flew to Cumberland. I loved my wife, host, and the rough grindstone of the wars had taken off much of the wildness of my disposition. I had already seen enough of soldiering; and it was my intention to quit the profession of arms, and retire to the pleasures of a country life. But the Fates ordained it otherwise; for I found desolation, host, where I had left plenty. Both my parents had died within a short time of each other, and my wife was absent from her home. As I had written to inform her of my intended return, the circumstance of her having quitted her home struck me as somewhat strange. An aged domestic was the only person left in charge of the place;—a female, like the foul witch Sycorax, with age and envy grown into a hoop. From this crone I learnt several matters which induced me to suspect the fidelity of my wife; but I should have perhaps failed in discovering who was my wronger, had it not been that the guilty are ofttimes traced and convicted by their own evidence. Yes, host, there is an especial Providence in transactions of this kind. Villany defeats itself, and leaves token of its own evil doing. This snuff-box was the means by which I discovered who was my wife's companion in her absence from home. It had been left behind apparently in the hurry of their departure, and I immediately recognised it as having been the gift of the Electoral Prince of Hanover* to my friend, Captain Crewkheart, presented to him for services rendered during a night-skirmish between Genappe and Braine-la-Lewe.† That Prince had become involved during a charge amongst the enemy's dragoons, and was on the point of being captured, when Captain Crewkheart, by a desperate effort, succeeded in routing his assailants, and bringing him off. I could not mistake the bauble, as you will perceive, landlord," continued the traveller, after taking another pinch, and handing the box to the host, "and it carried conviction in my mind as to the identity of my wronger."

The traveller stopped, and again regarded his snuff-box. He seemed to contemplate it with a species of affection, since it had enabled him to discover, and follow up, a deep-laid scheme of revenge against his sometime friend.

* Afterwards George the Second.

† The Duke of Marlborough, finding the enemy on the march, by Bois Seigneur Isaac, to Braine-la-Lewe, marched all night, and on the 3rd of June encamped at Terbank. The French advanced no further than Genappe and Braine-la-Lewe, places which have since become more famous.

"I was young then, host," he continued, after regaling his nostril with another pinch of snuff, "and I will not say that the shock of this discovery did not for the moment completely unhinge me; but a deep and lasting desire of vengeance superseded my grief. My wife had proved unworthy, and I dismissed her from my thoughts. Not so her seducer; him I resolved to follow, even to the furthest steeps of India, in order to satisfy my deep revenge. As my horse was wearied with the journey, and it was too late to provide myself with another, I set off on foot for the town of Carlisle, which I reached at daybreak, and, hiring a post-horse, I started for London. I was in a frame of mind, host, that I could not rest, and the journey across the wastes of Cumberland on that night, together with one or two adventures I met with in travelling through Yorkshire and Derbyshire, somewhat blunted the keenness of my feelings; so that, finding my wronger had been recalled by the Duke to the Netherlands, I forthwith transacted what business I had to do in town, and, following him, set off to join the confederate army. It was about seven in the evening when I joined my squadron, which, having just passed the river, formed, with other regiments, in order of battle. The glory of this spectacle, host, and the feeling consequent upon rejoining our triumphant squadrons, in all the hurry and excitement of action, for the moment drove the circumstance of the private wound I had received from my thoughts.

"The French," continued the traveller, again refreshing his memory from his gold snuff-box, "were at this moment drawn up to oppose us, and, I suppose, for many years Europe had not produced two such noble armies. Above one hundred general officers were present in the field, and two hundred and fifty colonels fought at the heads of their respective regiments. The result you doubtless remember. The men of England shewed then the mettle of their pasture, and the French (although their numbers exceeded that of the allies by twelve thousand men,) were everywhere beaten. Their manœuvres were executed with hurry and trepidation, I observed; the dressings we had already given them had evidently dashed their usual self-sufficiency and confidence. D'Auverquerque and Count Tilly on our left obliged their right to give way. The Prince of Orange and Oxienstern, with the Dutch infantry, took them in flank, and they retired in disorder. During the hurry of this conflict I caught a passing glance of my wronger. It was during a part of the action, in which the Electoral Prince of Hanover charged at the head of Bulau's dragoons* with great intrepidity; his horse being shot under him, and Colonel Laschky killed at his side. I was at that moment, however, too much engaged myself amongst the enemy to afford attention for other matters. The French were getting into irretrievable confusion, and I saw the Duke de Vendome alight from his horse on beholding his battalions going to the right about, and endeavour to rally the broken line, even calling upon the officers by name as he stood, hat in hand, alone amidst the shower of bullets which rained around him. 'Twas, however, in vain; we forced them back amongst some enclosures, and completely cut to pieces many of their regiments. Night coming

* This is a fact. The Elector (afterwards George the Second) greatly distinguished himself on this day.

down, as they made an effort to escape, the increasing gloom rendered it at that moment difficult to distinguish friend from foe. Separated from my squadron during this confusion, I drew bridle, in order to breathe my charger, whilst detached bodies of horsemen continually galloped past in their headlong career. Amongst one of these parties, as the moon shone out, I thought I again recognised the form of my hated wronger, and, clapping spurs to my steed, I followed, and quickly came up with him. On doing so I found I was not mistaken, it was indeed Captain Crewkheart; he was wheeling his horse, when I dashed up, and accosted him.

"'Behold,' I said, 'infernal villain! the friend you have betrayed. I returned this day from England, and intended after the battle to have sought you in order to return the Elector's snuff-box, which you left in my house in England, and express my regret that absence from home prevented my offering you in person the treatment your visit so richly deserved.'

"Thus saying, I took the snuff-box from my pocket, and, dashing it with all my force in the rascal's teeth, bade him instantly defend himself. We should doubtless at that time have settled our difference; as the captain, although surprised, instantly repelled the fury of my assault. Before, however, a dozen blows had been given and received, the ground shook with the rapid approach of a large body of cavalry, (a reserve ordered up by the Duke to continue the pursuit,) and the next moment, in order to avoid being overwhelmed, and trodden into mud, we were fain to turn and sweep onwards with them, towards the road leading from Oudenarde to Ghent, and in a short time found ourselves side by side, charging the rearguard of the French, which the Duke de Vendome had succeeded in forming, consisting of about five-and-twenty squadrons of cavalry, and as many battalions of infantry.

"Whilst hurried onwards with this body of cavalry, my enemy and myself found opportunity of exchanging a few words, and arranged (should we both survive) to repair at daybreak once more to the spot on which we had just been interrupted, with no witnesses to our meeting. Scarcely had we arranged this matter, when we received the fire of the French grenadiers from behind the hedges and ditches skirting the road,—a fire which they maintained so resolutely and fiercely that our cavalry found it impossible to form; and, being at length obliged to desist from following the fugitives, they succeeded in reaching Ghent about eight next morning. Meanwhile, burning with revenge, I managed to disengage myself from the force, which still hung upon the skirts of the retiring enemy, and awaited Captain Crewkheart on the appointed spot. The confederates rested that night, and, indeed, for two days afterwards, upon the field upon which they had fought; and at daybreak I received a hastily-written note from Captain Crewkheart, intimating that our meeting must be postponed, as he had been ordered by the Duke upon duty with a detachment to raise contributions as far as Arras; and, as I soon afterwards found myself in orders to proceed with a strong force destined to level the French lines between Ypres and the Lys, I was for the present necessitated to pocket my wrongs, together with the Electoral Prince of Hanover's snuff-box, which I had picked up at the place of appointment, and where it had lain imbedded in the mud into which it had been trodden the night before. After this en-

counter, it was not hard for me to discover that my sometime friend sought in every possible way to avoid meeting me. He volunteered for every duty he could find an excuse for thrusting himself upon, in order to remove himself from his corps, and keep out of my way. Conscience, doubtless, made a coward of him; but I bided my time. It was not my purpose to let it be known amongst my comrades that there was a quarrel between us; and my deep revenge had conceived a retaliation, which, if I was lucky enough to prove conqueror, should extend its gratification even beyond the grave of him who had wronged me.

"'Twas some little time before an opportunity again presented itself of encountering the captain without witnesses to our duel. I saw plainly I must watch carefully for the occasion, and at length, during the siege of Lisle, we once more met. Prince Eugène had been wounded in the trenches during this siege by a musket-shot, which struck his left eye. My treacherous friend, amongst others, had assisted in conducting him to his tent; when, an alarm and hubbub being heard in the midst of our camp, the trumpets rang out, and several bodies of cavalry were turned out in an instant.

"The occasion of this turmoil was in consequence of the Chevalier de Luxembourg, at the head of a body of heavy cavalry, making an extraordinary attempt to supply the besieged with gunpowder, their ammunition having been almost expended. His party carried a bag of forty pounds upon the cruppers of each of their horses, and had the impudence to attempt a passage through our very camp. Being however detected, they were pursued by us to the barrier of the town, and a dreadful scene ensued. Many were cut down like cattle in the shambles, whilst at least one-third were miserably destroyed by the explosion of the powder they carried. It was during the confusion of this affair that Crewkheart and I met. The night was again favourable to my designs; there was sufficient light for our encounter; and I once more forced the combat upon him. It was fiercely contested, and as quickly ended. I was better mounted than my antagonist, and succeeded in running him through. The spot upon which this encounter had taken place was, as I before hinted, near where the confusion had occurred consequent upon our pursuit and attack of De Luxembourg's dragoons. That was now over; the shades of the coming night surrounded us, and nought save the mutilated bodies of the dead were in the immediate vicinity. I alighted from my charger, and, finding my antagonist was quite dead, I proceeded to strip him."

"Did what?" said the host, who was now just out of his first sleep. "Stripped who, sir?"

"Captain Crewkheart, host. I stripped him of his coat, waistcoat, boots, and hat; ay, even his sword I took, and every article, either of value or otherwise, I could find in his possession."

"My conscience!" said the host. "What! and in the dark? and arter killing 'im? I could have eat un as soon. And what did 'e do then, sir?"

"Why, then, host, I stripped myself," returned the traveller.

"Lawk, what a rum customer you be," said the host, "sure*ly*! It makes me all of a jelly, like, to hear tell of. Fill your glass, sir, and pass flagon this way. Well, sir; what did 'e do then?"

"Then, host, I made an exchange from Hamilton's dragoons to

Bulau's; that is to say, I accoutred myself in the regimentals of Captain Crewkheart, and dressed his body up in my own clothes, leaving with him my pocket-book, and other matters, which would be likely to identify me as killed in this night-skirmish. After which, joining my new corps as Captain Crewkheart, Captain Crewkheart I have continued up to this hour."

"Why, why, then, sir," said the host, somewhat confounded, "you married the lady up at the Manor House, near Stoney-Middlemore, under false colours."

"I did, landlord," said the traveller; "it constituted a part of my deep revenge, as you shall by-and-by hear. As Captain Crewkheart I joined Bulau's dragoons, and as Captain Crewkheart I have continued to serve in these glorious campaigns with the Duke of Marlborough; as Captain Crewkheart I mourned the supposed death of myself, and, returning to England, married the lady he had so oft described to me in former passages of our lives."

"God be here!" said the host. "Your worship was ever a wild, reckless devil, from your earliest childhood: but this tale bangs all that ever I heard."

"Yes, host," continued the traveller; "'tis no less strange than true. The villain Crewkheart had divorced me; and profiting by the similarity of person, which perhaps had aided him in his introduction to my home, and made shipwreck of my happiness, I achieved the adventure, and the maid he had himself already wooed and won. The marriage, indeed, had only awaited the return of him I had sent to the fiends, and was accordingly quickly arranged and celebrated; immediately after which I again departed for the continent, carrying my new bride along with me, where within a twelvemonth she died."

"Has your worship finished your story?" said the host.

"Partly," returned the traveller. "Wherefore do you ask the question?"

"Because, when you have, I 'd fain know why you 've told this tale to me?"

"Your question is a natural one," said the traveller, "and I will answer it anon. Meanwhile, let me ask another in return. Do you recollect any distinctive mark by which you could swear to my identity? your wife, you know, was my foster-nurse."

"I do," said the host, "one not easily forgotten. Your worship, if you be yourself in place of the devil, — I beg pardon, of Captain Crewkheart,—was born with only two fingers to your left hand."

"Exactly," said the traveller, pulling off his gauntlet, and holding forth his left hand. That 's the point I wished to arrive at. You are to know, host, that for some years I have been in the employ of the Pretender, and that but lately I have been engaged in raising recruits here in the north. Whilst employed as an emissary in conveying money from the Court of St. Germains to the Highlands, I have been identified and nearly arrested. Knowing that you also are of the Pretender's party, and having papers in my possession which will implicate you, together with several gentlemen in this part of Yorkshire, if taken, I am resolved to dispute my identity through your means, and resume my own name. This service you yourself must do me; and I am the less scrupulous in confessing myself to you as I have done, since, if I hang, your neck shall stretch

upon the same gallows. Enough, you have my story, and my reasons for seeking you out; your own safety is bound up in mine."

The traveller, rising from his seat once more, tapped his snuff-box, and refreshed his nostril with the *pulvilio.*

"To-morrow," he continued, "we will hold further converse together. Do me the favour, meanwhile, to summon your ostler, that I may visit my steed before I retire. 'Tis a duty I have learnt whilst in service, host, where a man's horse is sometimes his best friend."

The host looked somewhat dashed. He, however, quickly recovered himself. "The household," he said, "have retired; but I 'll attend your worship myself in your visit to the stables."

In saying this, the host proceeded to light a small lantern, and, ushering his guest out at the back door of his inn, took the way across a small enclosure which led to the stables.

"Mercy on me!" said he, as he carefully picked his road, "how the wind do blow, sure-*ly!* and, dang it all, there goes the light."

The night was, in truth, both dark and tempestuous; a dashing, driving rain blew directly in their faces.

"I take it on my damnation that I cannot see an inch before me," said the traveller. "Whereabouts are you, landlord, and which way am I to proceed?"

"Nay," answered the host, "methinks I 'd best return and re-light my lantern. By the same token, your worship is even now beside steable-door; push it open to your right, and walk straight forwards out o' the rain."

The landlord had turned whilst he spoke. As he did so, the traveller hastened to gain the shelter promised. He pushed open the door of a small brick building immediately on his right, and felt his way into the interior.

Mine host meanwhile paused, and listened for a moment, as a sort of suppressed shriek, which seemed instantly lost in the bowels of the earth, met his ear, accompanied by a rushing sound, and a noise like some heavy body falling into a deep well. A strange subterranean echo was also heard for a few moments, and then all was silent. The landlord shuddered, and drew a long breath.

"Lord be here!" he said, "what was yon? He couldn't, sure-*ly,* mistake? Eh! Let 's see. I said right hand, I be main sure o' that. Yes, right hand I told un. Ah! but, then, did I tell un right hand arter I myself had turned? That makes all the difference. Pshaw! what 's the good of standing jawing here in the rain at this time o' night? I 'll e'en gang in to bed."

It was about the hour of noon on the morrow of the day the stranger had arrived at, and as suddenly departed from, the Falcon Inn, (for, after he had gone out to visit his steed, no person, not even the host, had ever looked on him again,) that a party of dragoons were seen advancing at a brisk trot across the waste. The officer of the party halted before the inn, and, after posting his detachment around it, himself entered, and, arresting the landlord, subjected the entire household to a severe cross-examination. He was in quest of an emissary of the Pretender, who had been for some time obnoxious to the Government, and was supposed to have papers in his possession of the highest importance.

As the officer could gain no satisfactory intelligence of the fugi-

tive, although all at the Falcon confessed to such a person having arrived there the evening before, he dispatched different parties to scour the immediate neighbourhood, whilst he himself, remaining all night at the inn, sat down with mine host in the Dolphin parlour over a bowl of punch. The host himself mingled the ingredients of the fragrant liquor, and a capital bowl it was; although he preferred, he said, to pledge his guest in his own favourite canary.

The conversation naturally turning upon the object of the officer's search, he informed the landlord that the name of the fugitive was Crewkheart, that he had served with distinction in the Netherlands, and retired upon halfpay for some years. Since which he had become exceedingly obnoxious to the Government by his correspondence with the Pretender. Whilst the dragoon volunteered this piece of information to the host, Thomas Ostler burst somewhat abruptly into the presence.

"Look here, measter," he said, "what Dick and I ha' found in t'bucket we ha' just draw'd up from t' well."

Mine host looked rather askance at the article, as the ostler thrust it under his nose. He seemed to hesitate at touching it; whilst the dragoon, starting up, reached out his hand, took it from the wondering hostler, and attentively examined it. 'Twas a gold snuff-box, of most exquisite workmanship and curious device, having a watch in its interior; and as the officer continued his examination he perceived on its reverse, and which had an appearance as though it had been indented by the hoofs of horses, or some weight going over it, an inscription, which he immediately read aloud. The purport of the inscription seemed to infer, as far as he could decipher it, that the box had been presented by the Electoral Prince of Hanover to Captain Crewkheart of Bulau's dragoons, in token of that officer having gallantly rescued the Prince from the enemy during a night-skirmish.

"Eh! what?" said the landlord, all of a sudden pretending great interest in the matter, and addressing the cornet as he was about to raise his glass to his lips. "Don't 'e drink any more of that punch, sir, for the Lord's sake! Sure as my name's Phillpot, the gentleman you 're arter's tumbled down my well!"

TO A. W....E, NOW MRS. J....S.

I LOVE thee! not because thine eye
 Is, like the Houri's, bright;
But that expression, deep and high,
 Hath blended there its light.

I love thee! not because thy cheek
 Is tinted with the rose;
But that within its varied streak
 The soul of feeling glows.

I love thee! not because thy brow
 With Grecian art is wrought;
But that its pure and stainless snow
 May image to the thought

Those peaceful dreams of love and light
 Which dwell within a breast,
Where every virtue meek and bright
 Hath found a shrine of rest.

And though thy beauty should decay,
 Like summer's fairest flower;
Virtue shall round thee cast a ray
 Of yet superior power.

And nought can dim a love like mine,
 Unchanging—strong as death;
Affection still our hearts shall twine
 Till Nature's parting breath!

H. B. K.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN:

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE MURDERED GAMEKEEPER.

And these are the men that become sullen and desperate: that become poachers and incendiaries. How and why? It is not plenty and kind words that make them so. What then? What makes the wolves herd together, and descend from the Alps and the Pyrenees? What makes them desperate and voracious, blind with fury, and revelling in vengeance? Hunger and hardship! When the English peasant is gay, at ease, well fed, and well clothed, what cares he how many pheasants are in a wood, or ricks in a farmer's yard? When he has a dozen backs to clothe, and a dozen mouths to feed, and nothing to put on the one, and little to put in the other,—then that which seemed a mere playful puppy suddenly starts up a snarling, red-eyed monster! How sullen he grows! With what equal indifference he shoots down pheasants or gamekeepers! How the man who so recently held up his head, and laughed aloud, now sneaks a villanous fiend, with the dark lantern, and the match to his neighbour's rick! Monster! can this be the English peasant? 'Tis the same! 'Tis the very man! But who has made him so? What has thus demonized, thus infuriated, thus converted him into a walking pestilence? Villain as he is, is he alone to blame, or is there another?

William Howitt.

It were well if some man of noble mind, as well as of ample territory, taking rank among the aristocracy, and invested with the irresistible influence which high station, more particularly when combined with character and intellect, commands, — in a free state, — would step out of the beaten track prescribed by fashion for his order, and lay bare the folly and barbarism of the Game Laws. He must be eagle-eyed who would detect in them a grain of that Christian philosophy upon which we boast our laws to be founded.

They tempt the starving artizan, and then punish him. They provoke to depredation the man wrung by the spectacle of a wife emaciated with want, and half-maddened by the cries of children clamorous for food; and then, by way of penalty, doom him to herd with the vicious and depraved, to the certain and speedy extinction of every virtuous and upright feeling. And yet, these very laws,—leading constantly to the commission of crime, and the fertile parent of a vast amount of evil, generous men, humane men, intelligent men, wealthy men support, because they *will have* their "day's sport;" their "*battu;*" and their "shooting-party!" The contradiction between principles publicly avowed, and the line of conduct privately pursued, is marvellous! What process is to reconcile the addresses delivered with admirable grace and feeling from the hustings, at the town-hall, or in the justice-room, with the positive and written injunctions issued to Tom, the head-keeper? From the bench at quarter-sessions grey-headed men gravely enunciate, "We have a solemn duty to perform; we *must* enlighten the minds of the peasantry, and ameliorate the condition of the working-man. The state requires it, and public opinion calls for it." Granted. But, in the steward's room the charge given to the watchers is,—"Keep the poacher out of the park at *all* hazards: the game *must* and SHALL BE preserved." And thus these laws remain on the statute-book,

and are boldly and vehemently supported, though the records of every assize-court in the country are ever and anon affording the most conclusive evidence that game enactments are constantly issuing in murder.

I am led to these remarks by a train of circumstances which fell under my own observation. A Mr. Gougely, to the surprise of the knowing ones, became the purchaser by private contract of the neighbouring estate of Abbot's-Stoke. Its former owner was a man of family, cultivated taste, and most popular manners. He stood,—*he* affirmed, "for the good of his country;" the gossips said, "to gratify the restless spirit of wife;" and the Radical paper, "to further his unceasing pursuit of a peerage,"—four contested elections; won the last; and was a ruined man. Abbot's-Stoke was sold; and one fine midsummer-day the new proprietor, in a coat that would have thrown Nugee into fits, and a hat thoroughly guiltless of nap, seated himself in its noble drawing-room, and proclaimed himself "master." What pleasure a man who had lived all his days in a little court out of Lothbury could take in a country life,—what amusement he could derive from its pursuits,—or what interest he could feel in its objects, seemed a riddle; but there sat Mr. Gougely, the owner of Abbot's-Stoke, and the possessor of a plum besides! To the amazement of his rural neighbours, he at once declared himself "a strict preserver of game." He "would allow no one to trespass" on his manors "with impunity." It "mattered little" to him whether he had "five, or fifteen, watchers nightly in his grounds: but on this point he was decided,—his birds should be the prey of no poacher."

By the neighbouring squirearchy this declaration was applauded to the echo. He was pronounced "a man abounding in proper feeling;" and "possessed of the most enviable decision of character."

There was a party, however, who entirely demurred to this decision, in the shape of a gay, good-humoured looking personage, known by the name of Luke Kyte. Mr. Kyte belonged nominally to "the labouring class;" and called himself "one of the sons of toil:" rather a flight of fancy,—for *where* he toiled, *when*, and *at what*, were points upon which none seemed able to give very clear information. Strictly, he was "an independent gentleman!" His cottage, built in a sunny corner of the waste, was his own. It was stored with guns, nets, and fishing-tackle. His collection of flies was superb; and stretched before the hearth lay a couple of wily, wary, suspicious-looking dogs, always in high condition, and evidently objects of considerable care and attention. Altogether Luke seemed to belong to that puzzling fraternity who astonish their neighbours by managing to live without any apparent resources or employment; who are always well clothed, well fed, light-hearted, and unconcerned; have money for all purposes, and mirth for all occasions.

A peculiar and enigmatical personage, unquestionably, was Mr. Luke Kyte. But I confess to a predilection in his favour. Twice his cottage was my shelter during a storm. Thrice he procured me, unasked, rare specimens for my *Herbarium*. Once he provided, to my certain knowledge, at considerable cost and inconvenience to himself, counsel's aid for a former associate, whom he thought—and the event proved it—unjustly accused. Whence he came, and how his youth had been spent, none seemed to know. An ignorant, un-

educated man he was not. And there was about him a manliness of deportment, and a frank smile, and a hearty hospitality,—more particularly when he did the honours of his well-plenished hut,—peculiarly winning, ingratiating, and *British*.

With his new neighbour, Mr. Gougely, Kyte found no favour. The moment the aged owner of Abbot's-Stoke set his keen grey, piercing eyes upon Luke's light, active, sportsman-like frame, and then scanned the two nondescript animals that followed him, he hissed between his teeth—

"A poacher!—a determined one,—and well acquainted with *my* manor, I'll be sworn! I'll put that fellow down! I'll *rout him!*"

Alas! for the rashness of human resolutions, that was more easily said than done. Mr. Gougely had engaged in an enterprise beyond his powers. Kyte was immoveable. Threats were uttered; he heard them, and smiled. Summonses were issued; he obeyed them with alacrity; and, on their ending in moonshine, "begged Mr. Gougely would pay him for his loss of *time!*" His hut was searched once and again. He sat during the visit perfectly unconcerned, carved the while some elm bowl or oaken bicker, at which he was singularly expert, and whistled cheerily some merry stave; but neither by word nor gesture did he evince the slightest tokens of impatience or fear; and, on the crest-fallen officials abandoning, with a discomfited air, their fruitless errand, would inquire, with a calmness infinitely more provoking to his visitors than the wildest outbreak of passion,—

"Are you *satisfied? Is* there any other nook or corner you wish to examine? On no account hurry *your*selves; your pleasure is mine."

Many and bitter fits of indigestion did Kyte, the poacher, cause the baffled landowner. Meanwhile the game disappeared from the estate with the most extraordinary rapidity. Among the pheasants epilepsy prevailed to an unaccountable extent; they dropped hurriedly from the trees in all directions. Mr. Gougely's nights became remarkably wakeful; he passed the "small hours" in a perfect fever from vexation! Guns were heard popping in the grounds from midnight to cock-crowing. Mr. Alfred Gougely was annoyed, Miss Augusta Gougely was alarmed, Mamma Gougely wished with all her soul she was "back again in Lothbury, and *taken once more under the protection* of the Lord Mayor;" while Mr. Gougely, senior, when peeping and prying about in some distant shrubbery, about an hour after midnight, had his white hat well peppered with shot, to the manifest derangement of his nerves, and the unmeasured indignation of his lady.

Altogether, the new owner of Abbot's-Stoke found himself in a perplexing position, and discovered, to his astonishment, that even the station of a large landed proprietor was subject to difficulties, annoyances, and embarrassments. He fumed, and fretted, and seemed at his wits' end. In the midst of all this turmoil, a rumour suddenly obtained credence that Kyte's career as a poacher was closed; that thenceforth he was to live the life of an honest man. The transformation seemed strange, but was borne out by events.

Baffled and beaten by his humble adversary, Mr. Gougely proposed,—on the principle, it is presumed, that the most expert rogue makes the most vigilant officer, that Kyte should abjure his roving

propensities, and become the head-keeper. The terms offered and accepted were never known; but it was understood that the pecuniary inducement was heavy, and not closed with at once, or readily. But the treaty at length was concluded, and acted upon. Kyte was installed in his new office, and Mr. Gougely's object seemed attained.

The game was not disturbed; guns were no longer heard at all hours; the governor no longer spent half the night sitting up erect in his night-cap, conjecturing in what part of the estate the last discharge was fired, and declaring that "justice and equity had ceased out of the land!" Mrs. Gougely reposed in peace her matronly head, enveloped in nun's lace, upon the pillow, and ceased to long for "the protection of the Lord Mayor;" Mr. Alfred Gougely sent out pressing invitations to sundry cronies at a distance, and seriously contemplated a *battu;* while Miss Augusta wondered whether Colonel Brabazon was sincere in that last pretty compliment, and whether his succession to the Enniscorthy peerage was more than a "mere contingency."

From this state of unusual tranquillity the whole family was roused by news of a tragical occurrence. At daybreak, on a November morning, Kyte was found weltering in his blood. He was sensible, and endeavoured to speak when the junior watcher came up to him, pointed in the direction of his cottage, and then to a tree at a little distance; but, before his meaning could be gathered, convulsions came on, and, after a frightful contest with death, he expired.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A GHOST STORY.

Another world encompasses us — the immaterial. That world is peopled by myriads of spirits. For what constraining cause; and when; and *if ever* the veil which intervenes between us and the realm of spirits is raised, and its denizens become subject to the scan of mortal eye, is a mystery about which many master minds have reasoned, but all have failed to fathom.

BISHOP PATRICK.

STRIKING and frightful is the contrast afforded by the smiling gaiety of Nature, and the stillness, gloom, and silence of death. The murdered man lay upon the grass, abject, forlorn, deserted, and helpless: but apparently bitter had been the struggle in which the spirit had passed. The hands were clenched firmly together. The eyes glared wildly from their sockets. The slightly-silvered locks were matted with gore; and over the whole countenance brooded that dark, grey, deep, mysterious hue, with which the King of Terrors invests his victims. But Nature's smile was on the scene. The mist rose lazily from the meadow. The sun burst gaily from behind the swelling hill. The sparrow twittered in the hedge-row; and the lark, springing up from the stubble, towered away into the bright fleecy cloud, pouring forth as it soared torrents of song. There was the sigh of the pathless wind, and the sound of the distant waterfall, and the mingled melody heard from air and tree,—all was gay and gladsome around the stern and passionless victim. He alone was silent, forlorn, and useless.

"Nature does not stop to lament over any single victim of human society. When misery is the deepest, there is something awful in the perpetual and smiling round of natural movements. It teaches profoundly the insignificance of the atoms of Creation!"

The keeper's death variously affected the Gougely family. Its mistress astonished her "familiars," accustomed as they were to her rapid conclusions, by the originality of her view of the frightful catastrophe. She averred that "she was not the least surprised; she had foreseen the wretched man's end for months!" Here Papa Gougely opened his eyes widely, and raised his eyebrows to an elevation distressing to witness. The hopeful Mr. Augustus coughed. "Ah! well!" Mrs. Gougely proceeded, "it was what they might *all* expect in succession, since they had chosen to quit the city, where they were happy and comfortable, and properly protected by the new police,—to say nothing of the Lord Mayor and Mr. Hobler. What she would give to see either of their dear faces again! Yes; *there* the law was respected. Pray, did they ever hear of gamekeepers being murdered in Cheapside? No! no! no such thing! People were put down and kept down. But here—here there *is* no law! I 'm living among the wild Indians! My days are numbered! Of that I 'm morally certain; and some dreadful morning I shall be found——"

Here decided symptoms of nervous affection became audible. The waiting-woman, Bethia Keating, in all haste was summoned; and then despatched for "Dr. Dillon's Sermons" and "red lavender-drops." But neither of these restoratives availed; and Mrs. Gougely withdrew from the breakfast-room in a state alarmingly hysterical, and was during the day — if Bethia's word was to be taken — "awful to behold." Mr. Augustus sulked; then called for writing-materials, and savagely wrote and put off his party. "He couldn't,"—thus he spoke as he formed his hieroglyphics,—"have men down for a *battu* while all this sort of work was going on. People detested coroner's inquests, and verdicts, and all that hateful humbug. *It was exceedingly hard upon* HIM! If the fellow's ancient *pals* were determined on shooting their former comrade, he wished sincerely it had happened three weeks later. It was a frightful *bore to him;* and that these poaching-fellows must have known!"

Miss Gougely looked grave, and ruminated. The precise nature of her reflections never transpired; but it was surmised that her deliberations led her to reconsider her projected moonlight walk with her military admirer, and to defer it, under "existing circumstances."

Papa Gougely's energies were in full play. He rode and drove in all directions. No effort to obtain information was deemed superfluous. A large reward was offered for the detection of the offending parties. Bow-Street runners were brought down; and stimulated by golden promises to bring their known tact and experience into successful exercise. But in vain. Some parties were taken up on suspicion, and discharged for want of evidence. Nothing clear or definite could be elicited. The inquest was adjourned again and again, in the hope that some clue would be found to the gamekeeper's fate. But impenetrable mystery seemed to shroud it. And with the comfortable conviction that he was thoroughly foiled; the pleasure arising from an unsuccessful attempt to satisfy the expecta-

tions of two police-officers; and the repeated assurance that the lamentable event in his park had excited intense interest throughout the neighbourhood, Mr. Gougely was doomed for the present to rest contented.

But no state of quiescence had the fates reserved for the landed proprietor. Fresh annoyances arose to harass him. True, — a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown" had been returned, and the remains of his late servant committed to their kindred earth: and with the performance of this last office the wary man presumed that to his late subordinate he had bid a final farewell. But he was mistaken. It was averred that the *çi-devant* poacher slumbered not calmly within his unhonoured grave. More than one quivering lip persisted in maintaining that he had been seen in the twilight hour resting against the tree near which he fell, and gazing the while, earnestly and fixedly, in the direction of his empty and now carefully shunned cottage. The impression gained ground. The servants at the hall took the alarm; and one of the first to "tender her resignation" was that paragon of waiting-maids, Bethia Keating.

"As long as they are alive," said that faithful creature, "no one fears the men less than I do;" an admission which many thought Mrs. Bethia need not have troubled herself to make. "But," continued she,—" when they *come again*, and walk at all hours, and stand at their cottage-door, and stare at one, then it's no longer flesh and blood I have to face, but what I've dreaded from my very cradle—*a light and airy spirit*. I'm sorry to leave *you*, ma'am; but stay I cannot. A visit from a ghost would be my death."

"And this gamekeeper will cause mine!" cried her agitated mistress. "Is there on earth a woman so truly to be pitied? One is sufficiently tried with *living* servants; but to be bothered with them after death is really monstrous."

Still the vexation of the lady, poignant as it was, paled before the anger of her lord. Mr. Gougely was furious when Bethia's statement was repeated to him. Her former services were forgotten, and her present sins alone remembered. She was despatched from the hall that same evening; and the servants "forbidden, on pain of dismissal," ever to "repeat, or allude to her folly." He "would tolerate," he affirmed, "no such nonsense. Matters should soon be placed on a proper footing;" and, following up his scheme, he took possession of the dead man's cottage; had it put in proper repair, and desired his successor in office to occupy it forthwith. Mangston — the new gamekeeper — hesitated. The order was repeated. The man looked uneasy; shifted his position; fumbled with his hat; talked about the walls being damp; then about its situation being lonesome; then about its distance from the covers; but, finally, finding his employer peremptory, gave an unwilling assent to his plan in the words, he "would *endeavour* to please him." Ten days from that date he again sought his master's presence, to—relinquish his situation.

"The cottage," said Mangstone, "has two sets of tenants: one by day, and another by night. There are sounds in it by the hour together, which are caused by no human being that I can make out. You are a liberal and kind master, sir, I own; but in that cottage I cannot stay."

"What! they have infected you with their nonsense and humbug,—eh? *You* I looked upon as a *man!*"

Mangstone coloured.

"I thought you were proof against such nursery nonsense. I imagined I was dealing with a man, not a baby."

"Sir," said Mangstone respectfully, "I fear no *mortal* being in a fair stand-up fight, by night or by day; but to listen to the pranks of the dead forms no part of my bargain."

"A precious fellow for a gamekeeper!" cried Mr. Gougely passionately; "you expect, I presume, a character, or some sort of recommendation from me? what can I say? Nothing—nothing for such a chicken-hearted simpleton!"

"Well, sir, be it as it may, I must go."

"By all means! Go this hour! Go this moment! Go, for a thorough craven as you are."

"You will find one day or other that you have misjudged me, sir," said the keeper calmly, but with feeling.

"Most assuredly in point of courage," returned his master bitterly, and waved his servant from his presence.

That same evening, vexed with himself, with his present keeper, with his late favourite, with all the world, the owner of the hall was returning homeward to dinner. He was heated and weary; and it occurred to him that by striking into a by-path which led past the cottage, he could materially shorten his route. Having decided on this course, he hurried onwards, and soon reached the open space where the keeper's dwelling stood. The sun had set; but the evening was calm and clear, and surrounding objects were distinctly visible in the mellow twilight. He paused for a moment, and scanned the cottage. It was silent. Mangstone and his family had already quitted it. He turned aside a few paces, to look at the spot where his former servant fell, and then glanced at the noble ash which stood out from the brushwood, and fronted the cottage.

What sees he at its base? What makes his flesh creep, and his heart beat? What induces him to strain his vision upon some object before him, and then to walk hurriedly and impatiently towards it? The impression that there stands, or *seems to stand*,—the murdered keeper, pallid, calm, and immoveable, with his gaze bent in the direction of his former dwelling. He rushes towards the figure: strikes at it—once and again. His weapon encounters no resistance, and seems to pass, as it were, through the shadow. Again he raises his arm; again strikes; with the same result. The figure gazes on him; becomes dimmer; fades, and disappears. With a scream, echoed by the woods around, the panic-stricken man falls to the earth.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

FAIR, OR FOUL PLAY?

The premeditation of death is the premeditation of liberty; he who has learnt to die has forgot to serve.—MONTAIGNE.

DAYS grew into weeks ere Mr. Gougely rallied from the effects of his saunter on that eventful evening. His medical men treated the affair lightly enough; told him that the excitement attendant on the

death of his late keeper, followed up by Mangstone's absurd statements, had proved too much for him; that there was "considerable derangement in his nervous system," and that his digestive organs were in fault. They added, that his own good sense must long since have convinced him that all he saw, *or presumed he saw*, was fantasy and delusion, the idle coinage of the over-wrought brain; and ended by prescribing horse-exercise, change of air, and the Harrowgate waters.

The patient listened in silence. He never attempted to controvert the view taken of his case; nor did he by word or gesture express acquiescence in it. He sat much alone; looked grave and thoughtful, and carefully shunned all reference to recent transactions. But that his mind was engrossed by them was proved by the orders issued the first morning he was able to get abroad. He desired the remarkable tree—now known by the name of "The Keeper's Ash" —to be felled, and the cottage itself razed to the ground.

His instructions were carried out with extraordinary alacrity. There seemed to be a general wish to be rid of these mementoes of the past. But results arose from Mr. Gougely's orders which neither the principal nor any of his subordinates had ánticipated. In removing the tree, the earth was necessarily disturbed for some few yards around it, and in the mould a gun-stock was found, deeply stained with blood. On this gun-stock were some initials, which designated the party to whom it had belonged; and rumour instantly connected the keeper's fate more or less directly with this relic. The next morning another source of painful conjecture was opened up. Prior to razing the cottage, the squire had given orders that the garden and premises should be dug over in every direction. His motive for issuing these instructions, he afterwards avowed, was scarcely apparent to himself. But this result attended them:—In the middle of the keeping-room, about three feet below the surface, buried evidently in haste, in his clothes, and apparently to cloak some deed of blood—was a male skeleton!

By whom was he placed there, and when?

A SONG.

Come where the purple light of eve is glowing
  In chastened beauty, on each tower and tree,
And let thy tones, in softest music flowing,
  Breathe vows of tenderness and truth to me.

Whisper so lightly that no listening ear
  Save mine may hear the purport of thy strain;
Breathe the low tones to woman's heart so dear,
  And let the dreams of youth be mine again.

Think not the love which gilds life's early hour,
  Grows cold and dim—as time steals swiftly on;
Sweet is the fragrance of the last lone flower
  That lingers on the tree when summer's gone.

Years cannot change the soul's eternal truth,
  Though beauty's fleeting charms may fade away;
Still—still the heart retains undying youth,
  Till life and love in death's cold grasp decay.

H. B. K.

ETON SCENES AND ETON MEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR HOOKWELL."

Yes, they were happy days; but they are fled!
All now are parted—part are with the dead!
Still it is pleasure, though 'tis mixed with pain,
To think of joys that cannot live again!
Here cannot live; but they excite desire
Of purer kind, and heavenly thoughts inspire!—CRABBE.

IT is Goethe who says, "Hate makes us vehement partizans, but love still more so;" and how true do I find this in my love and admiration of Wellesley Leith. Although the grave has closed over him, and many years have elapsed since our happy days at Eton, still every little look and word is fresh in my memory, and I feel glad in meeting those who knew him in his palmy days of intellectual and bodily strength—and this gladness takes the hue of Crabbe's sentiment, when he would describe the quiet joy with which the poor maiden would gaze on the faces of those with whom her deceased lover had been acquainted.—

"Familiar faces—*death hath made them dear!*"

I cannot but feel, and my heart would be vexed if I thought it were not so, that the slight sketch already given of Wellesley Leith would not be without interest sufficient to justify a further insight into his affectionate character; and here is a letter lying by me, one out of the precious many, which is a melancholy one indeed. It was written after our correspondence had ceased for awhile, and during a period that awful inroads had been made on his natural vigour, of which sad circumstance I had been in total ignorance. This letter caused tears to flow from my eyes, and, doubtless, many an old Etonian who well remembers Leith, will find his feelings singularly agitated on its perusal.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—You must have thought me very undeserving of your kind and most welcome letter; but in spite of my long silence, I can assure you, that nothing has occurred for many a day which has given me such pleasure; and, indeed, the only thing that prevented me from answering it on the moment, with my heart all warm with delight at the renewal of our correspondence, and the many memories of the chequered days of our Eton scenes and happiness which it brought back to my mind—the only thing that prevented my writing to you immediately was, that you had forgotten to give me your direction, and I unfortunately did not know it. I, therefore, was obliged to wait until Fletcher's return, and then I wrote to him and got your address, after some little delay occasioned by his absence at Leamington. I then set out for a little cottage which I have patched up on the banks of Lochard, for the keeper, with room for myself when I go to shoot over the moorlands, which I rent from the Duke of Montrose; but the very day after I got there I was laid up, and for some days was too sick and feeble to think of any thing but my present miseries, and as soon as I was able I set out for the Low Country to welcome my brother, who has been over in Canada trying if he

could farm there. In my retreat from Lochard I forgot my writing-book, and therefore have not your letter to refer to, so that in case I should omit to take notice of anything you might have wished to have heard about, I hope you will excuse me, as it will not be a voluntary error, or one that cannot be remedied. I wish I could look upon all or any part of what you say in it concerning myself as anything but good-humoured raillery; at any rate, I should be glad if I could feel that I deserved it in any shape, but, however that may be, I trust you will at least allow me to look upon it as an expression of your friendship, and as a proof that you still look back with pleasure to our many adventures at Eton, and that you are not unwilling to welcome the companion of your youth as the true friend of your riper years. Every one, however, I believe, has their skeleton in the closet, according to the old Italian story: and I have mine also, though, surrounded as I am by many undeserved blessings, it would be impious in me to complain. My skeleton is this—that since my return from Germany, in 1830, I have been afflicted at various intervals of time with fits, which are, I fancy, epileptical, and perhaps have taken their origin from a very violent blow on the head, which I got by a sudden fall down a flight of stone steps, my feet being slippery with the snow which had balled under them. I have been very mercifully dealt with under the circumstances, as the fits are neither of very frequent occurrence, nor of very great violence; but even comparatively slight as they may be, they are not without a very pernicious influence on my health and condition, bodily as well as mental; and in consequence, of any bodily strength that I once possessed, I now only possess very miserable remains. I can still, however, walk well enough for use and amusement, though not for display; and as shooting is my principal amusement, I keep that faculty in constant use whenever the uncertain weather of our northern climate, and my own health, will permit. I have now lived in the country with my mother-in-law for upwards of a year and a-half, an arrangement that suits me admirably in every respect, both as regards my favourite amusement of shooting, of which there is here a considerable variety, but also, that as the fits with which I am afflicted come on without the slightest warning in any shape, and I fall senseless at once, it is much more agreeable, such being the case, to be picked up and brought home by one's own people, with no other injury probably than a muddy coat, than to be brought to one's sorrowing relatives in a hackney coach, with a head broken by falling on a scraper, and a surgeon fellow with lint and plasters to mend it again. Besides which cogent reasons, I have another for eschewing a town residence, namely, that the stupid people about the Parliament House in Edinburgh, never discovered my merits as a lawyer, which was the trade I was brought up to, and, if you will believe me, never so much as gave me a chance of benefitting a client, or astonishing the world in general; consequently, after giving them as long a trial as I thought they deserved, I hung up my gown upon a peg (I had, luckily, never gone to the expense of a wig,) and having got rid of the most cumbersome of my law books, I turned my back on the ungrateful people, leaving them to find out and repent of their error at their leisure. By all this you will clearly see, that I am what in this country is called "a sticket lawyer," which does not mean that any one has

taken the trouble to do summary justice on me with a bowie knife, as sometimes happens among the sons of freedom, on the other side of the Atlantic; but merely that I have stuck in the mud, as it were, at the bottom of the ladder, and never even got up on to the first step. With regard to Blackwood, I must confess, that my acquaintance with Professor Wilson, who is, I believe, the magnus Apollo of the establishment, is but slight, and it began in the days of my fencing and gymnastic notoriety at Roland's Rooms, (the Jackson of Edinburgh, and the Angels too,) where the Professor came once or twice an amateur, to look at the young aspirants to gymnastic honours. He was afterwards very civil about a couple of papers I wrote for the Magazine, and which I went and offered to him impudently enough, but I wanted money to buy some setters, then for sale, and as I could not get it by law, I was glad to get it by literature, such as it was. Since that time I have been but little in Edinburgh, and have had small opportunities of cultivating this acquaintance, but I have some translations of Greek poetry in store for him. The papers that have been inserted were one on the Troubadours, and another on a kindred subject, the Life of Cabestanti, a Troubadour, celebrated alike for his love songs and his tragic death. Professor Wilson is a character I admire, and should like to be more intimate with, and you must positively send some of your poetry for the pages of Blackwood, and vie with, if not eclipse, the "Delta" of the north.

"I wish you could have seen this country during the long snowstorm of last winter. The greatest part of Loch Lomond, which opposite to this place is between five and six miles broad, was one unbroken sheet of the finest ice, thick enough to bear a carriage and sledges, while the hills, and all the surrounding country, were so completely covered with snow for many weeks, that the most doleful anticipations were entertained as to the loss of sheep and cattle, and the total extermination of the grouse. The sight was really splendid, monotonous as it was, but the very stillness and apparent unchangeableness of the frozen streams and mountains, now truly hoary, was grand and impressive. The lateness of the spring saved the sheep, for it seems, that after the starvation of a winter, the new grass of the spring is generally fatal to the weak and emaciated creatures; but the spring of this year, if spring there was, was so gradual in its approach, that they had time to recruit themselves before the young grass sprung up in sufficient quantity to be hurtful to them. I have not as yet got the *Athenian Captive*, but shall do so the very first opportunity. I admired *Ion* very much, and regret I was not fortunate enough to see Serjeant Talfourd himself, though he spent in the neighbourhood part of what was by courtesy termed summer; for as one can scarcely admire a work, especially one really deserving of the name of poetry, without imagining to oneself somewhat about the author, I should have expected to have met in Talfourd a real Vates, which, for a man who is impelled to write poetry, is as high praise as for any other man to be called a real gentleman. Though I have no means of shewing any partizanship, my political predilections are very decided, I assure you, and when I see such really good men as Fletcher adhering to what I believe to be a mischievous and most mistaken party, I commonly attribute it to the magic of custom, and that hereditary attachment to a party name, which may sway to

a great extent the very best and wisest. I believe that in Scotland we carry political bias and party spirit to a much greater excess than is generally the case in England, but we shall probably in time get somewhat more temperate, as the longer use or abuse of our privileges helps to cool down our *perfervidum ingenium.*

"My cousin, I dare say, has told you about my wife and bairns, so that I need not trouble you with anything further on that score, the more especially as I could not bear impartial testimony on the subject. I am rejoiced to think that Clifford remembers me, and with kindness. I trust he may be in all respects as happy as I wish him, and then he will do well enough. I have met Kean several times both in society and by accident at inns since he has become famous. I had become acquainted with him at Eton during the short time he was there, as he attended sometimes gymnastic meetings, which Clarke (who by the way is now a clergyman in Essex) used to hold in a field behind his mother's cottage, on the Slough road. He is, I think, good both as an actor and as a man, at least his behaviour to his mother was most creditable to him, and his manners in society are extremely pleasing, quiet, and gentlemanlike. Carew, I suppose has succeeded to his kingdom, his name, I believe, was Walter, and I see mention of Sir Walter Carew's hounds in the newspapers sometimes. Your profession is surely the most honourable one in the world, and must be the happiest if it has been assumed in sincerity and truth, and then it opens out a career of usefulness, charity, and benevolence, that cannot be without their reward even in this world. That you may be happy in this world and rewarded hereafter is my most sincere and affectionate prayer. Do write to me quickly again, and you shall not have to complain of my dilatoriness in answering; and though I have but little beyond the expression of my friendship to make my letters agreeable, you will, I dare say, make them welcome for the sake of Auld lang syne: and my dear ———, may God bless you, and keep you from all harm and every misfortune. I will not give up the hope that we may, improbable as it appears at present, some day meet again and talk over old times; for in these days of railroads, it seems absurd to talk of any place as distant, and perhaps some kindly speculation of this kind may bring us within visiting distance. In the meanwhile, I would fain hope that I have remembered your direction sufficiently to address this letter, so that it may reach you, in order that you, at all events, may be assured, that I am now as ever,

"Your sincere and affectionate friend, WELLESLEY LEITH."

What a letter is the above. Sincerity without an atom of affectation and conventual palaver, and talent and good humour, amid sad sufferings, emanating from a mind naturally fertile, and habitually benevolent and kind. It has cost me much struggling ere I could bring myself to lay it before the public eye, for I have a general habit of not allowing these sacred memorials to be rudely gazed upon. But this is a wrong sensitiveness and delicacy; for why are not the mass of readers better than myself, and why withhold what may edify and affect the universal human heart? But, my main reason for overcoming such scruples must appear in the fact of its supporting the character assigned to Leith in my preceding article,

for surely traces will be perceived in it of a truly noble and affectionate being. And multitudes of living Etonians will bear me out in bearing testimony to the truth of my description of that Wellesley Leith who was the admired and idolized of Eton, and whose heart was as gentle and sincere as his form was manly and vigorous.

And now what was the end? A friend and relative of his wrote to me to apprise me suddenly of his death. After telling me the nature of his illness, and the names of the physicians he had been induced to consult in Edinburgh and London, he continues thus:—"At his own earnest desire, accompanied by his wife, and leaving his three children (boys) at home, he went to Madeira early in November. He was then very ill. I hardly thought he would survive the voyage, but he rallied, and did not get rapidly worse until about March. On the fourth of April he died—I may say fell asleep, for he was reading the bible in his bed until too dark to see—he then composed himself to sleep. At about twelve o'clock he moved, and he was asked if he wanted any thing, and his pillows were arranged. His wife dozed on a sofa near his bed, and awoke about two o'clock—the stillness alarmed her—she looked and found that he was just in the position in which she had placed him, but he was no more! Thus terminated the mortal career at the age of ——, of one who, as you know, was highly gifted in mind, and of a warm and affectionate disposition, though reserved. It is the greatest comfort to reflect, that for a considerable time previous to his death, an increasing piety was evident in him, who was always virtuous; and that it was towards the last existing in a very confirmed and extensive degree will be proved by the perusal of the accompanying letters—which, knowing your long regard for him, will be read with true interest by you, more than any thing I can write. It is from the clergyman who attended him.

The following is the letter from the clergyman at Madeira—and I would here state, that his father, Sir George, had died in the January previous, and Lady Leith in March. Wellesley Leith had succeeded to the baronetcy little more than two months before his decease.

"Sir,—It is the wish of Lady Leith, that I should convey to you the tidings of her loss; and, although a stranger personally, I have satisfaction not only in complying with her desire, but in communicating to one by whom they will be valued, the very consoling particulars of poor Sir Wellesley's death. He was released early in the morning of the third instant, (last Sunday,) so quietly and gently that Lady Leith could not tell the exact moment of his departure. I had been with him between five and six o'clock the previous evening, and though for days his life had been hanging on a thread, there was no particular or immediate prospect of the great change. His mind was as calm and clear, and he joined as actively in prayer as he had ever done before—and after I was gone, Lady Leith tells me, he searched for a text referred to in a book (Bishop Ken's Practice of Divine Love) which I had lent him. The Friday before I had the satisfaction of giving him the Communion of his Lord's Body and Blood, which he received with the same humility of faith and fervour of devotion which attended all his offerings of prayer and praise—and which, in a mind elevated and adorned as his was, by so much of

cultivation and refinement, it is deeply moving to behold. Though my own intercourse with him has been short, it has been in reference to all which should be most consoling to the friends whom he has left a little while behind him, most comforting and satisfactory. He not only believed simply but obeyed plainly: not only sought fervently his Lord with zealous faith—but sought him in his own appointed ways—*doing* His commandments.

"We are comforted in our loss by our good hope of his great gain."

Such was Leith in his life, and in his death. And now we may look back and view him as the fine athletic youth at Eton, in understanding a man, and in every vicious or malicious propensity a very child. I see him now in our walks through Windsor Park, or finding out the most retired parts of Stoke Park, admiring the trees, the deer, the herbage, and very fern, and every view of distant hills, and talking all the while of prospective scenes of life—and then I see him pulling the stroke oar in the mighty Monarch—or foremost in the game of football—or in school or chapel, ever attentive to his immediate duties, yet loving that desultory wandering o'er the fields of lighter literature, which forms the charm of an independent life; in short, I mix him up with every exciting or common scene of Etonian life, and in all the greatest matters that affect a boy's career, he may be beheld *facilè princeps.* See him in onward life, at Edinburgh, in Germany, on the Alps and Appennines, trudging through Switzerland, or dallying on the Rhine, still the same intellectual and manly fellow,—and then view him at his residence on Loch Lomond, in his shooting o'er moor and mountain wild, with his young wife and tender children, yet haunted, as it were, by his "skeleton," and musing o'er his "present miseries," and those sad and wearying fits, yet with a heart vigorous and humane, and a mind playful, serene, and regarding everything and everybody with a cheerful, thankful eye; while the placid lake or snow-clad hills alike awakened his natural perceptions of the tranquil and the grand. And there how he calls to mind Eton scenes and Eton men:—Kean, the son of the great tragedian, who was always regarded as a gentlemanly and intellectual youth by the world at Eton, albeit lacking the fiery eye and convulsive countenance of his father; and Clarke, the son of the celebrated traveller, a boy of clever mind, and exceeding aptitude for distinction in all gymnastic exercises. Clarke was indeed a good fellow, manly and kind in all his thoughts, and an especial favourite with Leith; so much so, as to break down all the aristocratic pretensions of collegian and oppidan, gown and town. As a clergyman, he will be, doubtless, zealous and efficient in his profession; and, whether curate of Lindsell, Vicar of Takeley, or rector of Great Yeldham,—whichever he be of these, if his old Etonian feelings remain in him, the parishioners can boast that they have a kind-hearted, active man to be their minister in health and happiness, in sickness and in sorrow. And Carew—the Devonshire Carew—the genuine red-haired Saxon—the ancient family who, when their monarch needed faithful service, so says the distich,

"The Carew and Coplestone
Were always found at home,"

—this Sir Walter Palk Carew, of Haccomb, in fair Devon, he was a sincere admirer, but still somewhat a rival, of Leith; for Carew was

a capital boatman, a first-rate player at foot-ball, and, though always shy and reserved, yet he had a heart that would do "Young England" good to witness,—a resolute and determined supporter, in prospectus, of old English hospitality, and old English games and sports. To keep a pack of fox-hounds, and mount his company right well on "gallant greys," this was his dream, his talk, his song. Oh! there were a jovial and noble set of fellows from Devonshire. John Bulteel, who since married a daughter of Earl Grey — he was a short, vigorous fellow, and a first-rate artist with brush and pencil. Indeed, he drew a picture on the wall of his room of a lion's den, and the lion lying at the entrance, that attracted crowds of persons from all parts of Bucks and Berks; and it was said that he could take a pencil in each hand, and make two several drawings of different objects at one and the same time. Then there was his brother, Courtenay Bulteel, now vicar of Ermington, a great foot-ball player, but a little bit of a tyrant to his near neighbours in Ragueneau's; and there was a younger brother, a very merry scapegrace of a little fellow; and then a cousin, the broad-breasted, athletic Bulteel, a very great man in all athletic exercises at Eton and Oxford,—even the stroke-oar in the Brazen-Nose boat, when victor over Christchurch on the Isis; but now he has fallen from his manlier principles, deserted his venerable and truthful Church, and become the paralyzed victim of mean, narrow, and miserable notions, out-Calvinising Calvin, in some new sectarian place in Oxford. Never was I more struck when, in defiance of an edict of the Vice-Chancellor, I went to hear him preach to breathless multitudes in St. Ebbe's Church, to behold the pale, shrunken, suspicious caste of his countenance, whereon once the bloom of a noble vigour sat, and to witness the contraction of the open and broad chest, the *tout ensemble* of the kind-hearted, vigorous man wholly gone and lost, and nothing of real humanity and elevating religion in its place. Such were the Bulteels. But these were not the only men of Devon; for there was the present Lord Ebrington, likely to be tall, gawky fellow; and Montague Parker, who so gallantly beat Lord John Russell in a contest for South Devon, but who was never cut out for a public man, and therefore now enjoys his mildness and amiability apart from political life. Then there was Sir John Duntre, Pitman, Langmead, Sir John Duckworth, and a host of others, all stuffed up with the hunting-stories, and shooting-stories, and superstitious legends and tales, freshly imported from the precincts of Dartmoor, the wild rocks of Ilfracombe, or the deeply-wooded banks of the Dart and the Tamar. The Devonshire men formed a strong party at Eton, and kept much by themselves; but Leith could penetrate any phalanx, and his goodness and strength overruled many a selfish stratagem, and awed more outlandish habits into somewhat of civilization and refinement.

Leith must have thought much of these old Etonians, when meditating alone on the fine waters of Loch Lomond, and beholding the glorious sun setting 'neath its red sky, behind the blue Argyleshire hills, with the Grampian mountains reflecting the dying effulgence. And then, when the mind was thus yielding to the spirit and power of that romance which encircles bygone days of friendship and joy, he would go a step further, and call to mind the greater ages that have passed, and list in gentle fancy to the sweet song and tender

loves of the gay and gallant troubadour. That beautiful period of the middle ages would be winged with peculiar charms and fancies for the tender and sympathetic feelings of a classical and spirited turn of mind. The chivalrous character of those times, corresponding with the heroic era of Greece, and teeming with the productions of the minnesingers in Germany, the lofty poetry of the North, the ballads of Spain, the songs of the troubadours and *trouvères* in France, and of the minstrels in England, with the hazardous and romantic exploits in the lives of the nobles, could not but fail to affect with feelings of exceeding ardour the mind of genius and poetic temperament. The knight of Provence, that land of chivalry and fair love, devoting himself to his ladye love under all circumstances of difficulty and rivalry, making the dance and sport of the tilt-yard the engrossing idea of his pleasurable life; the baron, inviting neighbouring knights to his castle to contend in tournaments, and take part in songs, amid noble companies of knights and ladies grouped under the fragrant olive-groves. This was the poetry of life,—this the fairy scene that sweetly eclipsed the deadly combats of Germany and Northern France,—this was little more than pastoral life, masked under the semblance of martial valour, and most pure and gentle truth. Well might Leith, the noble, gentle-minded, and romantic Leith, bid adieu to the dull and plodding law-courts of Edinburgh, and dreaming more of the signet on his right hand, step forth, with elevated brow and daring eye, into those regions of beauty and manliness which were dearer to his best feelings; and rather long beneath Professor Wilson's auspices to break a lance on that now shadowy, but once resplendent, ground.

Leith, as I have before remarked, loved poetry; and when we were reading together in volumes of Byron, Scott, or Moore, he would ask me to choose what seemed to me the better passages of poetry, and he would do the same, and then compare our choice. We often did this; and well do I remember now the contest we had concerning two passages in a favourite poem with both of us, the Lay of the Last Minstrel. He chose a small portion of the third canto, just after that the "noble ladye" has been staunching the wound of the writhing Deloraine, and which runs thus:—

So pass'd the day—the evening fell,
'Twas near the time of curfew bell;
The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm:
E'en the rude watchman on the tower
Enjoy'd and bless'd the lonely hour.
Far more fair Margaret loved and bless'd
The hour of silence and of rest.
On the high turret sitting lone,
She waked at times the lute's soft tone,
Touch'd a wild note, and all between
Thought of the bowers of hawthorn green.
Her golden hair stream'd free from band,
Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

This is very beautiful,—something more than redolent of the "fatal facility of octo-syllabic verse," as Byron called some of Scott's poetry; for it is a perfect picture of a still evening, and a fair maiden pensive 'neath the gentler thoughts that flow from the circumstances of absent love. My choice was, the opening of the fourth canto:—

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more:
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore:
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn.

[illegible] the chivalrous character of [illegible] of Germany and the songs which [illegible] in Germany, the lofty poetry of the [illegible] of Spain, the songs of the troubadours and romances [illegible] of England—the hazardous and romantic [illegible] in the lives of the nobles, could not but fail to affect [illegible] the mind of genius and poetic temperament. The knights of Provence, that land of chivalry and fair ladies, [illegible] to his lady love under all circumstances of difficulty and danger, [illegible] the dance and sport of the tilt-yard and the engrossing [illegible] of pleasant life; the baron, inviting neighbouring [illegible] to his castle to contend in tournaments, and take part in [illegible] companies of knights and ladies grouped under the [illegible]. This was the poetry of life—this the fairy [illegible] the deadly combats of Germany and Northern France—this was little more than pastoral life, marked [illegible] of martial valour, and most pure and gentle [illegible] Leith, the noble, gentle-minded, and romantic youth [illegible] to the dull and plodding law-courts of Edinburgh, [illegible] of the [illegible] on his right hand step forth, with [illegible] and daring [illegible] those regions of beauty and romance which were dearer to his [illegible] and rather long beneath Professor Wilson's [illegible] to break a lance on that now shadowy but [illegible] ground.

Lastly, as I have before remarked, [illegible] loved poetry; and when we were reading together in volumes of Byron, Scott, or Moore, he would ask me to [illegible] what seemed to me the better passages of poetry and [illegible] the same, and then compare our [illegible]. We often did this; and well do I remember how the contest we had concerning [illegible] passages in a favourite poem with both of us, the Lay of the Last Minstrel. He chose a small passage of the third canto, just after [illegible] had been [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible]:—

[illegible]

[illegible]—more [illegible] than [illegible] of the "Land [illegible] called some of Scott's poetry; [illegible] of a soft evening, and a fair maiden pensive [illegible] from the circumstances of absent love. My choice was the opening of the fourth canto:—

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore;
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn.



The Duel

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doom'd to know;
And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stain'd with past and present tears.
Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
It still reflects to memory's eye
The hour my brave, my only boy,
Fell by the side of great Dundee.
Why, when the vollying musket play'd
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was I not beside him laid!
Enough—he died the death of fame:
Enough — he died with conquering Græme.

This was my choice, and it had its rival in the opening of the fifth canto; but I well remember I pertinaciously stuck to this. I do not now think it so good as Leith's choice, for that is perfect as far as it goes; but mine had more of the charm of various incident, and the lines are undermarked which prompted and sustained my decision. Of all poems of any poet, the "Bride of Abydos" was Sir Henry Fletcher's favourite; and I hear him now, with a somewhat solemn air, repeating,

Girt by my band, Quleika at my side,
The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride,—

and again,

The deepest murmur of this life shall be
No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!

Kinlake liked "Childe Harold" more than any of us did; but the conclusion of the "Bride of Abydos," the well-known comparison of Greece to a corpse in the "Giaour," and the opening, and some other passages in the "Corsair," were always on his tongue, and recited with firm and impassioned tone of voice. Leith, I think, always preferred "Lara;" and for days and days a passage from Southey's "Roderick," descriptive of the fine scene in which the war-horse recognised his ancient master in the heat of the battle, haunted him in the way that heroic or beautiful things will haunt us, and be prompting us to give them repeated, and almost wearisome, expression.

Yet, good as it is to admire the writings of Scott, of Southey, or Crabbe, or Wordsworth, or even Byron, how much more truly profitable and pleasant to the inner life and soul of man is the perusal and liking of such a work as that of Bishop Ken's, which engaged the last mortal attention of Wellesley Leith. It is a work suited to his capacious mind, and to be embraced by his most amiable heart. What a prayer is this!—and it surely is no irreverence to quote it at this moment, when we are discoursing on the happy dead:—"I adore and love Thee, O munificent Goodness, for inviting, for commanding us to pray. I adore and love Thee for pouring out thy Holy Spirit of grace and supplication on us, to help our infirmities, to assist us in praying, with the utmost ardours of a penitential and indigent love. I adore and love Thee for giving us so many glorious promises of hearing our prayers, so many firm assurances of a gracious acceptance."

Yes, with our God there is mercy, and He will abundantly pardon. And why? He knoweth whereof we are made, he remembereth we are but dust! The blessed dead!—may we ever cherish them in our memory. We cannot tell but what they are mindful of us, and but what they are praying for us with a purer and mightier power than ever they prayed for us on the earth. The whole Church, and the whole Bench of Bishops, and the greatest theologians of any age, cannot, and dare not say, that the departed saints do not pray for

those who are left behind. We have all the power of reason and analogy in favour of such a happy belief; and Scripture is nowhere opposed to it, but the rather in its favour. It is true it is not a necessary article of belief, but it is an evidence of strong faith; for we must believe that there is a world to come, that the saints are living in that world, that they are saved through Christ, and that we shall join them there, before we can hold the belief of their regard to us when in their paradise above. It is not a necessary article of belief; but are we to stint ourselves to things necessary only?—and do we thus treat the wants and necessities of our bodies? Oh, no! Let the soul revel in the unseen images and beauties of the world above, and let us praise the Author of all Goodness for the privilege of soaring from the earth on wings of love, and holding converse with that general assembly in heaven, who have escaped the pollutions and degradations of this lower life; for of the very idea of such connexion and elevating association we may exclaim,

> "'Tis a fount of heavenly strength,
> A sea of love, with breadth and length
> Proportion'd to the undying soul."

And so thought the holy Fathers of old, so thought the Reformers and most sainted martyrs of a later age of the Church, and so thought Bishop Jeremy Taylor, Beveridge, Hall, Heber, and all the most amiable of the true Catholic Christians, that adorned with fervent piety and divine love the holy doctrine of their lives. Let us ever look, then, on a departed friend as not entirely severed, but regard him as a sacred and celestial spirit, assigning to him the fullest powers and privileges of his new and emancipated nature; and it is most probable that we may hereafter find ourselves to have possessed a more ardent and useful friend in him than in all those, however dear, who yet remain around us in the incumbrances and partial corruptions of the fleshly tabernacle.

But I do not wish to sermonise here, and therefore let me abruptly end what to me is a most pleasurable manner of discourse. Wellesley Leith now knows most clearly all things connected with the destiny of man. I have lost a friend, and many others have lost a friend; and yet we have our friend, it may be, regarding us with a stronger affection than ever. At least let us think so; and let us confidently say, that no man can take this article of joy from our Christian creed. As I have said before, *the whole bench of Bishops cannot, and dare not, thus despoil us*. And surely neither they nor any other men would wish to do so. It could not be their desire or inclination to do so; but rather they would call upon us happy believers to come up and strengthen them in this our belief of present incorporeal union and communion.

And now, need an apology be given for having allowed my pen to run away with such a gratifying subject as the remembrance of an old Etonian is to me? I would apologize, perhaps, did not I know that multitudes of Etonians will love likewise to be put in remembrance of their loved auld lang syne companion and friend, Wellesley Leith. In my next, the discourse must be upon more public characters, now that he of more private worth and regard has taken precedence. Many gentle Etonians are yet doing extensive good upon the earth, and many are reposing in the silence of that earth on which they were once proud and joyous. Peace be with them!

A FEW PAGES FROM MY JOURNAL IN GREECE, TURKEY, AND ON THE DANUBE.

BY C. F. FYNES CLINTON.

CHAPTER I.

Trieste.—Corfu.—Patras.—Delphi.—Platæa.—Arrival at Athens.

It was towards the end of March, 1842, that I approached Trieste, as a passenger in that slowest of all public conveyances, a German diligence; slowly had we plodded on day and night through the passes of Styria, and along the valleys of Illyria, and at last, one evening, at sunset, we found ourselves on the crest of the rugged mountain which overhangs Trieste and the shores of the Adriatic. This at all times lovely view was doubly so to the weary passengers of the *Wiener Eilwagen*. We had been crawling all day through a desolate country, over plains swampy, or covered with large stones, and amidst barren and rocky mountains, when suddenly Trieste lay before us. The town, with its handsome regular streets, encompassed on the land side by terraces green with fruit-trees and vineyards, caught the last rays of the setting-sun; a forest of tall masts enlivened the harbour; the sea lay smooth as a mirror, reflecting the rocky cliffs and jutting headlands of the Istrian coast. There are few towns better built or better paved, and few ports more lively or amusing than Trieste. Among the oriental costumes in the streets and cafés the Greek predominates; but, perhaps, the figures that most strike the eye of a stranger are those of the peasant-women who flock into the market from the country round. They are, for the most part tall, elegant figures, very unlike the heavy build of the Germans, and the habit of balancing their baskets on their heads gives them a smooth, graceful walk, like that of the Spanish damsels; on the head they wear a white scarf, which floats to the waist behind, a scarlet or yellow boddice, a bright-coloured petticoat, and high-heeled shoes, complete their costume. They clatter into the town in troops, talking their Sclavonic tongue, and in spite of their quaint-looking dress, are as pretty lasses as one could wish to see.

On the 1st of April I left the harbour of Trieste in a steamer belonging to the Austrian company. It came on to blow hard from the south, or right in our teeth, bringing with it a short, chopping, and most unpleasant sea—a taste of the *improbus et inquietus Hadria* of my friend Horace. I walked the deck with an old Prussian officer, who had accompanied me from Vienna, and listened to his rather prosy stories of the fields of Culm and Leipsig, till the increased rolling and pitching of our vessel sent us both staggering below; and I saw nothing beyond the narrow limits of my berth till the morning of the 4th, when, finding the vessel gently gliding through smooth water, I hastened on deck, and discovered, to my no small joy, that we were entering the lovely harbour of Corfu. The first rays of the sun were gilding the double peaks that have given its present name to the island; the massive works of the lofty citadel still lay in deep shade, while a gentle land-breeze wafted the balmy odours from the gardens on shore. The beauty of the scene,

the air of repose spread over sky, and land, and water, the sweet freshness of the morning air, formed a delicious contrast to the confinement of the dark and wretched prison where I had been in durance vile for three days and nights, suffering all the horrors of that most truly miserable malady, which (let those happy few who know not its powers laugh as they please,) levels all ranks and all ages, prostrates both body and mind, and reduces the strong and vigorous man to the helpless weakness of an infant. I was not long in jumping into one of the numerous boats which, filled with swarthy, mustachioed, and picturesque-looking Greeks, crowded round our ship. I intended to proceed by the same steamboat to Patras, and had only six hours for my peep at Corfu. From the landing-place I passed up the narrow, crowded streets, to the esplanade, which has at one end the palace of the Lord High Commissioner, and commands a noble view of the coast of Epirus, and of the mountains and dark olive woods of Corfu; but, to confess the unromantic truth, my first business was to procure some breakfast, as I had tasted almost nothing since leaving Trieste, and I was lucky enough to find a right good English beefsteak, with capital tea, &c., at an inn on the esplanade. At the same place I procured a carriage, in which I rattled about the island, seeing the most that my very limited time enabled me to visit. And now, let me see what remarks did my hasty little tour of Corfu suggest? As regards the roads, considered as roads, all those that I saw are, although narrow, admirable, and my carriage and horses were also very good, so that we went along quite in English style,—or, at least, so it seemed to me, after passing a year and a half in Germany. After clearing the town, we passed over a very fertile little plain, covered with gardens, and then entered the hills. The country is very mountainous, and broken by deep ravines, filled with olive-woods. The trees are of larger growth than any that I have seen in Spain, or other parts of Europe. From some of the high points the views are very beautiful. The sea always forms a prominent feature, indenting the rugged coast with picturesque bays and creeks. A circumstance which struck me very much was the great paucity of the fair sex either in the town or country; the very few who met my eyes were old, wrinkled hags. I conclude that the good people shut up their women, with a sort of Turkish jealousy. Such, at least, is still the case in Greece; although this horrid custom is becoming gradually broken through at Athens, and in the more civilized parts of the country.

On returning to the town, I came in for the guard-mounting, and as my head was full of old Corcyra, and that fearful account in Thucydides of the revolution, I was at first rather puzzled on seeing the red-jackets, and at finding everything going on as it would on the parade in front of the Horse Guards, excepting that the men looked a little more sunburnt, and, consequently, somewhat more martial than the pale-visaged, puffy-looking sentries of St. James's Park. But my vessel was getting up her steam, and I was obliged to pack on board. By midday we were clear of the harbour, and had a delightful run between the island and the fine bold coast of Epirus. Then we passed Santa Maura, and the lofty mountains of Acarnania, and early next morning we were in sight of Patras, when a furious wind coming off shore, had well-nigh blown us out to sea

again, affording us ample time for admiring the bold outline of the coast on both sides of the gulf. Arrived at last off Patras, I determined to leave the steamer, which was to go round the Morea to Athens, planning to cross the country by Delphi and Thebes to the capital. With what delight did I set foot for the first time on the soil of Greece! but, alas! desolation met my eye on all sides. To be sure, a few decent-looking houses have already sprung up amidst the ruins of the last war; but blackened walls, or miserable sheds, are still intermixed with the new buildings, and the as yet unlevelled streets are choked with rubbish and filth. It was, however, a gala-day in Patras, being the anniversary of the first outbreak of the revolution; and crowds of Greeks, with their wasp-like figures, and picturesque, but effeminate dress, were singing and dancing along the streets. Some of them were handsome fellows, tall, and well made, and with faces such as the hand of the old sculptors would have chiselled. Here, as at Corfu, I saw very few women, and those ugly, and dressed in a most unbecoming costume. The ancient Patræ occupied the slopes of the ridge which rises at the back of the modern town; but there are no vestiges of antiquity.

I spent most of the afternoon in making arrangements for my journey across the country, and succeeded in procuring a servant, a tall, powerful Greek, of Constantinople, Andrea by name, who proved in the end as big a rogue as most of his class. The evening I passed very agreeably at the hospitable house of Mr. Crowe, her Britannic Majesty's consul; and on the morning of the 6th I was in the saddle, and eager to push forward through a country teeming with natural beauties, and hallowed by the grandest recollections.

I was attended only by my Greek, each mounted on one of the surefooted little horses of the country, while a third horse carried the baggage, on the top of which was seated a Greek who had the care of the nags, his white petticoat spread out around him. The only way of travelling in Greece at present is on horseback, as there are no roads for carriages, save the commencement of one or two near Athens; all the others are mere tracks over the mountains, making the communication between the different towns very difficult; so that this, in a country so girt by the sea, is carried on chiefly along the coasts, by vessels as good, and crews as expert and daring, as any in the world. The few vineyards, and patches of corn near Patras, were soon passed, and we entered a barren plain covered with large stones, or aromatic plants. On our left was Rhium, and across the gulf, Antirrhium; at the back of which, and along the opposite side of the bay, stretched a noble ridge of mountains. After some three hours' ride we halted at a little khan near the water, and then, skirting the mountains close upon the water's edge, amidst tangled groves of evergreens, after seven hours' ride from Patras, we came into a fertile and cultivated country, in the midst of which stands Vostizza. This little town occupies the site of the ancient Ægium, a cliff overhanging the sea, and commanding a magnificent view of Parnassus, and all the snowy ridge across the gulf.

Sometime was spent in hunting for a lodging, which I procured at last in a wretched hovel; and although I have roughed it pretty much at one time and another, I think I have seldom been worse lodged than that night at Vostizza. I clambered by a ladder to my chamber, which consisted of the bare walls, without a single particle

of furniture, while the cold night air whistled in by an aperture which served for a window. I lay down on my *capote*, to get some repose after a hard day's ride in a hot sun; but I soon discovered that I was not the only tenant of the vile apartment, and my tormentors allowed me no rest all night.

In fact, travelling in Greece is at present no easy matter; excepting in Athens, Nauplia, Corinth, and Patras, there are no inns whatever, and even in the places I have mentioned they are both bad and dear. Everywhere else one must either bivouac, (a dangerous thing in this climate at most seasons of the year,) or hire a lodging in some hovel, often as bad as mine at Vostizza. In some parts of the country a few of the old Turkish khans still remain, but in a ruinous and filthy condition. A canteen, and a servant who can cook, are indispensable in Greece; and a supply of provisions must be laid in which will last from one town to another, or the traveller might run some risk of starving in the smaller villages. An agreeable companion or two, the fineness of the climate, the interesting beauty of the country, the wild excitement of such a mode of life, convert all these little annoyances into amusing trifles, and make a tour in Greece, or Asia Minor, infinitely more delightful, to my mind at least, than a journey through a civilized land, where one finds good roads, well-organised public conveyances, and excellent inns.

On the 7th, I hired a felucca to carry me across the gulf to Scala. We had a good wind, and made the passage in four hours. At Scala, which consists of an old tower, two or three hovels, and a miserable khan, we procured horses to proceed to Delphi. Near Scala I met a wild-looking figure, leading a couple of camels, the first I had yet seen used as ordinary beasts of burthen, though I afterwards saw hundreds of these strange-looking animals at Smyrna and elsewhere. We wound for two hours through a lovely valley, shaded by immense olives, and refreshed by numerous rills. Then climbing the mountain on our left, we reached Crissa, which is deliciously situated on the slopes of Parnassus, and commands a glorious view of the whole coast of Achaia, and the lofty peaks of the Arcadian mountains beyond. Ascending farther, by a very steep and rugged path, at a sudden turn of the mountain we came upon Delphi, in about an hour after leaving Crissa. The wretched village of Kastri occupies the site of that memorable city, the massive foundations of which are still visible, ranged in terraces along the mountain side. Remains of the stadium and of the gymnasium can still be traced. Delphi lies in a recess of the mountains which rise immediately on all sides, and the ground falls below in steep banks and ravines, covered with olives and corn, and watered by the numerous brooks which gush on all sides from Parnassus.

And so here was the site of that famous Delphi, whose oracle was consulted by kings, by philosophers, and by heroes, and whose temples were enriched by gifts from all nations; and there even yet bursts from the two-peaked rock the Castalian fountain, its marble basin still perfect! I drank of its water with all the enthusiasm that any one must feel whose mind has been refined and enlarged by even the slightest acquaintance with classic lore. He who cannot appreciate such ideas, deserves not to visit such scenes; but let me tell him that he loses some of the sweetest feelings that the mind is capable of enjoying.

In two hours after leaving Delphi, by a track gradually ascending, we reached the large village of Aracosa, where I procured a lodging for the night of much the same character as that at Vostizza. The Greeks in the retired parts of the country have still the Turkish customs. I could procure nowhere either chair or table, and, sitting cross-legged for any length of time is by no means a comfortable position for an unpractised person.

8th. Winding down from Parnassus, we had a fine view across Phocis and Bœotia, and descended into the plain at the spot where, according to Pausanias, Œdipus killed his father, a wild and desolate defile. It is still the τριπλῆ κελεῦθος of the poet; and the road at this point is a narrow path between high banks, so that a foot-passenger would experience some difficulty if he met a waggon or carriage. This was the case with Œdipus, and the wain of Laius, and occasioned the dispute which ended in the death of the old king. Our road lay for the greater part of the day across Phocis, an undulating country, well watered, and thickly clothed with grass and shrubs, but utterly desolate. During the ten hours that this day's march occupied, I saw no village nor habitation of any kind, save an old khan, in a romantic glen, where we halted for an hour. We rested for the night at Lebadea, a large, but ruinous town, quite Turkish in appearance, possessing a bazaar, an old mosque, and several fragments of marble columns. We halted at an abominable khan at the entrance of the town, where my unrelenting tormentors were more numerous and more absolute in their attacks than I had ever before known them. These, and other little annoyances, such as one meets with in warm latitudes and half-civilized countries, prove rather serious evils to some of my countrymen, who arrive fresh from the luxuries of home, and unused to travel. One rides all day in a hot sun, and arrives, jaded and feverish, at the halting-place, where, instead of procuring that repose at night of which one stands so much in need, sleep is effectually chased away by the causes above-mentioned. Bad food, and perhaps drinking too freely of the raw, unwholesome wines of the country, contribute their share to the evil, and, if the journey last long, fever is not unfrequently the result. Two young men, who had arrived in Greece in full health from England, were attacked by fever brought on by the causes above-mentioned, and died at Athens just before I arrived there. Fortunately, I was an old campaigner, and my health never suffered from these little hardships. The situation of Lebadea is delightful; it stands on the slopes of Helicon, facing the north-west. The plain below is fertile, and well cultivated, producing very excellent corn. Parnassus to the west, the ridges of Thessaly on the north, and Cithæron eastward, close the prospect. I ascended the ravine above the town, and then watched the sun sink behind the rugged peaks of Parnassus.

9th. I was early in the saddle. We kept along the edge of Lake Copais, under the side of Helicon, for about three hours; then crossing some rough hills, we descended upon the plain of Leuctra. Climbing another rise, we saw Thebes and Platæa before us, at about two hours' distance, on the roots of Cithæron, whose dark and craggy sides form a fine background. I pushed eagerly forward, and galloping across a level and somewhat swampy plain, I sprung from my horse at the gate of Platæa. The walls are still of a toler-

able height in some places, and the masonry very good. The whole circuit of the town may be easily traced; the walls are most probably of the time of Alexander. I seated myself on some huge blocks of stone, and my eye wandered over that noble plain of Thebes, formerly so rich, and even now not totally uncultivated. I could see Leuctra, Thespiæ, the ridge of Helicon, and the snowy peaks above Thermopylæ. What thoughts did not such a scene excite! what recollections did it not awaken! I say recollections, for who that has drank in his childhood of the rich fount of classic literature, does not find an indescribable pleasure in visiting the actual scenes of those marvellous actions, and the very birthplace of those heroes whose names are so familiar to him, and are interwoven with the remembrances of his early days. Alone amidst the lonely ruins of Platæa, I could give full scope to the most agreeable reflections; and this, indeed, is the great delight of travelling in Greece. In this wild and half-civilized country one can roam at leisure amidst its glorious ruins, undisturbed by the impertinences of a *ciceroni*, or by the still more senseless gabble of "cockney" travellers.

After leaving Platæa, I climbed Cithæron, and about sunset reached the top, from whence I obtained a magnificent prospect over Bœotia, Phocis, Locris, and the mountains of Thessaly on one side, and the valleys of Attica, bounded by Hymettus and Parnes, on the other. We soon fell into the excellent new road from Athens, and put up for the night at a ruinous khan, amidst wild, beautiful scenery, after fourteen hours' ride.

10th. The road to-day was lovely, winding among mountains covered with forests of pines, intermixed with crags of white marble. The lower slopes are clothed with olives, cornfields, and meadows. In four hours we reached Eleusis; here is an old castle on a hill, but very few remains of antiquity. Four hours more brought us to Athens. The road all the way is excellent; at first winding along the sea-shore, with the rugged Salamis separated by a narrow channel on the right. On entering the defile of Daphne the view looking back is grand; at one glance one sees the mountains of Corinth and Megara, the bold rocks of Salamis, and the deep blue waters of the Gulf.

After winding through the somewhat dreary pass of Daphne, the plain of Athens suddenly burst upon me. I reined up my horse upon the hill, to feast my eyes upon that most interesting, most beauteous scene. Before me rose the rock of the Acropolis, crowned by the imperishable columns of the Parthenon; the temple of Theseus and the city lay beneath. The fertile plain, with its varied tints of olive-groves, and orchards, and corn-fields, was spread around, encompassed by the picturesque forms of Hymettus, Pentelicus, and Parnes. To the right was Peiræus; beyond lay the blue sea, and the far distant rocks of Sunium. Descending the hill, I crossed the Cephissus, wound through the thick groves of the Academy, and presently passed by the temple of Theseus, and entered Athens.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON LIFE.

BY J. FISHER MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF LONDON."

CHAPTER XXIII.

NOTIONS OF THE HON. HOUSE.

Of leading general ideas one gets by attending the House of Commons as a spectator, the first and most prominent, is that of tedious loquacity.

All talk, never-ending, never-dying gabble, barren speech, teaching nothing, and giving to the wearied listener nothing to carry away. Night after night, morning after morning, have we retired from that House where is only weariness, to a house where only is refreshment, — from the House of Commons to the House of Call, —from St. Stephen's Chapel to the Magpie and Stump. Often, lubricating our dusty throat with that bland and generous fluid—best emblem of the delights of the married state,—known by the familiar name of half-and-half, have we pondered over the past debate, and racked our treacherous memory for something to be remembered, of weight, or brilliancy, and value; some happy stroke of humour, some neat and well-turned repartee, some sparkling sally of wit; or, better still, some wise saw of politics, some individual spark of the boasted collective wisdom, some rule of public conduct, some exposition of self-denial, of postponement of personal and party politics to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. We seldom or ever could recall anything of the kind; retrospecting with the eye of memory, all he saw was a great sandy desert of talk, and here and there, but at wide and far-distant intervals, a little patch of refreshing green, and this had more of the flower-garden, or parterre, about it than of the *oasis;* more for ornament were they of the speech, than of use to the hearer.

I do not mean to assert that there is not now and then a speech from beginning to ending well worth listening to, when, so far from feeling fatigued, we only regret that the speaker so soon has concluded. But these are comparatively rare; when they do occur they are severed from one another by a wide interval of balderdash; they are most usually confined to the beginning or ending of some slow debate, the intermediate space resembling a dreary road between two rich, luxurious, and intellectual cities.

Members who take upon themselves the responsibility of managing a question, who are leading counsel as it were, would not be tolerated if they had not a good deal to say; their speeches are usually studied, and if heavy at times, are yet stored with information, and if devoid of fancy, abundant in figures and facts; but it is certain, beyond doubt or denial, that there is a talking mob in the House of Commons, talkers for talk's sake, men of whom the *cacoethes loquendi* has taken fast hold; men who are desirous to talk, saying nothing, and to make speeches, which, consisting *only* of words, sentences strung together at second-hand, like the garments

at the door of an old clothes' shop, wherein is neither life, form, substance, nor matter. The impatience of the house seems to have no powers of intimidation for this class of men; they consume a certain amount of valuable time in the delivery of an uncertain quantity of valueless talk, amid coughing, groaning, fidgetting, and deprecations, it may be, indeed, *execrations* of their fellows, and they sit down, satisfied that the newspapers of the following day will give an edition of their speech, "improved and corrected."

To talk for the sake of talking seems to be one of the meanest lights in which a pitiful vanity can shew itself, and would hardly be tolerated at a spouting-club of law-students, yet in the senate it is endured to an excess that, without experience, one could not have believed the powers of human endurance equal to sustain.

But, it must not be forgotten, that whereas the spouters in debating-clubs are of no weight or substance, the prosers of the parliament are "large-acred men;" and it is astonishing how important and awe-inspiring a thing senatorial stupidity appears when we behold it through the magnifying power of fifty thousand pounds a-year. It takes time, and a train of reasoning, to convince you that, after all, a man is a blockhead with fifty thousand a-year.

Another leading general idea of the House of Commons, as a body, is, that it is a ONE-IDEA'D PLACE, where every man who takes a prominent part stands upon some notion, or crotchet, by which he endeavours to attain notoriety, and which he puts forward as a panacea, not only for all political, but moral and social evils, with which the state may be threatened or afflicted. Some attach themselves to one thing, some to another; one man has a currency crotchet, which he lugs in, as Sancho did his proverbs, by the head and shoulders; another rejoices in a poor-law crotchet, to which he refers all the ills that flesh is heir to, and insists that with a repeal of the Poor-law England will once more be "herself again!"

Members "take up" a thing, as the phrase is, to make the subject of their researches. One takes up the Irish Church, and annually knocks a good many thickly-printed columns of reports out of that; another has an annual shot at the Estimates; a third makes a motion for the repeal of the Corn-laws; and so on. There is a well-understood division of labour in the House, every man holding his own sprat, whale, or herring, as the case may be, by its own proper tail. The vast numbers of young men about both Houses of Parliament, but especially the House of Commons, is another leading general idea, that necessarily strikes the observant stranger.

There are few noble families in the land of any territorial distinction, who are not represented in a twofold manner; by themselves in the Upper, by their connexions in the Lower House; and the very young members that crowd the side-galleries, and congregate in a body below the bar, are generally of noble families.

Yet there are young, and youngish men of distinction in the House, who are plebeians; these are generally of the class of working-members, who labour at the business of legislation, whereas the noble, gentle, and very often *simple* young gentlemen we have referred to above only *play* at law-givers, as they do sometimes at soldiers.

Another remarkable thing in the House of Commons is, the want of independent actions on the part of individual members, and their

almost military subordination to their leaders. It is a necessary thing, perhaps, for practical purposes, that this discipline should be maintained, but it is, nevertheless, curious to see how completely the representative subsides into the partizan. You would imagine that the House consisted of representatives of Lord John Russell and Sir Rober Peel—of the Ins and Outs, rather than of the country; nor is any man in a more hopeless plight than the man who takes an independent course of action, or refuses to bind himself to the interests of one side of the House or the other. He is sneered at and thwarted in every way; called an *impracticable*, and left alone in his patriotism and his glory.

This isolation results from the selfishness, the party, class, and personal interests of the great mass of members; they will not act, or vote, with men who are not consistent to a party, as if a party is consistent with itself; as if time, and the progress of public opinion, and the pressure of events, do not necessarily demand changes in the minds of men, often amounting to the reversal of their fixed, and as they fondly thought, correct notions of conduct.

A want of large and general sympathy with the unrepresented, or badly-represented classes, is the leading defect of the House; but for this who can say that the House is to blame? The electors choose the House, and if *they* are selfish, or negligent, or corrupt in their choice; if they choose their representatives for everything, or something, or nothing, except what ought to be the guiding motive of their choice, as tried integrity, experience, years, common sense, and common sympathies with mankind, the fault is in *them*, not in those they send to the Commons' House of Parliament.

A pleasing *trait* of the House is, its fairness and generosity towards any speaker who has business to speak, or who has got anything to say; the House always listens to such a one with attention. A new Member, likewise, is always well received, and his *début* marked by consideration for his feelings on first addressing so formidable an assembly; the cry of "New Member! New Member!" "Hear! hear! hear!" gives him confidence, and encourages him to proceed; but if, unfortunately, he is tried, and found wanting, he will not again be heard with any degree of marked attention.

The House is highly discriminative in this respect; a man of character, weight, authority, or information upon any particular point, is heard with general attention; a Member, on the contrary, who talks for talk's sake,—and of these there are, unfortunately, too many, is not listened to, except by the reporters; he crieth out in the house, and no man regardeth him. If a *phonometer*, or instrument for measuring noise, could be invented, you would thereby be enabled to form a pretty accurate judgment of the respective merits of the several speakers. When Peel or Russell are *up*, the noise is at *zero;* when middling members are talking there is a temperate noise; but when from the back benches, foolish, loud-talking, ignorant, forward young fellows, without information or ability, except in their own conceit, insist upon *jawing*, the noise reaches the boiling-point, and the prater becomes, certainly not silent, but certainly unheard. You cannot hear a word he says, but you *see* his nether jaw vibrating up and down, like that of a donkey masticating a tough thistle.

EXAMPLES OF POLITICAL LIFE.

THE ADVENTURING M.P.

THE adventuring M.P. is a political fortune-hunter.

His leading gift is gift of the gab; he has a marvellous knack of *jawing*, and a happy insensibility to his own defects, of whatever description. Of this category was BILL BLATHERUM.

Bill had a small property, with great incumbrances; in fact, when he paid the interest of his mortgages, his mother's jointure, and his agent, out of the rents and profits of Blatherum Hall, he might put the residue in his eye, and see none the worse for 't. Nothing but strict economy and attention to his affairs could have given Bill even a moderate independence; but Bill was a clever fellow, and disdained moderation. He could talk, to be sure; how he *could* talk! and, like many another fool, he thought more was to be got by talking than by holding his tongue. He frequented all sorts of public meetings, where he recited all manner of speeches, having previously sent them off to the county paper; he took the chair at political free-and-easies, shook hands with influential butchers, and was hand in glove with the electioneering attorney of the neighbouring borough town.

Living at a considerable distance from London, and seeing the consequential airs of the M.P.s of his neighbourhood,—who, by the way, were gentlemen of great influence and ample fortune, Bill thought that to be a member of the House of Commons must be what George Robins familiarly styles "a little heaven upon earth." Peel was an M.P., and why shouldn't Bill. There seemed no reason in life why it should be otherwise. It never entered into this poor man's comprehension that the common herd of M.P.s were no way distinguished from other men, save by the addition of the two magical letters, after their names, the privilege of franking, and the privilege of non-imprisonment for debt; that, for any other advantage, a man might just as well write after his name M.X. or M.Z. All this Bill did not find out until after his election, which, in the fulness of time, and the emptiness of pocket, he had the evil fortune to secure.

Having taken the oaths, which cost him nothing, the seat which cost him so much, and paid the fees to the Sergeant-at-arms, which cost him seven pounds ten, Bill's next great desideratum was to distinguish himself as an active Member of Parliament, in the only sense in which he could be made to comprehend what an active Member of Parliament meant, namely, by getting up and talking upon any and every question, whether he knew anything about it or not.

To be near his work, our new Lycurgus took lodgings in Manchester Buildings; but, finding by experience that a residence there was damnatory to his prospects in society,—(for Bill mixed up with his Parliamentary success a confused idea of marrying a Countess, or heiress, or something of that sort,)—finding, in short, that Manchester Buildings was not "*the ticket*," he got admitted a member of one of the numerous clubs that collectively write letters from St. James's Square.

Our new Member, thus politically and socially established, lost no

time in preparing for his maiden speech. He read up the "state of the country" question during the Whitsun holidays, and engaged an amanuensis for half-a-guinea a-week to make extracts from Blue Books, Parliamentary debates, and files of old newspapers. From this chaos of heterogeneous materials he gradually extracted the materials of his speech, which having written out carefully, word for word, as it was intended to be spoken, Bill rehearsed it before his glass with laudable assiduity. His next operation was to reduce it to heads, so that nothing might, through a treacherous memory, be lost to Parliament or the nation; and, thus prepared, Bill went down to the House, not without a smouldering hope that before his return he should be called aside, and "spoken to" by the Secretary to the Treasury.

"Yes," said he to himself, as he crossed Old Palace Yard, "an Under-Secretaryship to begin with; not that my talent could not grasp the Home, Foreign, or Colonial Office, without passing through subordinate employments. Pitt was Premier at twenty-two: I am twenty-nine. But no matter; I have it in me, and, by ——, it shall come out!"

As he arrived at the door opening to the cloak-room, a leading statesman preceding him, several hats were lifted in respect from the admiring mob; Bill touched *his* hat mechanically with his fore-finger, in imitation of an illustrious nobleman. Two or three members, by-standers, smiled.

"This salutation can hardly be intended for me *yet*, notwithstanding the time *will* come," thought Bill Blatherum.

Having taken up his position, after calculating to a nicety the point of view from which he concluded himself most likely to catch the Speaker's eye, our statesman (for, to do Bill justice, he was as much of a statesman as nine out of ten there) waited with intense anxiety for the moving the order of the day. The order of the day was read, whereupon a great many members simultaneously rose, as is usual, in eager emulation. Our hero rose with them, straining like a greyhound in the slips. The eagerness of his manner excited a laugh through the House; but, somebody crying out, "New Member, new Member," a volley of "Hear, hear, hears," followed; and our orator, taking out his slip of paper whereon was the synopsis, or digest, of his speech, proceeded with his exordium.

His speech (for we were in the gallery) was a very good speech, as Parliamentary speeches go. He declaimed against the folly of supposing that Government could provide remedies for public difficulties; quoted

> How small of all the ills that men endure
> That part that kings or laws can cause or cure;

eulogized our glorious constitution in general terms; delicately hinted at the merits of the Minister; appealed to honourable gentlemen opposite; was free to confess a great many nothings; could not possibly imagine why honourable gentlemen should make this a party question; stated a great many truisms, without the grace of novelty; and sat down, highly gratified with the generous "Hear, hears" that greeted his concluding observations.

The mistake our senator committed was, in imagining that the humanity with which the House listens to a young Member making

his *début* would be continued to his subsequent efforts in addressing them; but so it was not to be. To his surprise and chagrin, his next display was listened to with frigid coldness; the next after that with some impatience; and when, at length, the House opened its eyes to the consciousness of the disagreeable fact that our new Member belonged to the numerous category of the BORES, and talked merely for the sake of hearing himself talk, and seeing himself imprinted at length in the morning papers, they refused to listen at all; and, though he continued to exercise his undoubted privilege of speaking, the House at the same time insisted upon *its* undoubted prerogative of shutting its ears.

Bill began to fear that he was not appreciated in Parliament; the Secretary of the Treasury had not once spoken to him on the subject of his acceptance of office, nor, indeed, upon any other subject. But his failure in securing the attention of the House was not the only discomfort our legislator began to find annexed to his high avocation. His social position did not appear at all improved by it. It is true, he dined once or twice with the Minister, as one of his general Parliamentary supporters; but this was but a formal, ceremonial party, in which no approximation to intimacy could be made. In fact, it was understood of these dinners that they were merely a more hospitable sort of public meeting, and that, with respect to the guests with each other, and the host with the guests, their social isolation, separate from more intimate causes of alliance, remained as distinct and separate as before.

With his colleague in the representation, Bill had many occasions of public business; but he was not a little annoyed to see that that gentleman preserved towards him the most cold and distant formality of politeness. Bill, taking advantage of the slender opportunity he enjoyed of intercourse with his colleague, who was a scion of a noble family, and an officer of the Guards, took the liberty one day of bowing when they met in Hyde Park; but, to his great astonishment and vexation, the brother M.P. stared him full in the face through his eye-glass, without condescending to bestow upon him the most equivocal token of recognition.

Our hero now began to be aware that there *was* a difference, and that with a *distinction*, between Members of Parliament, and that they had little in common, save the right to sit and vote. Even "Oh, ohs" and "Hear, hears," Bill observed, were not caught up by the House, unless the cue was given by a man of weight or a Minister.

This opinion of the difference between M.P.s was confirmed by an adventure with a tradesman in Cockspur Street. Bill had occasion to order certain articles, which he directed to be sent to Manchester Buildings, to William Blatherum, Esq. M.P.; he laying a strong emphasis on the last two letters, intending to strike awe into the tradesman, who, however, did not seem to be at all moved by their legislative importance. The articles arrived, and were sent up; the purchaser was informed that a person waited for an answer. The Member went down, bid him tell his master that he would call and pay him; when, horror of horrors! the representative of the Charing Cross tradesman had the audacity to tell the M.P. that he had orders "not to leave nothing without the ready."

"Do you know who I am, sir?" thundered the senator.

"If I did, sir, I must have the money all the same," replied the man.

"Do you not know, sir, that I am a Member of Parliament?"

"Dassay you are, sir; but master says as how he's been done too often by gents in these here Buildin's."

So much for the credit of an adventuring M.P.

The next essay of our hero was in the matrimonial line. He used to dine three or four times a month, during the session, with a member of a great city firm, who had a handsome lath-and-plaster house, and establishment to match, in the Regent's Park. It must not be supposed that the hospitality of our city friend was altogether disinterested; in fact, he never gave a dinner without an eye to business. Franks at that time were in great demand; and the senator paid in franks the value of his dinners to the citizen.

The latter boasted, among his other chattel property, a handsome daughter, with a handsome fortune. Our M.P. looked at the daughter, and thought she might answer; his mind's eye squinted at the thirty thousand pounds' fortune in prospect; he was *sure* she would answer. Bill fell in love, ogled, dangled, sighed, groaned, and played all the customary antic tricks by which young ladies of fortune are accustomed to be won. He found himself not altogether unacceptable; and one night, in the cock-loft of the House, while his *inamorato* was looking through the ventilator, took occasion, during a debate on the sugar duties, to say a good many sweet things, concluding with a proposal. The lady went through the ceremonies of frowning, blushing, and hesitating, usual on such interesting occasions, and, like a dutiful daughter, referred her lover to her "dear pa."

That gentleman, on being applied to, expressed his deep sense of the honour intended him, and so forth—[we need not repeat what he said; for you must be well aware there is a regular string of commonplaces upon these occasions, mechanically repeated]—observed that he intended making a handsome settlement on his daughter, and ended by the rather startling inquiry, "What, sir, do you propose to settle on my daughter?"

In six weeks more the lady was married—to a wealthy tea-dealer in Thames Street.

For three or four years Bill struggled bravely with his false position of M.P. He applied for everything that the Minister had to give; appointed himself, through paragraphs slyly inserted in the newspapers, to everything, from Governor of Madras down to Assistant Poor Law Commissioner; but these appointments, unfortunately, brought no salary; raised money where he could on the strength of the appointment he was *sure* to get; sold his patrimonial estate to meet his liabilities; was offered the Consul-Generalship of the Cannibal Islands, to get rid of him, which he was foolish enough to refuse; and, being returned at the next election, was unseated for want of qualification.

His senatorial career thus inauspiciously ended, our *ex* M.P. hung about the clubs and the West End; was director of several bubble companies, and a general projector of new and striking inventions. He is well known at a sort of tavern club, where he resorts of an afternoon to talk politics and projects; and if you happen to drop in there any evening in the year, you will be sure to see him with a

glass of gin-and-water before him, a cigar in his mouth, and to hear him preface every second sentence with, "When I was in Parliament—."

THE UPPER HOUSE

Is a very proper and characteristic name for the House of Lords. The Commons' House is decidedly more common; the Lower House is certainly lower—we had almost said *low;* but to say that would be a breach of privilege.

Everybody has heard of the upper classes and the lower classes; these terms mark a well-known distinction in society; so do the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament in legislation.

The upper classes are well-dressed, quiet, gentleman-like, perfumed, silent, reserved, idle; so is the Upper House. The lower classes are slovenly, noisy, rude, blustering, talkative, busy; so is the Lower House. The one represents the elegant and artificial, the other the operative and essential parts of law-manufacture.

When a man quits a bear-garden, or obstreperous public meeting, when everybody is talking, and nobody has anything to say, and gets into a Quaker-meeting, where nobody *will* say anything, he goes from the House of Commons to the House of Lords; when a man, retiring from the coffee-room of The Magpie and Stump on a Saturday night, finds himself suddenly transported into a nobleman's drawing-room, he merely exchanges the Lower for the Upper House.

If the Lower House disappoints the stranger by its want of dignity and decorum, the Upper is no less unsatisfactory from the opposite defect: *there* all is frigid dignity and lordly indifference.

You are ushered, as it were, into the musicians' gallery of a *salon*, where a couple of dozen of respectable, grave, elderly gentlemen are assembling before dinner. The floor is covered with scarlet cloth, the walls decorated with scarlet paper, the benches have scarlet cushions, with scarlet-cushioned backs; and, indeed, if it were not for the benches, and the scarlet, oblong, bed-like seat, called the woolsack, and the throne with its canopy, you would have nothing to distinguish the legislating room of the Lords from the dining-room of my Lord.

All is quiet and gentleman-like in this place; even the strangers in the gallery catch the infection of the noble atmosphere, and are afraid to look about them. The door-keeper is a superior man, with a superior head, and superior suit of black. He does not look like a House-of-Commons doorkeeper; he motions strangers to their seats with a gentleman-usher-like bow; he represses conversation with "Hush, hush!" and never cries "Silence!" with a strong voice, as do the doorkeepers of the Lower Gallery.

The doors open and shut noiselessly, and give ingress and egress to the Peers, who stand on the steps of the throne, or in the body of the House, or lounge on the cross benches, the younger ones conversing in a low tone, the elder seated thinly here and there, waiting for the commencement of business; some are perusing the petitions they have to present, or the printed paper of the notices of motion, or other business of the day.

There is here seen no scrambling over the backs of benches, no mob gossiping at the bar, no slaps on the back, jokes, or horse-

laughing; the Upper House smiles, whispers, and walks about without any tumult or noise. It also dresses better than the Lower House; no shooting-jackets, white hats, drab shirts, gaiters, or high-lows are worn by the Upper House; the most remarkable article of dress we have observed there being one *eternal* pair of plaid inexpressibles.

The Bishops, who look at this distance (we are now in the gallery) like a row of darling chubby children in their magpie robes, tremendous lawn sleeves, sit very modestly in a row by themselves, on one of the back benches; we have no more to say of their spiritual Lordships, than that nobody in the House seemed to take any notice of their presence, and that, with few exceptions, they are uncommon fat.

One noble Lord appears to be asleep on the Treasury Bench, his feet stiffly stretched out between him and the table, a position which no Peer takes the liberty to disturb by passing between; his single-breasted military frock is buttoned up to his chin; and his hat, concealing the upper part of his face, rests gracefully on the hump of his nose; he *seems* asleep, as we have said, but his attitude is that of a man asleep at "attention;" in fact, he is perhaps more wide awake than any man in the House.

Opposite, in the front seat, is a handsomely-turned leg, encased in a killing pair of tights, which the noble owner looks down upon complacently, tapping at intervals a well-fitting boot with a silver-mounted riding-cane. A man of pleasing aspect, and a well-bred *dolce far niente* face, is Lord Welbourne; but not the sort of man nature seems to have intended for a Premier Minister.

A curious versatile nose is seen peering into the House, and presently a curious, versatile senator whisks after it. He hops about from bench to bench, as if he did not know where to settle, diving his hands into the pockets of a pair of chequered inexpressibles, too short and too tight; he grinds his teeth, scratches his head, rubs his curious nose, which resents the insult by twisting from one side of his face to the other; he seats himself on the Woolsack, then jumps off, as if he had no business there; he runs up to, and seems to question Peers on both sides of the House, and then runs away, without appearing to stay for an answer; his movements remind us vividly of a very large rat in a very small trap.

While you are looking at him the Chancellor enters, without state or noise, and, sliding on the Woolsack, a Peer rises to present a petition, the purport of which he states in an inaudible voice, and you are aware that business has begun.

A noble Lord rises, and in a very subdued tone puts a question to the noble Duke, who appears to be asleep. The noble Duke then, with great deliberation, takes his hat off his nose, rises, advances to the table, and in three words, uttered in a low, but firm voice, answers, or declines to answer, sits down, puts his hat where it was, and appears to be asleep.

Some more questions having been put, and more replies elicited, of which the only impression remaining upon your mind is, how on earth the reporters can make anything of it, Lord Bruffy gets up (as usual) to inflict a speech.

It is impossible to conceive a more unfavourable place for an orator than the House of Lords: one would as soon think of getting up

to make a speech in a catacomb. The thin, untenanted appearance of the House; the beggarly account of empty benches, reminding one of a provincial theatre on a benefit night; the evident apathy, listlessness, and indifference of the eleven Peers who have nothing else to do but listen, and the impatience of the three Ministerial Lords, who know it is all "gammon;" the abstracted look of the unhappy Chancellor, who, after toiling all day in his court, wants to get home to prepare some important judgment; the yawning, stretching, and looking at watches (it now wants but five minutes to seven) would extinguish the fire of any orator (except Bruffy) that ever wagged a tongue.

The noble and learned Lord begins; he is full of his subject, and is determined to work it off in speech. He dwells upon the importance of his subject, and solicits thereto the attention of the noble Duke. [The Duke moves one leg, as much as to say, don't imagine that I'm asleep.] He goes on, trying to warm; but the atmosphere of the House is too chilly, and his words seem to freeze upon his lips. He tries a joke; a sickly smile flits over the faces of one or two Peers, which in the Parliamentary reports of the following day figures in parenthesis (a laugh). He becomes impressive, but there is nobody to impress; he is eloquent, but there is no sympathy. He might as well talk to the Elgin marbles, for any visible impression his eloquence appears to make.

At length he hits a sympathetic chord; he will no longer occupy the time of the House (it is now half-past seven); his forbearance is rewarded with a distinct "Hear, hear;" Peers seize their hats and canes, and two or three nearest the doors make off, anticipating the conclusion of the speaker. He concludes at last; the Chancellor slides off the Woolsack, the Peers disappear noiselessly, like shadows of senators; and you go home, thinking that, after all, the House of Lords is worth going to *once*, for the same reason that people have made voyages to the North Pole; for the discovery, in short, that there is nothing to discover.

LONDON FANCIES.

CRICKET.

The superabundance of London wealth, when it has satisfied every animal want, and provided abundantly for every comfort of life, overflows in *fancies*.

The direction these fancies take with any people are no bad evidences of their moral and social state. In his business the man is artificial; in his recreations, his *fancies*, he is natural; for in recreation every man strives to please himself.

If you find a man's *fancies* intellectual; if he has a taste for books, music, prints, flowers, a holiday stroll in green fields, you may form a pretty shrewd guess that the habits of that man's mind have an intellectual tendency; if, on the other hand, you observe another man whose passion is for a fierce bull-dog, a snappish terrier, a silky spaniel, or for horse-racing, wrestling, or other rude and violent sports, you may be tolerably well assured that the way of thinking of that man is downward, and that his mind partakes of the animal character.

Of the refined and intellectual amusements of the educated and humanized classes we shall not at present speak, but confine ourselves to those amusements, if amusements they can be called, which, although gentlemen now and then indulge in them, make properly the *fancies* of London life.

Of these, the first is one partaking of a national character, requiring a happy union of activity, strength, and skill, acute eye, ready hand, flexible back, agile limbs, every muscle in the body being by turns called into vigorous exertion,—the king of field-games, the peculiarly English game of cricket.

To see this played in the highest perfection, the *amateur* must repair to

LORD'S GROUND,

where an announcement, somewhat as follows, will probably arrest his attention, as he pays his shilling for admittance, at the gate:—

GRAND MATCH

Will be played in Lord's Ground, Marylebone, July 31, 1423, and following days.
The Gentlemen and Players of England.

GENTLEMEN.	PLAYERS.	GENTLEMEN.	PLAYERS.
Hon. F. Ponsonby.	Butler.	N. Felix, Esq.	Lillywhite.
Hon. G. H. Grimston.	Box.	R. Kynaston, Esq.	Pilch.
Sir F. H. Bathurst.	Dean.	A. Mynn, Esq.	Redgate.
T. A. Anson, Esq.	Guy.	W. Pickering, Esq.	Sewell.
T. Craven, Esq.	Hillyer.	C. G. Taylor, Esq.	Wenman.

And if he chooses to await the great annual match of the GENTLEMEN AND PLAYERS OF ENGLAND, he will not regret having spent a day or two in seeing this royal game in its highest state of perfection.

Lord's Ground is a space of well-cropped sward of about eleven acres, a tennis-court bounding it to the south; to the east, a pavilion for the use of gentlemen players and their fashionable friends; and inclosed by paling on the other two sides. Wickets are placed in different parts of the ground, where the competitors amuse themselves getting their hands in, until the bell rings for clearing the ground, and beginning the business of the day.

Here are pointed out to you, conspicuous among the crowd, the immortals of the game. You are astonished to hear their respective excellences dilated upon with *gusto* by the assembled amateurs. That rather corpulent, but extremely well-made man, is Mr. A. MYNN, the first *fast* bowler of the day. There stands the immortal PILCH, the greatest of professional *batters*, a man of long legs, short body, and broad-brimmed hat. That square-built, thick-set man, is BOX, in whom you regard with reverence the best wicket-keeper in England. LILLYWHITE, the *facile princeps* of *slow* bowlers, is not wanting; nor the greatest of known *long-stops*, Mr. W. MYNN. BATHURST is there, and PICKERING, whose merits as *fielders* are supreme. Here are assembled, as spectators, numbers of players from the provinces, cricketers of Kent, and cricketers of Nottingham, not unknown to fame.

Now flags are posted, to indicate the line beyond which spectators may not pass with impunity, and a substantial square of spectators stand, sit, and recline around. The *markers* take their seats, and hard by them the Nestor of cricketers, LORD FREDERIC BEAU-

CLERC, takes a privileged seat, attended by his faithful dog, whose exertions in keeping a *cordon sanitaire* of exclusion around his master excites much merriment.

The *gentlemen* gain the first innings, the *players* are dispersed over the field; and now begins the tug of war between those who make cricket their recreation and those who pursue it as a profession.

What pen, if not the pen of Nimrod, that mighty hunter, and historian of mighty hunters, shall describe the batting, bowling, fielding, and catching-out of that glorious day? Who shall convey even the faintest idea of the precision, force, and effect with which Mr. A. Mynn urges his telling balls, as from the centre of his breast, against the opposing wicket; or the nice dexterity and apparent ease with which the no less immortal Pilch sends it spinning through the retreating crowd; or the agile running and instantaneous capture of the ball by Pickering or Bathurst; or the unlucky catch of Felix, the humourist of the party, who tears his hair, and rolls himself upon the ground in well-affected agony of his misfortune; or the resounding applause that greets every *coup* of superior skill on the part of the *gentlemen*, or, *minore amore*, the applause attending the professional skill and fortune of the players!

Who but an enthusiast of the game—who but he that playing cricket, and aware of its difficulties, shall describe the interest excited by every *coup* on the side of either party, the alacrity of betting, and the rapidity with which large sums change hands, not only upon the issue of the match, but upon the probable number of runs scored in any given innings? Who shall transcribe the eloquence of Mr. WARD, late Member for London, and late one of the first cricketers in the world?—who to an admiring auditory, like another Ossian, descant upon the feats of old, and the heroes of other days?

COCKNEY SPORTSMEN.

THE love of sport—the desire of capturing and killing wild animals, seems to be an instinct, inextinguished, inextinguishable, of the primæval hunter, man. We are all more or less Nimrods, at heart, and our venatorial propensities will find merit somehow, were it only after the fashion of a cockney sportsman.

Spite of Nature, who has withdrawn almost all that is *feræ naturæ* from his immediate neighbourhood; spite of game-laws, fishing-laws, laws of trespass, and the network of penal clauses, the handiwork of landowners in parliament assembled, encircling him at every step on this forbidden ground, your cockney, unable to quench the thirst of blood, unequal to repress the noble rage for conquest of the feathery and finny prey, persists in invasion of the suburban ponds, ditches, dairy-farms, and nursery grounds, "going a fishing," or "going out a shooting."

On a fine, warm day in September, we have counted in Kensington Gardens, and Hyde Park, no less than two hundred and eighty-four anglers, large, small, and intermediate, including gentlemen, chimney-sweepers, military-officers, blackguard boys, in short, every gradation of the indefinitely-graduated scale of metropolitan social life, was here represented, in exact conformity with Dr. Johnson's definition, "a worm at one end, a fool at the other."

Of these, some were accoutred in full fishing panolpy; somewhat in the style in which we may imagine a renter of a water on the Tweed takes the river on a fine fresh morning, after a *spate*, when the salmon are on the run. Splendid brass-mounted rod, with spear, multiplying reel, and spare-tops; landing-net, long enough and strong enough to land, if need be, a tolerably active grampus; japanned tin-can, to hold live-fish, if by accident there should be any to put in it; a box for gentles, a bag for ground-bait, a mat to carry sundry piscatorial odds and ends, and you have the cockney angler turned out in complete style.

It is amusing to see the result of all this artillery in two or three wretched roach, or misbegotten gudgeons, swimming in the japanned tin-can; nor are even these seduced from their watery element without an expenditure of as much ground-bait as would have purchased a tolerably-sized cod-fish at Billingsgate.

The thorough-going angler brings in his basket half a quartern loaf, which, chewing, he casts in at intervals, close to where his float swims, with provoking equanimity, upon the surface; sometimes he has a bag full of ground malt, a handful of which he jerks upon the water; nothing can be more ridiculous than the disproportion of ends to means, exhibited by these worthy disciples of the gentle Izaak Walton.

The poor fisherman, on the contrary, is furnished forth in a way that contrasts marvellously with the piscatorial panolpy of his monied brother. A rudely put together hazel-rod, without fittings of any kind, sometimes a willow, or even a walking-stick, with the usual appurtenances, serve his turn; nor does he seem much less successful in his fishing than the other.

Everywhere around London, whether by the Regent's Canal, the New River, the Surrey Canal, and even in the docks, you will find a profusion of anglers, of all sorts and sizes, — the mechanic out of work, the truant schoolboy, the lazy good-for-nothing, the Chelsea out-pensioner upon sixpence a day, the tailor or shoemaker on "strike," all swell the motley mob of metropolitan piscators. The fishing-tackle shops abound with tantalizing announcements of "Subscription Fisheries," abounding with jack, dace, roach, gudgeons, and every variety of pond and river fish; the subscription varies from half-a-guinea to two guineas, and the advertisement usually concludes with a notice that no angler is to carry away on any day's fishing more than *ten pounds' weight of fish*. This we take to be one of the many jests broken upon the peaceful fraternity of anglers; since the capture, in any one day, of ten *ounces* of fish, we should imagine much nearer the usual average of the success of suburban sportsmen.

Upon the banks of the rivers at some distance from town, say within a *radius* of ten or twelve miles, you will find anglers, patient and unmoved as mile-stones, though at much shorter intervals. These are, generally, gentlemen of an uncertain age; some, indeed, judging by the bald-pate, or the silvery locks, might, without the slightest stretch of veracity, be called old. These are favourable representatives of the genuine cockney angler.

They are never seen pursuing their art in the immediate precincts of the town; the little boys are a source of infinite annoyance to them, and, besides, they have a character to lose; they go some-

where where they are *told*, at least, that something may be caught; and they do not return without being able to boast of not less than one glorious nibble.

They are equipped *cap-à-pie*, with all the accoutrements of genuine Izaaks; with the additional comfort of a portable chair, upon which they sit in the sun, with patience worthy the art which they profess, now and then uncovering to wipe the perspiring head, or applying a little flask to the lips, which possibly contains some exhilarating elixir.

Although not an angler, we have an angle, *et cetera*, and we find it useful, as an excuse, when we would

"By sweet rivers freely walk at will."

It gives us a pretence for introducing ourselves along the margin of the reedy Colne, or by the rippling, gravelly-bedded Wandle, or by the classic Lea, Walton's favourite haunt, and we are not slow to use our angle thus, fishing for men.

Perhaps there is nothing the traveller requires more than an object: this angling affords him, whether he pursue it with the devotion of a master of the art, or whether, as with ourselves, it is but his excuse for idling, still it is worth something. He is led by it where nature is most lovely; he finds the disciples of Walton usually an unambitious, harmless, kindly-tempered class of men; and he finds himself, at the close of day, hospitably entertained in some piscatorial tavern or river-side alehouse, where, if he does not find "the sheets smelling of lavender, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall," he will at least be comfortably housed, and well treated, for the sake of his supposed brother anglers, if not for his own.

THE FORSAKEN.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

He said that he would love me, and I listen'd to the vow
He breathed so fervent in my ear, and seal'd upon my brow!
I treasured every word and look, and dwelt upon each tone
To keep within my doating heart long after he was gone!

He said that he was call'd away, my bosom heaved with pain;
But when he whisper'd of return, it grew more light again!
He chided me for being sad; I murmur'd out my fears,
And tried to please him with a smile that melted in my tears!

We parted: 'twas a lovely night, the stars shed forth their glow;
He spoke of hopes as bright as they,—my own were sunk in woe!
He press'd my hand upon his lips, the last farewell was given,
And as he journey'd on I breathed my tears for him to heaven!

Oh! wearily the days pass'd on that should have borne him home,
And though they number'd months to years, the wanderer did not come!
I sought him by the hill-side, or by the trysting-spot,
Sat watching for his well-known step, alas! it sounded not!

And sorrowfully now I roam the place at quiet eve,
Where he went forth with heart elate, and I return'd to grieve!
The stars have still the holy beam, as when he left me there,
And love removes one pang to think, they beam on him elsewhere!

STEAMBOAT SOCIETY.

BY CATHERINE SINCLAIR.

"Wild hills, and clamorous brooks, and inland seas,
Ask not what charms I find in these."

To those who travelled long ago in all the aristocratic exclusiveness of a private carriage, journeys lost their animation and interest, as much as the stage would do were the side-scenes exhibited, but the living actors absent. The story of human life and character is the most entertaining of all studies, and the delight of a summer excursion is greatly enhanced during modern times by the universal prevalence, on land or sea, of steam-conveyances, which have abolished the family-party style of touring, when in a family-coach travellers gave an airing to the body, but not to the mind, which made no excursion from family cares, family interests, and perhaps even family quarrels, which had already too long beset the family fireside. The Dr. Syntaxes of our time may not only search for the picturesque in nature, but they may find endless diversion also in discovering the picturesque in character, as we need not now steam down the Rhine, nor rush to America for studies after Nature, and specimens of the sublimely ridiculous. Never was this more amusingly exemplified than during my first voyage to Staffa, when the noble scenery, raising every emotion of admiration and awe, might have been compared to a tragedy, contrasted with the broad farce enacted on deck by a multifarious assemblage of grotesque-looking personages, who with sketch-books, guide-books, and telescopes in hand, were qualifying themselves to be able for the rest of their lives to boast that they had seen Staffa.

Our first acquaintance with the *dramatis personæ* began when the passengers all resolved to dine on deck, during which our attention was excited by the vehement loquacity of an old lady, with a quick, shrill voice, and English accent, who evidently thought that Bruce and Park were scarcely more enterprising than herself in having ventured so far from London, and who was almost surprised, I suspect, to find that the savages of Argyleshire were white, or could speak English. Her chief concern in travelling evidently was to eat, and she expected at dinner on board our small steamboat, "The Highlander," to have mutton kept to a minute and roasted to a turn, with every comfort and luxury besides that might be found at a first-rate restaurateur's in Paris. Everything that displeased her palate she relentlessly tossed into the sea, which acted as a most convenient and extensive slop-basin, though some of the company feared that, as every dish was too lean or too fat, and she had announced her intention to starve if better could not be produced, the whole dinner might suddenly be added to "the treasures of the deep." We ventured to defend the absent cook's reputation, and to partake with good seafaring appetites of some condemned mutton-chops, while she looked contemptuously on, and, like Sancho's doctor, hurried away all she could lay her hands on, and among other dishes, the potatoes, giving orders that they should be more boiled, and adding, with a bitter glance at my well-replenished plate, "Some people, I dare say, prefer them raw, but tastes differ, and other people do not choose, from mere complaisance, to be poisoned." A general

smile was raised by this happy application of the convenient terms, "some people, and other people," excellent auxiliaries in the agreeable art of talking at people, and she finished her criticism of our dinner, and put us all in an agony of disgust by mentioning, that when she had been resting on a hen-coop on deck two hours before, the steward seized hold of the chickens we were now eating, and put them to death before her eyes.

Mrs. D. had on this occasion appointed herself mentor, or *tor*-mentor, to a young nephew and ward, who wished to see the Highlands; but she informed the company that since crossing the border she had scarcely enjoyed a moment's peace, on account of the dangerous facility in Scotland for taking in young men to marry, and she was in a degree of apprehension that Sir A. might rush into some entanglement of the kind, which amounted almost to monomania, while she seemed to have a tendency to *money*-mania also, as, with a large income, she grudged herself the smallest enjoyment, resisting every incidental attack upon her purse, as if it involved a probability of bankruptcy.

A laughable confusion was occasioned during dinner by the etiquette established on board, that before a cork be drawn each individual pays on the spot for whatever he drinks; the gentlemen, therefore, clubbed together, purse in hand, for a supply of wine, or whatever beverages they fancied, and one *bon-vivant* might be heard asking, in a matter-of-course tone, whether his opposite neighbour would "join him in a *bottle of porter*?"

"I am already engaged to take ale with Mrs. D.," was the reply; "but here is Sir A. on the look out for a helpmate."

(His aunt visibly started!)

"I am taking ginger-beer with Mr. N.," replied the young baronet; "but Captain Campbell seems disengaged."

Matters being so far adjusted, the various descriptions of beer were forthwith summoned, when a number of ridiculous blunders ensued; the ale bespoke by Mrs. D. being precipitated into the glass of Mr. N., who had a horror of strong Scotch ale; and a bottle of ginger-beer exploding like a pistol at the ear of Mrs. D., who was inundated with the contents, to the no small detriment of her many-coloured dress.

In passing near the shores of Mull, a farm was pointed out to us, containing three thousand acres, at a rent of only ninety pounds a year! A squatter in New Zealand could scarcely find any land so cheap; and it was abundantly peopled with birds of every feather, some of which Captain Campbell amused himself with firing at; but scarcely had he exhibited his skill by wounding a cormorant, before Mrs. D. seized hold of his arm, and exclaimed with breathless energy, "If you fire another shot, sir, I go off in hysterics!" This threat might have disarmed any Captain Campbell in the world, and it proved infallible on this occasion; therefore, subsequently, whenever anything was said or done which annoyed her sensitive nerves, she tried the same experiment of being nervous and hysterical, a menace which carried such despotic authority that it may be safely recommended to all ladies in steamboats who are anxious for their own way. On one occasion Mrs. D. complained to the captain that at every station he stopped to take in fresh passengers, while none ever departed, so that the deck was becoming inconveniently crowd-

ed, and in the midst of her oration, observing a large flat boat putting from the shore, with some scores of sheep, she instantly concluded that they were also coming on board, and became quite frantic with indignation, exclaiming, "I really will not admit those sheep! it's a thing I'm not accustomed to, and I—"

"Really, madam," began the captain in a soothing tone.

"Don't attempt to persuade me! I'll never consent!" continued she, with increasing energy, while the worthy captain, having the terror of hysterics before his eyes, contrived with very great difficulty to explain that the obnoxious sheep had no thoughts of intruding, and were starting off in a different direction.

On landing that night at the pretty village of Tobermory, in Mull, we walked to the one small, insignificant inn there, and found the whole accommodation already secured by several of our fellow-passengers, more alert than ourselves, while the landlady coolly assured us that not a nook or corner in the house remained unoccupied.

"How very strange!" said A., in some perplexity; "we were assured that rooms had been bespoke for us by Mr. Maclean."

"Who is Mr. Maclean?" asked the landlady sharply.

"Maclean of Coll!"

"Coll!" exclaimed she, drawing the door open till its hinges cracked, "I wouldn't disappoint Coll for all Mull, or Glasgow either!"

She hastily proceeded now, by the most arbitrary proceedings, to clear off a host of intruders, who vacated three rooms, of which we gladly availed ourselves, and after we had ordered tea, I perceived that Mrs. D. and her nephew, having been unable to billet themselves anywhere, were wandering disconsolately around the village; therefore we at once formed ourselves into a "Stranger's Friend Society," and invited them to our fireside. For this little civility the old lady seemed, as Shakspeare says, "poor even in thanks," for when I showed her my room, and proposed that she should that night occupy the only bed, while a sofa might be prepared for me, she hesitated for some moments, and then stated that nothing made her so uncomfortable as to have any one in her room, "therefore," added she, carelessly, "could that sofa not be moved into the parlour?"

"Certainly, if you prefer sleeping in it there."

"Ah! younger people can put up with that sort of thing better," said she, with a look of most unanswerable assurance; "but, for my own part, I never can sleep in contrivances of the kind!"

This was the best exemplification we had ever yet witnessed of the snake and hedgehog; but, having profited by Mrs. Edgeworth's advice to her son, and learned to say "No!" I did so now in a most effective style, to the total discomfiture of my free and easy guest, who vented her humour by quarrelling with the landlady, saying the looking-glass was dim, the towels coarse, the basin cracked, the curtains torn, the cobwebs only in perfection, and the bed so damp, she would rather sleep on grass. That dignified functionary, the hostess, replied with true Highland spirit, and on both sides the discussion was carried on with great animation, till it resembled the final chorus in a duet. The full bass voice of the landlady predominated at last, however, over the less powerful treble of Mrs. D., who, in desperation at being completely drowned, took her antagonist at last by the shoulder, and summarily thrust her out of the room.

It was no easy task to procure any refreshment, as the only active

member of the Tobermory establishment occupied the double office of waiter and chambermaid, besides which she "had no English;" but, when her arrangements were finally completed, Mrs. D. gazed with astonishment at the "big tea" which had been provided, being on the pattern of what the sailors at Portsmouth call "a shilling tea," with cold meat, hot scons, fresh herrings, marmalade, oat-cakes, and everything except what she expected, loaf-bread. All flavours must have been much alike to her, however, seeing that she carried camphor about her person, and kept a morsel almost constantly in her mouth to ward off infections, as she was so haunted by the fear of un-nameable national maladies, that she would scarcely touch the handle of a door, or receive money, without having them previously cleaned, or putting on gloves.

The hotel at Tobermory was, Mrs. D. protested, inferior to any English ale-house, and dirtier than the cottage of Glenburnie, while she became outrageous at the maid for being destitute of shoes and stockings, and altogether such a scene of fine-ladyism in so remote a nook of the Highlands was most truly diverting, especially when wound up at the end by vehement censures on the bill, in which she tried hard to abate the charge of half-a-crown for tea, and presented the unfortunate maid with only three-pence, making up by the quantity of her words for the scarcity of her coin. Before going on board, however, she had an altercation with the captain, which was closed by her declaring that nothing should induce her to embark under his command that day, a declaration he was evidently but too happy to hear, and accordingly we set sail without her, but the old lady having suddenly learned that no other boat was expected for a week, during which she must subsist on oat-cakes, the penalty became greater than she was willing to suffer, and scarcely were we fairly in motion before Sir A. became visible on the pier waving his handkerchief to summon us back. The captain was most unwilling to see the signal, and would have looked through his telescope, like Lord Nelson with his blind eye, still pursuing his own course in the utmost glee, but the other passengers, with whom the young baronet was a general favourite, all laughingly interfered, making him turn to receive Sir A. and his worse half.

Next morning, we expected to reach Staffa, and were highly entertained at the anticipations of Mrs D. respecting that far-famed island and Fingal's cave, where, as she informed us, "Fingal wrote about Ossian!" She imagined it supported on pillars, so that we could sail in underneath, and talked of resting at "the inn" while we waited for a post-chaise to drive round the island, but she might have waited from June till January before a vehicle of any description, or even so much as a wheel-barrow could have been summoned from the vasty deep. Nothing, indeed, short of fairy-land could have realised her hopes! The steam-boat having neared the coast, now suddenly tacked round in an opposite direction, to receive some additional passengers, and Mrs. D. angrily inquired if that were all that we should see of Staffa? on which Sir A. jestingly replied, in a confidential tone, that the whole island was entirely a fabulous invention to entice strangers towards the north, but that traditional accounts only were extant of the cave, as no vessel in the present day ever ventured any nearer, and he begged of Mrs. D. not to let the trick become generally known. I should have been sorry, at this moment, to see the boiler of our steam-boat so nearly bursting as she was

with fury, which was not very much diminished when she saw the very small boat which had been prepared for conveying us to the shore. It was indeed a most crazy-looking cockle-shell, into which the whole party now precipitated itself, as if our lives depended on being the first, and when the gentlemen finally hurried down, there was scarcely standing-room left, therefore Mrs. D., who had already secured the best seat, screamed with terror, endeavouring to persuade or to scold a few into remaining behind; failing in which, she at last angrily exclaimed, " Well, then! I trust the boat may sink and everybody on board be drowned!"

The smallest ripple would evidently have realized Mrs. D.'s wish, and given a cold-water-cure to her and all the party, but the sea was clear and bright as an emerald, till the whole sky became suddenly darkened by a cloud of noisy sea-gulls which took wing, disturbed by our approach. An amusing diversity of feeling arose among the party on entering Fingal's cave. Mrs. D. was clamourously disappointed, others were agreeably surprised, and for my own part, all the sketches, engravings, and descriptions extant had failed to prepare me for the first glimpse of that temple made without hands, where, in perpetual shadow and uninterrupted solitude, the ocean's roar and the sea-bird's cry, alone are heard, while the works of God only are seen, and the works of man are unknown.

The lofty arched roof and innumerable columns of perfect symmetry, were beautifully reflected in the clear still water, which looked like a floor of crystal, and was upwards of thirty feet deep. A few broken pillars reared their tops some inches above the surface of the waves, and on these narrow pedestals the gentlemen landed, proposing to balance themselves there for an instant, but no sooner did Mrs. D. find our little boat cleared of them all, than she clandestinely offered the sailors five shillings to row off and leave them there. This bribe prevailed, and before any one else had become aware of her manœuvre, we shot out of the cave, leaving the gentlemen in most picturesque attitudes of rage and astonishment, while they vainly tried to recal us, but our inexorable conductress turned a deaf ear to all their solicitations, and desired the complaisant boatmen to pull her all round the island, which is nearly a mile and a half in circumference. It is to be hoped the gentlemen were not angry when thus left to scramble out as they best could, which is a barely possible task, as the adventurers, in such an enterprise, must embrace a pillar which flanks the entrance, and jump half round it, when, if he miss his footing on the other side, he falls inevitably into water thirty feet deep, but as we heard of no disaster, this manœuvre was probably performed with successful agility.

We circumnavigated the island most prosperously, admiring much the coast, composed entirely of pillars formed similarly to those in the cave, some resembling the ruins of a cathedral, and rising about two hundred feet high, but Mrs. D. would not allow the slightest deviation from our course, to explore the beautiful clam-shell cave, nor the boat cave, both very illustrious specimens of natural architecture. She and I came at length to open war, when one of our fellow-passengers made signs from the shore for us to approach, as he had evidently scrambled down the face of a precipice, which he could not reascend, and therefore he very naturally wished us to pick him up. Mrs. D. not being what Sidney Smith calls "the very milk-and-water of human kindness," ordered the boatmen far-

ther out to sea, while I remonstrated, saying, "You must positively be compassionate this time, and rescue that modern Crusoe, for he is a peaceable, good sort of man, who has got into a scrape."

"Really," answered she angrily, "if your time is to be spent in succouring all the good-sort-of-people who get into scrapes, you will have a busy life of it!"

By this time, our strange *compagnon de voyage* had stepped into the boat, and became profuse in his thanks to Mrs. D. for our well-timed assistance, while she received all his expressions of obligation most complacently, and I had only the private consolation of knowing that his gratitude was due in a different quarter; but this was not the first time in history that the honours of a victory have been awarded to the wrong individual.

At Iona, next day, when Mrs. D. was shown "the Cathedral," she exclaimed vehemently against that high-sounding title being applied to "a thing which would be pulled down in any cabbage-garden in England." Here her patriotism did not grow warmer, but her temper certainly did, and far from feeling, like her countryman, Johnson, that the man, or woman, was little to be envied who could look indifferent and unmoved upon that "luminary of the Caledonian regions," she turned contemptuously away, as if we had been peeping at some raree show—price one shilling, and children half price,—angrily declaring that the cathedral and the cave were both "a complete imposition."

MY FATHER.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

"'Tis not until the father's head lies low,
A father's value and his worth we know."

FATHER! I consecrate to thee
This theme of earthly love;
If to address one now in heav'n
It does weak youth behove,
Thou chorister of bliss sublime,
Take up the simple strain
That reverently thus would wake
The dream-like past again!

My parent! I had deem'd this hand
Could sweep the chord of years,
But now it falters in its task,
Unnerv'd by sadd'ning tears,
That rise when happier days I trace
Than those I now enjoy;
When thou didst lead, with weary pace,
The footsteps of thy boy!

Though many years hath pass'd, it seems
But one long day since thou
Didst place thine hand in fondest mood
Upon my childish brow;
And that warm look of tenderness!
It melts my very heart,
To think though *thou* hast pass'd away,
That never will depart!

Ah, no! 'tis graven deep within,
And fancy oft will twine
From out its light a borrow'd shape,
In semblance like to thine!
And when the clouds of sorrow fall,
I gaze upon that mien,
It seems as though an angel's form
Flits guardian-like between!

Thou wert a kind, indulgent sire;
No wish was twice express'd;
Thy ready hand and heart were near
To make it threefold bless'd!
To cause the spirit's overflow
With joyous, sinless mirth,
And take the bitterness from out
Each care-worn sting of earth!

It soothes me when reflection comes,
And thoughts of thee are rife,
To think that from my first-drawn breath
Unto thy close of life,
I gave thee not a moment's pain,
Nor raised one chastening look;
Or caused to tremble on thy lips
The words of grave rebuke!

My father! thou hast heard the pray'r
Breath'd oft to thee at even;
For what lone mourner yet appeal'd
In vain to righteous heav'n?
Thou waitest for me, whilst I pass
This dark and stormy sea,
That more etherially sweet
Yon home may prove with thee!


Jim
Bob

THE FORTUNES OF THE SCATTERGOOD FAMILY.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Vincent meets with some old friends, under unpleasant circumstances.

A TERRIBLE sight indeed is a fire in the country. Equally destroying as it may be in town, yet it loses much of its grandeur, from being pent up by the adjoining buildings,—the chafings of a caged beast of prey, instead of the wild devastation of the desert monster roaming at will. And the very means of its prevention, which come in a commonplace and business-like manner, as if its outburst had been anticipated, rob it of much of its awful sublimity. The people, too, assemble to it as they would to a spectacle; they joke and jibe in its very glare, at every fresh blaze that darts up from the glowing furnace or falling timber; and, when over, return and think no more about it, unless a coroner's inquest renews the interest. The next day the rapidly-erected boarding that surrounds the ruins is covered by gay-coloured placards of amusements, which soon draw away the attention of the gazers from the windowless and blackened shell they inclose. But wildly, fearfully devastating is it in the country, and frightful to behold is its uncurbed power.

The fire kindled by Bolt greedily caught the dry balusters of the staircase, and, spreading along the gallery, the entire wing of Brabants was soon one sheet of crackling flame, leaping and curling high in air, whilst it twined round the roofs and pinnacles of the building, as if caressing them, previously to shooting up in a blazing column from its destructive embraces. Far along the sky, and widely over the surrounding land, did its red illumination extend: chequered by the huge volumes of black and curling smoke, and the legions of dancing sparks, which flew off upon the heated wind, ranging the heavens in wild and glowing freedom.

The grounds and homestead were soon one scene of terror and confusion, as the people kept pouring in from every direction; whilst crowds more could be seen by the light of the conflagration hurrying across the fields, scrambling through the hedges, and breaking down whatever barriers opposed their progress; for destruction seemed authorized by the desolating element. Some were handing pails from one to the other, as they made a line to the pond, which threatened in a very short time to be dry. Others, again, had mounted to the tops of the ricks in the adjoining yard,—which were directly to windward, and upon which a shower of fiery rain was pouring in fearful grandeur,—spreading wet tarpaulins over them, and otherwise endeavouring to avert the impending danger; whilst many were striving, by all that force of voice and muscle could accomplish, to drag or drive the scared and snorting horses from the stables, whose thatched roofs threatened each instant to break out into flames. The other

animals and poultry of the farm were running hither and thither at their frightened will; whilst the pigeons could be plainly seen in the bright gleam above the house, throwing back the light from their wings as they wheeled round and round in terror, until they fell suffocated into the ardent mass beneath.

Then the noise increased as one of the county engines arrived, swarming with human beings, who clung as bees to every available portion of its machinery; and drawn by four horses, who tore like lightning along the grounds, cutting deep furrows in the velvet turf of the lawn, and crushing down everything that crossed its track. And, in contrast to this tumult and devastation, the moon was calmly sailing through the sky, her light shimmering in soft quietude upon all the objects in the shadow of the conflagration.

At the end of the garden-terrace was a group of fine trees, in the lee of the fire, and some of the farm-people and servants were hastily removing to this spot such furniture and ornaments as they could readily save from the burning. Immediately behind this, a small wicket in the palings led to a cottage inhabited by one of the keepers; and here, as the only shelter available, Mr. Grantham had caused his daughter to be taken, accompanied by little Fred. And here also had Vincent been brought by the village tipstaves, into whose charge he had been given, and who, looking at his powerful figure, had prevailed upon one or two of their fellows to accompany them.

It was a curious picture formed by the inmates of this cottage. The interior was barely illumined by the light of the fire, which broke through the casement, and danced and flickered upon the opposite wall in fantastic and changing figures. Amy Grantham, apparently insensible to everything around, betraying no signs of life except the quivering of her form, reclined in a huge clumsy chair of carved oak, near the fireplace, with her face buried in her hands. The little boy had crept to his brother, grasping his hand, and looking up to him with a pale and terrified countenance, without speaking; whilst Vincent himself, with every muscle of his face rigid and contracted, his eye fixed upon Amy, and his breath coming in strong and audible expirations through his distended nostrils, was stationed near the door, half surrounded by his rustic guardians, who had taken down some guns from the racks in the ceiling, and now assumed the appearance of an armed force.

Not a word passed between them. The constant hurrying in and out of the farm-people, with different things saved from the conflagration, precluded any conversation, no less than the careful manner in which his sentinels surrounded Vincent. The embarrassment was becoming painful to the last degree, when Mr. Grantham reappeared, hastily followed by two or three more labourers, one of whom was Chandler, the man first introduced to the reader as talking to Bolt on the winter's evening, in the precincts of Brabants. An important official also, with a constable's staff, from which frequent service had removed the ordinary gay emblazonment, was of the party, and he immediately advanced to Vincent and seized him by the collar, in a state of very courageous trepidation.

"You can take the prisoner to the cage, Ferret," observed Mr. Grantham, in a hurried voice, hoarse from excitement and emotion.

As he spoke, Amy started from the fixed attitude she had assumed,

and, looking in her father's face as she rose, appeared about to address him. He repressed her intention, however, by an impatient gesture, and, seizing her by the arm, obliged her to resume her seat.

"Will you hear what I have to say?" asked Vincent, speaking for the first time.

"At present," replied Mr. Grantham, "certainly not. You will have every opportunity of so doing hereafter; and the presence of some of my brother magistrates will be necessary before I proceed with this business."

"And my family!" exclaimed Vincent, speaking through his clenched teeth.

"You should have given them a thought before," replied the other. "You can remove him, Ferret, and see that he is kept by himself. You shall have further orders to-morrow. Come here, child."

The last words were addressed to Freddy, who, as the men were leading Vincent away, followed them, still laying hold of his brother.

"Come here," repeated Mr. Grantham severely, pulling the child back. "You cannot go with them."

"I will go," cried Freddy, struggling. "I don't like you, and I won't stay here. Vincent!"

He called after his brother in piteous accents; but the party had already left the cottage, and the door was closed. He twisted himself away from Mr. Grantham's hold, and ran to the window, still crying aloud Vincent's name, but to no purpose. And then, when he saw his sorrow did not avail, he rushed to Amy, and, throwing his arms round her neck, hid his face amongst her long dark ringlets, sobbing as if his heart would break. Amy, in her turn, clung to the little boy; in her desolation, he was the only thing left in the world for her to love.

Mr. Grantham was not unmoved at the scene; but he still preserved his stern demeanour, and then, accompanied by the people who remained after Vincent had departed, left the cottage.

The gleam which illumined the interior grew fainter and fainter as the exertions of the labourers were gradually overcoming the progress of the conflagration. No one, however, came near them, and Freddy's sobs became weaker, and at longer intervals apart, until, Amy having raised him into her lap, he went fast asleep, watched over with the deepest solicitude by his lovely and weeping guardian.

The round-house, or cage, appropriated to the detention of malefactors in the little village adjoining Brabants, was a brick building, situated at the edge of the green, adjoining a pond, and overshadowed by a huge lime-tree, some of whose branches stretched across the roof. It was traditioned to have once been an engine-house as well; and there was a ricketty decayed piece of mechanism within, that bore out the truth of the legend, about which various dusty black leather serpents clung and twined, or fell rotting to pieces on the ground.

A comical old fellow was that parish-engine, and a knowing one withal. When he was drawn out on certain days to be exercised, and the boys played at see-saw on his handles, he wheezed, and chuckled, and choked with very mischief: spirting out the pond-water in all sorts of quaint directions, and never failing to contribute his quota to the hilarity of the meeting. But when taken to serious

affairs, where he was expected to come out in force by the bystanders, like most wags, he obstinately refused to do anything of the kind. It was no use pumping him then; by a few sarcastic jets, as much as to say, "See what I could do if I chose!" he threw a damp over the meeting, in spite of all the importance with which the clerk, who was also the postman, stopped up the nozzle of the hose with his thumb to coax him into playing. He knew better, did the engine. He was parochial, and as such partook of the uselessness and obstinacy of every other official that laid claim to the same attribute. But the day of retribution came. One of the magistrates married the sister of a London engineer, and he soon persuaded the farmers to protect their ricks by subscribing for an engine of their own. Two or three miserly inhabitants did not see the necessity for one, as there had never been any fires in the neighbourhood, and they thought the advent of the new machine would put incendiarism into the heads of the rustics, by showing that it was anticipated. But they were soon overruled, and then the new engine came down,—a long, flaunting, gaudy, splashy-looking affair, which glittered about the village for a day or two, throwing water over the church-steeple, and emptying the common pond in twenty minutes, until the old parochial retired to decay and oblivion,—as sad an emblem of a superseded wag as any of the dramatic or literary examples of the kingdom could present.

The lodge, or entrance-hall of the roundhouse, had nothing terrific in its appearance. It was tenanted by the keeper and his daughter, who retailed ancient confectionary displayed in the window,—durable puffs, and bullseyes kept in tumblers, covered by the lids of defunct teapots; and in summer time a table was projected in front of the door in warm weather, on which were ranged bottles of tepid ginger-beer, lukewarm plums, and dusty biscuits, for the refreshment of travellers. But within these was a door of imposing and iron-bound aspect, and beyond this again the keep, or stronghold, with one or two smaller cells opening into it.

In this prison, at an advanced hour of the night of the fire at Brabants, but before Vincent had been brought thither, there was an individual seated on what appeared to be an inverted butter-firkin, and smoking a pipe of curtailed dimensions, as he watched the flickering glimmer of a rushlight placed upon the ground in an empty bottle. It was the person who had been introduced to Vincent at the water-side public-house, under the name of Tubs, the attendant at the cab-stand. He was grumbling to himself in audible tones, and occasionally directing a few words to another captive, whose face was just visible between the bars of a small grating in one of the inner doors.

"I know'd it would be so," he muttered. "How should the people of this out-of-the-way place see a London cab lurching about after dark without suspecting it?"

"Well, it can't be helped now, Bill," answered the other through the wicket.

"I knows it," replied Tubs philosophically, after a few consecutive whiffs. "What comforts me is, I 've got my bucket. I would bring my furnitur' with me; because I know they ain't pertikler about accommodations in these villintropical institutions."

"I reckon there 's not much chance of getting away either," continued the other.

"Nonesundever, Cricket," answered Tubs, addressing Bolt—for it was he—by his sobriquet, "I expect there 's half-a-dozen gamekeepers in the outer lodge, and they 've all got their licence to shoot. Should you like to try?"

"If I can get out of this, I 'm game," returned Bolt.

"If you *are* game, they 'll bring you down—safe," answered the other, with a chuckle.

"I have been a fool!" exclaimed Bolt, with an oath.

"Hear!" observed Mr. Tubs, tapping out the ashes of his pipe upon the ground, and then proceeding to fill it with his wonted gravity.

"I might have got clean off, if the sight of a cursed tankard in the dining-room had not kept me. There 'll be a long score to settle between me and Mr. Vinson, when we meet."

"Ullow!" cried Tubs, as a noise in the lodge attracted his notice, "here 's somebody else coming. Well—I 'm agreeable. I wonders who it is."

And, drawing his tub to a corner of the room, he reseated himself.

The bustle increased; then there was the noise of the rusty bolts being drawn back, and immediately afterwards two or three of the keepers from Brabants entered, headed by Ferret, and bringing in Vincent Scattergood with them.

"There, mister," said the constable, in the courage of security: "you 'll be all right here, and have every attention paid you. Ha! ha! to think you belong to the poachers I 've been after so long, and found you at last."

Vincent made no reply; but walking towards a low wooden bench, flung himself down upon it.

"Ha! ha!" echoed Mr. Tubs, from his corner, "very singular—uncommon—isn't it?"

"Oh, you 're there, are you?" said Ferret, turning sharply round upon the captive waterman. "The orders from the guv'nor is, that Mr. Scattergood 's to be by hisself, so I must chum you with Bolt."

"You 're very good," answered his prisoner, crossing his legs; "but I 'd sooner stay where I am."

"No go," briefly replied Ferret, as he went to the door of Bolt's cell, and opened it. "Come along, my man—quick 's the word."

"I must take my bucket," said Tubs, as he drew his seat after him.

"Take what you like," said Ferret, "but go in."

The waterman obeyed,—in fact it was no use doing otherwise,—and, sulkily dragging his inseparable companion after him, went into the cell. The door was closed upon him, Ferret muttering something about the lock being hampered, and then he departed with his attendants, having first recommended Vincent not to quarrel with his company, which, from the laughter with which it was received, appeared to be an ancient joke, and, as such, sure to go well.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Release and the Flight.

VINCENT took no notice of his captors as they left the lock-up house, and for some time after their departure remained in the same attitude, buried in his own meditations. Everything was now quiet, nothing breaking the silence but the occasional sputter of the rush-light, or the smothered voices of Tubs and Bolt conversing in the inner cell.

Gloomy indeed, and utterly hopeless, was the prospect which his ideas called up before him. Every intention of future rectitude and intended reformation of his vagabond career had been crushed to the ground: his very exertions to avert the mischief of the evening had been turned against him, and heaven only knew how it would terminate. He had become the irreclaimable outcast of that society from whose level his thoughtless and unsteady career had dragged him down; the fatality which appeared to attend upon everything he undertook had now arrived at its last degree of evil chance. His family, too, would be degraded through his criminality, albeit he was no criminal; and Amy would be taught to shudder at his very name. He recalled all the events of his previous existence, passing them in review before him, and picturing them as they might have been, but for his own wilful heedlessness, until his brain turned round with thinking; and he once more gave himself up to bitter, dark despair.

An hour had passed gloomily away in these meditations, when he was aroused by the creaking noise of the bolts on the other side of the door. Immediately afterwards it opened, and a female, whom he had caught sight of in the lodge as he was brought in, entered, followed by another, enveloped in a common whittle. They whispered for an instant at the door; and then the first comer departed, leaving her companion, who advanced towards Vincent, as she took off the shawl, and threw it upon the ground, pronouncing his name in a low, tremulous voice.

He started at the sound. Had his racking thoughts called up so close a semblance of reality?—Was it a vision of his fevered brain? Scarcely daring to trust his senses, he exclaimed,

"Amy!"

It was indeed Miss Grantham who stood before him, pale and trembling, her hair floating on her shoulders, and in the same hurried toilet in which he had borne her from the fire.

"Vincent," she ejaculated, as he drew her towards him, amazed, and still almost doubting his senses, "what will you think of me for this step? Do not despise me for having sought you here, forgetting everything that was due to my own honour."

"My own dear girl!" cried Vincent, encircling her with his arms, and pressing her still closer to his bosom. "Ten thousand blessings on your noble spirit, that can still cling to me, when deserted by everything else in the world." And then he added, after a moment's pause, with a bitter and dreary expression, "Too late—it is now too late!"

"It is not too late, Vincent. You may escape, if you choose; for I have provided means."

"You, Amy? What do you mean?"

"Vincent," continued the girl, with hurried emotion, "I have fought long against the love I still have for you. I have prayed that it might be turned aside,—that I might hear you had forgotten me, or were married to another; for I saw that I was upon the edge of some dark precipice, as deep as it was fearful, and I had no one from whom I could seek advice or comfort—"

"But, Amy,"—

"Listen," she interrupted him: "it has been in vain. I have seen you once more,—the recollection of what once was has come back with double fervour, and I feel that our destinies are linked together beyond all human control."

"My own Amy!" replied Vincent passionately; then, with a sudden shudder, he half repelled her, as he exclaimed, in an altered tone, "No—no—it cannot be. Look on me as I am—a suspected thief—a felon! I could not drag you with me into the abyss of misery which must henceforth be my portion. You must forget me."

"I know the circumstances that have made you what you are," continued Miss Grantham; "I also remember what you were. Vincent!" she continued, with a sudden burst of energy, "do not turn away from me. Be assured I still love you—that my heart will never change."

And as she spoke she fell upon her knees, almost at his feet, still clinging to him.

"Why did we not meet before this last dark brand fixed its stamp upon me?" said Vincent, raising her up. "No, Amy,—I am now lost—for ever."

"No—you are saved, I tell you," replied his companion. "One of the men from the farm is waiting outside, and will assist you. It is Chandler: you must recollect him. He is the only one I could trust."

"And what will become of you, Amy?"

"Oh, fear not for me; I can leave this fearful place as quietly as I entered it. The people are all at Brabants, and have left no one but the keeper's daughter in the lodge. We were foster-sisters, and she would do anything for me. Is there anything you can throw up to the roof as a sign?"

Vincent looked round, and saw a broken mug in a corner of the room, apparently used for the prisoners' refreshment. The ceiling was old and unrepaired, the plaster had fallen off in large patches, and in some places the laths as well, showing the tiles above upon their rafters. Through one of these openings he contrived to throw the piece of crockery against the roof; and the next moment the tiles were speedily removed, and a stout rope curled down into the lock-up room.

At this instant the girl who had conducted Amy to the prison entered suddenly, apparently in great fear.

"There are lights at the end of the lane, miss," she exclaimed. "I think father is coming back with the others. Pray go before he returns, or I shall be ruined."

"For heaven's sake, Amy, do not stay another instant. I will do all you wish, but depart this instant. Go, I implore you."

He caught her to his arms in one hurried embrace, and exclaimed, "Farewell!" with an intensity that comprised an hundred emotions. And then, as if unwilling to hear her speak again, he led her to the door, pale, and nearly fainting with emotion, and gave her to the care of the girl who had admitted her. Once more the bolts creaked as they were shot in their rusty sockets, and then once more Vincent was alone.

"Chandler," he cried cautiously, as he looked up towards the ceiling.

"It's all right, Mr. Scattergood," replied the man, whose voice he directly recognised; "only you'd better make haste, for they are coming back again."

"They will be fortunate to catch me," replied Vincent, who now felt his natural daring returning, which with him always rose in proportion to the danger. He commenced tying a knot at the end of the rope, whereon to rest his foot.

"I ax pardon," continued Chandler through the ceiling, "but there's a pardner of mine in trouble as may as well come too. Perhaps you'd open the cell-door."

Left to Vincent's own choice, he would certainly rather not have complied with the request; but, as he was at present situated, he had no choice but to comply. He therefore drew back the bolts, and discovered Tubs and his fellow-prisoner, both in a sound sleep, on the ground.

To arouse them by a kick or two was the work of an instant. Bolt's first movement was one of revenge upon Vincent; but his firm powerful figure kept the other in check, until he had explained his motive as rapidly as time allowed.

"Well, it's certain I meant to treat you quite different when we met," said Bolt; "but, as this makes number two of the times you've saved me, we'll write paid to the bill. I'm your man—fire away."

Vincent seized the rope with muscles of iron, and was soon at the opening in the roof, with a facility that he only could have acquired at sea. The other end had been tied to a branch of the lime-tree, before spoken of as overhanging the roundhouse, on which Chandler had established himself, shadowed by its full summer leaves.

Bolt followed with less speed, climbing with the clumsiness of a bear instead of the agility of a squirrel. But eventually he gained the top, and joined the others.

Mr. Tubs now only was left. He was a man of corpulent figure, resulting from a prolonged and copious imbibition of malt liquor without exercise; and any one might have as soon told him to fly over St. Paul's as to climb a rope. He therefore commenced tieing his inseparable bucket to the extremity, which being arranged to his satisfaction, he implored the others to draw him up, as he got into it. It was a difficult task for their united efforts to move the dead weight from the ground; but they at last succeeded. Fortune, however, had refused to befriend Mr. Tubs in his present emergency; for, just as Vincent, Bolt, and Chandler had raised him three or four feet from the ground, the bottom of the bucket, unused to such a trial of its strength, gave way suddenly, and allowed its unfortunate occupant to slip down through the staves to the ground; whilst the remainder, relieved of his weight, being pulled over his head, flew up rapidly

through the opening. And then at this minute, by the same ill chance, the keeper and his rural force returned.

"There 's not a second to lose," cried Bolt, gliding down the bough of the tree. "Every man for himself."

"And each take a different way," added Chandler, as he prepared with Vincent to follow his example. They were soon all three upon the ground.

Luckily for their movements, the moon was obscured by some passing clouds, and it was nearly pitch dark. Bolt exclaimed hurriedly to Vincent, "Recollect the schooner—get there if you can," and then was almost immediately lost in the gloom, together with Chandler; whilst Vincent crossed the little green contiguous to the roundhouse, with just light enough to guide him, and, turning from the road into a meadow, began to fly rapidly across the fields, in what he knew to be the direction of the river.

He dashed on for the first ten minutes, utterly reckless of the obstacles he encountered, now breaking through a fence or tearing down a hurdle-barrier, and the next minute clearing a ditch, or missing his footing, and falling back into it. But he still kept on, for he fancied he heard voices in pursuit; and once, on venturing to look back as he ran, he saw lights about the spot whereon the roundhouse stood, belonging to the keepers, who were spreading the alarm from a rusty croaking bell, that hung in a small open wooden turret over the lodge. And not until he had placed a good distance between the danger and himself did he venture to slacken his progress.

At length he reached the outskirts of Gray's Thurrock, and, passing through its silent streets down to the river, he was delighted to find his boat where he had left it, but now high and dry on the shore from the tide. To run it down the shingle was, however, the work of a minute; and then, taking the sculls, which he had had the precaution to padlock to the boat, he was once more launched upon the river, and lustily pulling towards London, but with a power perfectly mechanical. The events of the last few hours had so bewildered him, that he laboured, perfectly unconscious of fatigue, until actual bodily exhaustion forced him to relax his efforts.

It was now tolerably light, for the moon had come out, and he was enabled to see some black object following him up the river, and rapidly gaining on him. As it came nearer, however, he found, to his relief, that it was a small tug steamer, probably returning from having towed some large vessel out of the Thames. He hailed it as it came alongside his boat, and, getting permission to attach his rope to it, was drawn in its wake as far as Limehouse Reach, where he was cast off, the men on board wishing him good night, or rather morning, for there was already a dull grey light in the eastern sky.

His only object now was to discover the schooner Bolt had pointed out to him on the previous evening. He scanned every vessel as he came up the pool with the greatest care; and at length made it out, with the small light still burning at her stern. Rowing round it, he was thinking of mounting by a cord hanging over the side, when a galley belonging to the Thames police shot out from the shadow of the ships and wharfs on the other side of the river, and a loud authoritative voice told him to

"Hold hard!"

In another instant the boat was close to him, and at the same moment a man appeared leaning over the side of the schooner. He had evidently been keeping watch upon deck.

"What have you got in that skiff, master?" asked one of the police, as he got hold of one of the rowlocks, and drew the two boats together.

"You are welcome to look, as well as to all you can find in her, except the sculls," answered Vincent carelessly.

The man inspected the boat by the light of his bull's-eye lantern; but, as Vincent had told him, there was not a vestige of anything moveable beyond the skulls and foot-boards.

"Umph!" said the chief of the party in a surly manner. "And yet I am sure this is the boat. I know her well. Jump upon deck, and give a look round."

The men mounted upon the deck of the schooner, and Vincent, at their command, accompanied them. He immediately recognised, in the person of the man who was keeping guard, the waggoner who had brought him and Bolt up to town in the winter, and a nod of recognition passed between them.

The police, six or seven in number, began to investigate every part of the ship, and in a short period returned, stating that everything was the same as when they had last seen her. The attention of the leader was, however, attracted by a very suspicious-looking cask upon deck.

"What 's this?" he inquired of the man on board the vessel.

"Only water," replied the other, as he carelessly kicked the tap round with his foot, and let some of the contents run out upon deck.

"It 's all right," said the inspector, as he ordered the men back into the boat, adding, as he followed them,

"We haven't got hold of you yet."

"Nor never will," answered Vincent's companion, in a low voice. "The 'Weasel' 's the downiest craft in the Pool. When you catches her asleep, you 've only got one more to take unawares, and that 's the devil. Well, Mr. Vinson, what brings you here?"

A few words of explanation sufficed to let the other know everything, who did not betray any remarkable astonishment at what he was told, being apparently perfectly habituated to similar revelations.

"Did they think I was engaged in smuggling?" asked Vincent.

"Like enough," replied the other. "They can't open their eyes very wide, though, yet. You thought that was water, now, in that tub, I 'll lay a pot; didn't you?"

Vincent answered in the affirmative, unwilling to lessen the inward chuckling at his deception, which the man was evidently enjoying.

"Who 'd have thought the end of the tap went into a bladder of water, and all the rest was filled up with sperits? Some of the old sort, too. I 'll give you a drop, if you 'll come below."

Vincent followed him down into a little smoky hutch, where his companion was not long in producing one of the foreign-looking bottles he had observed on their first meeting. But the continuous excitement which had kept up his energies were now over; and, after a few minutes, fairly worn out with the harassing events of the last

four-and-twenty hours, he threw himself carelessly upon the floor of the cabin, and was soon plunged in a deep and heavy sleep.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Mrs. Chicksand and Clara Scattergood are each alarmed by an unexpected visitor.

When Vincent awoke, which was not until noon, the Pool presented a far different appearance to what it had done on his arrival. For then all was dark and mysterious: no sound was heard except the deep black water, as it rushed and gurgled by the piles and vessels; nor was there any light beyond the river-side lamps, or an ever-burning red fire here and there upon the wharfs, reflected in long, broken, and quivering lines upon the surface. But now all was light and animation; the sky was clear, and the Thames, catching its hue, sparkled in the sun; whilst everywhere motion and activity prevailed, and the banks and ships were alive with busy masses.

Vincent found that, by some means or another, Bolt had contrived to reach London during the night, and was now on board the "Weasel" as well. At his suggestion, our hero rigged himself afresh in some rough nautical habiliments, of which there was a tolerable choice on board, and then expressed his intention of going on shore, contrary, however, to Bolt's wishes, who scarcely considered such a proceeding safe, under existing circumstances. But Vincent had learnt that the whole of his family were in town, and was now most anxious to discover them, heedless, in this one end, of whatever might accrue therefrom. Their address was still unknown; and, until some clue to it was obtained, every exertion to discover them in mighty London was hopeless. At last he recollected something had been told him about his brother being at Merchant Tailors'; and with certainly but a faint hope of learning much therefrom, he determined to go to the school, and find out, if possible, some tidings of his father and mother.

Accordingly, towards afternoon, he pulled on shore, and landed at one of the stairs just above London Bridge. Thence passing along the waterside, through a labyrinth of bales, tubs, and bars and pigs of iron, he at length arrived at Suffolk Lane, and entered the portals of the school.

The boys were all in, but he heard the hum of their voices through the open casements sounding in the almost monastic seclusion of the cloisters. All was so calm and tranquil,—so completely did the spirit of repose, inseparable from a venerable building, pervade the place, that Vincent almost wished, after the feverish turmoil he had undergone, that he had no other lot to look forward to than that of remaining there, unnoticed and unknown, for ever.

At last the school broke up, and the boys came shouting and whooping down the old staircase, checking their mirth, however, as they saw Vincent, who was reading the tablets in the cloisters, on which are painted the names of those of the scholars who have filled the offices of monitors and prompters on the different "election days." Then several of them formed a cabal in a dark corner; and, when this council broke up, one was sent to ask Vincent what he wanted,—a little boy, of course.

"Have you had a fellow here named Scattergood?" inquired our hero.

"Fred. Scattergood?—yes," answered the other readily. "He boarded with us at Snap's. He ran away, though, the other day."

"Do you know where he lived?"

"Yes," replied the boy—it was little Jollit, "Cashbox," as Plunkett facetiously termed him,—"in Kennington Road. I went there yesterday with Gogsley to tell his mother."

"Whereabouts is the house?" asked Vincent eagerly.

"I don't know the number: it's on the left hand, with a plate on the railings, and the name of Chicksand."

"Thank you," said Vincent; "that will do."

And, without saying another word, he hurried away, leaving little Jollit to retail his interview to the others, who were anxiously waiting to hear it; and, having wondered who the strange visitor could be, at last made up their minds that Freddy had joined some desperate band of pirates, and that this was one of them come to propose a treaty of ransom.

Heedless of his position, Vincent crossed Southwark Bridge, and walked on rapidly through the Borough, until he came to Kennington Road; but, on reaching the house, his heart sank within him, and he faltered in his purpose. He had been long away,—his parents still believed him following the last occupation they had procured for him. And now his unexpected appearance, the terrible position in which he was placed, although in comparative innocence, and the victim only of circumstance and his own loose but venial conduct: the effect it might have upon his mother, to whom he was deeply attached,—his father, he knew, would take it as smoothly as he did everything else:—all these things were well sufficient to make him pause before he ventured to the house.

He walked backwards and forwards several times, looking anxiously at the windows, in the hopes of seeing some of his family. But no one appeared; and at last, observing a policeman, who was watching his movements somewhat suspiciously, for his appearance was not the most respectable, he mustered up sufficient determination to walk up the little black garden before the house, and ring at the bell.

In a few minutes it was answered. Mrs. Chicksand opened the door a little way, sufficient to show that the chain was up, and peeped through the aperture, in a state of flour and *négligé* toilet. The instant she saw Vincent, however, she exclaimed, in a sharp accents,

"No—nothing to-day: we've lucifers enough to blow up the parliaments and Bedlam. I've told you before not to ring."

And then, banging the door in his face, she left him on the step.

Vincent's perception enabled him to see immediately that it was a case of mistaken identity: so he rang again, upon which Mrs. Chicksand appeared in the area in mighty wrath, and spoke of the police and custody.

"You are labouring under a mistake, my good woman," said Vincent, speaking through her oration.

"Good woman!" replied Mrs. Chicksand, with increased indignation. "Who are you calling a good woman, indeed? Don't good woman me: I'm the mistress of the house."

"Mrs. Scattergood lives here, I think," said Vincent, not heeding her wrath.

"Yes, she does; and she isn't at home," angrily returned the landlady.

"Because I am her son," continued our hero.

The admission checked some very volcanic speech Mrs. Chicksand was about to explode in. She looked at him for a minute, first in amazement, then in doubt, and lastly disappeared, and in a few seconds opened the street-door, with all sorts of apologies and expressions of wonder.

Vincent soon learned, to his sorrow, that his father and mother were out, and would not return until evening, having left home in great trouble, upon receiving the news of Freddy's desertion. But at the same time he got the address of his sister, and every particular connected with her present situation, as well as Mrs. Chicksand's volubility allowed, every other sentence being interlarded with allusions to the economy of her establishment.

"To think I could doubt it! Now I see the likeness!" she went on, "and had heard Miss Clara talk of you. But I was quite alone, and Lisbeth is gone for Mr. Bodle's things—drat him!—who owes two months, and broke the second-floor teapot but last night, having melted a knob from the Britannia metal by putting it on the hob. I ask ten thousand pardons, sir."

"Don't say anything more about it," said Vincent.

"No, I won't," continued Mrs. Chicksand. "Taking you for the sailor, with too little creeters as well, who sells the lucifers, in clean check shirts, that don't go off when rubbed against the nutmeg-grater; or else the man that leaves the pens and soap, in great distress, to keep the bill clean, and call again! Well—only to think! as I say to C., there's no knowing nobody, especially back-parlours."

"Are they all well?" asked Vincent, contriving to put a word in, wedge fashion, between the sentences,—"I mean my family."

"All well, thank goodness," said Mrs. Chicksand, "and pleasant people in a house to have to do for, except Mrs. Scattergood, your mother, a nice lady, and not proud, who had the bile yesterday, and was going to send for a doctor. But I said, when C. has the bile, it's hiccory-piccory alone that cures him, with pilly-cochy, and nothing else; and that costs twopence over the way. It cured her too," added Mrs. Chicksand triumphantly. Then dropping her voice, she added confidentially, "But, lor, sir, it's all anxious — nothing else."

"I fear it is," murmured Vincent, as his countenance fell.

"In fact, I doctor all the house," continued the unwearied Mrs. Chicksand, as she took up her apron and rubbed the scutcheon of the latch-lock on the door. "And ill enough they've been, since Mr. Bodle took to learn the bass violin. But he suffers himself from it—that's one comfort," observed the lady, rubbing the scutcheon very hard, as though it had been Mr. Bodle himself; "and yesterday, when all the fires were out, he would have gruel made, because he said he'd got that stomach-ache in G sharp again. I think he'd better pour some gruel into his bass violin. I said to him but yesterday, tincture of rhubarb is the only thing to do that fiddle good."

Vincent allowed her to run down, and then ventured to put several

more questions regarding his family; after which, in spite of her invitations for him to stop, and expressions of the surprise it would be to his father and mother, every one of which went like an arrow to his heart, he quitted the house, uttering some vague speech about returning that evening, when he had got his things.

Evening was approaching, and he was again wandering about the streets, with little more than a shilling in his pocket. Although anxious to see his parents, his mind had been almost relieved, when he heard they were not at home, so much did he dread the meeting; but he, nevertheless, resolved to call upon his sister. He had eaten nothing that day, and began to feel faint for want of nourishment; and, moreover, he did not intend to see Clara until dusk, well knowing that every minute he passed in the streets and the open daylight was comparatively one of peril to him. So he turned into a public house at the side of the Surrey theatre,—he had frequented it during the time he was connected with Mr. Fogg in the fortunes of the "Lee Shore of Life,"—and, entering the parlour in the rear, called for some bread and cheese and ale.

There were a few people in the different boxes, minor actors and supernumeraries connected with the establishment, who were drinking gin and water, whilst they awaited the hour which called them to their duties. They did not recognise him, and Vincent sat listening to their conversation, which was entirely upon theatrical subjects, and chiefly provincial. His attention was somewhat attracted by hearing the name of his simple-hearted, but kind, patron mentioned. Mr. Glenalvon Fogg was reported to be "doing great business" at Birmingham; his "Lee Shore of Life,"—which he had been engaged there to "bring out," having crossed the country by easy dramatic stages from Norwich, had proved a hit, and the treasury of the poor author was filling therefrom. Mr. Bodge, also, the adapter of French farces, was reported to be at Paris for a holiday; which he enjoyed by attending all the theatres in turn, every night, and rapidly translating and forwarding the most successful pieces, act by act, to England, that he might not be forestalled.

Vincent remained some little time after those individuals had left. His hunger was appeased, but he was still feverish and thirsty; and he sat there drinking for another hour, in the false hope of driving away the depression which weighed down his spirits, until, when it was quite dark out of doors, he arose, somewhat heated by his potations, and set off again for Fitzroy Square.

In less than an hour he had reached the Constables' house, according to the direction which Mrs. Chicksand had given him. He knocked at the door—a single knock, which was not answered; then another, and, lastly, he pulled the bell rather violently, and set it ringing for some little time, until it spent its energy in single sounds, with long and undecided intervals between them, before the last of which, however, the extreme plush answered the door.

"What did you want?" said the servant, somewhat grandly, but withal astonished that a person of Vincent's appearance should dare to summons him so imperiously.

"Does Miss Scattergood live here?" asked Vincent.

"No," replied the extreme plush. "Mr. Constable lives here. There 's a governess of that name in the family."

"That's quite right," said Vincent. "I wish to see her."

"You've rung the wrong bell," returned the man. "This is the one you ought to have pulled."

There were two bell-handles on the door-posts, with brass plates labelled "*Visitors*" and "*Servants*." The man pointed to the latter.

"Damn your bells!" ejaculated Vincent, with a force that made the extreme plush flinch for an instant. "Go and tell Miss Scattergood a person wishes to see her."

There was something so determined in his tone, nat the man made way for him to enter the hall. He then went to inform the butler of the circumstance, looking at Vincent, however, very suspiciously, and taking two hats and a cloak from their pegs, as he disappeared down the kitchen stairs.

Immediately afterwards the man in private clothes appeared, and, walking towards Vincent with a very important air, desired to know what he wanted with the governess. A sharp, determined answer, however, put an end to his inquiries, and he slowly turned on his heel, and proceeded very deliberately up stairs.

Vincent heard music going on in the drawing-room as the man left him; but it stopped suddenly as he delivered his message; and then the door closed, and he was evidently coming back again, followed by the soft rustling of a girl's dress; for the foot fell too lightly to be heard.

In a fresh access of trembling expectancy Vincent awaited his sister's approach. Clara's first movement was one of fear and mistrust, as she saw the apparent stranger who was waiting to see her; but the instant her brother spoke she recognised him, and, with a faint cry of mingled surprise and pleasure, flew into his arms. The butler had waited very composedly to see the result of the interview; but an intimation from Vincent that his presence was not required, in no very courteous tones, induced him to descend the kitchen stairs, although his head might have still been seen in an attitude of attention, on a level with the bottom of the balusters.

There was a hurried and painful greeting between the brother and sister; for she saw before a minute had passed, from Vincent's manner, that all was not right. And in a very short period he had told her everything, suppressing, or rather softening, the darker portions of the story at the same time.

"And what do you want?" she asked tremblingly, as if she feared the answer. "Is there anything on earth, Vincent, that I can do for you? I did not think that, when you came back to us again, it would be like this."

And she hung upon her brother's neck, and burst into tears.

"Come, my little Clara, be a better girl than this," said Vincent in a kind and soothing manner. "I would not have come, if I had thought it would have annoyed you. But there is no one else that I could go to."

"Why, have you not been home?" asked his sister,—"or rather," she added mournfully, "to where papa and mamma are living. We have no home now!"

"I have called there this evening, and they were out. I cannot go again."

"And why not, Vincent?"

"I feel I dare not: they would not receive me. I do not care what becomes of me now."

"Oh! go home,—pray, dear Vincent, go home. Who else in the world, do you think, would receive you so kindly, or forgive your faults so readily, as your own father and mother."

She pressed his hand earnestly as she spoke, to give force to her advice; but Vincent remained without answering.

"But what do you want?" she repeated anxiously. "For heaven's sake, Vincent, tell me what you want?"

"I cannot stay in London a day longer," he replied. "They will take me if I do—and yet—"

"And yet—what?" she interrupted eagerly.

Vincent hesitated until she repeated the question with increased anxiety, and then exclaimed, almost with desperation,

"Clara, I have not got one farthing in the world!"

"Why did you not tell me this before?" she answered. "Stop—wait here—only an instant: I will be back directly."

She quitted her brother's arm, and flew up stairs, leaving him for a few minutes a prey to the sharpest emotion; but almost directly she returned and pressed a small packet into his hand.

"I had been working this purse for you so long, Vincent," she said, "thinking that I might perhaps send it to you in a letter, if you did not come back. We have thought so much about you."

"There is money in it, Clara?" said Vincent, as he looked at the purse—a piece of fairy network of bright coloured silk, adorned with glittering beads and tassels, and forming an odd contrast to the rough hands and general attire of the holder.

"Yes; there are five pounds. Uncle Gregory made us a present when I came here; but I spent the greater portion of it on things I was obliged to have. The same wardrobe that I had at home did not do to come out with."

"But what have you got left?" asked Vincent.

"Oh, quite enough. I had seven pounds—there are five, and I have got two. Indeed, indeed, I don't want any more. My expenses are not very great, you know."

The smile with which she endeavoured to accompany these last words died away upon her lips.

"Hark!" continued Clara; "they are ringing in the drawing-room—perhaps it is for me. Oh! Vincent, what shall I do when I go up again? I cannot bear to part with you, and yet you must not stay."

"I will not, Clara," replied her brother, as he prepared to depart. "You shall hear from me soon. Do not tell them all at home; and, if you can do so safely, write to Amy Grantham. God bless you!"

He kissed her cheek, wet with tears, and hurried away. There was a fervent adieu between them, and then Clara closed the door, and, scarcely mistress of her senses, went up, pale and quivering, to the drawing-room.

CHOICE FRUIT; or, THE BALANCED ACCOUNT.

A TALE OF OLDEN TIME.

BY HILARY HYPBANE.

Peccato occultato
E mezzo perdonato.—*Proverb.*

No foot of merry England's earth,
I think you 'll own,
Is better known
Than that which gave my story birth.

Where Old Thamesis, with his liquid store,
En passant, deigns to bathe the busy shore
Of suburb Surrey:
Just opposite that far famed spot,
Where the grave senators of Britain's realm
Laud and revile the wight who guides the helm;
And half the year, in contest hot,
Each other worry
With many a spleen-fraught round of party jangle;
Where judges, thron'd in magisterial ease,
Breathe, thro' huge hills of hair, their sage decrees;
And clients bleed, and sleek-faced lawyers wrangle,
There stands an inn,
Alias a pothouse, where a thirsty swarm
Of watermen their stomachs cool and warm
With beer and gin:
Where, every sultry summer Sunday's tide,
The cockney beaux and doxies, side by side,
(The flirting milliner and spruce apprentice,)
In giggling groups of dozens and of twenties,
Arrive to hire the funny, barge or cutter,
And take a trip to Battersea,
In board-built-bowers to sip their tea,
And romp and toy, and bolt their rolls and butter,
And scrawl their sweethearts' names upon the shutter.
A motley group of various barks,
Yacht, wherry, steam-boat, skiff, and lighter,
Its site conspicuously marks,
Its sign, The Mitre.
But why this badge episcopalian
So oft we see,
The type of houses bacchanalian,
Or if there be
Some mystical affinity
'Twixt drinking and divinity,
So that (like vine or bush of yore
Which symbolized each tavern door,
To shew there was a tap behind it,)
The bishop's cap, where'er we find it,
Bespeaks the presence of good wine,
I will not venture to opine.

This was the place, but for the date,
I cannot, with precision, state
Day, month, or year, but trust 'twill be
Sufficient both for you and me,
That we trace back
Old Tempus' track
Five hundred years, or thereabout;
Thus to obedient fancy giving
The supposition that we're living,
When, on the scene I 've pointed out,
Instead of bustling streets and shops,
The land was clothed with verdant crops;
'Stead of gas-lights and factories blazing,
Oxen, and cows, and sheep were grazing;
'Stead of pedestrian, cart, coach, chaise, and horse,
Jostling, as is the present mode,
Over a well-pav'd turnpike-road
Athwart the river;
Each anxious passenger who wish'd to cross,
Might oft'times shiver
Some hour or more
Upon the shore,
Shaking his purse, till he could find
Some boatman who would be so kind
As to desert his bed, or prayers, or drink,
And deign to row him to the other brink.
Here, at the early date I quote,
Peaceful, sequester'd, and remote
From the gay city's busy throng,
Embower'd the lofty elms among,
A venerable convent stood,
Full of grave brethren of the hood
Its gardens, stretching far and wide,
And reaching to the river's side,
Were fenced around with walls so high
That none their treasures could espy.
For treasures, on my word, were there,
Which, seeing, all had wish'd to share.
Not merely culinary roots,
And herbs, and pulse, to stew, or boil,
Or roast, or bake,
To grace their beef and mutton;
But all the most delicious fruits

Which then adorn'd the British soil,
Enough to make
An anchorite a glutton!
The man to whose especial care
These precious dainties were confided,
Was one of qualities most rare.
His name was Roger;
A grave old codger,
Who long had on the spot resided,
In a snug cot within the boundary wall,
Where he a triple avocation fill'd;
For, when the cherish'd trees were fruitless,
So that his post might not be bootless,
He ran on errands, and the garden till'd.
The convent's portly prior, Father Paul,
Was jealous of his luscious store
As any sportsman of his game,
Or of her gems a courtly dame,
And, when to Roger he assign'd the charge,
He straight began,
In terms the most impressive, to enlarge
On watchfulness, and told him o'er and o'er,
That if by his neglect 'twas wasted,
Or if a single fruit was tasted,
By any man,
Woman, or child, except his reverend self,
'Twould raise his ire,
And nought should screen the sacrilegious elf
From vengeance dire!
But his emphatic exhortation
Was perfect supererogation.
Old Roger was both honest and religious:
Nay, on the latter score, somewhat fastidious;
For, rather than e'er pass
At work the hours of mass,
Or miss a sermon, or procession,
Or his hebdomadal confession,
He would have pray'd all day, and toil'd all night:
And, rather than have ta'en a single bite
Of the forbidden fruit, I firmly think
He would have fasted to starvation's brink!
In short, had the grave prior thought
For half a dozen years, or sought
For fifty miles around,
He never could have found
A dragon better form'd for these
Monastic male Hesperides.
Zounds! what am I about? I'm growing prolix!
Indulging in my old discursive frolics!
Well! 'tis a habit of my wayward brain;
(I don't affect it),
And, 'pon my credit, were I e'er so fain,
I can't correct it!
I'm somewhat like my old friend, Peter Pindar;
For, when a story's in my sconce,
I ne'er can bolt it out at once;
Nor can I, for my soul and body, hinder
My muse's whim: she's like a pamper'd horse
When first he's mounted after three days' rest,
Who, 'stead of trotting in a steady course,
Obedient to his cavalier's behest,
Will kick, and fling, and rear, and prance,
As if he had Saint Vitus' dance!
But now the jade has had her devious caper,
So cease your fidgets!
For straight the subject from my mind,
Shall, like a skein of silk, unwind,
And gradually descend upon my paper
Along my digits!
Roger, I beg the reader to take note,—
Albeit I have said so much about him,—
Is not the hero of my anecdote,
(Although it could not well proceed without him,)
So 'tis high time I should make known
That Roger did not live alone.
He had a son;
A sprightly, wanton, curly-pated boy,
His only child—and hope—and plague—and joy;
Just such an one
As oft we find, gracing a country hovel;
Or figuring in the pages of a novel!
Now, though the ghostly prior's melting treasures
Had no temptation for the father,
The sportive youth,
Being more prone to gastronomic pleasures,
It must not be conceal'd, had rather
A liquorice tooth;
And, to purloin the dainties with impunity,
Lack'd nothing but a fitting opportunity;
Which, rigidly as they were hoarded,
Sometimes (though rarely) was afforded.
At length one day, when left alone,
Dad on an errand being gone,
He cull'd the richest fruit that could be found
Within the teeming garden's spacious bound;
Spread them upon the cottage table,
And gorg'd as long as he was able!
But, as the axiom justly states,
"Post gaudia luctus,"
Anglicè, the capricious Fates
Deign to conduct us

To some luxurious, bliss-fraught treat,
And let us taste each choicest sweet;
Then, just in our enjoyment's nick,
Salute us with a jadish kick,
Which mortifies our hearts the more
The greater were our joys before.

The feasting youth was doom'd to prove
This truth; for luxury, who, like love,
Oftentimes makes
His little coteries
Of giddy votaries
Commit mistakes,
Ne'er whisper'd that the haunt was insecure
Till the old conservator op'd the door!

The father's eyes flash'd indignation!
The son's o'erflow'd with tribulation;
The *first* stretch'd forth his brawny hand to seize
The *latter's* hair, who fell upon his knees!
This storm'd and vow'd he should not live!
That scream'd and pray'd that he'd forgive!
Till, after some few minutes' pother,
Threat'ning the one, and craving t'other,
The suppliant's tears disarmed his rage:
His rigid heart began t'assuage;
And now his vampire grasp he quitted,
Demanding, straight, a brief narration
How many times he had committed
The sin of malappropriation:
And said that he
Content would be,
If to th' archbishop's palace he 'd repair,
And, seeking out the pious chaplain there,
Make full confession
Of his transgression;
Nor flinch
An inch
From whatsoever penitence
Might be adjudg'd for the offence.

The urchin, still suffus'd with tears,
Endeavour'd to subdue his fears,
And, rising with angelical serenity,
Thank'd his kind father for his proffer'd lenity.
"THREE TIMES," quoth he, "my craving maw
Has tempted me to break the law;
But now, obedient to your will,
I'll make confession of the ill,
And patiently endure whatever scourge,
To expiate my crime, the priest shall urge."

He went,—was shriven,—then sought his habitation,
And straight commenced his penal obligation.
Coarse bread and water were his diet,
Pursuant to the chaplain's fiat:
A self-inflicted flagellation
Took place of sleep and recreation:
While, night and day,
His debt to pay,
With Ave-Marias and Paternosters
Both said and sung,
The cottage rung
As loudly as the convent's cloisters!
Just when the youngster's penitence had ceas'd,
The honest gard'ner met the absolving priest,
And straight deplor'd, in terms of piteous grief
That his poor boy had THREE TIMES been a thief.
"THREE!" cried the priest. "Hold, friend! 'twas more!
He, at his shrift, acknowledg'd FOUR:
And I enjoin'd six days and nights
Of austere penitential rites,
To counterbalance the transgression,
And purchase saintly intercession."
Off at a tangent flew th' astonish'd sire,
And hasten'd homeward, almost chok'd with ire:
At length, arriving at the cottage-door,
For vengeance on his offspring thirsting,
He found the criminal, his penance o'er,
Coolly regaling, with remorseless air,
On a fresh stock of the forbidden fare,
And, with repletion almost bursting.

"Thou worthless wretch!" the man exclaim'd,
"Art not of such base guile asham'd?
FOUR crimes thou own'st at shriving; but to me
Falsely declar'd thy errors were but THREE!
Nay, more: e'en now thou gormandizing brute,
Thou 'rt feeding on our master's choicest fruit;
What canst thou say that I should not
Flay thee alive upon the spot?"
"Hear!" cried the boy, "good father, I implore you,
While candidly I lay the truth before you.
Th' avowal which I made to you
Was, as I hope for mercy, true:
THREE were my sins,—nor more nor less,—
But, when you sent me to confess,
Such was my flurry, grief, and terror,
I call'd the number FOUR in error;
And duly suffer'd, for that number,
Fasting, and stripes, and loss of slumber.
At length I hasten'd to reflect
How I my blunder might correct.
What could I do? I could not shun
Part of the penance, for 'twas done,
And for a wrong amount,
Beyond the compass of my ill;
So I 've just ta'en *a farewell fill*,
And BALANC'D THE ACCOUNT!

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN:

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER XL.

WATERLOO LIGGINS.

——Soldiers always live
In idleness or peril: both are bad.—PROCTOR.

THE antiquarian, devoted to the mouldering relics of a former age, will seize with avidity, and study with earnestness, some cankered Antoninus, or questionable Vespasian, every faculty absorbed in the determination to master some inscription which — never existed! The race of Jonathan Oldbuck, while the world endures, will flourish upon its surface. But no ardour in collecting and decyphering the decayed mementoes of the past could rival in intensity the eagerness with which Mr. Gougely pored over the gun-stock so unexpectedly submitted to him. To the most searching inspection his wary eyes could bestow it was immediately subjected; and ere long the initials, G. B. V., distinctly traced in deep Roman characters, gladdened his very soul. The party indicated by these letters — George Barras Vamplew — had long been obnoxious to the squire in a double capacity; to wit, for what he would *not* do, and for what he *would* do,—*i. e.* his republican bearing and predatory habits. He was to the tenacious and morbidly sensitive Mr. Gougely a Mordecai, who never could be brought to make obeisance to the owner of Abbot's-Stoke, or do him reverence.

This was his sin of omission. That of commission was of a more aggravated description. He never could be brought to understand, far more to respect Mr. Gougely's "*vested interests*" in the Abbot's-Stoke pheasants. His obtuseness on the subject of the game-laws was, in truth, unparalleled and insuperable. And of it he gave many a startling proof during the season. That "such a *mauvais sujet* in his propensities and personal bearing" should be an accessory to Kyte's death was, the squire declared, "a very natural conclusion," and one he had "no difficulty in adopting!" He had always regarded Vamplew, he averred, as "one of the worst fellows on his estate;" and had calculated upon "hearing one day or other some frightful disclosures affecting him."

The culprit's neighbours held an opposite creed. With them he was a favourite. He was a sort of natural genius, an off-hand carpenter, and no bad locksmith. His judgment in horseflesh was rarely questioned. Nor was his repute mean as a farrier. Above all, he possessed a recipe for lameness, which had never yet been known to fail with horse or dog. That he was fond of his gun, and took special delight in thinning Mr. Gougely's preserves, were points that made rather for than against him in the estimation of his familiars. Altogether, George Barras Vamplew was a popular man. But his evil genius was now in the ascendant. No popularity could ward off the sifting ordeal that menaced him. The clue, once given, was followed up with untiring vigilance; and a chain of circumstantial

evidence established against him. His cottage was searched; and in it was found a knife which had belonged to the late keeper; bore his initials; and which Kyte was known to have had in his possession the evening before he died. It was further proved on oath that, an hour or two previous to the murdered man being found, Vamplew was seen returning to his home, in clothes torn and blood-stained; and with the hurried step and disordered look of a man who had just been a party to some desperate struggle. To deepen the impressions of the coroner's jury against him, a youthful, but competent witness, testified to a boast publicly made by the accused party soon after Kyte's appointment as keeper at Abbot's-Stoke, — "Kyte has made a bad bargain: he won't hold the place long; not over the turn of winter, I'm certain; it *seems* a warm berth, but will soon end in a cold grave!"

No defence was set up, or explanation given. The coroner charged the jury. A verdict of "wilful murder" against Vamplew was returned, and an order for his commitment to —— prison made out, signed, and, within a few hours, executed.

This unfortunate thus disposed of, speculation became rife as to him whose remains had been so unexpectedly exhumed in the keeper's cottage. Who was he, and whence came he? That there had been foul play, and that hasty burial had been adopted to conceal a deed of blood, was the general impression. But evidence to support it was scanty. Here, apparently, was the victim; but where were the aggressors, and what the provocation? No one was missing from the parish; no one from the neighbouring hamlets. Was the inference, then, correct, that the sufferer was a stranger; his errand to Abbot's-Stoke a poaching adventure; and his life-blood another offering to the Moloch of the game-laws?

Whilst all sorts of conjectures, probable and visionary, were hazarded, an old man, a *veritable* gossip — the genus is not confined to *one* sex — stepped out from the throng, and boldly declared the dead man to be no other than "Waterloo Liggins." He identified him "by his clothes!" The idea once started, was taken up and confirmed by another hoary-headed proser. A third followed, with a like assertion; and all three professing their willingness to take their oath as to the accuracy of their statement, coroner, jury, and spectators declared themselves satisfied; and a conclusion was come to that the deceased, "Waterloo Liggins," had been found dead; but by what means he came to his end the jury had no information."

Slocum Liggins was a disbanded trooper, to whom the alias of "*Waterloo*" had been given in consequence of his having shared the glories of the ever-memorable 18th of June. He was a man of many dwellings, and cultivated an extensive circle of acquaintance; emphatic in his delivery, and not over-nice in his language; not particular as to a shade; considered change of air beneficial to his constition, and therefore limited his residence to three weeks in each domicile; boasted of The Duke's personal acquaintance, and declared that His Grace invariably recognised him, meet where they would; had been the bearer of an official order from the great warrior to Sir John Elley, during the heat of the bloody battle on the eventful 18th; an incident he was proud of relating, and which he thus recorded:—"Liggins! this for Sir John Elley: ride, you daring villain! ride as if you were racing with the devil!"— a mode of ex-

pression which the lower orders among his auditory thought "wonderfully energetic" and "thoroughly characteristic:" others — the more discerning — somewhat apocryphal; but which "Waterloo" stoutly maintained was "as true as Gospel!"

After considerable discussion the conclusion became general that the stout compaigner

"Slept the sleep that knows no waking,"

and the usual routine of verbiage was sported on the occasion. "Sad that one who escaped the carnage of Waterloo should perish by an assassin's hand in some midnight brawl!" cried the sentimental. "The close of his life accords well with its restless, roving tenor," observed the profound. "Can you not read in this incident a high moral lesson, and trace in it a judgment upon an inveterate transgressor?" suggested the censorious. Alas! what so easy to utter as hasty judgment?

The impression gained ground. The curate of the parish, who favoured "total abstinence" tenets, and wore Father Mathew's medal, delivered on the following Sunday a lengthened and elaborate funeral oration, in which shrewd allusions were made to "Waterloo's" bibulous propensities; and an inference drawn that to them was to be attributed his fearful end. The singers, following the curate's lead, and resolved not to be undone in an ardent zeal for propriety, sang the most doleful hymns morning and evening; and the day was closed by a dumb peal from the belfry, rang by those who had often enjoyed a "cool tankard" at Waterloo's cost, and who had strong private and personal reasons for deeply deploring the exit of their generous crony.

For once that craving monster—the public, was satisfied! *Ample justice,* all agreed, had been done to the old soldier's memory! The "temperance" party unanimously affirmed it was "an edifying service;" the "Mawworms," that, taking Waterloo's past life into account, his death, and the "*improvement*" made of it, hymns and inquest, it formed altogether "a comforting season," and the curate was pronounced a "most judicious young man."

Ten days after his funeral sermon had been preached, his knell rang, and his character "*enlarged upon,*" Waterloo—as alert and upright as ever—walked boldly up the village-green!

"What the plague possessed them," he inquired, as soon as his ire allowed him utterance, "to go singing psalms over him?"

It was tremulously suggested in reply that he was — or, at least ought to be—dead.

"*He* knew," was his rejoinder, "if *they* didn't, whether he was alive or not;" and then commented freely upon recent proceedings. He attacked the verdict; hinted that Mr. Gougely possessed the brains of "an old apple-woman;" said the jury should be "cut for the simples;" and bestowed a *sobriquet* upon that respectable functionary, the coroner, which, to his infinite annoyance, stuck by him for the rest of his days. Waterloo's re-appearance capped the climax of the whole affair; and the laugh of the entire county went against Mr. Gougely uninterruptedly, and more vivaciously than ever.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE BLOOD-STAINED CONSCIENCE.

It is success that colours all in life;
Success makes fools admir'd, makes villains honest:
All the proud virtue of this vaunting world
Fawns on success, and power, howe'er acquired.—THOMSON.

WHILE these minor incidents, trenching on broad farce, were causing infinite merriment in the cottages around Abbot's-Stoke, a scene of deeper and graver interest was gradually unfolding itself within the walls of the county-prison. In an unfaltering declaration of his innocence Vamplew sturdily persisted. But it carried with it no conviction of sincerity to my mind. It was not cordial, hearty, frank, and indignant. It was measured, uniform, and chilling. Constant collision with the callous and the desperate had given me, unhappily, a knowledge of human nature not easily over-reached. I could distinguish — I fancied readily— between the eager, manly, and anguished avowal of innocence made by a spirit conscious of its integrity, and smarting under unjust accusation, and the hollow, sullen, and uniform assertion of "not guilty" reiterated by one who had come to the conclusion that *such would be the safest line for him to adopt*, and with settled purpose adhered to it accordingly. As unsatisfactory and as unconvincing was the bearing of Vamplew. He contented himself with a uniform disclaimer of guilt, gave no explanation, cleared up no suspicious circumstance. Nor could he by argument or admonition ever be brought to admit the evils of the life he had led.

"Your intentions are good, sir, I believe," was his strange reply on one occasion; "but all the clergymen in the country shall never convince me that I break a command of God by killing a hare which is destroying the produce of my garden — my main dependance for paying my rent. It's against reason and common sense so to argue; and hundreds will tell you so as well as I."

"You talk, sir," was his extraordinary comment at another time, "about this being a Christian country; and say that because scripture is so freely circulated amongst us, our lives should be better than they are. But *is* this a Christian country? I say it is *not*. The game-laws are bringing about a state of oppression and tyranny on the one hand, and of resistance and crime on the other, which would disgrace a land inhabited wholly by heathens. Poachers are hunted down by landowners and their gamekeepers, as keenly and fiercely as the early settlers in America hunted down the natives. Being but men, they naturally resist. Hot words are followed by fierce blows. Life in some instances is taken. The law then steps in; and the upshot is the scaffold, and the hangman, and the drop, and the noose, and the dying struggle, and the death-shriek. And all this for what? A partridge or a pheasant! But the gentry *must* have them, it is said, on their tables, because game is a rarity, and because it is nice and delicate eating. Be it so. Let their appetite be indulged. Let them enjoy their dainty right merrily. They cannot fail to do so, when memory reminds them it is garnished with blood!"

"These remarks by no means befit your situation; the peril you are in should prompt feelings of greater humility and submission."

"Say you so? then you know nothing of the workings of a poor man's spirit. I tell you, sir, no artisan who has been once in jail for any offence growing out of the game-laws, but becomes thenceforth thoroughly hardened; hates from the bottom of his soul all landed proprietors, and lords of the manor, and becomes worse than a Radical in his opinions; you make him little short of a Republican! But all this is beside the business. I want no exhortations about repentance, for my heart does not condemn me. I require no admonitions about preparation for death, because I'm satisfied no English jury will convict me. I don't say this to you, sir, either from ignorance or impertinence; but because your time can be better bestowed elsewhere."

I acquiesced in his conclusion, and quitted him.

The assizes drew on, and with them the hour of his peril, or deliverance; and still his mien was as assured, and his language as confident as at his commitment. If he were, as he asserted, an innocent man, a strange sentence unwittingly escaped him in reference to Kyte. Allusion had been made in his presence to Kyte's cottage, to the body found there, and to the erroneous conclusion arrived at, that it was that of "Waterloo Liggins."

"Kyte knew nothing as to that!" he exclaimed earnestly: "*I* could say more about it if I chose; at least I fancy so;" then checking himself, added hastily, "but 'tis mere fancy—a prisoner's moody fancy; beneath notice at any time."

Was it mere fancy? I fear not. His trial came on late in the assize week; and up to the very morning on which it was to take place his extraordinary nerve was true to him. But all at once—a few moments before he was brought into court—the restraint he had put upon his feelings gave way before the horror of his position, and his stalwart form shook with agony. Placed in the dock, he grasped its sides convulsively, to maintain an upright position; and as the jury came up into their box to be sworn, scanned each with an eagerness and intensity of observation painful to witness. It struck me then and afterwards — I watched the scene closely — that there was a look of intelligence, a glance of recognition, of *satisfied* recognition exchanged between the prisoner and a juryman, which did much to re-assure the accused. The party referred to was a respectable-looking man of forty; with something bordering on Quakerism in his garb; bland, sleek, and smiling; but with a most subtle eye. A white pink of unusual size adorned his snuff-coloured coat; and I suddenly became possessed with the notion of which I never could rid myself, that this flower formed a medium of communication between the parties.

Whether this conjecture was well or ill-founded, one result was marked and visible. In a very few moments after the jury had been sworn, Vamplew's confident air returned to him. His bearing was that of a man assured of a favourable result; and this air and manner he maintained throughout the whole of that protracted trial, and even during the recital of those portions of the evidence which told most strongly against him. The judge summed up carefully, slowly, and solemnly. Every circumstance at all favourable to the prisoner; every point tending, however remotely, to the establishment of his innocence, was minutely stated. The whole transaction was canvassed with the grave and impartial earnestness of a merciful

man, alive to the discharge of a most painful duty, and not without his fears that another and still sterner task awaited him—that of announcing to a fellow-creature the speedy and irrevocable extinction of his earthly existence.

The jurors turned round to canvass their award. The evidence had been so unfavourable to the prisoner, so well-sustained, and so conclusive, that a general impression prevailed that the jury's decision would be speedy and fatal. A buzz, therefore, of astonishment ran through the court when, after several minutes spent in earnest consultation, the foreman, addressing the judge, declared that "the jury wished to retire to consider their verdict."

They withdrew. A favourable position enabled me to watch well and closely the bye-play of the scene. As they descended from their box, and retired from the hall, the prisoner's gaze was rivetted on their movements; and while the candid-looking, Quaker-like gentleman was in the very act of withdrawing, he turned his head towards the dock, and rested his eye deliberately on the prisoner. Its expression was most remarkable; and again the notion seized me that there was a secret understanding between the culprit and the juror. This impression may be wholly incorrect; it may be imaginary throughout; but I shall retain it to my dying hour.

After an absence of forty minutes the jury returned into court to tell his lordship that "they could not agree upon their verdict." The foreman made this admission with a remarkably flushed face: and in an indisputably angry tone. He then begged that his lordship would read to the jury, from his notes, the evidence of the boy who deposed to Vamplew's using in his presence menacing language towards the deceased, Kyte, and predicting his speedy death by violence.

The judge complied; and, while he read the eyes of the eleven were fixed with such an earnest, observing, imploring gaze upon the countenance of the elderly Quaker-like gentleman, as to convince me that he, and no other, was the non-conforming juror. Their looks said, if looks ever did in this world, "Well! are you not satisfied? Can a doubt *now* remain on your mind? There must be an end of your scruples by this time." And with equal confidence did I infer from the self-satisfied air with which the elderly gentleman listened to the judge, and the determined shake of that very bald head which greeted his lordship's closing sentence, that unanimity among that disconsolate jury was a truly "remote contingency." Another hour elapsed, and they again presented themselves in court to acquaint the judge that "they didn't agree; they couldn't agree; and they never should agree." The judge in very cool terms expressed his sorrow at this announcement; but intimated he had only one course to pursue,—they must be locked up, *fasting*, and in the custody of the proper officer, till—their opinions harmonised.

Night was now at hand, and the countenances of the eleven looked all more or less irritated. The foreman's face was like a peony—a waggish spectator suggested, from the heat of argument; while a stout, well-fed, well-dressed yeoman,—evidently no convert to the duty of fasting,—put his hand over his capacious diaphragm, and sighed deeply and touchingly. His neighbour, a bilious, sallow-faced, dejected being, was in a paroxysm of perplexity at the prospect before him; and in the desperation of the moment volunteered

some remarks, half inaudible from agitation, to the judge; in which the word "law" recurred again and again.

His lordship floored him at once. "Your office is to pronounce upon the prisoner's innocence or guilt, from the evidence submitted to you. Mine is to explain to you the law. If any point of legal difficulty causes you embarrassment, state it, and explanation shall be given. With you lies the verdict. An immense mass of evidence has been laid before you,—all, I presume, that could be collected in reference to the transaction. Decide upon it. If you have any doubt, the prisoner is entitled to the benefit of that doubt."

The court soon afterwards rose. The jury were locked up; and loud, and bitter, and conflicting, were the sounds which issued, hour after hour, from their chamber of deliberation. At nine o'clock there was a lull. At ten they spoke with less energy, and at rarer intervals. At eleven they announced to their keeper that they were "agreed;" were taken to the judge's lodgings; received by the proper officer; and to him delivered a verdict of—NOT GUILTY!

* * * * *

Eight months had elapsed, when in the dusk of the evening I was told a stranger desired to see me immediately, and alone. On my assenting to his wish, who should stalk over the threshold of my little study but "Waterloo."

"Your honour is surprised to see me here? I am so myself. And my errand is more unaccountable than my visit. You remember Vamplew?"

"Perfectly!"

"The route 's come down; and he 's under marching orders!"

"Where?"

"Why — that 's doubtful! The GRAND MASTER has summoned him; and he 's bound, I humbly hope, to the GREAT LODGE above."

"Dying? is that your meaning?"

"No other: he 's nervous, low, and whimsical; wishes much to see you; will you go to him?"

"Where is he?"

"Not quite so fast," said Waterloo drily. "I will be your *guide; your guide*, remember, and nothing more. Name, street, house I forget altogether!"

"Indeed! I see your drift. Confidence in me is wanting."

"Well, for my own part," said the campaigner, bluntly, "I never did like parsons over particularly; and less than ever since those psalm-singing beggars chose to pick out funeral hymns, and whine them over me—*me*, who abominate such matters! It was a disgusting insult!" continued Waterloo warmly; "what need had I—a *living* man—of a funeral sermon? Answer me that."

"I regret—"

"The circumstance," said Waterloo eagerly. "I knew you would!"

"No — no," I interposed; "but the manner in which you view the occurrence, and the terms in which you speak of it. Waterloo, the best and bravest of our heroes, military and naval, have had strong religious feelings."

"Well," said the veteran musingly, and after a pause of some length, "I 've *heerd*, on good *ow*thority, that "The Duke" attends

regularly early morning prayers at the barrack-chapel up in Lunnon; and if he (with all his victories, and the 18th of June among them!) thinks that he has something to set square before THE LAST PARADE, I'm sure his follower ought to be up and doing!" The tone of humility and self-reproach in which this remark was made contrasted strongly with the fierceness of Waterloo's previous declarations. "So, if your honour is disposed to view this poor dying fellow, I'll lead the way; and—and—stay, and listen; for I've no objection to a little serious talk myself, provided it's to the point, not over long, and not too high seasoned."

A harsh and deserved rebuke was stifled by his resuming,

"No offence, I hope, your honour? I mean none. It would ill become me to offer it now—seeing what is before you!"

"A wounded conscience, I presume, Waterloo? a sad, but every-day spectacle!"

"No, sir; a burdened conscience,—burdened with blood; shed, wantonly and deliberately, in *a cool quarrel!*"

CHAPTER XLII.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF CRIME.

How will those who have secretly sinned together on earth openly meet each other in the regions of the lost? How will the seducer and the seduced, the tempter and the tempted, curse and torment each other in the world of woe? How will a sinner meet below the soul whom he has ruined; and how will he endure the double agony which by this ruin he has deserved? If those who now together sin would remember that, as tormentors of each other, they must together be punished, surely they would "go and sin no more!"—CAWOOD.

THOROUGHLY as I had fancied myself acquainted with the straggling suburbs of the populous town in which it was my lot to live, my conjectures were thoroughly at fault as to the locality of the wretched row of houses before which Waterloo at length paused, and towards the meanest of which he motioned me. It was a miserable domicile; squalid, dilapidated, and forbidding; but guarded —guarded by a ferocious dog, which no caress from my companion could soothe. His angry and repeated bark, or the rough attempts of Liggins to quiet his suspicions,—one or both aroused attention. The door was partially opened; a few words from some being who cared not to be visible silenced the growling animal. "Enter," said a harsh voice within, and we passed the threshold.

In the further corner of the room, on a miserable truckle-bed, feeble and emaciated, but with a face flushed with hectic fever, and an eye frightfully and supernaturally bright, lay the once-daring Vamplew. Beside him sat two ruffians, watching him; but whose morose and jaded look bespoke their weariness of the task they had undertaken. The younger sprang to his feet as I entered, and fiercely inquired,

"What's your errand? Who brought you here?"

"I did," said Waterloo, advancing; then pointing towards the bed, "and at *his* wish."

"HIS! *You* wished to see no stranger?" cried the ruffian, addressing with impatient gesture the dying man, and laying bitter emphasis on his words; "none has any business here."

"Stranger!" interposed the veteran; "this is no stranger; he's a minister—the prison minister!"

"Be he who he may, he is unwelcome; say so, comrade!" cried the elder watcher, speaking for the first time. "*You* wished to see no minister?" and he strode angrily and impatiently towards his shrinking victim,—"*you* have nothing to say to him; *he* nothing to you! You waste your time, sir;" this was spoken in a more civil tone,—"*here* you are not wanted."

The sufferer looked up at me piteously and imploringly. I understood the appeal, drew nearer to him, and sat down.

"Strange conduct this!—strange, indeed!" cried a flauntily-dressed woman, who now joined us from an inner apartment. Young was she, and fair; but her once delicate, and still handsome features, vice had branded with its own dark and daring expression. "To enter, and take possession, where you know you're unwelcome — it's not to be borne! George, tell the gentleman you want no visitors! Tell him you have all you require—shelter, food, medicine, attendance. Yes, sir, *he is never left;* never for a single instant."

"Night or day," added the elder watcher.

"Wants! what does *he* want? — nothing!" echoed the younger ruffian; cruel and bitter was the tone in which the taunt was uttered; "nothing but a spare half-hour—to die!"

A shudder, brief but visible, passed over the dying man's features as the last sentence grated on his ear. With painful effort he raised himself; and pronouncing my name, loudly and clearly, gasped out, "Sir, I MUST speak to you."

"BEFORE *us, then,*" said his companions in a breath; and they cursed, audibly and furiously, the writhing sufferer.

"No—no!" said he, piteously: "alone—alone!"

The ruffians eyed each other for a moment in silence; then turned towards their helpless inmate; and the younger, with an expression of eye in which fear, hate, rage, all were blended, uttered in a low, but menacing tone, "*Madman! remember!*"

"I do—I do," and a groan of agony escaped him.

"George," said the female, now joining the group, and assuming, with hypocritical air and wheedling voice, the office of mediator, "what can you have to say to this gentleman which we may not hear?"

"Much," was his faint reply.

"He is a dying man," said I, addressing the party before me; "you cannot, under such circumstances, oppose his wishes. He desires to talk to me alone; and on matters, I doubt not, relating to the soul. Leave us. Let me see him apart."

"Never!" said the elder man, determinedly; "never — while he has breath to draw, or voice to speak."

"Then read to me," said Vamplew feebly; "read while I can listen, and think, and feel. Slowly—slowly!

I did so, — words, I trust, which soothed, and comforted, and calmed. But before what an audience, and to how oppressed and struggling a spirit were they addressed!

"To-morrow!" whispered he, as I bent over him to take my leave, —to-morrow, *at latest!*"

"A foul-visaged, black-hearted crew!" cried Liggins, as the door closed on us. "The mob," continued he, with an edifying air of

philosophical reverie, "is always in extremes! Those bigots at Abbot's-Stoke, with their funeral sermon and dreary hymns, are all one way; and these savage cut-throats, who hold with neither angel nor spirit, all lean another. You 've heard of their doings, I dare say?" The biographical sermon, in which his portrait was hit off with such abundance of shadow, occurred with remarkable frequency to Waterloo's memory. "Ay!" he resumed bitterly, "they chose to make out that I had gone *the wrong road;* whereas I had never *started at all!* Can't forgive those people! But must manage it at last! As to Vamplew, poor fellow! it 's my belief he knows secrets which those about him do not care he should blab. They 're his jailors, in my opinion, and nothing better. All this," was his military summary, "comes, you see, sir, of shedding blood in *a cool quarrel!*"

So much for habit and calling. Blood shed on the battle-field was, in Waterloo's judgment, *secundum artem,* proper and becoming, according to received notions, and the general course of affairs. But homicide on a small scale was paltry and atrocious.

Noon found me the next day near Vamplew's dwelling. Before I could knock for admittance, the younger man presented himself. He looked in better humour; was better dressed, clean shaven, and almost cheerful.

"How is the sick man to-day—better or worse?"

"Come in," was the reply; "and judge for yourself."

"You will allow me, then, to see him?"

"Ay; and *alone* — alone, if you will, — and as long as you will. None shall interrupt your parley; have it *out* between yourselves!"

A harsh, loud, taunting laugh finished the sentence. The exultation of the man's manner was disgusting; but the truth did not occur to me.

"There he is,"— he pointed to the bed, — "say what you will to him."

Another burst of merriment rang through the room. It was frightfully discordant; for we stood *in the presence of the dead!*

"When did he—"

"Die? you mean to ask?" exclaimed the ruffian quickly. "I thought you would be curious on that point. At six this morning, without a pang or even struggle, — quite worn out. People in decline generally go quietly."

I fixed my eye on the speaker. He returned my gaze boldly and fixedly. Not for an instant did his look quail. It was possible my suspicions did him injustice; for, in truth, I drew no favourable conclusion from his look and manner.

He guessed this, for he continued, "And now, sir, your part *is* done; and mine nearly. The parish surgeon has been here; the registrar of deaths followed him. No concealment on our side—none whatever. We have nothing to dread — nothing to tell. We want no advice, no help, no alms. We have no need either to borrow or to beg. George will be decently and respectably buried on Friday. Nothing will be wanting for a poor man's funeral. *Are you satisfied?*"

"Perfectly," I murmured to myself, "on one point; that if ever there was a system upon earth admirably calculated to cherish and develope the worst passions of man's nature, it may be found in that code so determinedly upheld—the existing Game Laws!"

A FEW PAGES FROM MY JOURNAL IN GREECE, TURKEY, AND ON THE DANUBE.

BY C. F. FYNES CLINTON.

CHAPTER II.

Athens.—Marathon.—Trip to the Morea.—Departure from Athens.

MODERN Athens is beginning to assume the appearance of a handsome town. The streets are wide and straight,—too wide for that climate,—and some of the new houses and public buildings are large and handsome: the most striking are the royal palace and university. And here I may observe of the modern town, that I did not discover that unpleasant discordance between old things and new which has so much excited the bile of many modern travellers, and led them to pass some pretty severe censures upon the present government of Greece. We are to see the country either in the state of utter ruin and desolation, which it suffered in common with all lands subject to that most detestable of governments, the Mussulman dominion of the Sultan, or received among the family of European and Christian states, as it has been. I think that no one who is at all acquainted with the present condition of Greece, and the violent factions into which the leading men there are divided, would wish to see another form of government than the one established. A republic, for the present, at least, would be anarchy. I do not say that the King's conduct has been free from blame; but, in looking at what he has done, we must bear in mind that he was placed at the head of a country without finances, without roads, and almost without inhabitants; and it is to be feared that Greece will never thrive till Thessaly and Epirus are added to her territories. The government has done what it can to preserve so much of the ancient monuments of Athens as the ignorance and barbarism of the Turks have spared; the language is becoming carefully purified, and gradually restored in some degree to the beauty of its pristine form; and all those who possess not only an affection for the glories of old Greece, but a sympathy for their fellow-creatures, will rejoice at seeing a people, however small and insignificant, rescued from slavery and barbarism, and struggling to obtain a place in the great European family of civilized nations.

It is not my purpose to write a guide-book to Athens. I shall merely observe, that her ruins are far more interesting than those of Rome; they are in themselves more perfect, and they are less intruded on by modern buildings than the mournful and mouldering remains of the Queen of the world. There is a brightness and a cheerfulness, combined with a wonderful grace, in the ruins of the Parthenon, and indeed in all those in Greece, which must strike even the dullest heart. During the very agreeable days that I passed among the glorious monuments of Athens, I generally climbed to the Parthenon at sunset. What pleasing dreams may one not indulge when seated amidst those immortal columns, with the plain of Athens and Salamis outstretched at one's feet! Every part of the surrounding landscape is beautiful in itself; and, at the same time,

each mountain, plain, river, or headland is consecrated by history,—the history of the most wonderful and most interesting people that have ever existed. At one's feet lie the hill of Colonos, the vale of Cephissus, and the Peiræus,—farther off is Salamis on one side,—the heights of Phylæ on the other.

A most interesting excursion from Athens is that to Marathon. This famous spot lies about six hours' ride to the north-east of Athens. The first part of the road runs over a high plain, overlooking a fine fertile country on the left towards Megara. We halted at the pretty and thriving village of Kephissia; and afterwards crossing some rough ground, with Pentelicus on the right, we descended a rugged mountain side to Marathon. The view from hence of the plain, the sea, and the hills of Eubœa is beautiful. The plain of Marathon is perfectly level, inclosed on three sides by mountains; the fourth is open to the sea. The great tumulus is in the midst of the plain, but towards the beach. I slept at a small convent under the steep side of Pentelicus, and next day returned to Athens.

16th. Having found a very pleasant companion, I left the Peiræus in a smart *trocadera*, which we had engaged to take us to Epidaurus. In the Peiræus were lying two British and three French ships of the line, several frigates, corvettes, and steam-boats, and a large number of merchant vessels. The town of Peiræus contains many good houses, and is rapidly increasing. The remains of the tomb of Themistocles are on the promontory which forms the south-east side of the harbour, overlooking Salamis. We had very little wind after clearing the mouth of the harbour, and were four hours in reaching the shore of Egina. The weather was splendid, and we were never weary of gazing on the lovely views at all sides,—the coasts of Attica, the Acropolis, "unconquered Salamis," and Egina. There are few spots more lovely than Egina: it is a varied scene of hills, and woods, and green valleys. From the shore we climbed straight to the temple of Jupiter Panpellanius. It is of a coarse, porous stone, and small in its proportions; but the position and the view from it are beautiful. Embarking again, we made for Epidaurus; but a contrary wind kept us tacking about all night, while the sea washed over us continually. At length, at sunrise, we were close under the bold shore of Argolis, and landed at Epidaurus, a collection of fishers' cottages. Here we procured horses, and started for Nauplia.

About three hours west of Epidaurus are the ruins of Hieron, a town sacred to Esculapius. The road hither lies chiefly through a wild and deep glen, amidst beautiful shrubberies, in which the oleander predominates. After passing through a fine defile, one enters upon a plain which is strewed with large but confused fragments. Almost the only remains that can be clearly traced are those of the theatre, which is situated on the side of a mountain, commanding a delightful view. After passing the plain of Hieron, and winding for the rest of the day among rugged mountains, with the lofty ridges of Arcadia in our front, we reached Nauplia at night, after a very hot ride of ten hours. Nauplia is the strongest place in Greece: the fortifications are the work of the Venetians. The famous fortress of Palameles is placed upon an almost inaccessible rock, overhanging the town. Nauplia, which contains ten thousand inhabitants, presents better streets and houses, and more life and bustle, than any town in Greece, after Athens. It was for some time the seat of go-

vernment. To the north-west the great plain of Argos extends for many miles, level, fertile, and well-cultivated. Half an hour from Nauplia, on the road to Argos, is Tiryns; its massive walls are in some places of great height, and tolerably perfect. At Argos nothing remains but some of the seats of the amphitheatre on the side of the hill, the top of which is crowned by the castle, occupying the site of the ancient Acropolis.

Modern Argos, which lies in the plain at the foot of the hill, is rising rapidly from its ruins, and is already a thriving place. From Argos we crossed the plain to Mycenæ, which is situated on the side of a ridge of mountains to the north of the plain. The Lion's Gate, and the vaults called the Tomb of Agamemnon, are wonderfully perfect, more than three thousand years after their foundation by Perseus. The view from Mycenæ over the plain of Argos, surrounded by picturesque mountains, is beautiful,—so is that from Nauplia, looking down the gulf.

19th. Having parted from my companion, who goes farther into the Morea, I started this morning, with a couple of horses and a Greek, on my road back to Athens. We again crossed the fine plain of Argos, and passing under Mycenæ, we entered a wild glen, through which we wound for five hours, when we emerged upon the little plain of Nemea. Here nothing is left but three Doric columns of the temple of Jupiter, looking very picturesque on the lonely plain. From Nemea we climbed a mountain from whence is a fine view over Arcadia, Achaia, and across the gulf to Parnassus and Helicon; then, passing through a barren, rugged country, we reached Corinth in three hours. Here I found a pretty good inn, commanding a beautiful view of the gulf and of the opposite coast.

20th. I had intended to ascend the Acropolis this morning; but the weather is so hazy, that I have been obliged to content myself with examining the seven Doric pillars which still rear their heads in the midst of the ruins of all ages. These columns are heavy and clumsy, but of immense antiquity. They are supposed to have belonged to a temple of Minerva, which was built at least 650 B. C.

From Corinth we descended to Calamachi (Cenchreæ), and then wound along the shore of the Sinus Saromius to Megara, which we reached in eight hours. The weather cleared as we advanced, and the road, winding along the rugged base of Mount Geranion, afforded sublime views over the bay, bounded by the fine coast of Argolis and Egina. We halted at a ruined khan, and climbing the Kahe Sidle, a very dangerous pass, entered the corn-fields of Megara. The miserable ruins of Megara cover the side of a rocky hill at the eastern end of the plain, and still afford shelter to one thousand squalid inhabitants. I procured a night's lodging in a wretched hovel, but among civil people; and next day I rode forward to Athens, by Eleusis, in torrents of rain. The road is excellent, and I reached the capital in six hours. The country all the way is fertile, and well cultivated.

It is, I think, surprising that so few travellers as yet visit Athens. The inns here are really good; and the town, which is rapidly increasing, contained in 1841 above twenty-six thousand inhabitants. Of the travellers who visit Greece nine-tenths are English. This seems to arise from the circumstance that foreigners seldom travel in an expensive country solely for their amusement; and there is

little at present in Greece to attract the herds of "commercial gentlemen" who inundate the diligence of France, or the eilwagen and railroad of Germany; nor, as yet, is the landscape in this wild country enlivened or adorned by those quaint German figures, who, clothed in a long brown Holland smock, their flowing and dishevelled locks crowned by a small cloth cap, with a peak of a foot long projecting at right angles, their thick snub nose surmounted by a pair of green spectacles, one hand armed with a hammer, the other resting on a long staff, and the whole person reeking of the tobacco-smoke, which curls in thick wreaths from the pipe that for ever dangles from the blackened teeth, prowl through the loveliest valleys of dear honest old Germany, or among the wildest mountains of Switzerland and the Tyrol, pursuing their profound geological and botanical researches.

But I must now bid goodb'ye to Athens. See, yonder smokes the black funnel of the steamer which is to convey me to Smyrna, floating in the same waters that once bore the gallant fleet destined to perish at Syracuse; and, looking back, you may see the Acropolis, crowned with its undying Parthenon, presenting to our eyes at this distance the same aspect which it afforded to the warriors embarked in that proud armament. And behold these swarthy boatmen,—examine their muscular limbs, their spreading shoulders, and broad, massive chests,—admire their finely-chiselled features, their most expressive countenances, their well-turned throats,—listen to their speech, and then say, are not these the sons of old Greece? As far as outward form and language go, her sons yet live,—*ταυτῆς τοι γενέης καὶ ἅιμὰτος εὔχομαι εἶναι*, may they tell us,—and in the last struggle for independence they showed that centuries of slavery and misery had not quite extinguished every spark of the ancient fire, and that they were not utterly unworthy descendants of the heroes, the demigods of Marathon, of Salamis, and of Platæa.

CHAPTER III.

The Isles of Greece.—Smyrna.—The Hellespont.—Constantinople.—Voyage up the Danube to Vienna.

It was on a still, moonlight evening, towards the close of April, that our vessel glided out of the Peiræus, skirting the coast of Attica, and the rugged promontory and white columns of Sunium. Early next morning we were off Syra, the centre of the Cyclades, where our ship remained all day. The town of Syra is built upon a steep, conical hill, sloping to the water, from whence it presents a singular appearance. The port is the most busy and frequented of any in the Greek dominions. The highest point of the hill is occupied by a convent of St. George, from whence there is a splendid view over the surrounding Cyclades, Andros, Tinos, Mycone, Delos, Paros, and Naxos. Delos, the sacred isle, is but a small and barren rock, which I visited merely to have the satisfaction of setting foot on so famous a spot. At sunset we left the harbour of Syra, and passed between Tinos and Andros. What a lovely night it was!—the sea smooth as a mirror, the moon sailing high in the cloudless sky, and lighting up the picturesque shores of those beauteous islands. By sunrise next morning we were under the lofty coast of Scio (Chios),

and, passing between the island and the mainland, we were soon in sight of the city, off which we lay for some time. Here I saw for the first time the red flag of Turkey, which was floating on the forts. The town, with its mosques and white minarets, interspersed with lofty cypresses, is beautifully placed on a green strip of land, backed by lofty and most picturesque mountains. Having taken on board a number of wild-looking Turks, with their long beards, flowing robes, and handsome pistols, we soon rounded the western point of the gulf of Smyrna, and, after four hours' run along that noble bay, between fine bold coasts, we came in sight of the city itself. The population of Smyrna amounts to one hundred and fifty thousand, of whom only half are Turks. The place looks magnificent from the water, from which it rises like an amphitheatre, with the dark cypress groves of the burial-ground on the hill above, and still higher the old castle. The country inland, and on both sides of the bay, is mountainous, and very beautiful. On landing, I found the streets narrow, ill-paved, and filthy; the houses, excepting those of the principal Greeks and foreign consuls, miserable wooden hovels. Some of the houses of the Christian merchants near the water are handsome stone buildings, with court-yards or gardens, containing fountains and orange-trees; the windows face inwards. The bazaars of Smyrna are lively and amusing. It is a place of great traffic, being the mart for the produce of all Asia Minor. Immense strings of camels are continually arriving, laden with the riches of the East, and rendering it difficult at times to traverse the narrow streets.

The view from the castle of Smyrna is one of the finest in the world. One sees the great busy city at one's feet, the shipping in the harbour, and the magnificent gulf, with its winding shores, beyond. On the land-side is a rich and verdant plain, bounded by mountains. Far to the east and south the eye can trace the lofty ridges above Sardis and Ephesus. Truly this is the land which Herodotus so highly praises, as one that surpasses all others in natural beauties, in fertility of soil, and in salubrity of climate,—a very paradise, indeed, and the garden of all lands. But alas! the blighting influence of Mussulman rule has had its effect—the sword of the destroyer seems to have desolated this fair garden; and he who journeys any distance from Smyrna will find populous cities converted into ruinous heaps, fruitful fields into a desolate wilderness.

After three pleasant days at Smyrna, I left it one evening in a steamboat for Constantinople. During the night we passed the high coast of the large island of Mitylene (Lesbos), and at daybreak next morning we were near Tenedos, with Lemnos, Imbros, and Samothrace at some distance. Running between Tenedos and the coast of Troy, we saw the plain of Troy, the tumuli on the beach, and the position of the Grecian fleet; in the distance was the ridge of Ida. Soon after passing the mouth of the Scamander, we entered the Dardanelles, where the scenery is not very attractive. These straits vary in width from one to two miles; the banks are high, monotonous, and on the European side barren. However, the sites of Sestos and Abydos, of Xerxes' bridge, and of the battle of Ægospotamos, are very interesting. Gallipoli is a large, and, from the water, a handsome-looking town. After passing this, we entered the Propontis, or sea of Marmora, across which we steered all night, and at daybreak of the 1st of May we were in sight of Constantinople.

The first view of this famous city is very striking, and we saw it to full advantage, while the rising sun illuminated successively its countless domes, and minarets, and towers; the long walls and verdant gardens of the Seraglio were soon in sight; before us, and to the right, were Scutari, and the enchanting shores of the Bosphorus; and more distant, in the east, the snowy tops of Olympus. We rounded the Seraglio Point, and found ourselves in the "Golden Horn," or harbour—a fairy scene. Both shores are covered with buildings, among which are some fine mosques. Ships of all nations float upon the placid water, while innumerable *caiques* are constantly plying between the vessels and the shores. On a nearer approach to this fairy-looking region, much of its charm vanished. We landed at the wretched wooden wharf of Galata, and made our way up a filthy, ill-paved, and very steep lane, the principal street of the place, to Pera, which lies on the hill above Galata. Here our inn was situated, and a very good one it proved. The nine days which I passed at Constantinople were fully employed in visiting a scene so interesting and so new. The city itself is a collection of narrow and squalid streets, where the houses are mere wooden hovels. It occupies the site of the old town, whose lofty walls exist in their whole extent, though much out of repair. The bazaars are gay and amusing, but not so splendid as I had been led to expect. The mosques are magnificent, particularly those of Achmet, Suleiman, and St. Sophia. The lofty columns, the spreading domes, the graceful minarets, the marble courts, the fountains shaded by majestic plane-trees, form a delightful and most striking contrast with the filthy lanes which lie around them. In the three outer courts of the Seraglio (all that an infidel is allowed to see of the palace) there is some fine arabesque architecture. The gardens, which look so tempting from the sea, are only an ill-kept shrubbery; but the view from them across the straits is beautiful. The baths of Constantinople are numerous, and form, indeed, the chief resort of all those Turks who can afford this luxury. The bath, with its process of shampooing, and the pipes and coffee which are served afterwards, occupies a considerable time.

He who expects to see in modern Stamboul the Constantinople of the Greek Emperors will be disappointed. Very few are the remains of that illustrious imperial city. Of its innumerable statues, and other fine works in marble or in metal, not a vestige remains. Among the few things that have escaped the fury of the barbarians are the reservoir of the thousand and one columns, some of the aqueducts, the column of Theodosius, the two obelisks in the Hippodrome, and the brazen serpents in the same place. St. Sophia is also a very interesting relic; but the outside of this, and of most other large buildings in Constantinople, is spoiled by being whitewashed. Many of the fountains of Constantinople, in the arabesque style, are very beautiful.

The slave-market is a curious scene. I saw here few white slaves. There were large numbers of Nubians, and one or two young and pretty Circassians. They sit like beasts in wooden cages, surrounding a court-yard; and, though our notions of slavery are much more severe than the actual condition of slaves among the Turks, yet the slave-market cannot fail to be, particularly to an Englishman, a disgusting scene.

THE LEGEND OF THE LAMP.

A TALE OF THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

BY WILLIAM COLLIER.

"I have a tale of olden time,
That does not live in prose or rhyme;
A legend which the peasants tell
Who on Killarney's lake do dwell,
Of chieftains, who, in arms no more,
Now rest beside this lake's bright shore,
And sleep—perhaps dream—of fights they won
For hearth and altar, sire, and son.
Tale of a Lamp, that will not gladden
Like that of the renown'd Aladdin."

Killarney (or, *Cill-airne*, the church near the sloe-trees,) is a name familiar to every person. The lakes of Killarney, of which so much has been said and sung, are three in number; although there are in their immediate neighbourhood several others, all, however, of far minor dimensions, and of inferior note. The territory in which they lie forms a small portion of that vast mountain range, which, with few interruptions, stretches from near the county of Waterford to the Atlantic ocean, where it washes the western coast of Ireland. "The lower lake," which was the scene of the following tale, possesses many beauties of a very high order; indeed, its chief character is beauty, for, certainly, a spot of more loveliness than Lough Lein it would be difficult to find. This lake lies at the base of Tomies mountain, one of that vast chain which reaches from near Fermoy, in the county Cork, and in its range contains the highest point of land in Ireland. The number of islands in this lake exceeds thirty, varying in size and proportions, and lying about in happy irregularity. The majority of them, from the largest to the least, are richly clad with verdure and foliage. Chief amongst them all, however, in beauty and magnitude, are the islands of Ross and Innisfallen, luxuriant in arbutus and London-pride. Innisfallen is the largest of the islands after Ross, and, in my judgment, beyond them all in beauty. It lies nearly midway between the eastern and western shores of the lake, and is about one mile in circumference. From the water it is peculiarly striking, tufted and crowned as it is with an abundance of the most beautiful foliage. Its coasts are indented with several small but picturesque bays. At one side they present a rocky and precipitous appearance; whilst the opposite shore, shelving to the water's edge, runs into shallows. The whole surface of this fairy-like spot is delightfully varied into miniature hills and dewy dells.

To a mind seeking retirement and repose, Innisfallen presents in its softness and tranquillity, serenity and beauty, a retreat equal to the most ardent and fastidious aspirations. Plantations of the finest forest-trees, many of them grown into venerable state and large size, are intermixed with numerous thickets of evergreens and sweet flowering-shrubs. Well, indeed, did this fairy island merit the impassioned strain in which Moore has so happily expressed his ad-

miration and his feeling on leaving it. It were but poor praise to say that his charming song,

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,"

is the most fervent, and by far the most poetical tribute ever paid to any portion of these enchanting scenes, numerous as have been the bards who have written in praise of the beauty and attractions of Loch-lein.

To Saint *Finan Lobhra*, or the Leper, so called from his having been for thirty years of his life afflicted with some cutaneous disease, is attributed the foundation of a monastery, and other buildings, erected here in the seventh century, and which in after ages became places of considerable celebrity. Of Finan, history makes but little mention, nor is that little necessary to be related on this occasion. The sanctity of its character did not at all times preserve the monastery from the cupidity and ferocity of the neighbouring chiefs. In the year one thousand one hundred and eighty, a crime odious to the clergy of all Ireland, is said to have been committed. Innisfallen was

"Ruined and lost, for the conquering foemen
Fled with a *relic*, long treasur'd with pride."

The monastery was plundered of whatever it contained of secular wealth. The gold and silver of the shrine, and the riches and goods which had been deposited there for safety, were sacrilegiously taken away. But the chief loss was said to be a magnificent silver lamp, which had been kept constantly burning before the altar, both by day and night, for several hundred years. This deed was perpetrated by Meldwin, the son of Donaill O'Doncada, for which crime he was afterwards severely punished. The lives of the chieftains were turbulent, and their deaths in general violent; exhibiting in their history a melancholy but instructive contrast to the greater security of life, property, and public liberty of modern times.

Amongst the objects claiming notice, and always pointed out to sight-seers, besides the monastery (the ruins of which a century back were very extensive), are the "Bed of Honour," "The Hawthorn," "The Holly," "The Wonderful Crab-tree," and "The Marvellous Carbuncle." The crab-tree has received the name of "the eye of the needle;" from a hole caused by the tree rising with a double trunk, and again uniting. To pass the body through the aperture insures to the male-gender long life; to females, should they be "as ladies wish to be who love their lords," safety. "The Bed" obtained its name from the circumstance of some hero and heroine of ancient romance flying thither to escape the proposals of a powerful chieftain, which were sanctioned by the lady's father. The favoured lover, thinking he was laying a snare for the rejected, offered to abandon his suit, if the latter, after what had passed (for the lady had passed the night with him in a shady recess above one of the rocks), was then willing to accept her for his wife. To this the chieftain assented, saying he had too much confidence in his rival's honour to doubt the lady's virtue.

"As pure and as bright as the mountain snows
Is a Loch-lein maiden's honour:
Though her heart like a summer sunbeam glows,
She bears no stain upon her."

Passing from Innisfallen, the next point of attraction is O'Sullivan's cascade, situate at the foot of Tomies, and, once upon the waters of the lovely lake, your boat stretches along, gently gliding amongst light, sparkling waves, covering depths as profound (if the boatmen are to be believed,) "as plummet ever sounded." Here, THEY SAY, in *particularly* serene weather, a "marvellous carbuncle," of value untold, may be seen illumining the depths of the lake.

Paddy Byrne was the last man that rowed me over this spot, which when he reached he ceased to ply the oar, and looking over the side of his skiff, said to me, "That 's the spot, your honour, where *they sees* the carbuncle. Well, isn't it wonderful," said Mr. Byrne, "that there is *niver* a legend, nor a notice, about this mighty carbuncle yet in print; though it is said that it 's nothing more nor less than the lamp which was stolen from the monastery by some great Irish chief; and which he flung into the lake because the flame burned his fingers; and that it has been blazing away ever since, and will continue to do so as long as the world 's a world. Now, as I know you 're a bit of a collector of *thim ould* legends, if you 'll just step up to my cabin this evening, it 's myself will send for the *boy* that shall enlighten you with the entire particulars of the lamp.

The *boy*, to whom Mr. Byrne promised to introduce me, proved to be rather an old one, and was known in the neighbourhood as a "poor scholar." He was a melancholy looking man, his face pale and care-worn, yet bore marks of manly beauty, and his eye, though dimmed by age and misery, still beamed with the fire of intelligence. After a few cursory remarks, I gleaned that the education of the old man fully entitled him to the appellation of "the poor scholar." He displayed a mind illuminated by a fine natural genius, and cultivated far superior to his station in society. This he accounted for, by stating that he had received his education under the direction of his uncle, a parish priest, who many years ago kept a small school in the town of Tralee.

Having seated myself by his side, and lighted one of Gliddon's prime havanahs, I expressed a wish to be made acquainted with the particulars of "the story of the Lamp." With this request he instantly acquiesced, and for the entertainment of the readers of "The Miscellany," I will, as far as my memory will serve, relate it in his own words.

"THE LEGEND OF THE LAMP."

"I cannot speak with certainty as to the exact period of time to which the story I am about to relate appertains; but it was in those days long gone by, when this fair land was divided amongst many rulers; and during a time when a dreadful pestilence made the stoutest heart to quail with fear. Late on a winter evening a young chieftain, accompanied by several armed followers, stopped before the habitation of an aged man, who had sought, and found protection for himself and child, upon the hospitable shore of Innisfallen. The island was then held by an O'Donoghue, Prince of Locha Lein; a chieftain who was (like several others) exempt from the payment of tribute to the great Macarthy. The leader of the daring band that had ventured to invade the island of Innisfallen was Scanlan of the Glen; and the fugitive, before whose habitation they stood, was

one of the once-powerful race of the O'Sullivans. The story goes, that the old man had failed to aid 'The Macarthy' in a recent quarrel with a neighbouring chief, consequently had broken the tenure by which he held his domains; and, fearing the vengeance of the mighty monarch, had fled, with all his wealth, to the O'Donoghue for protection.

"The armed party were clamorous in their demands for admission, and as the door of the old man's dwelling was not immediately opened, they were preparing to force it, when the bars were removed, and Scanlan and his party were admitted. Immediately on their entrance there rushed from an adjoining apartment a young and lovely maiden, who flung herself into the arms of the leader of the intruders, exclaiming in an accent of joy,

"'Is it you, my dear Desmond? Ah! I have long expected you, and watched your coming from the western shore, long after sundown.'

"The words had scarcely escaped her lips when she started back in terror, for the bright steel of the chieftain's sword caught her eye, and sent a chill through her young and warm bosom. She looked at the stranger, and sinking on a seat, exclaimed,

"'Great heaven! it is not Desmond! We are betrayed!'

"'True, fair maiden, I am not young Desmond, the handsome hunter of the hills, neither do I bring rich presents to my affianced bride, the beauteous Saova: I am Scanlan of the Glen, and am here to execute the orders of my feudal sovereign, the great Macarthy Mor.'

"'To thy chamber, daughter!' exclaimed O'Sullivan, who had been unobserved by the party; 'I am sufficient, I should think, to do the honours of the house to this base minion of a baser tyrant.'

"'Reproaches are but as words given idly to the wind,' replied the young chief; 'for from this moment neither you nor any that claim your kindred, can call house or land your own; I bear a commission to seize your persons; and your goods are confiscated.'

"'You must be mad, young man!' vociferated O'Sullivan, raising his lamp to the face of his denouncer. 'Know you not that we are under the protection of the Prince O'Donoghue, who has already punished more than one proud chief who has dared to molest those to whom he grants protection. Home, boy! nor dare to put this foolish trick on me, or I may punish you as you deserve.'

"'Well, Sir Traitor, we must e'en put your threats to the proof, so do your duty, comrades; seize that old dotard, he is your prisoner; and his wealth the booty due to our liege lord, as indemnification for his refusal to aid his cause against the Red O'Connor.'

"The followers of Scanlan obeyed, and bound the old man hand and foot, who fancied the whole affair must be a dream, for the proceedings had been conducted with so much secrecy and quiet that the reality fell like a thunderbolt upon its victim.

"Saova, who had crept to her parent's side during the loud war of words, appeared rooted to the spot, and bent an eye of vacancy on the mailed figure of the chieftain, Scanlan, whilst her father from time to time uttered cries of agony and despair, exclaiming, 'Just heaven! what will become of us?'

"'A question soon answered,' replied the Chief of the Glen; 'you, old man, as the head of your race, are doomed to die the death of all

traitors; and your child, with all of her sex who bear your name, or claim kindred with you, are to be driven from this land.'

"'Great God! what, driven from their hearth and home?' exclaimed the old man, wringing his corded hands.

"'Yes, even from this moment,' answered the heartless youth.

"Saova, on hearing this terrible decree, started from the state of apathy into which she had fallen, suddenly seized the mailed arm of Scanlan with a convulsive grasp, and fixing her inquiring eyes full on his face, she thus addressed him:—

"'Young warrior, you cannot have the heart to enforce this cruel, vile decree; you surely will not drive the old man forth to meet the vengeance of an angry tyrant?'

"The fair pleader never looked more beautiful than at this moment; her bosom heaving with anxious and contending emotions, while from her full and stag-like eyes shot daring and determination. Scanlan, whose heart was not totally devoid of feeling, appeared to gaze with interest as he looked upon the lovely advocate, and was about to reply, when the harsh voice of one of his followers reminded him that he had yet other duties to perform, and that the orders of the Macarthy must not be delayed by those intrusted with their execution.

"'Right,' said the young chief; 'come, fair maiden, prepare yourself for instant departure; we will conduct you safely through the mountain passes, and once beyond the district of Eoganacht, you will be free from further molestation.'

"He commanded his followers to execute their business with despatch. In vain did the almost frantic Saova implore him to be merciful, and take her life rather than separate her from her aged parent. He was deaf to all her intreaties, and having rudely repulsed her, she sank senseless to the ground. The followers of the Chief of the Glen, having plundered the abode of the wealth it contained, forced the old man from his house. The tumult aroused the fair Saova, and she stood before the marauders an altered being.

"'Father, farewell!' she said. 'The daughter of an Irish chieftain must preserve her life for a great and noble purpose.'

"Scanlan was at a loss to comprehend the meaning of her words, and the sudden change which had taken place in her manner; but the eyes of the aged parent brightened as he read in the countenance of his beauteous daughter the characters of defiance and revenge. They were, however, from that hour separated for ever.

"Two months from that day the Chief of the Glen was seated at the feet of the lovely Elline, daughter of the Macarthy Mor; she was listening with attention and delight to the recital of his adventures in her father's service, whilst his mother, the proud Gromlaith, sat regarding them with smiles of delight. They formed a charming group; the fair, delicate girl, clothed in a robe of purest white, her slender waist encircled by a golden zone, was seated on an ebony chair of curious workmanship; the handsome youth, who appeared almost on his knees before her, as if in deep devotion to some saint. Elline, smiling, and happy in his love, listened as he spoke. Scanlan thought only of the bliss that awaited him, and his happiness in contemplating the fair features of the lovely maiden he should call his own on the morrow. At their side, and looking as their guardian angel, sat the proud Gromlaith, exulting in her success of having ef-

fected a union which would heal the breach which had for some time existed between her noble race, and that of the Macarthy Mor. Day was fast drawing to a close, the evening perfume of the sweet spring flowers embalmed the air, and all nature seemed hushed into a holy calm. The little party felt its influence, and silence for awhile crept amongst them, as if afraid to break the repose of nature. The Chief of the Glen rested his head near the lap of his Elline, and at that moment they forgot all but themselves, even the dreadful pestilence which for some time past had, like a scythe, cut off so many of the chieftains and their followers, sparing in its dreadful march neither young nor old. At this hour of fancied security the large Gothic door of the apartment was opened with great caution, and a female figure, closely veiled, stood before the happy group. The youth started to his feet, displeased at being interrupted in the sweet but serious train of thought to which he had yielded, and somewhat rudely demanded the purport of her visit.

"'Scanlan, Chief of the Glen,' she replied with solemnity, 'is not that fair maiden Elline, the daughter of the great Macarthy Mor, and your affianced bride?'

"At the sound of the female's voice Elline started from her seat, and bent an inquiring look upon the agitated countenance of her youthful lover. She fancied she foresaw that a disagreeable scene was about to be enacted from some trembling and forsaken girl, and fearing for her own happiness, burst into tears.

"Scanlan briefly replied, 'She is my affianced bride, the daughter of Macarthy Mor!'

"''Tis well,' said the incognita, in a tone of exultation; and turning to the door by which she entered, carefully closed it; then placing herself before the daughter of the great monarch, she scrutinized her attentively for some time through her veil; then, as if thinking aloud, she murmured, pausing between each word, 'Yes—yes; she is indeed handsome, even more beautiful than I had hoped to find her!'

"'And what is that to thee!' exclaimed the youth, with impatience.

"'What to me?' exultingly replied the unknown; 'why this—Scanlan of the Glen! I came to warn you of a danger that threatens you and your young bride; of a dreadful project to dash the cup of bliss for ever from your lips; it has been well conceived, and will be executed by one who is your deadly enemy.'

"'I have no enemy who can injure me, or whom I fear,' proudly answered the youth; 'defended by my castle's walls, and my good sword, I would bid defiance to any chieftain.'

"'Your enemy,' replied the unknown, 'is but a poor, defenceless woman; one who, in spite of ramparts and sword, holds in her hand vengeance as inevitable and certain as the punishment of offended Heaven!'

"A horrible thought took possession of the mind of the youth; it appeared to him unreasonable to fear a woman, alone, and unarmed, but he doubted not that she was a maniac; a sad presentiment agitated him, and with a trembling voice he said, 'Who are you?—what are you?'

"'Who am I,' she replied with solemn pathos, 'Saova, the chieftain's daughter! and what I seek is vengeance for a father's life.'

"'Enough! enough!' said the Chief of the Glen, 'instantly leave this place, or my followers shall thrust thee hence.'

"'They dare not!' she indignantly replied.

"'Then I will!' he exclaimed; and advancing towards her, seized her by the arm to drag her forth, but she clung to him with convulsive rage. The struggle was severe, and he had nearly succeeded in his purpose, when she demanded to be allowed to quit the castle without force. 'I crave one boon; let me but once more gaze upon the features of your intended bride, 'tis all I ask for the deep misery you have caused to me and mine.'

"She advanced with him towards the trembling maiden, who had sought refuge in the arms of the Lady Gromlaith, for she had an unaccountable feeling of dread, which she could not conquer. Scanlan himself, whilst he held her firmly by the arm, obeyed her with reluctance. It was a moment of awful silence when Saova stood before the trembling Elline. Slowly she raised the veil which had concealed her features; then, presenting the youth to his lovely bride, screamed aloud,

"'Elline Macarthy, I here present to you Scanlan, the Chief of the Glen.' The youth instantly quitted the arm he had grasped; Elline fell on her knees, and the Lady Gromlaith stood motionless with horror. A loud and fiendish laugh burst from Saova as she exclaimed with triumph, 'Now, Chief of the Glen, where are your boasted ramparts? where your good sword, to defend you from the vengeance of a poor weak woman? Why stand you all aghast? Why gaze on me, as if in fear? 'Tis true I am pestiferous! and have inoculated with the poison of death all those on whom I've breathed. Look on your bride; see how beautiful she is! I was once as fair. Now what am I? and who made me what I am?'

"Fiend-like she sprang upon the object of her hate, clung to him like a serpent, and covered his face and lips with deadly kisses. During this horrible struggle neither his mother nor Elline dared approach to assist him; they saw him writhing beneath the poisonous embraces of the wretched woman, and could only weep, and call for help. At length the vassals came; but at the sight of Saova they stood petrified and immoveable, not daring to approach beyond the threshold. The frightful contest was terminated by Scanlan's plunging his sword into the maiden's bosom. For several days the life of the young chieftain was despaired of. During this time the Lady Gromlaith made a vow to bestow a silver lamp on the blessed Saint Finan Lobhra, if her son recovered from his present danger. She also made a gift to the monastery, to defray the expense of keeping the lamp constantly burning before the altar, both by day and night. The Chief of the Glen was saved through the intercession of the saint; but the legend says, that he never afterwards had the use of his right arm, which was the cause of his having the appellation of 'SCANLAN THE SCATHED;' and that the beauteous Elline fell a victim to the dreadful pestilence which then ravaged this fair island."

A LONELY NIGHT ON THE FELDBERG.

After a sojourn of some weeks at Wiesbaden, though my health was bettered by the use of the waters, the early rising, the morning-walks, the one o'clock dinners, and the afternoon promenades, yet my mind began to sicken at the irksome monotony of the place; for that which appeared a pleasing variety the first few days, became, by its uniform repetition, a dull and wearisome monotony. The same series of actions and scenes was to be gone through every day. At six o'clock in the morning you repaired to the confined space, shut in partly by houses and garden-walls, before the *kokbrunnen* (boiling springs), or, as some, with a very imaginative palate, are pleased to fancy and term it, the chicken-broth well, from its slight resemblance in taste to that culinary concoction. There you had daily to elbow your way through a dense crowd of real or pseudo invalids, each glass in hand, and employed in drenching their stomachs with scalding water. This well-dressed throng, composed of the most heterogeneous ingredients, presented no doubt variety enough, as far as rank and character went; for in it were to be found not a few Russian princes and princesses, counts and countesses, German *hersogs* (dukes) and their noble moieties, who might with truth be termed their better halves, many of them being nearly double the weight and volume of their husbands, barons and baronesses by the hundred, and minor German gentry, *heerens-fraus*, and *frauleens* in still greater abundance. To these "native and German to the matter" was to be added a formidable reinforcement of visitors from several of the other countries of Europe, but more especially from Great Britain, these last including almost all grades of the upper and middle classes, from the stately duke or magnificent marquis, down through all the intermediate shades of station and respectability to the plum-rich drysalter, or fortune-crowned vendor of liquid blacking or patent pills.

According as this motley assemblage of princes, peers, parsons, professors, and pill-purveyors,—dukes, dandies, doctors, dentists, and drysalters,—counts, chevaliers, colonels, and corn-cutters,—barons, brewers, biscuit-bakers, and bill-brokers, &c. &c. &c., with their titled or untitled, fair or brown helpmates, gulped down the prescribed quantity of scalding water, its component parts dispersed in various directions, some to lounge under the straight linden-tree walks contiguous to the well, and others to perambulate the more distant promenades behind the *Kursaal*, or assembly-rooms, then and there, *à force de marcher*, to expel by the pores the quantum of extra caloric they had taken in through the mouth. This operation once concluded, they returned to their respective *hoffs*, or hotels, where they proved by the vigour of their attacks on the solids and liquids that covered the breakfast-tables, the appetite-giving qualities of hot water, early rising, and exercise. Between this recruiting of the vital forces and another important duty of the day, the bath-takings, the interval is filled up either in yawning over stale newspapers, lounging about the doors of hotels, sauntering listlessly through the streets, sometimes stopping to stare with eager curiosity at so novel and extraordinary a sight as a post-chaise drawn by two or more

horses, with two, three, or more unfeathered bipeds within it. Others, and those chiefly Germans, endeavour to kill Time by smothering him with smoke, and continuing unceasingly to puff, puff, puff away, from dawn to *déjeûner*, from *déjeûner* to dinner, from dinner to supper, and from supper to snoring time. In fact, many of these inveterate consumers of the Indian weed never take the pipe from their mouths but during the time strictly necessary to fill the latter organs with the food requisite for their bodily sustenance, and pass their days pretty much in the same manner as Jupiter is described by Homer to have whiled away his time upon Mount Olympus,—in cloud-compelling.

From eleven to one o'clock, the bathing-hours, great is the concourse, hurried the movements, and flurried the faces in the streets of Wiesbaden. At these hours may be seen, hastily gliding along the foot-pavements, staid ladies and gentlemen of all sizes, ages, and complexions, muffled up to the eyes, seemingly afraid of the light of day and the free air, and with eyes inflamed and cheeks flushed, as if they had been committing some guilty action; and yet they have been doing nothing more iniquitous to themselves or others, than par-boiling their bodies in the scalding water of the *kokbrunnen* for some half hour or so. The next scene of this strange, if not eventful, history, is the *table d'hôte*. It would require a Rabelaisian pen to do justice to the Gargantuan powers of demolition, mastication, and deglutition displayed upon these occasions, and particularly by the German operators. The almost lightning celerity with which soup, *bouilli*, fish, patties, pasties, stews, minced meats, made dishes, hams and tongues—the latter often stuffed with almonds and raisins—sausages and sour krout, raw herrings and beet-root, with a long *et cetera* of *hors d'œuvres*, are engulfed, baffles all description. So hearty has been the discussion of each and all of these dishes by each and every guest, that it appears to a stranger, the first time of his being a witness of this scene of voracity, that the meal is over, and the appetites of all satisfied. But, alas! how egregious is his mistake! This is not even the *commencement de la fin*, for between this first course and the last there is a pause, but a pause that is most profitably and solidly filled up by a goodly array of arrow-root; bread and butter, sago, tapioca, and rice-puddings flanked by huge beakers of acid sauces; and this mixture of sweets and sours being duly and abundantly partaken of, the company find themselves fitted and ready to fall upon, with apparently unabated *gusto*, the *pieces de resistance* which are then ushered in in solemn state, in the shape of huge pieces of roast beef, legs of mutton, haunches of *chevreuil*, roast geese, fowl, game, &c.

After dinner, the usual duration of which is from one and a half to two hours, the company disperse, but only to meet again in a short time in the gardens, and extensive and ornamented pleasure-grounds appertaining to the Kursaal, where coffee-drinking, liqueur-sipping, ice-taking, promenading, and smoking, all to the sound of an excellent band of wind-instruments, fill up the hours, till the shades of night closing in, compel a retreat into the interior of the Kursaal, where, in the midst of the principal saloon, a room of immense size, the ceiling supported by two rows of massive and magnificent marble columns, and splendidly decorated, draperied, and lighted up with one large, and several smaller lustres, are planted two roulette-

tables, with their respective *états majors* of inspector, dealers, croupiers and rakers, green-shaded lights, shining heaps of gold and silver, and other paraphernalia. In the adjoining rooms is an equal number of rouge-et-noir tables, so that the youthful and the reckless of all ages have but a poor chance of escaping these multiplied dangers, for, in flying from the Scylla of the roulette-table, they but too often find themselves cast away on the equally perilous Charybdis of rouge-et-noir. Around these burning tapers of temptation is seen hovering continually a cloud of human moths and butterflies, few of whom escape without having their wings sorely singed, and in many instances so completely burnt off, that they are reduced from their gay, glittering, fluttering state, to their original obscure and helpless grub-form,—for where on earth is there a more desolate and helpless insect than a play-ruined and broken-down dandy in a foreign country, without money, or means, friends, or credit? It would be dull as "a twice-told tale" to describe the doings of the supper-rooms of the Kursaal, where many of those who at one o'clock dined as if they were never to dine again, now sup as if they never had dined.

Such being the occupations and amusements at Wiesbaden, it may be easily conceived, as I have already hinted, that their daily and unvaried repetition became monotonous and wearisome, so that to escape that worst of all maladies, the *tædium vitæ*, I resolved to change the scene; and having heard much of the glorious view from the Feldberg (the highest of the Taunus range of mountains), and of the beauty of the surrounding country, I hied to the railroad-station, and taking my place in one of the trains, was deposited in about an hour at Höchst, within a few miles of Frankfort. From Höchst my road lay in a straight line across the plain, to the pretty village of Soden, renowned for the variety and strength of its mineral-springs; one of which bore the tempting denomination of *Champagner Brunnen*, or Champagne Spring. Of this I took more than one deep draught, and found its light and limpid water winking all over its surface with beaded bubbles of carbonic acid gas, if not so exhilarating as its French namesake, certainly more refreshing and invigorating after a smart walk of four miles, under a hot sun. From Soden the soil gradually rises towards the forest that commences at the foot of the Feldberg, and covers the whole of the mountain, with the exception of its topmost summit. Close to the foot of the mountain, on the left as you approach, stands the picturesque little town of Konigstein, on the sides of a conical hill, and overtopped by the extensive ruins of a feudal castle, part of which has been repaired, and converted into a modern fortress. About a mile to the right is seen, on the highest peak of a lofty and precipitous pile of rocks, the imposing ruins of the baronial castle of Falkenstein, well known for being the local habitation given by tradition to one of the wild stories that have floated down the stream of time from the days of chivalry, and are still related, if not believed, by the German peasantry.

Finding on inquiry at the little inn at Konigstein that the ascent of the mountain through the forest was too intricate to be attempted alone, I asked for a guide; and, after more than an hour's delay—for nothing, unless it be the process of eating, is done speedily, in this part of Germany at least,—a guide—and such a guide!—presented

himself. This being, "curtailed of nature's fair proportion," was under four feet in stature, with a breadth of chest and shoulders befitting a giant, a head, from its enormity, in keeping with the shoulders, and sunk between them. On this mis-shapen head was a thick forest of dark rusty-coloured hair, that hung in matted locks over his humped back and down his face, concealing almost his deeply sunken eyes, which were perceptible only at intervals by the gloomy and sinister glare they shot forth. The beauties of the lower part of this visage were eked out by an awful chasm of a mouth, that encroached more than the most enlarged limits of fitness and proportion could justify upon both cheeks, and which was armed with two rows of broad and massive teeth, whose whiteness was rendered more dazzling as "he oped his ponderous jaws" to grin or growl, by the thick black stubble, by courtesy called a beard, that covered these jaws, the negro-like lips and protruding chin. This huge trunk, with its upper and appalling appendages, was awkwardly and loosely set up on nether limbs of the most disproportionate want of elongation, as compared with the large dimensions of the body, but the due length of which his legs were defrauded, seemed to have been added to his splay feet, which were flattened out both in breadth and length to such a size as made them resemble more the wide-webbed *pattes* of some enormous aquatic fowl or amphibious amimal than the feet of a human being. With this strange monster, this twin-brother of Caliban, I was, though loath, fain to take my way, and we started for the mountain-side, and were soon deep in the gloom of the forest. My guide preceded me at a rapid, and what might be termed an enigmatical pace, for he neither walked, nor trotted, nor ran, nor galloped, but got over the ground in a pace quite peculiar to himself, and as it may be said, by stratagem; for instead of putting either foot alternately straight before him like all other mortals, he flung out sideways each foot, and after describing with it a semicircle, brought it down with a kind of bouncing movement, in advance more than the usual pace of a man, accompanying this grotesque evolution with a squattering of his broad feet amongst the fallen leaves of the forest path (for the season was autumn) that at first was perfectly startling, whilst at the same time he kept muttering or rather growling to himself a kind of monotonous sing-song or litany, which I afterwards had reason to know was the rehearsal of the lesson he had to deliver on the top of the mountain.

In this unsociable manner we trudged on through the devious and often intricate forest paths, and sometimes through the dry bed of a torrent, for nearly three weary hours. At last, emerging from under the shade of melancholy boughs, we came in sight of the top, which was bare of trees, and only covered with moss and long, rank reedy grass. As I neared the summit, the clouds, with a *prévenance* that I could have gladly dispensed with, descended to meet me, so that on attaining the highest point, I found myself in a world of vapour, and as completely shut out, or rather shut in, from the view of the widely extended panorama, I had been so eagerly toiling after, as if I had dived into the bowels of the earth, instead of climbing one of the warts on its huge back. This was to me a moment of bitter disappointment, and a cruel and practical comment on the text which points out the vanity and uncertainty of human wishes. On my guide, however, it appeared to have no such effect, for, like

an alarm clock, wound up to strike at a particular hour, the moment he gained the summit, he made immediately, in his shuffling manner, for the edge of the level on which we stood, and stretching out his arms and pointing as if to some distant objects, though to have seen anything at ten paces in advance was impossible from the impervious gloom that shrouded the mountain top, he began in a deeply guttural tone, and rapid delivery, to run over the names of the towns and villages, rivers, and hills that lay in the direction to which he pointed, and this he did with such breathless haste, as shewed that he feared that if he once by the shortest pause let fall the thread of his discourse, the clue was lost to him irrevocably, for that excursion at least. As soon as he had enumerated the names of the places, &c. that lay to the north, he quickly shifted his position to the east, and re-commenced his rapid and rugged litany, which ceremony he repeated at the two remaining cardinal points of the heavens; and then without pause, stay, or warning, as if the sole end and aim of our coming up was to hear him repeat his lesson, he began his descent of the mountain, on another and much more precipitous side than that by which we had ascended. Though chagrined at having so entirely failed in the object of my toilsome walk, and chilled to the bones by the cold and piercing vapour about me, I could not help bursting into a laugh at the equally ludicrous and strange conduct of my guide; and all hope of a clearing up of the sky being for that day over, I was fain to follow the headlong course of my precursor.

In considerably less than one-half the time we took to come up, we descended the mountain, at times sliding for several paces on our heels, then jumping for a long interval from tuft to tuft, and at other times letting ourselves drop from shrub to shrub. Wearied and baffled, I returned to "mine inn," feeling very like one who had gone out to look for wool, and had come home shorn. But the keenness of my annoyance had, like most other "things evil, some soul of goodness in it," for it excited me to the resolution of giving myself and the splendid view from the Feldberg another chance of forming an acquaintance.

With the hope of accomplishing this, I rose early the next morning, but the sky was still sunless and menacing, and as the day wore away and noon succeeded to morn, without any symptoms of an atmospheric change, I was beginning to dread that I must return to Wiesbaden a baffled man, when all at once, as if some kind spirit, the binder up of broken hopes, had intervened in my favour, a gentle and genial breeze sprung up, and after rustling into life the listless leaves of the drooping trees, heaved upwards from the earth the dense mass of clouds, and compelled them, like a routed army, to disperse in confused and huddled heaps, towards the horizon, leaving the blue sky free to the sun to career and triumph in. Taking advantage of this unexpected and happy denouement, I set out, though it was then rather late in the day, for such an excursion, being between two and three o'clock, for the top of the Feldberg. This time, however, I dispensed with the attendance of my former guide, who appeared to me to be three parts idiot and one part gnome or demon, and dared the devious path alone, provided only with a paper of sandwiches, a few cigars, their necessary adjunct a box of lucifers, a telescope, and, forewarned by the cold of the

preceding day on the "misty mountain's top," a little brandy in a flask, and a light Macintosh cloak.

In somewhat more time than the ascent had taken on the previous day, from being obliged to pause more than once, to choose between three or four paths that crossed each other, that which was the right one, I attained the summit, 2600 feet above the level of the sea, and was rewarded for my former disappointment and present fatigue by one of the most extensive and interesting panoramas that can be given to the eye to contemplate, at least in Europe. There could not have been a more favourable moment for viewing this wondrous picture in all its imposing breadth and infinite detail. For, as Southey sings of a similar autumn-day, that sent into the heart a summer-feeling—

> There was not on that day a speck to stain
> The azure heaven ; the blessed sun alone,
> In unapproachable divinity
> Careered, rejoicing in his fields of light.

Immediately below me lay the lower hills of the Taunus range, spread out in all their waving variety of height and hollow, slope and valley, thickly clothed with woods, tinted with the mellow and many-coloured hues of autumn, and sheltering in some of their most secluded and picturesque sites small, romantic towns, some with castellated and turretted walls, and all dignified with the remains of some feudal and ivy-covered castle, whilst over the wide-spread plain beyond, that stretched out for many and many a league on all sides, to the horizon, were scattered cities, towns, villages, and hamlets, in a profusion that would have delighted, if it did not puzzle, the least enthusiastic of topographers. The sun's rays, as strongly reflected from the waters of the Rhine, traced out with glittering distinctness the winding course of that noble river, as it flowed on, "exulting and abounding" now through rich and populous champaign countries, and now through its steep and vine-covered banks, with their numerous feudal ruins and mouldering robber holds ; whilst the Mein, and other minor rivers, like streams of molten silver, sparkled forth here and there, giving life and brilliancy to the many-featured landscape. To attempt anything like a full description of all that falls within the range of vision, aided by the telescope, from the top of the Feldberg, would be impossible in the brief limits of an article ; but, that some idea may be formed of the immense outlines of the prospect, I subjoin in a note what topographers say of them, after stating that the eye commands a circumference of four hundred and fifty-one miles, within which are twelve cities and large towns, and one hundred villages. *

Absorbed in the contemplation of this glorious prospect, time flew

* "The most distant points seen from the Feldberg are the mountains called the Inselberg, near Gotha ; the Röhngeberg, by Fulda ; and the Spessart, in Franconia. Towards the south, the Katzenbackel, in the Odenwald ; the Melibocus, by Anerbach ; the Oelberg, by Schiersheim, on the Bergstrasse ; the Heiligenberg and Königstuhl, by Heidelberg ; the Itterkensberg, by Baden ; and the Donnen, under the Vogesen. Towards the west, the Donnersberg, by Kreutznach ; the Munsterberg, by Bingen ; the hills on the Moselle ; and the Liebengebürge or Drachenfels, by Bonn. Toward the north west, the chain of hills in Westphalia : the Huban and First, by Ems ; and the Westerwald. Towards the north, the Dynsberg, by Giessen ; the Meisner, in Lower Hessia ; the mountains by Gilsenberg ; and the Hubuchswalde, by Cassel. This completes the superb panorama."

by me unheeded; and, on being recalled to myself by a feeling of chilliness from the cold wind that prevailed around, I perceived that the sun had declined considerably. Finding myself hungry, cold, and fatigued, I sought for a spot where I could be sheltered from the wind whilst I discussed a few sandwiches. This desired *gîte* was furnished me by a huge fragment of rock, that rises up alone and abruptly from the centre of the level space on the top of the Feldberg, and which is called Brunehilda's bed, from a tradition that a beautiful Frankish queen of that name sought a refuge there from her enemies. This rock leans to one side, and being slightly concave on that side, offers a shelter from the rain, and the winds of heaven, unless that which blows directly towards its front. Fortunately, on this occasion the wind was in its poop. After appeasing the pangs of hunger, and driving out the cold with a few grains of brandy, I again started up to view the splendid prospect, under a new and still more imposing character, as it was then bathed in all the glorious tints and magical effects of an unusually fine sunset. Never were I to live as the Spaniards wish their friends, "a thousand years," shall I forget the impression made upon me by the sublimity of that spectacle. The earth throughout the vast extent of that wide panorama seemed to be converted by the sun's alchemy into massive gold; the Rhine and Mein, and their tributary rivers and minor streams, flashed up as if liquid fire and hot water filled their beds; the windows of the houses, and gilded pinnacles of the spires and towers of the numerous cities and towns within view, blazed out as if a sudden conflagration had seized upon them, and the transitory and visionary flames passed on from house to house, and from spire to spire, as if following to do the awful behests of a destroying angel in his avenging flight. The very air seemed to be thick and palpable, and too warm to breathe, charged, as it was, with the fervid glow of sunset. Then, after this tumultuous and all-pervading splendour, came on the wondrous and countless changes of colour produced in the evening clouds by the sinking orb, with all their corresponding effects and indescribable accidents of light and shade upon the landscape. Gradually the deep, rich, and ruby-like glow faded away, and, before vanishing entirely, tinged, for an almost imperceptible space of time, with a faint roseate blush the peaks of the most distant hills, whilst that part of the sky towards the west not hid from the view by clouds, underwent successively all those exquisitely delicate and beautiful tints comprised between the deep full green of the emerald and the faintest shade of the same colour, as seen in the palest specimen of the stone called *aqua marina*, whilst the extreme edges of this wondrous woof were flashing with the ever-varying brilliancy of the opal, or shining in that green and golden light the admiration and despair of painters. As this sublime pageantry of the clouds approached its close, an empurpled vapour stole over the hills, the last lingering trace of light faded from the sky, and then

"O'er all
Eve's dewy fingers drew
The gradual dusky veil."

Entirely unmindful of where I was, and its distance from any abitation, I remained rapt in admiration of the glorious scene, and

not aware of the little or no twilight that was to intervene between sunset and the darkness of night, I was only roused from my reverie by a gloom that came on as suddenly as if a curtain had been let down before my eyes. Starting, I recollected the intricate way I had to thread before reaching shelter for the night, and without a minute's pause, hurried down from the summit and plunged into what I thought was the right path through the forest, but either I missed it in my heedless haste at first, or from my eyes being dimmed by dwelling so long on the plighted and sun-lit clouds, I afterwards swerved from it, and soon found myself entangled in the intricacies and confounded by the gloom of the forest. The sky had already become obscured with quickly gathering clouds, so that it was thick darkness under the closely intermingled branches of the forest-trees, and a rapid and heavy pattering amongst the leaves announced that with the fall of night had come a fall of rain. In vain I sought on every side to strike into the right path, but only found that in my bewilderment I was getting into the remote depths of the forest, almost impassable from the closeness of the trees and the thick brushwood. To have cast about or shouted for assistance was hopeless, as I knew that there was not a single human habitation on the mountain, and to have made a couch of humid and mouldering leaves to pass the night on, with, probably, some companions of the vipers I had seen gliding about the day before for my bedfellows, was not to be thought of without a shudder of dissent. So, as a dernier resort, I resolved to retrace my steps to the summit, and seek for shelter, if not rest, in the royal but stony bed of queen Brunehilda.

Before emerging from the forest, which terminates near the top of the mountain, I collected as large a bundle as I could well carry of dry and withered branches, to give cheer and warmth to the lonely watches of the night I had in prospect. This operation I repeated twice or thrice, so as to have a provision of fuel that might last me till morning, and in as many successive trips I carried, like Ferdinand in the Tempest, my heaps of firewood to their lofty destination. Having arranged a portion of these in front of, and close to, the concave side of the rock, I set fire to them by means of my lucifer box, and ensconcing myself in the bed of Brunehilda, and shut in as if with a door of mingled flame and smoke, I prepared to pass the loitering hours till dawn should set me free. The fatigues of the day, and the kindly warmth of the fire, disposed my eyes to slumber, and I soon dropped into a heavy, but not dreamless sleep; for in this sleep there again appeared before me the hideous face and mis-shapen form of my guide of the day before, and who announced himself as a gnome, or dwarf of the mines, charged with watching over the treasures of gold and silver that lay hid in the bowels of the mountain, and which he offered to shew me if I would follow him. But before I had time to answer him, his distorted and repulsive features changed, with the wild incoherency peculiar to dreams, into the beautiful but stately expression of a feminine face, and his dwarfish stature assumed the height and graceful proportions of a female figure clothed in an antique costume, wearing a coronet of sparkling jewels over her fair and flowing locks, an image in fact of the queen Brunehilda, whose bed I was occupying. Then this figure, as if dividing itself in two, appeared to the eyes of my fancy, at one

and the same time, my guide and Brunehilda, who began in grotesque and wild gambols, to chase each other alternately pursuing and pursued; then, intermingling their persons, they whirled in a mad and mazy waltz round and round the platform on the mountain top, till in one of their heedless circlings they approached too near the edge of the level space and appeared to topple over, at the same time that a cry of terror, as I thought from the falling queen of the Franks, broke my slumber, and terminated abruptly my dream.

I raised my head from the rock against which I had been leaning, and opened my eyes, when, athwart the veil of smoke that arose from the burning faggots, I thought I could dimly descry, squatted at the other side of the fire, a female form. I could not at first credit my senses, but said to myself, it can only be one of the yet undissipated images of my dream; and to assure myself that it was so, I sat upright, rubbed my eyes, and again looked across the fire, when there still appeared, in real and bodily distinctness, the same form, with the head hung down, the face concealed by a thick and dishevelled fell of fair hair, that drooped like a veil over it, and the hands held up, as if to catch the warmth of the burning embers. Though not much given to supernatural terrors, I will confess, that for an instant a cold and convulsive shudder crept through my frame, and I gasped for breath as if the pulses of my heart had ceased suddenly to beat. Seeing, however, the form before me motionless, I recovered some self-possession, and cried out, not certainly in a very steady voice, "Who and what are you?" At the sound the figure half started to its feet, as if about to escape, but after a second's hesitation, seeing me quiescent, resumed its sitting posture. The sudden movement had flung aside the clustering locks of hair from the face, and disclosed features that must have been once eminently lovely, though now wild and haggard, the deep blue eyes flashing forth that intense and almost unearthly lustre incident to those whose minds are hopelessly bestraught, and the calm and beautiful expression that must have once played about the mouth, was now replaced by the fitful and convulsive quivering communicated to the lips by the frequent mutterings of a distempered fancy.

To the question I had put, whether understood or not, I received no other answer than a half-angry, half-terrified glance, followed by strange mopings, mowings, and gibberings, and pointing with the fore-finger to her head and her heart. I felt at once convinced that the forlorn being before me was a fugitive maniac, and compassion took the place of strange surmise and foolish fears in my mind. Independent of sympathy for her insane state, greatly did she need compassion, and much did the wind, bitter as it was, on this desolate peak, need tempering to this shorn lamb, so scantily was she provided against its chilling breath; for not only was her poor head bare of any covering but that given it by nature, but her light and scanty garments, that, deranged and mutilated above, but ill concealed her snowy neck and arms, were torn into shreds below by the brambles and brushwood in her reckless wanderings through the depths of the forest, and her small and well-formed feet were naked, she either having fled from home with them in that state or torn off their coverings in one of her moody fits.

After gazing on her with intense and compassionate interest for some moments, it occurred to me that she might be suffering from hunger, I therefore unfolded my paper of sandwiches, and, to attract her attention and encourage her by my example, I began eating one of them. Seeing that she watched me with an eager and almost wolfish look, I took a few of the sandwiches, and for fear of alarming her by getting up or stretching across the fire, I threw them to her. She instantly caught them up, and after looking inquiringly into my face, began eating, or rather devouring them, and as she finished, held out her hand for more. I supplied her with the remainder of my store; and perceiving that she still, though so near the fire, shivered with cold, I took the brandy flask, and after taking a sip, I threw it across to her. She took it up cautiously, examined it on every side, pressed it with her hands, and then shook her head, as if unable to comprehend how she should make use of it. I made a sign to indicate the taking out the stopper and putting the flask to my lips; this sign she obeyed, and raising the flask to her mouth, swallowed, to my surprise and dismay, the remaining contents, fortunately, not a great quantity, of it. Instantly, as if pierced by a bullet, she sprang to her feet, uttered a wild cry of agony, flung the flask into the fire, and fled into the surrounding darkness. I was greatly shocked at this sinister result of my well-meant intentions, the more particularly as I heard for a considerable time her screams at intervals as she wandered in pain through the forest.

The strange excitement of the whole scene dispelled all further disposition to sleep, and feeling how utterly useless it would be to follow the poor maniac in her terror-winged flight, after throwing some fresh faggots on the fire, I remained motionless, my eyes fixed on the eddying smoke of the burning branches, and my thoughts employed in sad and painful reflections. Nearly an hour must have passed in this sort of reverie, when the solemn stillness of the scene was broken by the tones of a human voice, in which as they approached near enough to where I lay to be distinct, I recognised abrupt and incoherent expressions, uttered in an animated or excited manner, and in the French language, and soon after there reappeared within the space over which the light of the fire shone, the form of my former and forlorn visitor. With a tripping step, but cautious air, she approached the fire, and after staring at me intently for a few seconds, sat down nearly in her former position. It was evident that the painful sensations caused by the alcohol she had so incautiously swallowed, had disappeared, and given place to its merely stimulating effects.

The poor demented creature was in a state of great excitement, and seemed to be carrying on a dialogue with some invisible being; for after uttering the most endearing expressions and tender reproaches, coupled with the name of Gustave, in sufficiently intelligible though not correct French, she seemed to pause and listen for a reply before she again spoke. She would then, after peering eagerly into the darkness, as if her eyes followed the retreating form of some cherished object, put her hands to her face, and letting her head sink upon her knees, give way to the most passionate sobbing, as if her heart would break, whilst the thick-coming tears trickled through her fingers, and fell like rain upon the earth. Wishing to turn her aside, if possible, from this keen ecstasy of sorrow, I spoke

to her in French. At the sound of this language she quickly heaved up her head, and after a piercing glance at me, as if she would peruse every feature of my face, she shook her head mournfully, and began in a low and plaintive voice to sing a wild and touching German air, but which she soon broke off, and with the waywardness of insanity changing her tone, she struck into a playful and joyous strain, chaunting snatches of light German ballads and songs of revelry, followed at times by bursts of wild laughter. In this varying mood, alternating between despair and delight, tears and laughter, she continued for a length of time, till, as it would appear, the factitious excitement produced by the draught she had taken, subsided, when all her fragments of melody were characterized by the deepest melancholy, and with streaming eyes, upturned looks, expressive of the keenest anguish, and in tones, full and clear as a bell, that thrilled through the heart, she sung her songs of sorrow the remainder of the live-long night.

This strange and saddening scene recalled vividly to my recollection an anecdote of the celebrated Madame Roland, as related by one of her fellow-prisoners, in the *Conciergerie*, Madame Talma, who says: "She spent the night before her execution in playing on the harpsichord, but the airs she struck and her manner of playing were *so strange, so shocking,* and *so frightful,* that the sounds will never escape my memory."

Equally enduring will be the echo in my memory of the mournful melodies of the poor maniac, that struck not only upon my ear but upon my heart, throughout the lonely watches of that night on the Feldberg, and drew from my eyes, albeit unused to the melting mood, frequent and bitter tears, followed by fervent prayers to the Source of all beneficence and mercy to bind up the wounds of that bruised and broken spirit, and shield from further suffering that frantic and forlorn creature.

More than once I sought, but in vain, to interrupt this harrowing scene, by addressing her in French, and offering to conduct her to a place of safety, and restore her to her friends. She understood me not, or heeded me not. With a mind deeply depressed by the sight of such dire distress, which I could neither relieve nor sooth, and limbs wearied and stiffened from lying so long on my rugged and stony couch, I longed eagerly for the dawn, and so soon as its grey light crept over the distant hills I rose up and stepped out from under the rock. Almost simultaneously with my movement was the spring of the poor maniac to her feet from her sitting posture, and though I instantly stopped and made signs to her not to be alarmed, she would not be prevailed upon to stay, but fled with deer-like speed towards the forest. As unaided and alone I had no chance of securing her, I at once resolved not to pursue, but began my descent of the mountain with all the speed I could, and on nearing the plain, instead of returning to Konigstein, I turned off to the left, and proceeded directly for Soden, where, from the proprietor of the inn speaking French, I could more fully explain myself, and make known the strange story I had to relate. On telling him what had occurred to me on the top of the Feldberg, and describing the person of my strange and sad nocturnal visitor, he clasped his hands together, and cried out—"Oh, thanks be to God, poor Gertrude is found!" I asked him what he meant; when, in reply, he told me

that the very evening before, two keepers from a lunatic asylum in Frankfort had come to Soden, to make inquiries after one of the insane inmates of the establishment, a native of Soden, who had made her escape. He then, on my questioning him further, gave me the following account. He said that "Gertrude K—— was the only child of respectable and respected parents, her father having filled a situation under Government, the emoluments of which were sufficient not only for the comforts but many of the elegances, if not luxuries, of life. At his death, unexpectedly, in the prime of life, so little provision had been made for his family, that his widow was obliged to open a lodging-house for the reception of some of the visitors who frequented the far-famed mineral waters of Soden. Gertrude, then blooming into womanhood, was not only the solace and joy of her mother, but the admiration, and it might be said pride, of all the inhabitants of Soden, for she had the fairest face, the finest form, the sweetest disposition, and the most enchanting voice, not only in Soden and the surrounding country, but even in the large and free city of Frankfort. About three years ago," my host continued, "amongst the inmates of her mother's lodging-house was a handsome, though very pale and sickly-looking Monsieur, from Paris, a prepossessing, polished, and accomplished man, but whose days were apparently numbered, as he seemed to be in a deep decline. However, after some time the virtues of the waters, aided by the unremitting care and attention of Gertrude and her mother, produced a favourable change in his appearance, and restored him to comparative, if not complete health. Professing the sincerest gratitude for the unceasing kindness lavished on him during his illness and convalescence, he offered to instruct Gertrude in French, and aid her in her study of music, to which she was passionately devoted, and in which he was eminently skilled."—But to give in brief what my host paraphrazed at great length—this Frenchman, with a fair outside but a fiendish mind, with persuasion on his lips and profligacy in his heart, equally seductive and selfish, took the basest advantage of the confidence placed in him, gained the most irresistible influence and despotic mastery over the unsophisticated heart of the innocent and all-trusting girl, and at the end of the season took his departure for Paris, with hypocritical tears in his eyes, and a profusion of promises on his lips, that in his hard and arid heart he was determined never to perform.

For a time the simple, unsuspecting girl was supported by hope, for, all truth herself, she feared not deceit in others. Daily might she be seen hurrying with eager steps to the little post-office of the village, to ask for the letter that was never to arrive. After months made up of bitter days of disappointment, she began to feel that sickness of the heart that cometh from hope too long deferred. The brightness of her looks began to fade, and her once light and graceful step to lose its elasticity. She passed many hours of the day at the piano, accompanying with her tears and sighs the favourite airs of her faithless instructor. In this sorrowing manner the dreary days of winter wore sadly and slowly away, and when the spring came it exerted not its revivifying influence upon the mind of Gertrude, who was rapidly sinking into moody and melancholy madness. She seldom spoke, and when she did, made use only of the

French language, which but few, if any, around her could understand. She now passed the greater part of every day in the woods about Soden, wandering distractedly through their gloomiest recesses, and awakening their echoes with the thrilling tones of her still fresh and beautiful voice. But when the season for the arrival of visitors to the springs came, she stirred not from the village, but remained the whole day at the window, watching with eager ears for the sound of carriage-wheels, and when the sound was heard (by her before all others), she darted out into the road, ran forward to meet the carriage, and examined with the most intense anxiety the faces of those within it. When she perceived not amongst them the features her heart yearned to see, she heaved a deep sigh, bowed her head upon her breast, and with folded arms and faltering steps returned to her watching-place at the window. Under this too-exciting action, renewed many times each day, her mind and spirits broke down completely, and her frenzy became so violent and alarming that her poor mother was at length brought to consent that she should be removed to a lunatic asylum in Frankfort. The forlorn mother accompanied her to that city, and occupied a poor lodging near to where her hapless daughter raved, abandoning her house and affairs at Soden to neglect and ultimate ruin. After a year of feverish and heart-withering anxiety, at the close of which little or no hopes of her daughter's recovery of reason were held out to her, with sadly diminished means and a broken-down spirit, the wretched mother pined away rapidly, and in a little time was borne with her sorrows to the grave.

This tale of man's base selfishness and heartless profligacy, and woman's constancy of affection and devoted trustingness, was told by the honest host with rough but kindly emotion, interrupted at times by many a hearty curse on the plausible, polite, and accomplished scoundrel, the contriver of all this woe. On concluding, he said he must haste to send a messenger to Frankfort with intelligence of the poor fugitive having been seen in the woods about the Feldberg, adding that he and other inhabitants of Soden would immediately start for the mountain to seek for and secure her. Before he set out, I gave him my address at Wiesbaden, and made him promise to let me know the result of his humane exertions. Three days after, I received a letter from him, written in bad French but full of good feeling, informing me, that he had been successful, aided by a number of the inhabitants of Soden, joined by several others from Konigstein, Kronberg, Falkenstein, and the surrounding villages, in tracking, and at length securing the hapless maniac, who had been conveyed back, with all possible care and tenderness, to the asylum at Frankfort, from which she had escaped. The letter, after expressing a prayer to heaven that poor Gertrude might soon be removed from her sorrows to another and a better world, concluded by a repetition of his deep and bitter curses on her vile and cruel destroyer.

Such were the scenes of sublimity, and the story of sorrow with which a lovely day and a lonely night, passed on the Feldberg, brought me acquainted.

B. S.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON LIFE.

BY J. FISHER MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF LONDON."

CHAPTER XXIV.

LONDON FANCIES.

A GLANCE at one of the London newspapers devoted to *fancy* subjects, will, with a little reflection, save the reader and the writer of these papers a great deal of trouble. He will there become acquainted, at leisure, with a vast variety of curious character; he will discover how universal is the passion for fame, and how many and various are the methods by which men endeavour to render themselves celebrated.

One gentleman boasts a dog, fourteen pounds weight, which he will fight against any other dog in England; another is in possession of a high-trotting pony, which he publicly advertises to ride to death, on behalf of self or backers; a third devotes himself to shooting sparrows from a trap, in which sportsmanlike employment he has become so wonderfully expert that he challenges, without dismay, the whole corps of sharp-shooters to a trial of skill.

So with pigeon-matches, cricket-matches, wrestling-matches, pedestrianisms, aquatics. The first wonder is, where all the money comes from thus expended in mere unprofitable sport; and the second wonder is, how men can afford time for this apparently endless round of expensive amusement.

But the matter is not so serious as it looks; sporting characters in London form, like every other, a distinct and separate class, who derive their living by these sports and fancies; these men are mostly landlords of public-houses, who make their sporting character useful in the way of business, and are followed by a tribe of loose fish, of little means, and less estimation. The mass of Londoners are not sporting characters, in the general acceptation of the word; yet every man has his *fancy*. Fond as they are of money, and sensible of the value of time, yet hardly any man here considers his life as intended to be passed in continued task-work, nor his money to be hoarded all his life long; after the animal wants of existence are satisfied, and the day's work done, he grudges neither a little time nor expense to the indulgence of his *fancy*. With the intellectual these fancies take a thousand shapes, useful and ornamental, or merely eccentric; one turns antiquary, another entomologist; this gathers shells, that stones and pebbles; some find their fancy in their club at a tavern, others in their committee at Exeter Hall. The very poorest is not exempt from this desire of fanciful recreation; the poorest creature in the back-slums indulges himself in a hatch of long-eared rabbits; and if you take a stroll into the desolation of Spitalfields, you will find the pale, pinch-faced silk-weaver breeding butterflies and moths, from grubs confined in cages, or flying pigeons from a trap on the roof of his house, with the *gusto* of a Lord High Falconer of England.

Should these things not be? would you have it otherwise? Certainly not. We wish there were more of this unbending of the mind and body from the daily drudgery of providing for subsistence; more extension of the little empire a poor man makes himself in innocent and inexpensive recreation.

With dog-fights, man-fights, and urging noble animals to death for sordid gain, we could dispense, and are glad to see that sports of cruelty are gradually on the wane; but we hope we shall never see the day when the eye is not to be raised from labour, nor the heart lifted up to innocent recreation and mirth. When the labour of the day has to borrow the sacred hours of sleep, and the added gains of night and noon hardly repair the animal machine against the drudgery of the morrow, you may say that in the state of that community there is something wrong; he that is denied all time, save the time of toil, is a slave, not a citizen; the alternation of reasonable labour and repose are not merely sweet, but natural to man; and what sleep is to the exhausted and worn body, recreation is to the spirit-stricken and care-encumbered mind.

We rejoice in our heart to see a poor man enjoy his *fancy*, no matter what, so it be not a fancy for the public-house; and even when he has a fancy for the public-house, it is too often, God help him! because the hard necessities of his condition give him not time to lift his thoughts above his trouble, or the means to educate himself into a taste other than merely animal enjoyment.

A friend of our's is a dog-fancier, and we accompanied him one evening to, of all things in the world, a DOG SHOW. We had heard of agricultural shows, horticultural shows, tulip shows, dahlia shows, and fifty other shows; but we never dreamt of a dog-show. However, there it was, on a printed paper, pulled by our friend out of his waistcoat pocket, in black and white, with a long list of presidents, vice-presidents, secretaries, treasurer, committee-men, judges, conditions, prizes, and so forth. On entering the show-room, whose proximity was audibly made known to us by the reiterated barking of the competitors, and the howling which followed the application of the whips of their owners, we could hardly avoid laughing, not less at the assembled bipeds who crowded the room, than at their quadrupedal friends upon the table. One old gentleman, with a white waistcoat, and black silk smalls, relieved by a huge bunch of gold seals depending from the most prominent part of his person, held a pug under each arm, while he criticized the points of a remarkably beautiful little terrier then upon the table. A tall, thin, sickly-looking man, who, as I was informed, was a peer of the realm, was busily engaged in discussing the comparative beauties of a black and tan, and a red and white spaniel of the King Charles' breed, who, to do them no less than justice, appeared to enter completely into the spirit of the thing, and growled, and barked, and flashed fire at each other from their large, round, antelope eyes, with all the apparent jealousy of two contending beauties at an assize-ball. Running about our feet were all sorts and sizes of the canine race; bloodhounds, Irish greyhounds, terriers, wiry and short-haired, silky-legged spaniels, but not a cur of low degree; all had their pedigrees, and well-attested certificates approved their honourable birth.

Notwithstanding the ludicrous nature (to us, at least,) of the exhi-

bition, not a muscle, either of the dogs or their generous protectors, was discomposed; all was conducted in a business-like English manner, with true John Bullish gravity and decorum; nor, when a very fat man, with a red carbunculated nose, uncovering a quart pot, which he had hitherto concealed with a silk-handkerchief, placed it on the table with a little stunted dog peering out, was there a single countenance in the room irresistibly disposed to laughter, save our own. The little stunted dog himself, to all appearance a puppy of three weeks old, but who was, in fact, arrived at the respectable age of two years, having recovered his liberty, scrambled over the edge of the quart-pot, and with great gravity waddled round the table, paying his respects as he went to other little stunted dogs, who, however, not being quite so stunted as himself, appeared to regard him with no great cordiality.

Of the extraordinary force of the sporting passion among even the working, or business classes of London, we may take as an illustration the revelations of Mr. Basil, in evidence before the Commissioners of Bankruptcy.

Mr. Basil stated, that he was a hide and skin merchant in Leadenhall Market. On the evening of the 18th May last he went to the Swan Inn, in the Old Kent Road, where he drank with Mr. Calf till eleven o'clock, and then went afterwards together to the King's Arms, in the Kent Road, where he had more drink; from thence they went to a house called The Waterford Arms, where deponent had £7 in champagne; at four o'clock in the morning proceeded to a gaming-house, 11, King Street, St. James's, where he lost at hazard and roulette £172 10s.; when he paid £122 10s., and gave an I. O. U. for £50, which he paid at twelve o'clock in the day, declaring his opinion that he had not lost it fairly, and was informed that Flash was the proprietor; and, when he afterwards met him at The Royal Mortar, in the London Road, telling him what he lost, and that it was unfair, Flash did not deny that he was the proprietor, but laughed, and said, I had had it.

The witness underwent a long and severe cross-examination, wherein he stated that he had, from twelve years of age, been accustomed to play at skittles, and *toss* for £5 or £10; he had even *tossed* for a quantity of wool, and *whether the parties were to give him* £500 *or nothing*, and he *fortunately* won! *He even played at skittles when a man on each side of the frame held a fine string at each end, so contrived as to pull the pins down as the ball was thrown, so as to make it appear that the pins were thrown down by the ball.* He always carried £1000 in his pocket, and was ready to *toss* for a cool £100 at any time, and once engaged to go in a balloon with a man of the name of Snooks, *and would have tossed for* £100 *in the balloon!* He knew that "gaffing" meant tossing, and that a halfpenny with two heads or two tails was called a "gray," but never used one. He was a married man, and had had two wives; he was the father of six children,—indeed, he was a grandfather.

THE FOURTH ESTATE.

How shall we speak thee, or thy power address,
Thou god of our idolatry, the Press?

This folio of four pages—happy work,
Which not even critics criticise.

COWPER.

NEWSPAPERS become in London not merely one of the luxuries, which may or may not be dispensed with, but a necessary of life. In remote country places, the newspaper stands instead of a circulating library; in fact it *is* a circulating library in itself. Having done its duty in town, it is forwarded "by next post" into the country, where it makes its first appearance upon the breakfast-table of the squire, rector, attorney, apothecary, or principal tradesman of the place; descending thence in the social scale, it makes a tour of the servants' hall, the gamekeeper's lodge, the parish-clerk's dwelling, the scrivener's garret; the shop-boy hides it under the counter, and the apothecary's assistant has a squint at the advertisements headed, "Wanted, a medical gentleman, fully competent," &c. Thus having widely diffused its three-hundredth part of a year's intelligence, the servant-of-all-work takes it in hand, lighting the fire with a leading article, singeing poultry with a review, clipping George Robins's "puffs" to line patty-pans, and papering her carroty locks with the Court-circular and fashionable intelligence. If haply escaping awhile this degradation, it finds its way to the blacksmith's shop, where an idle fellow, sitting in the chimney, bawls out the contents to the bang of the sledge-hammer and the roaring of the bellows; from thence we have known it smuggled into a gipsy-camp, thus asserting its empire over the very outskirts and debateable ground of social existence.

In London, the newspaper is not so unimportant as to be casual. Men's business, interest, and pleasure are too deeply mixed up with it to permit their newspaper-reading to be neglected. Accordingly, it is a part of the daily work of every man in London to look at the paper. A Londoner might very properly be defined "an animal that reads newspapers." His appetite for it is insatiable; he clamours for it at breakfast; if he has a minute to spare, he skims the leading article in the course of the day, and, as Hamlet says,

Ere yet the news be cold.

Of the morning journal he is as hungry as a *quidnunc* for the intelligence of the evening paper. That unfortunate class of homeless people who take refuge in taverns and clubs actually feed upon the newspapers. How often have we amused ourselves beholding them dropping in one by one, just about the time the dapper attendant is expected to appear with the dear, delightful, *damp*, folded evening paper; everybody wishes to have it first; there is a general rush,—the Globe is in danger of being reduced to chaos, the Standard of being rent to rags; the happy possessor walks to an easy chair in triumph, and the disappointed competitor vents his spleen in a tart "After *you*, sir, if *you* please."

Then does the newsmonger really enjoy himself, spreading his legs, throwing back his head, and flinging his whole soul through the eyes

upon the virgin broad-sheet; he glances at the leader, but his eye is speedily diverted from the editor's lucubrations by the startling words, in awful type, "EXPRESS FROM AMERICA," or, "IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE, IN ANTICIPATION OF THE INDIAN MAIL." This is great glory for the *quidnunc* seized of the paper; he smacks his lips, and devours column after column with greedy eyes. Little cares he for the scowl and fidget of the gentleman who said, "After you, sir;" nor remembereth he the notice, in legible characters upon the wall, touching newspapers not being detained longer than ten minutes after being bespoke; the hints of the waiter, often repeated, make no impression upon him; when he is told that three gentlemen are waiting to see the paper he is pleased, and reads it all over again, sooner than the gentlemen should have it. He ponders carefully the leader, then glances at the correspondence, and, when at length he has carefully digested the miscellaneous column, and perused the paragraphs, headed respectively DEATH IN A UNION WORKHOUSE—NOT BAD—A MUNIFICENT LANDLORD—LUSUS NATURÆ—REPEAL OF THE INCOME TAX—HEARTLESS HOAX—SIDNEY SMITH'S LAST—MELANCHOLY EVENT—EXETER HALL—INGENIOUS SWINDLING—he resigns, not without a sigh, to the senior of the three gents the much-coveted and long-expected paper.

People puzzle their brains very much to account for the curious fact that the English nation, with all their good sense, should be so anti-social in the casual meetings and jostlings of ordinary intercourse, and that they should hold their tongues closer than their purse-strings whenever they are thrown into contact with men with whom they have not some acquaintance. We think this is owing in a great measure to the newspapers. Let two Englishmen meet anywhere without a formal introduction, as long as one or the other can get a newspaper, not a syllable will be exchanged between them; and if, luckily, there are newspapers apiece, they feel altogether relieved from the necessity of saying a civil word, or interchanging those common courtesies of conversation, which make so great a part of the pleasure of our lives. I do not know whether the feeling is general, but for myself, when I am in a room with men who, narrowly scrutinizing each other, never condescend to open their lips, I feel a painful sensation, as if I were in presence of an enemy; if I sit down to a meal with one of those curmudgeons, I do not enjoy my victuals; if I travel in his *no*-company, I am far from enjoying my journey. What is so cheap as a civil word, and what in the mouth of an utter stranger is so pleasant? or how comes it that John Bull, so liberal with his money, is so stingy of that which costs nothing, and returns a great deal?

The newspaper is a tremendous engine in propagating this anti-social principle. Formerly, at a tavern or an ordinary, men were accustomed to address one another, mingle in pleasant conversation, as a relish to their food and wine; the age of newspapers had not then arrived; now-a-days, every man in public places holds converse only with his newspaper; and an attempt to engage him in conversation would be resented almost as much as if you essayed to pick his pocket.

On the other hand, if newspapers have an unfavourable effect upon the intercourse of strangers, they amply remedy the evil by suggest-

ing conversational materials among acquaintances. The Athenians, we are told, were every day employed in seeing or hearing some new thing; the Londoners are employed, in like manner, every day in reading of some new thing, and of talking it over every evening. "Have you seen the morning paper?" "Anything in the morning paper?" "Any news stirring to-day?" follow, without fail, the introductory "How are you?" "Did you ever see such hot, cold, dry, wet, dusty, sultry, foggy, muggy, drizzly, sleety, snowy weather?"

Newspapers are with great propriety called *organs*, for they are, in truth, a *sixth* sense; they may also be likened to the seat of thought, or brain itself, since they perform the twofold office of conveying passing events to the mind, and of transmitting the impressions made by them from the inward to the outward world. They are like clouds, gathering and sucking up the impalpable vapours of public opinion, which, condensing into drops of type, are sent back upon the earth in showers of Leading Articles, not without occasional thunder-claps and flashes of lightning.

They have more resemblance to the moon than to the sun, from which some take their name; for not only are they liable to wane, increase, change, and even total eclipse, but their light is the reflected radiance of the public mind; they are mirrors, held up to receive and reflect the images of transitory time. They are properly styled the "Fourth Estate," since they are emphatically representatives of public opinion, paid for their services, and to their constituents directly responsible; they constitute a High Court of Opinion, from whose judgment there is no appeal; they are the daily food of the minds of a free people; "they are like the air we breathe: if we have them not, we die."

They are the chief, if not the only, inlets of knowledge to hundreds of thousands in country and in town; they are the source and agent of daily excitement, pleasurable and profitable; their variety, versatility, and inexhaustibility is only equalled by their wondrous power of influencing men's minds, and dispensing good or evil fame. Men are known to the world only as they are known to the newspapers; the wise, the fool, the charitable, the vicious, the master, the servant,—all classes and conditions of men, high, low, and intermediate, directly or indirectly, present, through the medium of the press, their several letters of recommendation to that many-headed monster, the discerning and undiscerning public. You may measure with a two-foot rule the superficial newspaper extent of any given man's public reputation; the great statesman, the busy lawyer, the learned judge, the lecturer, the mob-orator, have so many inches of publicity accorded them from this voice of common fame. While one man has his eloquence drawn a full-length portrait, extending from the top to the bottom of the broad-sheet, another, less fortunate, is squeezed into a line and half, and appears as "an hon. Member, whose name we could not catch," or "who was indistinctly heard in the gallery." In the Law Report, while one lawyer's name figures at the head of almost every case, a poor devil, who appears, perhaps, in "his great first cause," finds himself damned to everlasting obscurity as "*another* learned gentleman."

When we take a broad-sheet of a London morning paper, with its supplement, and spreading it like a cloth upon our study-table, which,

turning on its axis, enables us to have command over every corner of the paper, from the name in German text at the head, to the residence of the proprietor and printer at the tail, we often look at it as one of those wonders of our age, which are only not wondered at because they are as familiar as the breakfast they accompany, and as common as the sun, which we behold every day. If we could recall to life a student of the black-letter age, and exhibit to him this superficies of knowledge, this creature of a single day, this May-fly, which, spreading aloft its flimsy wings to-day, to-morrow will be as dead as mutton; conceived late last night, reduced from the chaos of promiscuous type into lucid order, while you, my friend, were sleeping, and born this morning before you began to rub your eyes, how the man of the middle ages would stare at the typographic witchery! Putting our finger upon the Parliamentary Report, and showing him words uttered at two o'clock this morning, not indeed "congealed in northern air," but substantially stamped upon the paper, indelibly in black and white, as distinct and intelligible as the speaker uttered them, without his defects of utterance, his awkward action, or the trouble and delay of his spoken speech, and this not an extraordinary effort for a special purpose, but a regular and orderly task from day to day, can any man believe that by such a man would such a thing be credited?

These journals of the passing day, historians of the three-hundredth part of the year, chroniclers of the fame of four-and-twenty hours, recommend themselves to our notice in three distinct, yet intimately blended characters, — first, their character as politicians; second, their literary character; and thirdly, and lastly, their character as news-transmitters or intelligencers.

In all these capacities of the newspaper press we find subject for surprise that so much can be done in the time, and, considering the time, with so much cleverness and care. Here in this, the political part of our paper, we have seldom fewer than three leaders a-day, or nearly one thousand in the course of the year, usurping the place formerly occupied by broadsides, pamplets, and letters of the day.

The merit of these is, of course, various: some merely paraphrase the topic of the day, here and there interspersing an editorial observation, reflection, or animadversion; others display a partizan zeal, using the excitement of the time to their own purposes; while others, again, taking higher ground, move away from the mere matter of party, personal or temporary interest, using them but as pegs whereon to hang a learned, discreet, or eloquent disquisition, more resembling a curt essay than a newspaper article, and in which we are at a loss most to admire the point of argument or the turns of phrase and general elegance of language.

In these essays, too, we derive an interest from the namelessness of the writers, the mystery shrouding the man who, in seclusion, and unknown, wields, himself personally powerless, this element of mighty power. He has the authority of an oracle, for he is shrouded in oracular obscurity; his handwriting is the handwriting on the wall.

No doubt we would not receive the opinions of Mr. Brown, Mr. Jones, Mr. Smith, or Mr. Robinson with implicit deference, nor would their reasoning carry conviction. Instead of discussing the argument, we should find ourselves discussing the writer; we should find that

we had objections to Mr. Brown, a prejudice against Mr. Smith, no respect for Mr. Jones, and a high contempt for Mr. Robinson; flinging down the paper, we should exclaim, who is Jones, that he should set himself up to dictate to Smith? or, where the deuce did Brown come from, that he decides what shall be the opinion of Robinson?

But with that abstract being, the editor of a paper,—or rather, with the *paper*, the editor being an abstract idea, — we have no personal pique, no bile-creating prejudice; readers, like critics,

"Have no partial views,
Unless they know whom they abuse,"

and are at liberty to study, with impartiality and calmness, opinions of a *paper*, which they would never receive from a *man*. For, as none are heroes to their *valets de chambre*, so none are oracles to those who become intimate with them, and who behold them standing, as it were, undressed, with their individuality daily revealed before them.

Mystery and uncertainty have been favourite weapons in the hands of *literateurs*, and the concealment of the author's name has often excited a curiosity in the public mind almost as intense as the work he sends without a name before the public; and if this is true with works of imagination, it much more forcibly applies to works which are read through the spectacles of political prejudice and party-feeling.

Had the letters of Junius appeared under the real name of the author, it may be doubted whether they would ever have attained the hold upon the public mind they confessedly did; there is, I know not why or wherefore, an indisposition in the minds of men to pay deference to the mere authority of superior intellectual power, unaccompanied by rank or station, and the public does not willingly receive instruction, correction, or advice, from men socially no higher than one of themselves. The politician had been, most probably, forgotten in the *man;* and although the power of such a writer as Junius must have stood confessed, yet his authority would have been doubted, disputed, or denied; he would have been discovered to have been a partizan, a place-hunter, a disappointed politician, an adventurer, or, worse than all, a poor man; his opponents would have strained every nerve to crush the individual, and those letters which he put forward for the purposes of the day, and the excitements of the time, would have found their level only in the estimation of posterity.

There is this advantage in anonymous writing, that it is submitted to the judgment of critics, who can have no other grounds for their decision than the *thing* itself; the author is unknown, which is as good as dead, and he enjoys the advantage in life of having his work judged as it would be if he left the decision to posterity.

Notwithstanding that it may be inquired why journalists in England do not take to themselves, and use, as individuals, and as a legitimate object of ambition, the fame acquired by their talents, learning, and experience for the paper with which they may be connected, in the same way that the lawyer, who is paid for defending the interests of his client, makes use of the reputation he has thus attained for his advancement in loftier objects of ambition than merely making money; notwithstanding this, which, indeed, seems no more than reasonable, it may be doubted whether, if the political writers of the journals of the day put themselves forward as individuals personally responsible,

they would not lose in the *paper* more authority than they would gain in the man; and that, in proportion as their personal distinction might increase, the political importance of their journal might diminish. In France, indeed, the individuality of journalists is recognised by custom of society, and the authority of law, nor does their political importance seem to be thereby diminished; but in this country, ministering to personal vanity is not one of our failings, nor is much deference paid to power unaccompanied by birth, wealth, station, or personal importance.

In their character of news-providers, or intelligencers, the London Journals present features of even more striking importance than the apparently inexhaustible amount of latent talent they are enabled, by their immense resources, to bring to political disquisition. In this point of view they resemble a governing power; their ambassadors at every corner of the earth strain every nerve to provide and transmit intelligence from all quarters, in its newest gloss; their correspondents abroad, to whom it is hardly presumptuous to apply the title of their ministers of foreign affairs, anticipate at times the information of the government itself.

Let an insurrection break out in Spain, "OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT" is in the very thick of it; he is in beleaguered towns, and barricaded streets, his note-book in hand, whence he retires to his lodging, and writes his despatches with the noise of bullets whistling in his ears; you find him at the back of a mountain in Biscay, noting the movements of the Carlists; and in Madrid, keeping watch over every trick and turn of the Christinos. Is there war in Italy, Turkey, or Algiers, "our own correspondent" seems to know its approach before a blow is struck; and with the scent of a carrion crow he flies, as the crow flies, straight to the field of battle, and before the combatants have time to bury their dead "our own correspondent" lays before you the whole particulars, with an accuracy not exceeded by the commander-in-chief's despatch. Does a disturbance threaten in Wales, an *emeute* in Birmingham, or a fire-raising in the Eastern counties, "our own correspondent" is there, somehow or other, from the beginning of the affair to the ending; he describes for you the whole progress of the row, from the first knocked-down policeman to the reading of the riot-act, and calling in the military.

But you would very much underrate the public importance of "our own correspondent" if you set down that eminent official as a mere reporter; his avocations are of a more important character; his instructions are to look beneath the surface of things; he is a commissioner of inquiry on behalf of the public at large, and executes his task with such impartiality and discretion that he is frequently enabled to instruct the ministry, and to warn men in authority of the neglect of their duty.

We might waste a volume in reflections upon the moral *power* of the public press in this country, not the less absolute from being unacknowledged. "What will the newspapers say if we do so and so?" crushes in the bud many a promising job. "What will the newspapers say?" is the secret tenor of many a conceptionist in public life; the knave, the swindler, the profligate, the debauchee, are all more or less held in check by a salutary fear of seeing themselves reported "in the newspapers." "Good heavens! we shall be all in the news-

papers!" exclaims Tom Rakehelly, carried, with a troop of jovial companions, to the station-house. "The concern is blown up; we have got into the newspapers," sighs the managing directors of the Metropolitan Swindling Assurance, or Cannibal Islands Benevolent Colonization Association. "By Gosh, ve may as vell shut up shopsh!" says Solomon, the money-lender, when he charges sixty per cent., and the secret comes out "in the newspapers."

If the ambition of one-half of the world is to keep out of the newspapers, the account is fairly balanced by the desperate efforts of the other half to get in. In fact, everybody who courts publicity through these, the great dispensers of it in our day, work upon the newspaper's blind side; they wish the paper to have no eye for anything but their claims, their abilities, and their virtues.

The politician makes a fine speech, yet it is as if it had never been uttered if he cannot send it forth on the wings of the newspaper; the lawyer makes a *point*, and his fortune is made if his acuteness is made known to the "profession" through the newspapers; the author bids his little book go forth, in the hope that the world will find it, after many days, favourably noticed in the newspapers; the *pseudo* man of fashion is ruined for the season if his arrival at Mivart's is omitted from the fashionable columns of the newspaper; even the hotel-keeper himself sees his hopes of further gain in the list, announcing the number and consequence of his guests, in the newspaper.

When we turn to the advertising columns, the newspapers appear indeed

> "A map of busy life,
> Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns."

Here you can determine for yourself whether the world is overstocked or no, or whether we have not arrived at that intensity of competition for subsistence, that if we were eatable we should not sally forth, each armed with his knife, fork, and pepper-box, to devour one another.

Behold the dense array of advertisements headed "WANT PLACES;" see the multitude of competitors jostling each other in search of servitude; paying three-and-sixpence a piece to ask their fellow man "to give them leave to toil." "Behold," say they, "I am thy servant;" for my hire will I attend upon thee, my more fortunate fellow-worm; for thee I will indue the well-worn red plushes and livery coat of John the seventeenth, my discharged predecessor; thy lamps will I trim, and eke thy plate will I polish with chamois; thy boots will I tree, and smiling as I ply the brush, behold my face smilingly reflected in the lustrous Warren; for thy lady, while she lies abed, will I *lie* all day long, proclaiming "Not at home" with unhesitating voice; wife, and child, and house, what thou callest "incumbrances," will I deny myself, that I may be solely devoted to thy service; my character will I put into thy hands, and my future bread it will be thine to give or to withhold.

The "servant-of-all-work"— comprehensive slave, solicits in a column and a half the honour of being permitted to do the household duty of thine establishment. She comes and curtsies before thee in her trim cotton gown, her close-pinned shawl; the fire of rustic health is beaming in her eye, and the warm kisses of her native sun

are yet brown upon her cheek; parents, friends, and home, has she abjured to enter into thy service; her ambition is but to earn by the sweat of her brow independent bread; she has no "followers," and is yet untainted with the vices of the town. Be good to her, madam,—for your sex's sake be good to her; let thy motherly care mitigate her state of servitude, and recollect that, like thyself, she is but woman; though she abide in the kitchen, and thou on the first-floor, remember there is a narrow house that levels all distinctions; let thy authority be tempered with kindness, that she may obey and love; be not alone her mistress, but her guardian too, so shall thy house increase and prosper, and in the face of thy servant shall thy goodness shine like oil.

"No Irish need apply." Of course not. When Lord Potatotrap, or the Marquis of Shilelagh, brings his brogue and his thirty thousand a year from his native country, leaving a raggamuffin driver to "rap and run" his wretched serfs, and applies for a mansion in Belgrave Square, he is not told, to our knowledge, that "no Irish need apply." When "the foremost man of all this world," an Irishman, stepped to the front of embattled hosts, and saved his country, he was not repulsed with "no Irish need apply;" when the stalwart arm and gallant heart of Ireland are wanted for British glory by sea or land, we are not told that "no Irish need apply;" when the quick and fertile wit of our poor country is pressed by our necessities into the service of our powerful and prosperous sister, in art, in science, literature, we discover, when we are worth our salt, that "Irish *may* apply."

But when our poor countrymen and countrywomen, whose instinctive love for their native land is only subdued by hard necessity, offer their services in menial capacities, proffering for small wage their sweat and toil, it is not generous, it is not just, it is not worthy a great nation, whose benevolent hand is outstretched to the unfortunate and enslaved from pole to pole,—it is not ENGLISH, to accompany a refusal of our services with a cut at our country.

Next in number to menial servants is the paper encumbered with servants not menial; poor, genteel adventurers for employment, who come before us, at five shillings a-head, in the front of the paper. Poor creatures! how often have we pitied the hard struggle between their poverty and their pride; between the desire of getting bread on any terms, and getting it according to their education, station, or condition. How many governesses offer all the accomplishments "that flesh is heir to," for the wages of an upper, or even of an under-servant, with only the saving clause of "a comfortable home," or being treated as "one of the family?"

How many widowed ladies, "particularly fond of children," proffer their matronly experience to the little dears bereaved of maternal care, to whom they are willing to act as mother; how many "companions to a lady" advertise their amiable temper, their cheerful disposition, their musical and conversational accomplishments, "salary being no object," but merely that bliss this side the grave, so often advertised for, so seldom found, "a comfortable home." For this the children of dependence are willing to become nurses of age, soothers of disease, objects of womanly caprice and pique; to suffer a thousand taunts, pocket innumerable affronts, do an infinity of domestic, not menial dirty work; be a spy upon the *other* servants, a discoverer of

pilfered candle-ends and purloined cheese-parings, prime toady and sycophant in chief. "Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, dependence —still art thou a bitter draught."

To think that a bag of gold gives this advantage to one poor devil over another; to think that, although feudalism is gone out of date, and the black *niggers* are free, a lady or gentleman with pockets full of money can have ladies and gentlemen with empty pockets to do anything they like for anything they choose to give them!

Look here—twenty-seven advertisements from people wanting pupils. The greatest drug in the advertising market is education. We are too clever by half now-a-days; everybody, in their own opinion, can teach anybody. Here 's a lot of knowledge for twenty guineas a year, *extras* included. French, German, washing, board, lodging, music, drawing, *calisthenics*— what 's that? — geometry, arithmetic, and the use of the globes! Why, it 's dog-cheap; too much by half for the money. Old Peachum, in "The Beggar's Opera," who wondered how any man alive should ever rear a daughter, must, with respect, have been a fool; when daughters can be instructed in every thing for nothing, we wonder who wouldn't rear scores of daughters, if he could get them off his hands. But there 's the difficulty; for when a man comes to choose a wife in this worky-day world, his object, in nine cases out of ten, is to get a woman who will strive to make a shilling do duty for eighteen-pence, who will attend to her household, watch over her family, and not be above doing her duty; and we think we can see in these multifarious accomplishments of the present day, and the necessary neglect of that solid practical education which gives woman a position of utility, the reason why daughters now-a-days are stock slow of sale, and apt to hang heavily on hands. Who on earth, unless he be a fool, or a man of fortune, can abide to sit down to an ill-dressed dinner, in a slatternly house, with the better relish for his victuals from the knowledge that his "lady," at a five-and-twenty pound boarding-school, has acquired an inappreciable quantity of French, Italian, German, *calisthenics* (which, I suppose, is some other outlandish *lingo*), geometry, or globes? Pickling, preserving, cooking, making and repairing her children's dresses and her own, and a knowledge of the use and economy of money, are things a marrying man can understand and appreciate, particularly if he is under the necessity, as most of us are, of earning his own bread; and this, I think, is the reason that sundry friends of ours, despising boarding-school accomplishments, airs, and graces, have gone down to the country, and brought up WIVES who had learned by experience of their respectable mothers the art of presiding over a "comfortable home," and who, to their credit be it spoken, don't know the difference between Italian and Irish, or could distinguish *calisthenics* from Carlotta Grisi.

The professions next occupy the advertising pages of the newspaper. Law—law—law! a column of law-clerks, managing clerks, admitted solicitors, offer themselves for business. Medicine takes its place, in every variety of bargain and sale, of the sick-bed; one gentleman offers for disposal a good business, with snug practice over the counter of fifteen shillings a week, "capable of improvement;" another has for disposal "a capital midwifery connexion, with a poor-law contract attached;" a third, having received a government ap-

pointment, wishes to dispose of his interest in "a medical shop and fixtures, with no dispensary nearer than half a mile;" a fourth informs us, that "the widow of a medical man wishes to take a gentleman into partnership to carry on the business."

It is somewhat extraordinary that we never find the advertising columns of the newspaper swarming with competing claims of artizans; you seldom or never see a good house-carpenter, or stonemason, or brass-founder, solicit work; work is ready to the hand of the handicrafts-man; and, so far from soliciting the master to employ him, the steady, respectable handicrafts-man has his choice of many masters.

In our experience of London life we have seen, not without sorrow, gentlemen with and without professions, of good family, high attainments, and superabundant education,— ay, and ladies, too,— in deep distress, and in want of the common necessaries of life; but we have never seen the man or woman brought up to labour of the hands, if character and conduct assisted mechanical skill, who could not command reasonable remuneration and constant employment. This class of persons is in demand; the labour-market is not overstocked with such; not that there are not a multitude of individuals who, with every advantage of mechanical skill, fail in life from lack of prudent habits, forethought, and self-denial. But these people get what is often denied, by force of competition, to their educated superiors, the *chance* of doing well; and if they, with the opportunity of earning at their trade two or three pounds a week, choose to idle half their time, or to spend double their weekly wages in drink or other debauchery, who can help them? But the professions, and all those pursuits which are not somehow or other based upon, or connected with, productive industry, furnish the larger share of unrequited toil and miserable existence that our mighty metropolis exhibits to public view; with this class hope is strong, and they still fondly cling to London as to a place where, if only known, they become fortunate; and so it is, in fact; many a man has passed dinnerless by the door, that, if he were known, would gladly be opened to receive and entertain him.

The great secret of success in London life is to be *known*. Those who contrive to get a name, swim prosperously down the full tide of fortune, while those who are unable to bring themselves before the public eye, are so many straws circling in the lazy eddy, without progress, without profit; and die as they have lived, unrewarded and unknown. From this necessity of fame arise the multiplicity of quackeries, side-wind puffs, and a thousand tricks and contrivances to catch the public eye, of which a catalogue of strange and curious examples might be extracted from any given paper.

The wonderfully rapid transfer of property from hand to hand, as announced in the advertising columns of the newspaper, is another striking feature of our vast resources, and commercial tendencies. Who that peruses George Robins's array of matchless villas, inimitable *bijous*, influential investments, with all appurtenances that "land is heir to," does not feel transported, in imagination, beyond this dull sphere, to some paradise of mortal life, where, for money, all that man can desire or wish, may be obtained?

Want of space forbids us to dwell minutely upon that extraordi-

nary result of commercial wealth and extended civilization, the newspaper. We shall conclude our cursory observations by a scrap from old Geoffrey Chaucer, which, before newspapers were known, minutely and accurately describes what, in the fulness of time, they were to be. Their brief existence is, indeed, filled with adventure; made up

Of wars, of peace, of marriages;
Of rests, of labours, of viages;
Of abode, of deathe, and of life;
Of love, of hate, accord, and strife;
Of loss, of lore, and of winnings;
Of heal, of sickness, of leasings;
Of faire weather and tempestés;
Of qualm, of folk, and of beastes;
Of divers transmutations
Of estates, and of regions;
Of truste, of drede, of jealousy;
Of wit, of winning, of folly;
Of plenty, and of great famine;
Of cheap, of dearth, or ruin;
Of good, or of misgovernment;
Of fire, and divers accident.

SIGHTS OF THE STREETS.

You may walk the streets in London, not only till you are tired, but long after you are tired: this is one of the grand differences between London and any other place.

The multiplicity of objects presented to your notice in the interminable line of shops, the constant living moving panorama of the ever-crowded streets; the noise, hurry, bustle, and confusion; the occasional accidents, incidents, and adventures of the way, cheat the mind into a forgetfulness of the fatigue of the body, so that it is not until we have arrived at our lodging, and sit down, that we are conscious of the muscular exertion we have undergone.

In a country town, or, indeed, in any other town than London, you cannot walk about the streets, finding endless occupation for the mental and corporeal eye. When you have gone up one side and down the other of the principal streets; when you have taken notice of the church-clock, and the jackdaws on the steeple; when you have walked round the market-place, and returned to headquarters at the door of your hotel, you find yourself done up; there is nothing left for you but to go into the coffee-room, and read the newspaper or Pigott's Directory. The natives even of provincial places are hardly better off. You see them sally forth of their respective houses on a voyage of discovery, hoping that some providential event may occur in the course of their walk to break the monotony of their daily existence, and afford them something to talk to their wives about after dinner. But it is all in vain; when they have got half round the market-place, and compared their watches with the church-clock, they are exhausted; there is no more to be seen, no more to be done. At length—blessed relief—a gossip appears; then another, then a third; they lay their heads together, compare notes of the weather, prognosticate future events, and settle, out of last week's newspaper, the affairs of Europe. Shopkeepers, having nothing else to do, come to their doors with hands in pockets, and look at the group of gossips; these, having expended at length their slender stock of ideas, disperse, and another squad take their place, talk tediously over the same things, and disappear in turn.

In London, on the contrary, you may spend a day in the most complete solitude, without feeling that sense of the oppression of idle time which lesser places are subject to; a rapid succession of spec-

tacles appear before you, as if merely for the gratification of your worship's curiosity. All that you require for your entertainment is, to have your eyes about you, and a capacity for observation and reflection, without some portion of which invaluable faculties a man may travel from Dan to Beersheba and find all barren.

Before breakfast we usually make our rounds of the West End district, to see the porters take down our shutters, the errand-boy sweep the footway, and the "young gentlemen," or "assistants," as it is the fashion now-a-days to call shopmen, dressing the windows of the fashionable haberdashery and mercery shops.

Dressing the shop-window is an art—one of the fine arts, in fact, requiring an eye for the harmony of colour, and an accurate knowledge of the effect of light and shade in drapery. The artist, warm from his bed, unshaven, with yesterday's cravat on, disposing his piles of silk and velvet in the ample window; arranging his mantillas, his cloaks, and all his finery, upon long poles, standing upright for the better display of these inviting articles; festooning his cashmere shawls, to give unity to his composition; then, having effectually baited his lady-trap, rushing out of the shop, and, with his hand over his eyes, criticising the general effect of the picture, has often struck us as irresistibly amusing. Seriously, great taste is displayed in this art of shop-dressing: it gives character to the establishment, and has its due effect upon purchasers; it is not surprising, therefore, that a master of the art should be in demand, and find his talent rewarded by a handsome salary.

After breakfast, we generally patronize the morning concert at St. James's Palace, where we meet a large proportion of the "great unemployed" of the West End, and the adjacent world of Westminster. This is a musical entertainment, somewhat of the character of the promenade concerts, with this trifling difference, that there is nothing to pay. The only drawback is, that the company is not what can be called select; but we have heard several young ladies, daughters of respectable tradesmen, make the same complaint of the concerts at Covent Garden. The theatre of the St. James's morning concert is one of the quadrangles of the Palace; the pit, or piazza, is occupied by any gentleman who chooses to attend; the boxes, or reserved seats, by which we understand the several windows, casements, and loopholes of the surrounding buildings, are graced by the housemaids of the establishment, who, twirling their mops, and smiling upon the crowd below, make a very interesting spectacle. The performers, we should add, are the musicians of one of the regiments of Foot Guards, among whom a gigantic black man shines conspicuous in sight and sound, clashing his cymbals, and the hour half-past ten precisely.

When the concert is over, the lounger, if he is fond of military *spectacle*, may adjourn to the Horse Guards to assist at the relief of the Queen's guard, a highly-imposing and spirit-stirring event. First comes a trumpeter, with a *fac simile* of the gingerbread reticule in which my Lord Chancellor keeps the Great Seal depending from his trumpet; then appear the *videttes*, their carbines on their thighs, as if apprehensive of an attack from the lion of Northumberland House, who cocks his tail as they pass; then come two or three dimity-faced, insignificant looking officers, disguised in men's clothes, and nearly swallowed up in polished cuirass, jack-boots, and helmet.

These afford a fine effect of contrast with the gigantic troopers, two and two, slowly pacing, on their ponderous, long-tailed black horses in the rear. As they march down Whitehall, their burnished trappings glittering, and broad swords gleaming in the sun, they make certainly a gallant sight.

The guard is drawn out in double file in the court-yard; the "relief" entering, is welcomed with a tantara-tantara of trumpets; the officers in command, riding to the front, put the hilt of their swords at the same instant to the tips of their noses, then, depressing the point to the toe of their jack-boots, bring the hilt up to their noses again; the colours are lowered; the trumpets, pleased with this curious manœuvre, favour us with another *fanfare*, and the ceremony concludes.

The day now fairly begun, and the world beginning to be well aired, we start off, secure of something to beguile the hours till dinner-time. Perhaps we stop at Charing Cross to admire the "Happy Family," and to pity the poor animals debarred the pursuit of their natural instincts, by dint of constant impending terror. To do the Happy Family no less than justice, they appear the most miserable captives that were ever jumbled together in a cage. Perhaps we stop to wonder at Batty, the equestrian, driving his coach and *fourteen* through the popular streets, his carriage filled with members of his *corps dramatique*, and no other precaution against accident or impediment than two outriders in front. This is truly a surprising instance of the force of discipline in the horses, and presence of mind in the charioteer.

Sometimes there is a more exciting and formidable spectacle witnessed in the streets; when a pair of spirited horses, left, with the barouche to which they were harnessed, at the door of a public house in St. James's Street, for example, while the coachman is getting something comfortable, take the bit in their mouths, and dash away, knocking fire from the stones as, spurning them with their heels, they gallop furiously to the lamp-post at Crockford's Club-house; the lamp-post takes off a wheel, the carriage and horses turn completely over with the shock, and all the spectators conclude the horses killed, and the equipage dashed to atoms. The well-dressed Clubbists of Crockford's and the guards rush to the door with the glee of men who have discovered five minutes' excitement; the fat-faced country gentlemen of Brookes', over the way, crowd their semicircular window; the red-waistcoated fellows who hold gentlemen's horses rush to the rescue; the coachman toddles up, maudlin with sorrow and strong ale; a mob, as usual, collect; everybody gives orders, but few like the heels-uppermost attitude of the capsized horses. At length one daring fellow undoes the bearing-rein, another unhooks the traces, a third raises the horses' heads; loud and contradictory orders are given on every side; at length the horses get up, snort, shake themselves, and, with the exception of one or two slight bruises, are unhurt; the carriage is raised, and, wonderful to relate, is but little injured; the Clubmen retire, the mob is dispersed, and the author walks off in search of new adventures.

SELWYN, WALPOLE, AND BRUMMELL.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF GEORGE BRUMMELL, FROM AN ORIGINAL MINIATURE.*

SELWYN, Walpole, and Brummell! At the mention of these names who does not call to mind a host of brilliant repartees, pert conceits, pungent sarcasms, and anecdotes of the most grotesque and eccentric character? We have classed the three men together because—though each had his own strongly defined peculiarities, and stood out in striking contrast to the individuals by whom he was surrounded—yet each was equally remarkable for the same attractive faculty—airy, conventional wit, of keenest edge and brightest polish, such as in an artificial state of society never fails to command attention and ensure popularity. Each also was a man of foremost consideration in the eyes of his fashionable contemporaries; and Selwyn's last joke—Brummell's last change of costume—and Walpole's last purchase of knick-knackery, were as much the theme of discussion in the drawing-rooms and the clubs, as the movements of the Court, or the debates in Parliament. Moreover, each was a thorough, disciplined man of the world—say, rather, a man of the West-end of the world—for none of the triumvirate knew aught of the workings of human nature except as they were manifested in the circles of *ton*, and had scarcely one unsophisticated feeling in his composition. Selwyn, to be sure, is said to have been fond of children, which argues real sensibility; but even here his tastes were fastidious and exclusive; the peasant's or artizan's rude, bronzed, chubby boy or girl—as we gather from evidence furnished by one of his correspondents—had no attraction for him; he required his pets to be aristocrats in miniature—refined, delicate, symmetrical in form, gentle and graceful in deportment, otherwise, he turned from them with indifference. But if we condemn the want of natural sensibility of the men of whom we have been speaking, we should not, in charity, forget that it was the necessity of their position that made them so. We are all, more or less, the creatures of circumstances—moulded and controlled by the social agencies immediately at work about us; and if the circle in which we move is a heartless and artificial one, we must, in spite of ourselves, catch its tone, and be influenced by its character.

We may, likely enough, have another Selwyn, and perhaps—though this is scarcely within the range of probability—another Walpole among us; but another Brummell is a phenomenon that we can never again expect to behold. The present is the age of classes, not of individuals. The world of fashion, as well as of politics and literature, is now swayed by coteries rather than by units, and no one henceforth will be permitted to reign as Dictator over the West-end, no matter how perfect for his dandyism, or intrepid his effrontry. Another reason why we are not likely to possess another Brummell, may be found in the fact, that the age has become practical and utilitarian, and turns from the puerile,

* We are indebted to Mr. John Hooper, of Sevenoaks, for this interesting miniature. Such of our readers as may be in that part of Kent, and are lovers of the curious in art and antiquities, should pay a visit to this gentleman's collection. —ED.



London, Published by Richard Bentley, 1844.

SELWYN, WALPOLE, AND BRUMMELL.

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GEORGE BRUMMELL, ESQ[re]

Engraved from the original Miniature, by John Cooke

London, Published by Richard Bentley 1844.

unprofitable vanities of the toilet with something like contempt. True, we still have fops among us—and it is in the nature of things that we should ever continue to have them—but for the most part they are political and literary fops, with whom dress is a matter of very secondary consideration. George Brummell, therefore, may justly be said to have been the Ultimus Romanorum—the last as well as the greatest of the fops of the toilet; and the same year that witnessed the downfall of this despot of fashion, witnessed also the overthrow of the despot of Europe. The sun of Napoleon set at Waterloo—that of Brummell in a St. James's hell. Of the two Autocracts, George—though the sphere in which he ruled was comparatively circumscribed—was undoubtedly the one whose behests were the most implicitly obeyed. Resistance was continually made to the French Emperor, but no one was ever found bold enough to resist the mandates of the West-end Dictator. The submission made to him was unconditional. His frown was annihilation—his patronage a sure passport to popularity. Dukes, earls, and barons, with pedigrees as long as a Bond-street taylor's bill, were proud to be ranked among his protegés and plagiarists; and even the Regent himself was constrained to feel that he did not rule alone, but held divided empire with Brummell. "Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet."

This illustrious and despotic Dandy was born in the year 1778. His grandfather—tell it not in Gath!—was a confectioner, and his father a comfortable placeman under Lord North. At the usual age, young George was sent to Eton, where he distinguished himself by the neatness of his dress, and the studied amenity of his manners. He was, in fact, a Beau by instinct, and his school-fellows, with a shrewd anticipation of his future fame, gave him the flattering sobriquet of "Buck Brummell"—for the more modern term "Dandy," was as yet in the womb of time. From Eton he went to Oxford, with the reputation of being a passable classical scholar; and here he displayed the first germs of that capacity for cutting discreditable acquaintances, in which he afterwards shone unrivalled. He cut an old school-crony because he objected to the college at which he had entered; and declined the society of a fellow-commoner because his gloves were not to his taste! As a systematic violator of academic regulations he evinced a perseverance and consistency above all praise. His conceptions, too, of the frolicsome, the impertinent, and the audacious, were stamped by decided originality. He turned a jack-daw with a band on into the college quadrangle, in order to burlesque the master; ordered his horse just at the very hour appointed for lectures; angled with a rod and line out of his window for the caps of passing tutors; and treated all official remonstrances with a sublime disdain bordering on the supernatural!

On quitting Oxford, which he did at the early age of sixteen, our Beau was appointed to a cornetcy in the Tenth Hussars. From this auspicious moment his fortunes may be said to have taken their rise. He was introduced to the Prince Regent, who was delighted with the sprightliness and oddity of his conversation, and within three years had the rare luck to obtain a captain's commission. He was, however, a very negligent officer, so much so indeed, that he did not always know his own troop. But this difficulty he evaded by

an ingenious expedient, which none but himself would have hit upon. One of his men happened to be distinguished by an enormous blue tinged nose, and whenever Brummell arrived late on parade, he galloped up and down the ranks till he caught sight of this cerulean beacon, when he instantly reined up, perfectly satisfied that he was with his proper troop. One day, however, it chanced that the blue nose had been ordered to shift its quarters, and George having as usual halted in its immediate vicinity, the Colonel informed him that he was with the wrong troop. "No, no," replied the Beau, "I am quite right; a pretty thing indeed"—he added, looking confidently at the nose—"if I did not know my own men!"

Brummell's military career was but of short duration, and was hurried abruptly to a close by the circumstance of his regiment having been ordered to Manchester. This was a contingency on which he had never calculated, and to which he could not think of submitting. What, take up his quarters in a manufacturing town, among spinning-jennies and steam-engines, and be brought in close daily contact with men with large red hands, who dined at one o'clock, and took porter with their cheese! Such a humiliation was not to be endured—others might succumb to it, but he could not—the fame of a Brummell must be spotless, his gentility unquestioned—and accordingly he made all possible haste to sell out.

Immediately on quitting the army, our Beau, who was now in the receipt of a fortune of thirty thousand pounds by the death of his father, established himself in a house in Chesterfield-street, Mayfair, where he gave *recherché* dinners, at which men of the highest rank were assembled; avoided all ostentatious extravagance; seldom indulged in gaming; and kept only a single pair of horses. As dress was the order of the day, he resolved to fall in with the prevailing tastes, and, fired with a lofty ambition to excel, he devoted all his leisure hours, of which he had enough and to spare, to the assiduous cultivation of the toilet. In this he proved eminently successful, and soon began to be looked on as a greater authority than even the Regent himself. Some envious critics, indeed, affected to doubt the soundness of his taste in waistcoats; but all allowed that his judgment in coats was faultless; and even his worst enemies were compelled with a sigh to acknowledge the unrivalled fit of his buckskin shorts! The inspired Schweitzer, who was decidedly the first tailor of his age, considered him quite infallible on all matters relating to costume, as the following anecdote will testify:—A baronet who went to this great *artiste* in order to qualify himself for a lounge in Bond-street, asked him what cloth he recommended. "Why, sir," said Schweitzer, "the Prince wears superfine, and Mr. Brummell the Bath-coating; but it is immaterial which you choose, Sir John, you must be right; suppose, Sir, we say Bath-coating, I think Mr. Brummell has a trifle the preference!"

So impressed was the Prince with a sense of the Beau's nice and ready apprehension of the "sublime and beautiful" in dress, that he often consulted him on this important theme, and would go of a morning—observes Mr. Thomas Raikes—to Chesterfield-street, to watch the progress of his friend's toilet, where he would remain till so late an hour, that he sometimes sent away his horses, and insisted on Brummell's giving him a quiet dinner, which usually ended in a deep potation! Imagination loves to linger on an impressive scene

like this, and to picture the Regent—who at the period to which we refer, had long passed the age of chickenhood—dwelling with admiring gaze on each separate movement of the Beau, from the moment when he first put on his highly-gifted buckskin shorts, and with the magic touch of genius smoothed away each wrinkle, down to the more anxious and critical moment when he grappled with the difficulties of his cravat, and having accomplished the "tie" to his satisfaction, stood proudly forth, perfect in all the plumage of fashion—a full-fledged, unparalleled fop, the envy and the wonder of the West-end!

Though Brummell carried his notions of dress to the *ne-plus-ultra* point of particularity, yet there was nothing gorgeous or startling in the style of his costume. A studied and harmonious simplicity was its leading characteristic. There was no glaring contrast of colours, but the lights and shades were all beautifully and scientifically mellowed, as we see them in the paintings of Claude! The reader may possibly like to know what were the usual items of the dress that thus electrified the world of *ton*. We will gratify his laudable thirst for knowledge. In the morning, the Beau wore plain Hessian boots and pantaloons, or tops and buckskins, with a blue coat, and buff-coloured waistcoat; and in the evening, a blue coat and white waistcoat, with black pantaloons, closely fitting and buttoning tight to the ankle, striped silk stockings and an opera hat. His theory on the subject of dress is remarkable, and possesses all the terseness and simplicity of an axiom in Euclid. "No perfumes," he used to say, but fine linen, plenty of it, and country washing." In matters of *virtù* his apprehension was not less refined. Nothing could surpass the judgment he manifested in the selection of snuff-boxes, and the easy elegance with which he helped himself to the titillating compound. He always opened the box with the left hand, and fed his nose with the right. The Prince adopted the same habit, and on one occasion was so fascinated with the unique beauty of a snuff-box which the Beau brought with him to Carlton-house, that he did him the honour to pocket it!

But Brummell's great triumph, and that by which he will be best remembered by a reverential posterity, was decidedly the invention of the starched cravat. Before his time, the neckcloth worn round the throat used to be about the size of a bolster, completely covering the chin, and intruding even on the region of the mouth. With the prophetic eye of taste, our Beau saw that a refom in this respect would be sure to achieve popularity, and with the boldness of a Bacon or a Newton, he resolved on attempting it. After much anxious and profound meditation, he hit upon the happy discovery of starch, which he followed up by a particular tie of unrivalled elegance, exhibiting a world of picturesque and poetic fancy. But this tie was not brought to perfection all at once. Like Milton's Epic, it was the growth of time, and its originator's first essays were far from successful. His servant was seen one day leaving his dressing-room with an armful of tumbled cravats, and being asked why he was so laden, replied, "these are our morning's *failures!*" But perseverance does wonders. By perseverance the Greeks took Troy, and by perseverance Brummell succeeded in triumphing over the herculean difficulties of the tie!

From this lucky period our Beau became the unquestioned

Arbiter Elegantiarum—the Dictator of fashion, from whose decision there was no appeal. His authority had always been first-rate—it was now omnipotent. A tailor patronized by him sprang at once into the possession of a carriage and a country-house! A tailor condemned by him had no refuge but the Gazette or suicide! The Duke of Bedford once asked his opinion of a new coat. "Turn round," said Brummell. His Grace faced about, and when the examination was completed, the Beau, laying his hand gently on one of the skirts, exclaimed, in his most compassionate tones, "Bedford, do you call this *thing* a coat?" As a matter of course, the architect of this unlucky garment died soon afterwards of a broken heart!

It has been observed by a sage philosopher, that two suns cannot shine in the same sphere; and the reader will readily imagine that two such fashionable luminaries as the Prince and Brummell could not long continue on good terms with each other. Many causes have been assigned for the rupture that took place between them, but the plain truth we believe to have been this—the Regent was jealous of the Dandy! He was more particularly annoyed at the idea of being compelled to adopt his tie and succumb to his starch, and lost no opportunity of venting his spleen on his rival. But Brummell, who had cut so many others, was not the man to be cut himself with impunity, and accordingly he repaid the Prince in his own coin. Walking down Bond-street with a friend one day, and seeing the Beau approaching arm-in-arm with Lord Alvanley, the Regent, bent on showing his contempt for the Dandy, stopped and spoke to his Lordship without taking the slightest notice of his companion. Brummell's revenge was immediate. "Alvanley, who is your fat friend?" he asked in a studiously distinct tone of voice —an ironical question which cut the Prince to the quick, for he entertained a great horror of corpulence, and was at this period of his life far from insignificant in point of tonnage. A few days subsequently to the above recontre, the Beau exclaimed at a dinner-party, within hearing of one of the toad-eaters of Royalty, "If Wales persists in insulting me in this manner, I will cut him, and bring old George into fashion!" and we verily believe he would have done so, had he not been induced to relax in his determination out of a lingering feeling of compassion for the Regent.

It was not often, however, that Brummell was guilty of consideration for the feelings of others. He threw his wit and sarcasm about with the utmost recklessness; and consequently, notwithstanding his popularity, he was more feared than loved. Dining once at an opulent banker's, he asked him in the course of the evening for the loan of his carriage to take him to Lady Jersey's. "I am going there myself," said his host, "and shall be happy in your company." The Beau hemmed and hawed, and at length made answer, "You do not mean to get up behind, that would not be quite right in your own carriage; and yet how would it do for *me* to be seen in the same vehicle with *you*?" On another occasion, standing and speaking at the coach-door of a lady, she expressed her astonishment at his wasting his time on so unfashionable a person. "My dear madam, don't mention it," replied the Beau; "there is no one to see us!"—We subjoin two more anecdotes, illustrative of his exquisite powers of impudence, which might put even the "Bashful Irishman" to the blush. In reply to a certain noble lord, who accused him of having

involved his son in a discreditable gaming transaction, he said, "Really, I did my best for the young man: I called him familiarly Tom, and gave him my arm all the way from White's to Watier's." Speaking to a mutual acquaintance of a rich county member, he exclaimed, "Ah, he is a silly—a very silly fellow. Would you believe it? he *muddles* away his fortune in paying tradesmen's bills!" The effrontery of this remark positively takes away one's breath. The mind staggers under the effort to appreciate the full sublimity of its impudence. None but a man of daring and original genius could have made it—none but a congenial spirit could have laughed at it!

But the time was now at hand when, despite his dandyism and effrontery, Brummell, like Napoleon, was to descend from his high estate. The sand in his hour-glass was fast running out—his sun had passed its meridian, and was setting westward. In the memorable year 1814 he lost, at one sitting at écarté, the last ten thousand pounds he had at his bankers! The consequence may be anticipated. He was compelled to abandon the theatre of all his glories—the *pavé* of Pall-Mall, the gossip of the clubs, the box at the opera, and the dance at Almack's,—and make a precipitate retreat to Calais. There he resided for many years, living chiefly on the bounty of some of his old London admirers and disciples, and occupying his leisure by dress, gossip, and a daily stroll on the ramparts. Of course no man of fashion ever came to France without paying a visit to the fallen "lion," offering him the homage of his respect, and perhaps—which was much more acceptable—accommodating him with a loan. Pilgrims from the West End were, indeed, constantly to be met with at Calais, who regarded the residence of the expatriated Beau with nearly the same veneration with which the Faithful regard the shrine of Mahomet at Mecca.

After residing fourteen years in Calais, Brummell received the appointment of British consul at Caen. On this occasion he spent a week at Paris, whither he travelled, free of expense, in company with a king's messenger, who, when asked his opinion of the Beau, replied, that he was a very agreeable associate; for, though he never spoke a word throughout the journey, yet he "*snored* very much like a gentleman!" From the period of his arrival at Caen down to that of his death, poor Brummell was engaged in a continual struggle with disease, penury, and humiliations of all sorts. At first his time passed pleasantly enough; for he associated with the *élite* of the neighbourhood, and was treated with marked deference; but gradually, as his pecuniary embarrassments increased, his acquaintances one by one began to drop off, until at length he was left in his old age without a single friend! The record of the four or five last years of his life is melancholy in the extreme. He was twice lodged in prison, where he was forced to herd with the very dregs of society; and, when liberated, it was to find himself without a *sou* in his pocket. So squalid in his attire, and so dirty in his habits, had the once-refined, fastidious Beau now become, from the joint pressure of poverty and disease, that he was actually forbidden to appear at the *table d'hôte*, and was compelled to take his meals in his own cheerless apartments. Imbecility soon succeeded, and in the wanderings of his mind he would fancy himself once again the dictator of fashion, dancing with the Duchess of Devonshire at Almack's, or

sipping Roman punch among princes and peers, wits and statesmen, at Carlton House! Thus he lingered on for two dreary, hopeless years, a sad spectacle of fallen greatness, — till at length the golden bowl was broken, and he breathed his last sigh in a hospital for lunatic mendicants, in the presence of utter strangers, in the spring of 1840, and in the sixty-second year of his age. He was buried in the Protestant cemetery of Caen; and a plain slab of black marble alone marks the spot where repose the ashes of the inventor of starch,—the reformer of the cravat-tie,—the last and most illustrious of the Beaus!

Though, in more serious moods, we may despise the sort of ambition which Brummell possessed, and feel disposed rather to pity than admire him, even when basking in the full splendour of his celebrity, yet it is impossible to deny that he possessed superior talents, which, employed on worthy objects, might have gained him substantial influence, wealth, and permanent station in the world's eye. He had great natural shrewdness, a ready apprehension of character, and wit ever at command. Moreover, he was a skilful musician, used his pencil with grace and freedom, and was by no means a contemptible versifyer. His exterior was prepossessing, his gait elegant, and even dignified, and his countenance, though not handsome, was full of expression and intelligence. How many men, with far inferior mental and personal qualifications, have achieved for themselves rank, affluence, and lasting renown! But it was the misfortune of poor Brummell to possess an inveterate enemy in his own self-conceit, which lured him step by step up the dizzy heights of notoriety, till at length, having brought him to the edge of the precipice, it plunged him headlong into the abyss of ruin. But for his egregious vanity, he might have been living at this hour, a prosperous and distinguished member of society. But he could not resist the promptings of the juggling fiend within him; and what was the penalty he paid for such infirmity of will? The answer is tremendous:—a shipwrecked character, a broken heart, and a pauper's grave in an obscure foreign churchyard!

While George Brummell was yet a smart, promising schoolboy at Eton, another George—namely, Selwyn, a man equally distinguished by his powers of wit and raillery—was passing from the gay circles of the *beau monde*, of which for half a century he had been one of the chief ornaments. Selwyn was no beau, in the Brummellian sense of the term; nevertheless, he was as much the rage in the drawing-rooms and at the clubs, as if he had invented a new tie, or innovated on the opera-hat. His father was a colonel in the army, and was for many years a representative of the city of Gloucester, and he himself was born in 1719. Having completed his education at Eton and Oxford, he proceeded to make the tour of Europe, and on his return home was appointed, through his family influence, to two lucrative sinecure posts under Government. In 1747 he obtained a seat in Parliament, and from this period to the day of his death, which took place in 1791, he led the life of an indolent "man about town," cracking jokes at the clubs, gambling at the halls, flirting—though moderately—with the women, and writing amusing letters to his friends. "Perhaps no individual," says Mr. Jesse,* "ever acquired so great a reputation for mere wit as Selwyn." This is justly ob-

* In his delightful "Memoirs of George Selwyn and his Contemporaries."

served. His *bon-mots* were in every one's mouth; and whenever he made his appearance in the ball-room or at the clubs, he never failed to collect an admiring crowd about him.

Like all wits, he had some strange peculiarities, and one of his oddest fancies was a taste for witnessing executions! He would go miles to see a man hanged, but to see him beheaded he would cross the sea, and submit to the greatest inconveniences and privations. His friends often made merry with this eccentric foible, and whenever a trial, or execution, or suicide of more than ordinary interest took place, never failed to give him the earliest information of it. When the first Lord Holland was on his death-bed, being told that Selwyn had come to inquire after his health, he said, "The next time that gentleman calls, show him up. If I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am dead, he will be delighted to see me!" The execution of the rebel lords in 1745 afforded him a rare treat, and he witnessed their decapitation on Tower Hill with feelings of the most philanthropic satisfaction. Some ladies taunting him with his inhumanity in attending to see Lord Lovat's head cut off, he replied, "Why, I made amends by going to the undertaker's to see it sown on again." When Damien was broken on the wheel, for attempting to assassinate Louis the Fifteenth, Selwyn, who had journeyed to Paris for the express purpose of witnessing the *entertainment*, mingled with the crowd in a plain undress and bob-wig, when a French nobleman, imagining, from the deep interest which he took in the scene, that he must be a hangman, addressed him as such. "No, no," replied Selwyn, "I have not the honour to be an executioner; I am merely an *amateur*!" Horace Walpole, who knew him well, observes, in reference to the practice of state criminals dropping a handkerchief on the scaffold, as a signal to the executioner to strike,—"George Selwyn came to town the other day to have a tooth drawn, and, true to his ruling *penchant*, he told the man that he would drop his handkerchief for the signal!"

If we may judge from the letters of his numerous correspondents,—and no mere man of wit and fashion ever had more,—Selwyn must have possessed a host of amiable qualities; for he was always addressed in the frankest, most familiar, and most unreserved terms, even by those who were strongly opposed to his politics. Lord Carlisle and the Duke of Queensberry, in particular, wrote to him as though he were their brother; and his old schoolfellow, Horace Walpole, was never weary of trumpeting his praises, and repeating his *bon-mots*. But, though Selwyn was undoubtedly a kindly, single-hearted man,—so far, at least, as the artificial usages of the society in which he lived would allow him to be so,—there was no want of bitter sarcasm in his nature. He could, on occasion, lash friends as well as foes; and some of his repartees must have taken the skin off like a blister. We subjoin a few of these pungent witticisms. A namesake of Charles Fox—and Fox, be it observed, was one of his most intimate associates—having been hung at Tyburn, the latter inquired of him whether he had attended the execution. "No," was the caustic reply; "I make a point of never frequenting *rehearsals*." Dining once at a large party, where Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller was present, Selwyn asked him what musical instruments were used in that country. "I think," replied Bruce, "I saw one *lyre* there."—"Yes," whispered the wit to his next neighbour, "and there is one

less since he left the kingdom." When Fox's affairs were in a more than usually embarrassed state, his friends raised a subscription among themselves for his relief. One of them remarking that it would require some delicacy in breaking the matter to him, and adding that he wondered how Fox would take it,—" Take it?" interrupted Selwyn; "why, *quarterly*, to be sure!" Walpole having observed at a party, that the same indecision which marked the politics of Queen Anne's time distinguished also those of the reign of George the Third, and added, "but there is nothing new under the sun,"—" No," was Selwyn's reply, " nor under the *grandson*."

This readiness and brilliancy of repartee, which rendered him so popular among his contemporaries, and, strange to say, never lost him a friend, our wit is reported to have inherited from his mother, who was remarkable, says Mr. Jesse, "for her vivacity and social humour." It is worthy of remark, that almost all the eminent men of whom history or biography makes mention, have, like Selwyn, owed the qualities by which they obtained renown to the fostering influence of their mother. Such was the case with Pope, Burns, Scott, Sheridan, Napoleon, and many others whom we could enumerate, in ancient as well as in modern times. Though men invariably get the credit of it, yet in the majority of cases it is the silent, subtle, unostentatious influence of women that moulds the age, by moulding the characters of those who are destined to exercise ascendancy over it. To the early seeds of ambition implanted by Letitia Bonaparte in the mind of the future Emperor of France, we owe it that Europe was convulsed for twenty years; the artful counsels of Anne of Austria, impressed from day to day on the boy Louis, determined the character of the Grande Monarque, and established the absolute monarchy of the Bourbons; and who forgets the " Mother of the Gracchi," and the influence she exercised over Rome through the agency of her democratic sons?

Contemporary with Selwyn, his equal in wit, his superior in literary attainments, was Horace Walpole, a man of singular versatility of powers—a critic, a novelist, an antiquary, a dramatist, a virtuoso, an historian, and incomparably the most brilliant letter-writer that this or any country has produced. As the leading incidents in his life, — a life which stretched over the greatest part of the last century — are well known, we shall sum them up in a few words. He was the third and youngest son of the celebrated Whig minister, Sir Robert Walpole; was born in 1717; was educated at Eton, where he first made the acquaintance of Selwyn, and afterwards at Cambridge; sat in parliament for nearly twenty years; and at the expiration of that period, having had his fill of public life, he retired to his gothic villa at Twickenham, there to cultivate his favourite pursuits of literature, and indulge his penchant for old books, old paintings, old china, and knick-knackeries of all sorts. He died in 1797, at the patriarchal age of eighty, retaining his vivacity and his acute intelligence to the last moment; and with him concluded the male line of the descendants of his illustrious father.

Like Selwyn and Brummell, Horace Walpole was a man of a peculiarly artificial character. His tastes, his habits, his manners, his modes of thinking, were all conventional; and, despite his undoubted talents, he was as much a fop in literature as the Beau was in dress. We do not say this to his disparagement, for, had he been

otherwise we never should have had those inimitable letters which we now possess, in which intellectual dandyism exhibits itself in so graceful and winning a form that it is impossible not to be charmed with it. What George Selwyn, and after him, Brummell, was in conversation, Walpole was on paper — a pleasant gossip, an admirable story-teller, a wit, a satirist, a keen observer, and a cold, trained man of the world. Distrustful of his impulses, he seldom, if ever, gave way to them; and accordingly, throughout his voluminous correspondence a healthy, natural burst of strong emotion is a godsend we rarely meet with. He has been accused of affectation; but this is an unjust charge; he was simply a man whom the circumstances of his elevated position in society had compelled to keep the strictest guard over his sensibilities, and exercise the utmost degree of self-restraint.

As Selwyn's great ambition was to be a wit, and Brummell's to be a dandy, so Walpole's was to be an author. But the success which the two former obtained during life was not achieved by the latter till after his death; for it is only by the publication, within the last ten or a dozen years, of the entire body of his incomparable letters, that a full measure of fame has been awarded him. His very versatility of talent militated against him. His virtuoso and antiquarian hobbies were stumbling-blocks in his course; and, notwithstanding the favour with which some of his earlier works were received, he was regarded by the majority of his contemporaries—who took their cue from his enemy, Burke—as a mere shallow trifler, a retailer of common-places, without force, thought, sentiment, or originality of any kind. Trifler and fop he certainly was in literature, for it was his object rather to amuse than instruct, and he had a nervous horror of being looked on as a learned pedant; but though he was fond of jingling the cap and bells in the ears of his more familiar correspondents, remembering, no doubt, with Horace, that "dulce est desipere in loco,"—yet he could lay them aside when he pleased, and exhibit the wisdom of the statesman, the enlarged thought of the philosopher, the discrimination of the critic, and the reading of the scholar. We have said that Walpole's great ambition was to achieve fame as an author. The posthumous publication, within the last few months, of his biographical sketch entitled "Short Notes of my Life," puts this beyond a doubt; for he herein catalogues, with all the circumstantial minuteness of an auctioneer, every scrap of verse and prose that he wrote during his long life, commencing with the Latin poem which he perpetrated when a schoolboy in 1736, and concluding with his "Answer to the Editor of Chatterton's Works," which he composed in 1778!

Though he strove to distinguish himself in many branches of literature, yet it is by his Memoirs and his Letters that Walpole will be best known to posterity. His "Mysterious Mother" has already descended to the "capacious tomb of the Capulets;" but his Correspondence is perused and re-perused by all classes with ever-renewed delight. "Age cannot wither, custom cannot stale, its infinite variety." Such a body, indeed, of Letters, comprising every species of excellence—combining the graceful levity of the fop with the brilliant raillery of the wit, the learning of the scholar, and the practical sagacity of the cosmopolite — the world before never saw, and probably is never destined to see again. Though the majority

of these unrivalled epistles are penned in that light, superficial manner so characteristic of the man of ton and of pleasure who proposes to himself no higher object than to entertain his readers, yet occasionally they breathe an earnest, thoughtful, philosophic spirit, and are instinct with a sober, worldly wisdom, the evident result of years of diligent speculation upon life and manners. This is particularly the case with the two last volumes of Walpole's Correspondence,* which were written in his old age, when the world and its vanities had palled upon his taste, and the chill shadow of the grave was brooding over his spirit. He here shows himself the calm, reflective observer,—the subdued wit, in whose very mirth there is a touch of gravity, — the pensive moralist, whose saddest musings, however, are rarely untainted by cynicism, and who, living no longer for the present, is constantly dwelling with regret and fondness on the past. Walpole's age was a restless, a splenetic, and a melancholy one. He had outlived most of the friends of his youth and manhood, and the new generation by which he found himself surrounded was not at all to his taste. "The present world," he remarks, in one of his latest and gravest letters, "might be my grandchildren; but, as they are not, I have nothing to do with them. I am glad they are amused, but I neither envy nor sympathize with their pleasures nor their business. I cannot feel interested about a generation that I do not know." Despite, however, this cynical indifference to the tastes and pursuits of the busy world about him, Walpole would, we suspect, have been delighted with the airy vivacity and elegant caprices of Brummell; and notwithstanding the Beau's pert assumption—so distasteful to the more formal old school of fashion—he would have done justice to his ready powers of repartee, and acknowledged him, in conversational talent at least, to be no unworthy successor of George Selwyn.

We do not learn that Horace Walpole was particularly brilliant in conversation; in this respect he was probably far inferior to Selwyn and Brummell; he appears, however, to have been, when in good humour—which was not always the case, for his temper was as capricious and uncertain as an April day—a chatty and agreeable companion; and Hannah More, who saw much of him in his latter days, speaks with delight and admiration of his colloquial qualities. This lady's testimony, however, is not always to be depended on; for, notwithstanding her Evangelism, she was a shrewd, worldly woman, who made a point of flattering every one whose good opinion was likely to be of use to her. The truth is, Walpole was not a man of ready wit or humour. His vivacity, which sparkles with such diamond-like lustre in his Letters, was anything but unpremeditated; it was pondered over and polished with the most scrupulous attention to effect—as carefully elaborated, in fact, as the pointed couplets of Pope. He never allowed his productions to be seen *en déshabille*, but studiously withheld them from the world till he could exhibit them in all the neatness, elegance, and finish of full-dress. It is not nature or simplicity we admire in Walpole's correspondence, but art carried to the highest point of perfection.

Of the three eminent individuals of whom we have been speak-

* The latest "Letters of Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann," 4 vols. 8vo. 1844.

ing, Horace Walpole is the only one who can be said to have done full justice to his powers. Selwyn and Brummell, though they possessed equal capacity, and had many opportunities of achieving an honourable fame that might do them service with posterity, allowed the golden moments to pass unheeded, and idled away their time, and dissipated their energies in the frivolous gossip of the clubs, or the still greater frivolities of the drawing-room. And wherefore this? In order, forsooth, that the one might be admired for his smart sayings, and the other for the graces of his costume! Miserable ambition, which the moralist "according to his temperament"—to quote the language of Gibbon—"may commiserate or visit with reprobation!" The consequence is, that the names of Selwyn and Brummell are fast lapsing into oblivion; in a few years they will be as completely forgotten as if they had never existed, or be recalled only to "point a moral or adorn a tale;" while the fame of Horace Walpole will descend to remotest posterity, supplying the historian, the biographer, the wit, and the essayist with sterling materials for the exercise of their respective powers.



BARON VON PFAFFENBERG.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL, WITH TWO PORTRAITS IN GLYPHOGRAPHY.

Whenever one of those astronomical phenomena called a comet condescends to astonish this world of ours with a visit, during his eccentric travels all the old wives are in a fluster; for they are perfectly convinced that "something" is going to happen,—that it is a type of an avenging rod for the castigation of the backslidings of

worldly iniquity. Opinions vary; but the eyes of all are alike upturned to gaze upon the lustrous stranger.

Now it happened in the year 18—, that the quiet little market-town of B—— was startled from its propriety by the appearance of a post-chaise and four, which honoured "The White Horse" by rattling up to its door, and putting host, hostess, waiters, and chambermaids in a fever of anticipation.

All the bells in the house were set a-ringing, and the host, mechanically grasping a diaper, rushed smirking to the door, which yawned with a sort of ligneous *ennui*, at having been compelled for months to keep open house, without admitting a satisfactory visitor.

The ostler and stable-boy (so called by custom or courtesy—for he was upwards of fifty-five) rushed at the horses' heads; the postillions leaped gymnastically from their saddles; the door was opened, and down rattled the steps, with a celerity and a tone which only a practised hand could achieve.

The host bustled down the three steps of the inn, and bowed, as a pale, slender youth, enveloped in the folds of a blue cloak, with a fur collar, stepped gingerly forth, and, turning his back upon the master of "The White Horse," angled his arm to assist his companion to alight.

A black curly head, with whiskers and mustachios, crowned by a velvet cap and gold tassel, and really a handsome face, was thrust forward, the figure being concealed by the folds of a military cloak. He was evidently the master, from the deference paid him by the youth and the post-boys.

"Mine goot friend," graciously addressing the obsequious host, "I sall trupple you to gif me and mine segredary foot and lodge in de houze for some tay. I am ron about de gountry for mine bleasure. Vot a putiful place dis is!"

The host, overwhelmed by the flattering distinction bestowed upon "The White Horse," muttered something about superior accommodation and particular attention, and ushered the Baron and his "segredary" into the best parlour.

Then scuttling down to the kitchen, where the hungry post-boys were already supplying their capacious mouths, he put a few technical inquiries to them respecting his unexpected guest, and was perfectly confirmed in his favourable impression by their praise of his princely liberality; and then they cunningly "touched" the host for a douceur, for having brought such an enviable customer to the house.

The host of the White Horse had scarcely satisfied the cravings of the postillions, and made all right, when the young secretary entered the kitchen, and, begging pardon for intruding in the culinary sanctum, politely gave orders for dinner to be prepared forthwith, named the wines and the dishes for the refection of himself and patron, and gave them two hours for the preparation, stating that in the meanwhile they would saunter about the town to satisfy their curiosity, and obtain an appetite.

Never was the White Horse put so much upon *his* mettle; every available hand in the establishment was put in requisition, and at the appointed hour the dinner was served up. The Baron, who appeared one of the most easy and good-natured men in the world, praised and ate of everything; and, considering the circumferential capacity of Mr. Secretary, the quantity he "stowed away" was amazing.

Café noir, and a goutte (*schnapps*) as the Baron termed it, followed, and then the secretary brought forth two formidable meerschaum pipes, and the Baron and his dependant were lost in "clouds" for three mortal hours.

Notwithstanding their excellent dinner, a slight supper was prepared, consisting of a pair of roast ducks, and green peas, and a trifle of pastry; after which the two guests "drank brandy-and-water gaily," to counteract dyspepsia, or any of its concomitants, and then retired early to their respective beds.

The next morning the secretary, after ordering breakfast, requested the host to make out his bill, as the Baron was so particular that he never commenced a new day in debt. The bill was, of course, handed in; he merely looked at the total, and, taking out a gold pencil-case, added ten shillings for servants, and drawing out a long green purse, disbursed the amount.

"In future you will please spare me the trouble of putting down this gratuity for the domestics of the establishment, as the Baron never gives less!"

Of course there was no "*nay*" from the White Horse to this pleasing proposition. For a whole week this delightful chance-customer continued to order and pay most punctually, and nothing was spared on the part of master or servants to anticipate every wish.

In the memory of the oldest inhabitant of that particularly favoured inn there had never been such a guest within its walls.

In the small town in which the Baron von Pfaffenberg had (whimsically perhaps) taken up his residence for awhile, the news of his arrival soon spread, and his extravagance, as they were pleased to term it, magnified far beyond the truth. There happened to be in the place a niggardly man, who kept a sort of general shop, and who had in the course of forty years accumulated such a capital, and gained such confidence from his rumoured wealth, that he had gradually annexed, as a branch to his general shop—a banking establishment.

"Old Jemmy," as he was familiarly styled, was to be seen early and late in his shop of multifarious wares.

The host of the White Horse was surprised one forenoon by a visit from the rich banker. He welcomed him deferentially, as a homage to his wealth; although, like the rest of the townsfolk, he entertained no real respect for the miser. What was his astonishment when he called for a bottle of port, and requested the host to partake of it.

"Well, and how do you find business?" demanded Old Jemmy.

"Tolerable—pretty tolerable," replied the host.

"You have a foreigner of distinction, I understand, at present in your house?"

"A very prince. Every morning before he breakfasts his secretary pays the bill, and the servants' fees too—think of that. I never met such a man. He must have a long purse; and he deserves it, too, for he spends it for the benefit of others."

"Very good," said Old Jemmy, his yellow cheek tinged with an unusual glow at this compliment to the Baron, which at the same time was felt as a rap on his own knuckles.

"Very good," continued he; "as he spends so much, perhaps we may mutually assist each other. You understand—he may want some

accommodation if he remain here, and (if the security be good) I shall be happy to make any advances for a slight commission;—you understand?"

"Perfectly," said mine host, winking: "I 'll speak to his secretary. But what am I to get?"

"Why, say—say—an eighth," said Old Jemmy deliberately.

"But what 's an eighth?"

"Half-a-crown out of every pound, to be sure," replied Old Jemmy.

"Let me see, then,—if you get a ten-pound note, I shall get ten half-crowns,—is that it?"

"Exactly," said the banker.

"Agreed," replied the master of the White Horse; and Old Jemmy, having paid for the first bottle of wine he ever drank in the house, departed.

The secretary entering at the precise moment, the host pointed to Old Jemmy.

"D'ye see that old man, sir?" said he. "He is one of the curiosities of this town. He has got lots of gold, and yet keeps a general shop, and is the banker of the place."

"A banker! dear me, what a mean-looking little old man," said the secretary. "Do you think it would be safe to place any property in his hands?"

"Safe as the Bank!" replied the host; "everybody trusts him,—nobody likes him."

"I don't understand much about money-matters," said the secretary; "but as the Baron appears inclined to remain here for some weeks, perhaps we may want something of the kind,—I don't mean money, but merely a place to deposit money securely."

"Exactly, sir," replied the host; "then I can safely recommend Old Jemmy, as we call him hereabouts."

Two days afterwards a letter arrived with a huge seal, addressed to the Baron at the White Horse. The secretary opened it in the presence of the host, and it contained, in an enclosure, 350*l.* in Bank of England notes.

"What a lump of money!" cried the host.

The secretary smiled.

"A trifle—at least in the Baron's estimation," said he. "I have known him expend twice that sum in one week, in entertainments to the nobility when in London. He has estates in Hungary, in his own right, which produce, at least, a thousand pounds a-week; and when his father dies, (who is now seventy years of age,) and he comes into possession of the estates of Schloss-Pfaffenberg,—will be worth double that sum. But I must go and see this banker, and deposit this remittance."

The master of the White Horse began to think that he charged too little! The week's bills, including servants, had only amounted to thirty pounds, upon an average,—and here was a man in the enjoyment of one thousand.

His views became enlarged, and his bills increased in amount.

Prompted by the host, who feared that his house might not be quite secure, the secretary was induced to open an account with Old Jemmy.

Besides a strong box containing deeds and papers, the Baron had

only a paltry five hundred pounds in cash, and some good bills on London houses to the same amount, which the banker obligingly discounted at five per cent., (money was then plentiful at three,) and placed the sum to the credit of Baron von Pfaffenberg; condescendingly waiting upon him for his sign manual in his 'signature book,' and edging in a proffer of his services.

The Baron, who was one of the most good-natured men in the world, was pleased with this "original," who was himself no less pleased and "profited" by the interview, accepting an invitation to dinner.

Old Jemmy, with an eye to business, was dressed in his Sunday clothes, and punctually appeared at the White Horse. A profuse and splendid entertainment awaited him, and he returned to his store with intellects rather at a discount, for he had really enjoyed himself, conscious that it had cost him nothing. A week after the interview, the secretary appeared at the 'bank,' and requested to speak with Old Jemmy, who slipped off his apron in a trice, and was closeted with his welcome customer.

"The Baron is in such an ill-humour," said he; "he has written to our agent in London to remit him five thousand pounds,—a sum which he annually sends over as a birthday gift to his dear mother,—and he has remitted these bills," laying them upon the table.

"Good as the Bank; they are circular notes of Coutts and Co.," said Old Jemmy.

"Yes, but they are at seven days' sight, and have five days to run, and he wishes to send them by to-night's post."

"Umph!" said Old Jemmy, calculating; "that is awkward certainly. I could certainly do them, for I have credit hereabouts, and might raise the money, but it would cost me time and trouble."

"My dear sir," said the secretary, "the money must be had here, or I shall be obliged to go post to town and do them. The Baron is like a spoiled child, and will have his way, cost what it may."

"Well, well," said Old Jemmy, handling the almost transparent paper; "the Baron has behaved so kindly—so friendly I may say—that I must stretch a point on this occasion, but the discount and commission will not amount to less than—say fifty pounds!!!"

"He would sooner give a hundred than disappoint his whim," replied the secretary. "Debit the account with that amount—what is our balance in hand?"

"Three hundred and seventy-five," replied the banker.

"Dear me! is it so low?—I must write for another remittance. In the meantime, you will perhaps have no objection to cash the Baron's draft for five hundred," said the secretary, presenting it. "A donation which I have to pay by his order to your Hospital here—you can charge interest for what is overdrawn."

"With pleasure," said Old Jemmy, and the affair was settled. That day he treated the "old woman," as he called his wife, to a duck and green peas, so exhilarated was the old man with his day's work.

And the next day, the generous Baron invited him again to dinner, and when he had imbibed his third bottle of hock, presented him with a signet ring, of some value, from his finger, as a token of esteem for his very liberal conduct to himself!

"Where's the Baron?" said Old Jemmy, rushing breathlessly into the White Horse, three days after his "feed."

"He has gone with four post-horses to see —— Castle, and returns at five o'clock to dinner," replied the host. "But what's in the wind?"

"These cursed bills are all forgeries," replied Old Jemmy. "Look here—one, two, three, four, five—five thousand pounds—I am a ruined man, sir,—ruined."

"Nonsense!" said the host; "you will not be the loser; he has plenty of money, and knows where he received them, and when he returns will make all right. He is such a very particular man."

But the very particular man never afterwards appeared, and escaped all trace. Who he was—never transpired; what he was—Old Jemmy, the extortionate general dealer and banker, severely felt.



TO ———.

FAREWELL, and think of me,
  When evening's hour,
  With silent power,
Shall waken memory.

Farewell, and think of me,
  When balmy sleep
  Thy soul shall steep
In dreams from sadness free.

Farewell, and think of me,
  When parting life
  Shall end the strife
Of guilt and misery.

Farewell, and think of me,
  When with the blest,
  In endless rest,
A Seraph thou shalt be.

H. B. K.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DELUSION.

BY THE IRISH WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Βάσκ' ἴθι, οὖλε Ὄνειρε.—HOMER.
'Tis all but a dream at the best.—MOORE.

WHAT 's the odds so long as you 're happy? There is more in that old saying than meets the ear. It 's a bright bit of cash for you wherever you go, if you lay it out to advantage—a tumbler of punch that will go down sweetly and smoothly under your waistcoat, and make you feel comfortable in a world that is "no great catch after all."

There is an eccentric but good-natured acquaintance of mine, who keeps a journal, and professes to take a note of such public and private matters as he thinks may or ought to interest himself or his friends. Such an industrious and well-meaning chronicler of passing events must be considered an acquisition to any man's circle, and particularly so to all those, who, like myself, labour under the effects of extensive laziness at this relaxing season of the year.

One night, towards the end of the late dreary and unnatural month of May, I sat with my friend Littlego by his clear and comfortable sea-coal fire, in all the luxury of hibernal enjoyment. The curtains were pulled close, the great fire-screen drawn out, and the creature requisites of moral and intellectual socialism ranged in agreeable order on an "Old Harmony" round oak table that stood between us and the cold world without. It was on this occasion that he read me the following entry, with as emphatic and uninterrupted an enunciation as his attention to the pleasures of his howka would allow.

"The Muse of History will yet have to (puff) relate, that about this period of England's history there were wars and rumours of wars abroad, which were all (puff) got up for stock-jobbing purposes; whilst at home there was a remarkably exciting movement amongst politicians of all parties, ranks, situations and sexes, which was all (puff) to be expected from the state of the times, and the result of our (puff) free institutions, which allow Englishmen and Englishwomen to (puff) think and speak as they like under the shade of Freedom's (puff) fig-tree and the glorious (puff) canopy of the Constitution. Ireland, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, and from Cunnemara to the Hill of Howth, was in a (puff) blaze, but notwithstanding the (puff) fears of one great party in the state, and the (puff) prognostications of the other, the (puff) flames did not set fire to the trout-stream of the Liffey (puff), the turf-bearing Barrow (puff), the immortal Boyne (puff), the broad bosom of the Shannon (puff), or the pleasant waters of the river Lee (puff). There was a breaking-up of political principles and (puff) parties in England, a Whig being declared (puff) not a Whig, a Conservative a (puff) Conservative no more, and a Young Englander (puff) neither the one nor the other; whilst, as if to indicate these political (puff) phenomena the more strongly, there was a (puff) break-up of the seasons also. Boreas took the field at the close of the spring, and opened his campaign by (puff) putting to flight Favonius and Zephyrus, and the summer (puff) winds, letting us have in their

stead a continued round of (puff) cold, miserable, and dusty (puff) north-easters during the month of May." * * *

My friend's pipe was out.

I almost fancy that, as Fielding's great hero was found fast asleep by the worthy ordinary of Newgate at the end of his reverence's sermon, I should be discovered in a similar state of unconscious relaxation, if my philosophic host had proceeded much farther into the nebulous regions of "puff." The great auxiliary to attention and watchfulness in my case, as in Mr. Wild's, was gone.

I had finished my punch.

I have a strong advice to give to the whole of the Littlego school, and I will give it. Whenever they catch a good-natured and patient listener, to whom they will read their "things unattempted yet in prose and verse," let them look to the bottle. You cannot get through a long journey without the *viaticum*.

On such occasions the worthy and entertaining host would find it of great advantage in securing the attention of his audience, were he to say, "Mr. Jorum, you're taking little or nothing to nullify the gastric juices to-night;" or, "Mr. Leatherhead, you're not doing much in the *public* line;" or, "Mr. Mac Fig, don't be after dry-nursing the Muses." Such master-touches of human nature were well understood by the literary entertainer in Horace's time, who, it is quite evident, must have primed his devoted guest with undiluted Falernian to induce him to burst forth into blarney,* to shed tears of sorrow or laughter as required, to thump the table, to pound the floor, or, in the height of exalted ecstasy, to rush through the intricacies of the double-shuffle, or cover the buckle-steps like the dancers at an Irish wake or wedding, before the general acceptation of "the pledge" and Pat Hayes's temperance cordial.†

Whilst commingling the transcendental elements anew, and as my companion, too, replenished his beaker, I ventured to ask him to come to the point, and favour me with a deduction.

"'Tis all delusion," said he, in tones of affecting solemnity; "nobody is to be believed now-a-days; nothing is to be trusted,—'Tis all delusion!"

And when was it otherwise, I should very much like to know? In public and private, in politics, in social intercourse, since the days when our forefathers were as merry in extemporaneous huts, as their descendants in gilded palaces; when happiness was sought for and obtained along

"The moss-covered road,
Where the hunter of deer, and the warrior trod,
To their hills that encircle the sea,"

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* Loud shall he cry, "How elegant, how fine!"
Turn pale with wonder at some happier line;
Distil the civil dew from either eye,
And leap and beat the ground in ecstasy.
As hirelings paid for their funeral tear,
Outweep the sorrows of a friend sincere.
HOR. *De Arte Poeticâ.* FRANCIS.

† A harmless, but not unpleasant substitute for the stronger dew of life which used to steal Paddy's "seven senses" away, and make him funny and quarrelsome. The "cordial" is distilled by the man whose name it bears, one of the best fellows in the green land of hospitality.

quite as eagerly and successfully as at the present time, when men look for gratification in a whirlwind, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, (forty, if you only vex the engine;) breakfasting at Euston Square in the morning, and dining at Newcastle-on-Tyne in the evening. "Our grandfathers wouldn't believe that; sure and sure they wouldn't," says Mrs. Malowney, when the grand atmospheric was opened between Kingstown and Dalkey; and "sure" the wisest of us won't believe many things that are to come after us, when we sleep with King Alfred the Great and O'Toole the Piper, beneath the vanities of a marble slab, or with our toes turned up to the daisies. And many things pass before us, which we see with our own material eyes, and we don't or we won't believe them. How many are there amongst us, on the other hand, who fancy they see that which is not? You meet them on the highways and by-ways of life at every turn in the road, and who can say one's friend or neighbour is more deluded than one's self. Through the wood—through the wood, day and night, right and left, we go; each following a favourite delusion, each fancying his own the path of wisdom, of justice, of truth, of philosophy!*

The Roman was right; and the various instances of unrestrained madness, which challenged his attention and invoked his satire, come before our own view every hour. The most melancholy picture of delusion, however, in my opinion, which he points out, is that of the wretch who won't eat and drink of the best when he can get it. The man who starves in the midst of plenty† must labour under a most miserable delusion; but he who would be guilty of such folly as to drink sour tiff, whilst good wine, and "more where that came from," was within handy distance, is as mad as a March hare, and requires more hellebore than the whole race of the daft put together. One thing is certain: he never was sworn at Highgate, nor is *he* "the man for Galway."

Littlego, who is an old Etonian, and a Cambridgeman to boot, is on the threshold of public life, in the vestibule of the temple at this moment. He entertains very mild and gentle notions about things in general, and the order of things. And mild and gentle as he is, he is still an enthusiast. I would not give a button for a man of his youthful years, who had not a smack of enthusiasm in him of some kind or other, provided it was not of a rabid description. He likes not the public principles of the hour, which, he contends for it, are no principles; as the groundwork of principle, in his opinion, is

* When in a wood we leave the certain way,
One error fools us, though we various stray:
Some to the left, some turn to t'other side:
So he who dares thy madness to deride,
Though you may frankly own yourself a fool,
Behind him trails his mark of ridicule.
Hor. *Serm.* lib. ii. sat. 3. Francis.

† With a long club, and ever-open eyes,
To guard his corn its wretched master lies;
Nor dares, though hungry, touch the hoarded grain,
While bitter herbs his frugal life sustain:
If in his cellar lie a thousand flasks
(Nay, let them rise to thrice a thousand casks)
Of old Falernian or the Chian vine,
Yet if he drink mere vinegar for wine, &c. &c. *Ibid.*

consistency. "This is the age of delusion." This is his view of the case, and he is not the less deluded. He wishes us to return to the old habits, to walk on the old ways, and he fancies—poor boy!—that there was a time when in this favoured country the public virtues were as plenty as blackberries. I should like to know under whose reign the people gathered figs from thistles. When he is as old as I am, and has suffered half as much for youthful enthusiasm, he 'll know better. I never knew a Cato or an Aristides yet, although I took out my little bit of a lantern at a very early age to look for them. Nor do we require them. We get on practically and pleasantly without them, and much better than the Greeks and Romans did, if there be truth in history. Delusion, indeed! the circumstances of mankind are like the shifting sands of the ocean; they are ever deluding us; ever changing. Their change is as certain, as unavoidable, as the course of time. The whole of the passing scene is like the dissolving views at the Polytechnic. "Delusion," properly so called, not taken in its ungracious meaning, is the game of life—it is the law of life. What is life itself, a span, a breath, a meteor, but delusion? This was evidently the opinion of the Christian poet Casimir Sarbievius, called with justice the modern Horace, who wrote on the subject more than two hundred years ago. The ode which I have Englished for the benefit of the ladies and gentlemen of the Hamiltonian system, is decidedly one of the most beautiful of any age or in any language.

AD TELEPHUM LYCUM.

Eheu Telephe ludimur,
  Fortunæ volucri ludimur impetu!
Æternum nihil est, sacro
  Quidquid lenta tulit materies sinu
Statur casibus. Occidet
  Quod surgit: sed adhuc surget et occidet;
Ritu præcipitis pilæ,
  Quæ cum pulsa cavâ rejicitur manu,
Nunc lenes secat Africos,
  Nunc terræ refugis absilit ictibus.
Vesper vespere truditur;
  Sed nunc deterior, nunc melior subit.
Anni nubibus insident,
  Incertis equitant Lustra Favoniis,
Cæco Sæcula turbine.
  Hæc, quam Pieriâ decipimus lyrâ,
Juncto fulminis essedo,
  Eheu, quam celeres Hora quatit Notos,
Nec gratæ strepitum lyræ,
  Nec curat miseræ carmina tibiæ:
Et quamquam canitur, levis
  Sese tota suis laudibus invidet.
Magnas intereà rapit
  Urbesque, et populos, et miserabili
Reges subruit impetu:
  Et sceptri decus, et regna cadentium
Permiscet cineri Ducum,
  Auratasque trabes et penetralia,
Et cives simul et super
  Eversis sepelit turribus oppida:
Ac mundi procul arduas
  Stragesque et cumulos, ac Procerum pyras
Festâ nube supervolat;
  Stellarumque rotam, et longa brevissimo
Cursu sæcula corripit.
  Dum nobis taciti diffugiunt Dies,
Eheu, Telephe, ludimur,
  Fatorum rapidâ ludimur orbit
An nos fallimur? an suam
  Rerum pulcher habet vultus imaginem,
Et sunt quæ, Lyce, cernimus?
  An peccant lumina palpebris,
Et mendax oculi vitrum!
  An longi trahitur fabula somnii?

TO TELEPHUS LYCUS.

Man, Fortune's sport, and life a thing
Played with by Fate's resistless wing.
Know this, my friend, and then you know
That all 's delusion here below.
Nought come of Nature's sacred womb
Is born to an unchanging doom.
Upon decay still stand we all:
The thing which rises now shall fall,
And that which falls shall rise again,
As, struck by th' hollow hand amain,
The rapid ball is upwards driven,
Cleaving the refluent winds of heaven,

Now falls from every swift rebound,
Now rises from th' elastic ground.
Brightly, or darkly, as they run
The evenings chase each other on;
The years upon the light clouds sail,
The cycles ride upon the gale;
And ages, hurrying apace,
On rushing whirlwinds join the race.
The hour we fain would while away
With charms of sweet Pierian lay,
Upon its light'ning-yoked car
The rapid breeze outstripping far,
No charms can lull, no strains inspire
Of slender pipe or lofty lyre!
Sing on! sing on! Time still will fly,
Despite the flattering minstrelsy.
Lo, as he drives his deadly flight,
He blasts whole cities from their site;
O'er mighty empires breathes decay,
And sweeps the kings of earth away.
The sceptre's pride, the monarch's power,
The gilded pile, the royal bower,
With all that come of mortal birth,
Time mingles with the dust of earth,
In that deep grave where tower and town,
Upturn'd at last, go crumbling down.
Enthron'd upon a festive cloud,
O'er earth's decay sublime and proud,
He leads the rapid race of doom
O'er lofty pyre and lowly tomb!
Still urges on as he careers
The bright rotation of the spheres;
Still drives the rapid circles of the years.
And as the mute hours pass us by
On the light track of destiny,
We on that track unconscious go,
The sport of Fortune here below!
Ah, is it thus, and can it be
That we 're deceived in all we see?
Is this bright breathing scene of life
With vain delusion only rife?
Have all things beautiful and fair
The aspect which they seem to wear?
Can we define in all we see
A positive identity?
Or does the peccant vision lie
Through the false medium of the eye?
A mythic dream is life's dull flow,
And all DELUSION here below?

Any of the Transcendentalists would write a book upon that ode. After having read that book people might be more deluded than before, or they might not—as the logicians say; and what 's the odds?

Who are the deluded—those who believe or disbelieve in mesmerism?* Was the eminent Counsel, who placed it in the same category of delusions as "the unknown tongues," in the great lunacy case in the Court of Chancery, the other day, justified in his assumption,—was he himself on this point a fool or a philosopher? Of phreno-mesmerism I say nothing; only that if its prophets can give information in their sleep about lost property, lost hearts, lost intellects, and lost reputations, and can tell people the whereabouts to find them, they may make large fortunes, and do inestimable benefit to society. Telling strange things, which are of no possible good when told, is a solecism in philosophy. The game is not worth the candle. If we are to have wonders in this wonder-fraught age, let them have a practical purpose;

"Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit."

The miracle of steam has a purpose of this kind. The Spirit of the Age, in this case, rides on the wings of the morning to a glorious

* As a measure of the amount to which mesmerism is received in Germany as a *fait accompli*, I find the evidence of so clear a thinker, and so acute a critic, as Menzel. Nothing can be more unhesitating and unequivocal than the expression of his belief that a *magnetic influence* is a *vera causa*. In his work upon German literature, and in the chapter upon the cultivation of what are called the Natural History, Sciences, and Natural Philosophy, in a classification of the great discoverers, I find alongside of the names of Newton, Liebnitz, Copernicus, Galileo, and others, that of Mesmer, and that without comment or excuse, but as a mere matter-of-course statement. Expressions of this sort are tests not only of the doctrine of the writer, but of the assent that he expects from his readers. In literary criticism it is well known that Germany has no cooler judge, or clearer thinker, than Menzel.

goal. Captain Warner's submarine exploder, if it be no delusion, is not intended for shooting the little fishes. I have seen Mesmerism effect a great and good end in the recovery of nervous invalids, by giving them sleep, which restored the lost tone of the constitution. So far I look upon it as a great fact, but farther I know nothing about it.

In the wake of every new science a pack of soft-headed enthusiasts are to be seen, whose extravagance brings it into disrepute. There are people now-a-days who fearlessly attempt to reconcile with animal magnetism some of the miracles alleged by their worshippers to have been performed by celebrated fanatics of different ages. The following Irish story of "The Druid's Lent, or the Road the Dishes went," is at their service.

King Cormac sat in the hall of songs. He sat in the midst of his seneachies* and the nobles of the land. Bristled upon the surrounding walls in gigantic orbits whole constellations of lances, pikes, puertisannes,† skenes,‡ darts, battle-axes, cladhams§ and two-edged swords. Haubergeon,|| hacqueton,¶ bacinet,** buckler, and glaive, hung round in many a quaint device; and high above the monarch's throne flapped in the summer breeze, which revelled unrestricted through loop-hole and embrasure, the sun-burst banner of immortal green. The feast was spread around, and a hundred harps, attuned to as many voices, sent up the praises and thanksgivings of the bards to the gods, in honour of a mighty victory which had been gained over the fleet of the Ostmen. The ships of the invaders the Druids had surrounded in a mist, and driven them on the rocks in a whirlwind. The miserable mariners were slaughtered without ruth, and their mangled bodies became a bloody prey for ravening wolves, and food for the yellow-footed eagle. The royal feast had just begun. Before King Cormac was placed the enormous head of an elk, slain that morning on the turfy marshes of Allen. It was stuffed with the most fragrant herbs from the gardens of Leix, garnished with green branches from the oaks of Shillelagh, and swimming in the butter of a hundred Kerry cows. On his left stood a deftly-carved wooden cup of the juice of barley, the best ever expressed from the mountain still; and on his right a foaming flaggon of red Gallic wine. With similar liquors was each guest provided. Along the hospitable

* *Seneachie*—bard. † *Puertisanne*—partisan, species of pike.

‡ *Skene*—knife a foot and a half long. Contraction of Anglo-Saxon *segene*, a short sword. § *Cladham*—sword. Latin *gladius*.

|| *Haubergeon*—short coat of mail.

¶ *Hacqueton*—doublet stuffed with twisted straw, to puzzle a palpable hit, as woolpacks turn off cannon-balls in later times. The Irish kern wore straw breeches and hose, with the same prudential object. Their descendants, who come over to England in reaping-hook-armed battalions, every harvest, wear socks of the same material. Others, again, wear straw-gaiters. Girdles and hatbands of straw are of common use amongst the merry wanderers who come over to this "live and let live" country, to earn five and six guineas an acre for the Irish rack-rents. Straw thatches the Irish peasant's hut, and forms a chair for him to sit by his turf-fire during the winter's night. Give him a lock of clean straw to rest his light limbs on in your English barn, after his hard day's work a-field, and he is as happy as a king. Paddy is very partial to straw. Poor fellow! notwithstanding what his maligners may say about his wasteful propensities, he makes as good use as he can of the stalk when his landlord has taken the ear away.

** *Bacinet*, iron cap, used sometimes also for cooking the small still, or boiling the national esculent.

board smoked, in the most noble profusion, the choicest gifts of flock and herd, with the produce of the chase and the fisher's art. Each chief, following the example set him by the king, plied his long skene amongst the viands about him for his own refection, as well as that of the blue-eyed daughters of Erin, and pressed the wine-cup upon the half unwilling fair. Suddenly the roar of the storm arose as hoarsely as when it revels through the wild echoes of woody Morven; and a voice was heard above its howlings which entered in terror the heart of Cormac. "Thady Roe must be helped first!" Loud was the dance of platters on the instant, and louder the roar of tongues which burst from the King and his lords and ladies when uprose the dishes soaring to the oaken roof, that opened wide to let them go.

So far I have translated the fragment in the Irish Chronicles relative to this great fact. The following rigmarole takes the narrative up, and concludes it from tradition. It is in my foster-brother O'Daly the Piper's own words:—

The rights of the case, d' ye see, was this. Mogue the Rattler went to keep the Lent in the Bog of Allen, with his man, Thady Roe. The neighbours called him the Rattler, because he was a sodger in his youth, and he let the gallyglasses* of the King's guard into the knack of rattling their swoords together, by the way of frightening away the innimy, which was thought a very grand invintion at first, in the regard of saving a dale of murdher, and a mighty dale of close fighting. Howsomdever, the King said it was all bladderemskyte, and only fit to keep geese together on a common, or to frighten the crows out of the corn, or knock terror into a rigiment of owld women. After that Mogue left the army in disgust, and took on among the Druids of Ardrass, who made much of him for his larning and politeness. Well, the Druids' Lent, you see, wasn't a heart-breaking sort of a black fast, after all; for it only lasted seven days, and, in coorse, seven nights into the bargain. The ould white-beards used to go in vaarious directions among the woods and mountains to do their pinnance; and nowhere would do Mogue and his man, Thady Roe, but the Bog of Allen for their trifle of mortification. Thady had a big stone jar of the right sort, that never saw the brass of a gauger's rule, a scrip full of brown bread and bisky, two dudheens and a little rowl of tobacco, and a little stone pot to bile the greens and prayties, which he thought grew wild where he was going, as they did everywhere else through the country, without any thanks to any man's spade. Poor boy! he little knew the hardship that was afore him. No vegintibles grew in the Bog of Allen,

* *Galloglasse*—heavy-armed infantry; *lucus a non, &c.* They went bare-headed, and bare-legged, armed with a battle-axe, which they threw with great force and dexterity. From this military sport, which Grose derives from the Ostmen—

"Haches Danoises pour lancir et ferir,"—

the modern game of throwing the hatchet by Irishmen of different religious sects and politics away from home may possibly be derived. This game of personality, which is synonymous with "roasting the hare," one Irishman being on the spit, and the other turning it, is fearfully indulged in, I am sorry to say, by too many of my countrymen in England. Englishmen do not understand why men who are good-natured to others should be so confoundedly ill-natured amongst themselves on account of speculative differences.

barring turf; and a man must be mighty impoverished to ayte turf. Well, you see, they got on purty middlin' on the stone jar, and the trifle of brown bread, and the blast of the pipe, till the sixth day, when up comes Thady from beside the running strame where he lay whistling the hunger off himself, and says he to the Druid, "By dad, your reverence," says Thady, "I can't howld out any longer, sir; and, what's more, I won't," says he.—"What's the matther, avich?" says Mogue the Rattler, taking his pipe out of his jaw, and looking quite unconsarned like at the boy.—"Troth, an' plenty's the matther, sure," says he; "my heart's wake, and my head's got the maygrums, and you could sometimes hear my bowels a mile off growling and grumbling, as if the Frinch and the Inglish were fighting the battle of Seringapatam in the inside of me. I'll die of the dropsy," says he, "and nobody to look after my mother's own daycent boy, and that's no way to trayte an orphan."—"Oh, then, is that all?" said the Druid; and he put his pipe between his teeth again, and began to shake his sides with the laughing. "Clear away a sunny spot among the holly bushes there," says he, "just large enough to howld a few hundred gravy-turreens, and bottles, and decanthers, and one or two second coorses." Thady did as he was bid, and drew his skeene, and cut the furs away like a May-boy. So when he cleared a perch or two away, the Druid said, "Now, my boy," says he, "I'll take the wrinkles out of your stomach, and give you a trayte." He then put his finger in his mouth, and gave a long whistle that you could hear five miles off, and slapped the broad of his thigh three times. The sound was sent back from the green hills and the Leap of Allen, as if all the evil sperrits in where I won't mintion was takin' their divarsion. Such ha-ha'ing and hurrooing was never heard since Saint Patrick sent the toads and snakes out of the country. Up starts a little man about the size of Tommy Thumb, with weeny bits of limbs on him the size of a man's wrist; his body wasn't higher than a huxter's pint, and his head was bigger than body and limbs put together. He had a little white bayver hat on him, and a cock's feather, and a pair of little knee-breeches, that would make a saint laugh at his prayers; and so he cocked his arms akimbo, and says he to the Druid, "What would your honour's reverence be afther wanting?" says he.—"I want the best dinner in the land, for the best man in it, barring myself," says he, "and that's Thague na Stocauch,"* says he. —"And if nothing less than the best dinner in the land would do Thague's turn," says the leprauchaun,† that dinner is this minute before the King of the country."—"Circumvint it," says the Druid; and the ground opened, and the little owld man vanished in a subterraneous sort of a smell, that struck Thady Roe as rather inconvaynient. Well, to be sure, there was in a minute or two the divil's own hullibaloo in the air, and on came a whole rigiment of dishes from

* *Stocach*—horse-boy. He ran alongside the hobiller or mounted man, and was found useful in an age when hostelries were rather scarce. He could fight his way pretty decently, but, according to abusive writers, was addicted to stealing, swearing, felonious gallantry, and other military vices. He was not a whit worse, however, than other young gentlemen of the camp in all ages and all countries. The Roman calones, the pages of the knights, our officers' tigers, all come under the name of "the artful dodger."

† *Leprauchaun*—chief of the fairies; the Irish Puck.

towards the King's palace of Taptoo, and lighting over where Thady was sitting sharpening his skene on the outside of his stone jar, they gave a little bit of a flutter, and flopped down one by one in order before him. The elk's head spoke up for the rest, and roared out, "Mr. Roe, there 's nobody more welcome; cut away, and don't spare me." Well, maybe he didn't. Thady stuck into everything that was on the table as if he never ayte a bit in his life-time afore, and as if he intindid each bit to be his last. But before he was done, the sound of a French horn was heard far off, and by and by another, and then, as they come nearer, you could hear half a dozen basthoons,* and other wind-instruments. All of a sudden, as Thady looked up to see what had the impudence to disturb him, he saw a lot of the sodgers, horse and foot, coming out of the wood, only half a mile off, at the edge of the bog. "Oh, what will we do at all at all!" says Thady, who by this time was as full as a tick, and had nearly lost his appetite; "they 'll hang me as high as Gilderoy. Here 's the King's sodgers coming to skiver me up, and cut me into seed-prayties!"—"Never fear, you omedhaun,"† says the Druid; and he gave the long whistle again, and clapped the broad of his thigh as before. And no sooner did he do that, than up starts the little ould man, flourishing a little bit of timber over his head the size of a child's walking-stick. He danced about for a minute, and says he, "What 's the row?" The Druid pointed out to the King's guards, that had followed the sight of the dishes as long as they could, and the scent of them, when their eyesight failed them. "Do you think you could do anything for them," says he, "in the regard of keeping them back till Thady is satisfied?—for nobody axed them here, and nobody wants their company," says he.—"Lave that to me," says the leprauchaun; and in the twinklin' of a gimblet-hole he was in the middle of the bog, twirling and flourishing his little shilelagh, cursing like a trooper. "Come on, if yez are able, you dirty, hungry blackguards," says the little divil. "I 'd bayte the full up of a pig-fair of such spalpeens," says he. Well, they all began to shout with divarsion, and you could see the very horses—poor bastes—laughing at such a little chap as that puttin' up to fight a whole army. But after a while his tongue nearly set them mad, he said such wicked bitter things to them; and at last he threw off his little coat, waistcoat, and his gallowses and shirt, and challenged the gineral. Well, when he did that, the sodgers couldn't stand his bad language any longer, so in they went every man Jack of them, horse and foot, officers and all, and they didn't go a hundred yards before they all stuck fast in the bog. "Now, Thady," says the Druid, "leather away while you can, my boy," says he; "for the gintlemen in the bog must wait your convayniance," says he. And Thady took the hint, and began afresh, as if he took a new lease of his appetite; and, while the King's men were stuck in the bog, the lepranchaun called on the band of the horse-guards to strike up a jig for Thady Roe, which they played up lively whether they liked it or no; and Thady danced the jig, after he had filled his skin with the good things, and drank the King's health at his Majesty's expense. The jig is called "the Frieze Breeches" to this day, in honour of the pair which Thady wore when he went to keep the Druid's Lent in the wilderness. While Thady

* *Basthoons*—bassoons, perhaps. † *Omedhaun*—ideot.

was dancing, the dishes rose again in the air, and went back the way they came; and the sodgers were towld by the little divilskin who was master of the ceremonies, that they might now get up and shake themselves. They were glad to get lave; and cowld and weary they were with the wet, and the mire, and the mud of the bog, poor boys! and marched back to the palace by the road the dishes went. And when they got there the dishes were there before them, looking very roughly handled; for Thady Roe ate like a pig, and scarified the elk's head to all intints and purposes, and played the divil among the pastries. But at last, when the dishes got home, the King was done dinner, and was singing the Cruiskeen Llawn, for the edification of his grand company. So Thady's lavings was sarved up to the sodgers, and mighty playsed they were to get that same after their long walk, with something to wash it down. But how did his Majesty get a dinner, when the hot dishes ran away like curlews through the air? Bekaise he was a sinsible sort of a man, and wasn't to be vexed by trifles. Says he quiet and aisy, when the roof closed over the last of the fricasees, and the gineral had got orders to turn out the garrison, and everybody was in a doldrum, "Mr. Fin," says he, "how goes the larder?"—"Purty well, your Majesty," says the lord of the pantry, "in the regard of broken victuals."—"Then, Mr. Fin, rowl up the cowld mayte," says King Cormac.

If that was animal magnetism, Mogue the Rattler slapped his thigh to a much better purpose than even our common sense friend, Sancho Panza.

THE MAN IN DIFFICULTIES.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

This is a member of perhaps the largest class of bachelors about town. To the uninitiated this assertion may seem strange, but is, nevertheless, strictly true. Half the young men that drive handsome cabs in London, and loll out of club-room windows, are "men in difficulties," brought on by their own improvidence, or a false position in the world. Thus I have a half-pay officer, living on his eighty pounds a-year, daily perambulating Regent Street, in Parisian primrose kid-gloves, looking out for some wealthy friend or reckless lord to give him a dinner, in which, if he is disappointed, he quietly steps into a cheap eating-house, and obtains the denied meal at the low rate of eightpence or tenpence. After which, dressed in the very pink of fashion, he lolls into the opera-house, having obtained an order from a friendly bookseller, strolls into fat Mrs. Fidkins' box, and so astounds her by talking of his friends, Lord This, and the Duke of That, that she instantly requests the "*onor of his company to a pitty soupay.*" After this, poor H. P. sneaks quietly home to his garret in Bury Street, St. James's, there to dream over the heiresses he has met, and devise the best means of securing one. If, however, he fails in finding a good-natured supper-giver at the opera, he kindly lays hold of some young man, with whom he adjourns to a gambling-house, where the owner is but too happy to afford him a most splendid meal in return for the pigeon he introduces. Our Half-pay is well in outward appearances, dressed fashionably, his direction a rather aristo-

cratic club, his associates (according to his own version) almost all noble. Ready to oblige, and ever prepared to make up for any visitor in default at a dinner-table, no wonder that, after many years of this existence of false show, he ends by espousing some rich old woman, or suddenly gets an inferior appointment in India, and is no more heard of. Some "men in difficulties" have *had* estates, and wasted them; others have good expectations, on which they *must* live, for they have nothing else to exist upon. These two classes are the best friends of the Stamp Office in the metropolis. Occasionally getting a remittance, they manage to scrape on by a renewal system of bills and promissory notes. The alderman may live on turtle, and the prisoner on bread; but the individual I am now trying to depict positively lives on *paper*. Charges on already overburthened estates, and presentations to livings sold half a dozen times over, scraps of entail broken by ingenious lawyers, and the exhibition of rent-roll formerly clear, keep up the credit of him who *once* was rich; while post-obit bonds, purchases of wines, sold ten minutes afterwards, insurances on life, promises of future agencies, and such like deeds, enable the expectant to keep up appearances, till the possessor of the estate dies, when the "man in difficulties" finds himself worse off than ever, takes the benefit of the act, and passes the remainder of his days in a country-town, or starts off for the Continent, and lives upon the wreck of his fortune, and the fame of *what ought to have been* his property. There is to this clas a superlative degree, entitled "the man over head and ears in difficulties."

This poor fellow never had much, but, alas! never expected much. I am not going, like some of our popular modern authors, who make us fall in love with highwaymen and pickpockets, to paint this character in such a favourable light as to cause others to wish to imitate him. I will not take upon my conscience the belief that I have tempted a single soul to diverge from the right path, by pourtraying the character of even a "good fellow" in too glowing terms; but I must do the man I am sketching the justice to say, that hospitality, generosity, and kindness have brought him to his present unenviable position, which, I must confess, I believe he would not change for that of a rich prince without friends, without noble emotions. Our present subject, it is true, has ruined himself through his wanton extravagance; but in what has that extravagance consisted? In feeding the hungry, in giving to the poor, and in going security for those whom he thought as honourable as himself. When he had a purse, it was mine, it was yours, it was open to all. Now that he is penniless, his once doating friends spurn him, his acquaintances cut him, his relatives disown him. But, though "over head and ears in difficulties," his spirits are still buoyant, and he refuses to believe in the treachery of his former favourites, or the general coldness of the world. His thorough good humour and self-satisfied reminiscences rob poverty of half its sting, and almost make a prudent, and consequently a seriously-thinking man, envy him. When arrested, he has enjoyed a drinking-bout with his captor; and, when carried to a "spunging-house," has become the pet of the bailiff's family, from his fund of anecdote and joviality. In the Bench he has been sought out by every one for his singing powers. Starvation has stared him in the face; he has laughed at its miseries. Equally ready to be se-

curity for a friend's bill, or second to him in a duel, to travel half over the globe to oblige, or share the dread labours of a sick chamber, the reckless prodigal manages to live on with a cheerful countenance, though unable to get credit for a meal, or freedom in a stroll, except on Sunday. When he has a five-pound note, he gives a guinea to some Argus-eyed bailiff to keep out of the way, and spends the rest in a dinner at Stevens's, to which he instantly invites three or four rollicking friends. He might, it is true, marry an old woman with a large fortune, or a vulgar miss with a moderate one. He equally despises both. He is desperately in love with a lovely, but a penniless girl, and would rather (to use his own term) rot in a gaol than give her up. It is a toss-up how this man ends his life. Many of his class die in a prison; many reel home from a debauch, and expire with the taste of wine upon their lips. But there are also many who pull up just in time, and, through the means of some unexpected windfall, reform their habits, and consequently lose their right to be called "gentlemen in difficulties."

CREATION.

A FRAGMENT.

Ere first was formed this universe and world,
  This sun, this moon, these circumambient stars,
No meteors fell, through constellations hurled;
  No earthquakes shook with elemental jars;
No craters rose, seared by volcanic scars;
  No bursting thunders flashed, with forked light;
But a vast void's impenetrable bars
  Shut out each sense of hearing, feeling, sight;
Yet there reigned one sole will—one everlasting might!

That will went forth, and that Almighty word,
  Creative, pierced the depths of the abyss,
(Which Solitude and Desolation heard,)
  And filled the mystic bounds of emptiness;
Then atoms upon atoms 'gan to press,
  Attracted through infinity of space,
And, concentrating, formed a nucleus,
  Which gave this world solidity and place,
And then was pre-ordained in Heaven the human race.

Firstfruit of matter yet, this infant earth,
  Wrapped in the shadows of primeval night,
Offspring of darkness from its earliest birth,
  Invisible and wasted as a blight,
Proportionless in length, and breadth, and height,
  Hung shapeless, lifeless, motionless, and lone;
God said, "Let there be light, and there was light,"
  Which on its rim opaque obliquely shone,
Then in the absorbing gulph threw its reflected cone.

Now was this world an undigested mass,
  Confounding all things in its outward mould;
Containing neither fields, nor trees, nor grass,
  Nor varied landscapes, beauteous to behold,
And though but just existing, it seemed old.
  The Spirit moved, and a new change came o'er,
And that which was ungenial, crude, and cold,
  Was warmed and quickened to its inmost core,
And the progressive marks of the Creator bore.

Condensed in clouds now gathering vapours rise,
  Subliming from the surface of the earth,
And float amidst a firmament of skies,
  To fertilize with showers the plains of dearth;
Now cumulating waters, as a girth,
  Encircle half this globe with sparkling seas,
Giving to isles and promontories birth,
  And spread their wide dominion by degrees,
As yet unswollen by tides, or ruffled by a breeze.

In rugged majesty next mountains frown
  O'er shelving rocks and lessening lands below,
Projecting their bare sides of black, or brown,
  Ere vegetation has commenced to grow;
Down yawning chasms now rushing torrents flow,
  Scooping their hollow channels to the deep,
And as in scorn, their spray wide upwards throw,
  Or, murmuring at obstructions, onwards leap,
Then, strangled in the waste of ocean, silent sleep.

The Spirit moved again, and then was seen,
  Extending o'er each earth-bare hill and vale,
A springing vestiture of living green,
  And herbage universal to prevail;
Now nodding flowers their various sweets exhale,
  And stately trees, and humbler trees of fruit
Bend their broad boughs, whose seed can never fail;
  And bulbous plants strike their expanding root,
As yet unculled by man, or battened on by brute.

First glowing in the east, then 'gan the sun
  To tinge the fields of ether with his rays,
And round him self-revolving earth to run
  Her double course of seasons, nights, and days.
Then time commenced successive, which displays
  The rise, duration, and the end of things;
Which, as a mother, with endearing ways,
  He rears from infancy with fostering wings,
Then, blasting them with age, to dust capricious flings.

Now o'er one half this globe the shades of night
  Impervious hung till the approach of morn,
And slow evolving to the realms of light,
  The earth, as from oblivion, seemed new-born;
When, from some solitary cape forlorn,
  The moon shed forth her new incipient beam,
Full and as yet unchanged with shallow horn,
  Peering o'er sea, and moor, and rippling stream,
Whilst, flooding in her wake, the tides, attracted, gleam.

Scattered around her, as in magic trance,
  Myriads of stars her influence obey,
In her soft shade reposing, twinkling glance
  Their lustre mild, but shun the glare of day.
Now, sown with pearls, appears the milky-way;
  And streaming comets heaven's vast concave span;
And northern lights in coruscations play;
  Whose brilliant rays, which strike the planets wan,
Shall awe the future mind of uninstructed man.

The great creative Spirit moved again,
  Breathing the breath of animated life;
Prolific from each mountain, lake, and fen,
  Struggling with rival being as in strife,
When Nature laboured with existence rife;
  The sea cast up her fry, whose tawny fins
Cut the clear waves as with a golden knife,
  Basking from where the coast outstretched begins,
Till round some hollow bay its sinuous course it wins.

The forests, once so still, save when the breeze
  Brushed them with fitful gale, are still no more;
Now caverns, rocks, and savage wilds, and trees,
  Re-echo to the lordly lion's roar.
Poised in the air, now screaming vultures soar;
  From some sequestered dell the ring-dove coos;
The massy mammoth seeks his morning store,
  Crushing the matted foliage hung with dews;
Whilst insects through the air their busy hum diffuse.

Perfection each, imperfect yet the plan,
  Though splendour upon splendour should arise,
Without the presence and the praise of man,
  Wafted in adoration to the skies.
Blind instinct breathes, and vegetates, and dies,
  Nourished and mingled with its native soil,
But man's aspiring spirit upward flies,
  Scorning the grosser bonds of earthly toil,
And bounding in his rise, to heaven seeks to recoil.

The noble task was done: when forth appeared,
  Youthful, majestic, energetic, strong,
The sire of man, by all creation feared,
  Of those that fly, or creep, or gathering, throng.
In his right hand he gently led along
  Woman, the mother of the human race,
God's fairest works the loveliest among;
  Angelic sweetness beaming in her face,
And in her mien and gesture dignity and grace.

31st July, 1844. W. B.

THE BLUE SPINSTER.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

Could woman read man's heart thoroughly (and one who professes the art of writing should have served an apprenticeship to the study of mankind), could the fair creature, about whom I now sit down to tell, know how strong is the dislike inherent in the manly breast to a female writer, surely she would not waste her time in making the world know she has composed a book, and sent articles to every annual which Ackerman has published for the last ten years. It is true that she is *un peu passé*; there are certain indications around her eyes which tell her she is no longer so young as she was when the heir to Lord Dash proposed for her, and when her health was a standing toast in Rumford Barracks; yet she has still attractions enough left to captivate a *very young man;* for be it known that a woman of thirty-five is only dangerous to a septuagenarian, or a beardless boy. The one looks upon her as a lovely *young* person; the other as a splendid, the conquest of whom will give him the instant title of man. But alas! this is not enough to satisfy the vanity-cravings of a *ci-devant* belle, if she be still unmarried. It is true she honours old Sir Capel Blatherem, K.C.B. by requesting him to accompany her to the review in Hyde Park, and delights Tommy Simple, a wretched school-boy, by asking him to buy her gloves, and still further pleases him by allowing him to pay for them; but neither of these parties will suit as partner for life. A man of her own age, or even ten

years younger, might do for her; but alas! these are the very persons who seem to foolishly prefer more juvenile damsels, and by every now and then marrying them, add to the startling fears that celibacy still will attend her, when she arrives at the unenviable honours of "fat, fair, and forty."

One course is left—the literary path. Yes, the slight fading of her outward charms are instantly to be more than compensated for by the rich treasures of her mind, which for the future she intends to pour out before an admiring public. Simple phrases are banished, technicalities are adopted, every review is read, Greek compounds are picked up, and Debrette's list of mottos, with Maunder's Italian proverbs, are studied and learnt by heart to gild the future conversation of the *bas bleu*. Newton and Paley, Bacon and Whewell, are unhesitatingly quoted, and every study from astronomy to icthyology, every system from materialism to metempsychosis, freely discussed, the learned fair one taking especial care to change the theme whenever she finds her superficial reading met by a well grounded debater. Every *bas bleu* has her own little *coterie*, in which she reigns paramount. In London there is scarcely a square in which some of these *reunions* are not held. A few second-rate sprigs of nobility patronize the circle, some unemployed Doctors show off experiments to please them. "Oh!" cries Mrs. N. to the Hon. Mr. M— "you had such a loss last night in not coming to our conversazione. Dear Doctor Timkins brought us the skull of Smith, the murderer, and demonstrated in a short lecture the truths of phrenology; it was quite delightful."

"*Ma chere dame*, replies the Honourable, "*non portui venire*. I was compelled to go the Hanover Rooms to see the effects of mesmerism. Do you know, I thrust Lady Mary Mantel's bodkin right through the calf of the mesmerised creature, and he never seemed to feel it. Professor Dolkin put two pins into the pupils of his eyes, and he rather seemed to like it. I can assure you we were all delighted. *Au revoir;* we meet, I suppose, at Lady Cadley Brewer's to-night. The American Roscius is to be there, and four real savages are to perform a South American war-dance." "Indeed!" cries the wonder-stricken dame, and the two literati separate to detail the wonders they have seen and heard. But though thus given to learning, the literary Miss is by no means above flirting. It is, however, of a wholly different kind from that which is so called in ordinary society. She begins by probing you as to your taste in reading, your favourite authors and pursuits. This information obtained, she makes herself mistress, to a certain extent, of the works you prefer, and studies the branches of science you have chosen. Then suddenly confronting you, she appears astonished at the extraordinary similitude of your mutual tastes and habits; taking care, however, always to seem to look up to your opinion, and consulting you on all occasions as a high authority. Man is a flattery-loving animal.

He is thus easily won, and begins to believe, simply because she defers to him, that the *bas bleu* is a woman of great talent. It is true he does not exactly like proposing to her. He fears she is too clever. But then again, what an assistance she will be in his future literary operations. Himself a mere tyro in authorship, how splendidly will his genius develope itself, when aided by the vast resources of such a wife. Bets now are even whether he marries the author-

ess or not. If he does, woe betide him. He soon finds out her shallowness. She taxes him with being a fool, refers to the triumphs of her novel as a criterion of her talent, and shows the letters she has received from the first authors of the day, commending her work, entirely, however, forgetting to state that these letters are mere replies to her civil notes, presenting them with gratuitous copies, which, as a matter of course, they could do no less than accept, and eulogize unread. The literary miss must play and sing in a peculiar manner; that is, she must take new readings of music, or, more properly speaking, distort the harmonies of the finest composers. She has written poetry for songs herself, and had songs dedicated to her. She has been complimented on her fingering by Herz and her voice has been declared to be melodious by Tommy Moore. She has corresponded under a feigned name (at least so she says) with the *Academie de Paris.* She has dined with Sir Walter Scott, and actually taken snuff with a dirty Edinburgh Professor. She can criticise Shakspeare, and find fault with Lord Strangford. She adores Byron, and knows Mary Wolstonscraft's "Rights of Woman" by heart. She talks somewhat too freely about botanical procreation, and dwells on statues that a modest woman would turn from. She loves champagne, and can drink half a bottle without hurting her. Doctor Sismondi, of Turin, ordered her always to take wine, in order to keep up her often-declining spirits, which have been worn out by study and midnight vigil. If you wont buy her book, she will give it to you. Never allow her, however, to do so; for if you accept it, you *must* praise it, you must know it all by heart, and being appealed to every case, you *must* recommend it to all your friends. She will write you notes about nothing at all, and faint occasionally for no reason whatever. Religion she seldom speaks of. She has her doubts, arising from conversations with foreign philosophers on the subject; besides, her literary avocations leave her no time to attend divine worship. She generally gets up late on the Sabbath morning, in order to fortify her for her coming fatigues at Lady Booket's Sunday evening conversazionis, and consequently she is unable to go to church. Her dress is as strange as her manners. She has a head-piece of Cameos, a necklace of mosaics, antique rings grace her fingers, relics dangle on her watch-chain. If she has a good foot, she wears short petticoats in imitation of the Roman Sagum: if she does not shine in this respect, she wears a long-flowing skirt in the style of the Greek matrons. Authoresses are proverbial for displaying their busts. They always dress lower in this respect than other people. They like to display their personal as well as their mental charms. They grow sadly moped, and vent their ill-humour in bad satire, if they are not allowed to engross more than half the conversation during the evening. A fool, in *bas bleu's* parlance, is not a witless person. A fool, in their estimation, is a person who refuses to listen to their comments. The pronoun *ego* is the object of their unceasing adoration. A literary lady never affects to eat. In private she gormandizes. Heaven help the poor author or bookseller, who falls into the hands of one of these literary harpies! Like burs they are not to be easily shaken off. A literary spinster considers her highest ambition accomplished when she marries a silly fool, who quietly submits to the tyrannical rule of his gifted wife.



Mr. Fogg dreams.

London, Richard Bentley

[illegible] in a steamship [illegible]
the manner in which despatches are promptly [illegible]
were under the Russian government and which [illegible]
Tayrek is exceedingly remarkable. At what [illegible]
taken several horses is apparently the [illegible]
up by this singular method of travelling [illegible]
from one to another [illegible]
not a second upon a [illegible]
[illegible] catching up the [illegible]
the dogs and [illegible] the whole [illegible]

The writer of [illegible] and everyday life [illegible]
[illegible] in some measure, this country [illegible]
substituted for the horses. [illegible]
[illegible] others behind, yet he must [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] of the [illegible]
down had turned [illegible]
were embellished [illegible]
the [illegible] structure. [illegible]
now and then, when a [illegible] the approach of the
engine which the railway had [illegible]
the village, swerving from side to side [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] of consequences, and [illegible]
[illegible] their [illegible] pockets [illegible]
[illegible] from the [illegible] of their neighbours.
[illegible] and came down; and [illegible]

THE FORTUNES OF THE SCATTERGOOD FAMILY.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XXXII.

In which more characters, Shaksperian and mechanical, make their appearance.

Beyond doubt many of our readers, who incline to the equestrian performances at Astley's, are perfectly well acquainted with an "act of horsemanship" entitled "*The Courier of St. Petersburg*," exhibiting the manner in which despatches are popularly supposed to be conveyed under the Russian governments; and which, if faithfully portrayed, is exceedingly remarkable. An equal division of labour between several horses is apparently the chief end sought to be obtained by this singular method of travelling; for the "courier" jumps from one to another with wonderful agility; now getting one in front, now a second, anon a third; then making them go behind, running before, or catching up the remainder, until he collects them all into one line, and straddling the whole six triumphantly, makes a grand exit.

The writer of a novel of everyday life in periodical divisions resembles, in some measure, this courier; if the chapters of the tale be substituted for the horses. For although some are in advance of a certain point, and others behind, yet he must keep his eye upon all of them at once, now bringing one forward, and now the other, yet at the same time so managing them as to collect them all into one space at the conclusion of his undertaking.

And, like the aforesaid courier, in order that the audience may not get weary of the performance, and begin to hiss, he must, from time to time, produce certain effects in the course of his act; which effects are not looked for, or found necessary, in plain, straightforward road-riding. But this, by the way.

Our scene once more changes, and to the little town of Henley-in-Arden, in Warwickshire. It was a wet evening; and the wind and rain had entered into a combination to sweep the one principal street of all its people, driving along with unrelenting fury. Nobody was about, and apparently nobody was expected to be; for the doors of the shops were all closed, and the solitary candles in their windows had burnt down, unattended and uncared for, until their wicks were embellished with cocked hats that threatened to overbalance the entire structure. Even the inns had closed their doors, except now and then, when a head was protruded at the approach of one of the coaches which the railways had yet spared, and which rolled through the village, swaying from side to side with its load of drenched passengers, who, being thoroughly wet through hours before, had now become quite reckless of consequences, and patiently received down their necks, or in their pockets, the torrent which streamed unceasingly from the umbrellas of their neighbours.

The rain did come down; and came down pretty liberally, too:

there could be no two opinions about that. Everybody could see the house over the way plainly reflected in the overflowing ruts of the street: and the puddles leapt again with its violence; whilst the splashing cataracts from the eaves and spouts of the dwellings were industriously doing all they could to wash away the entire footpath, pebbles and all. There was nobody to dispute its right, and it felt that it was master, having completely got the better of everything except the old church-clock, which, sheltered in the belfry, did not appear much put out by the weather, but tolled out its information when required, just as usual, and then dozed again for the next hour, as if nothing was the matter.

In the small parlour of one of the humblest inns of this little town there were two persons seated before a fire, which, as it struggled and climbed amongst the hissing and spirting wood, had evidently been lighted for the nonce. One of them was a middle-aged man, with chinchilli-coloured hair, apparently combed into various directions with his fingers; a species of toilet he was still pursuing as he dried a faded cloak, which, stretched on the backs of some chairs, was steaming before the fire. The other was a tall, spare man, with a face like a good-tempered hawk, and very restless eyes,—so ever on the move, that, without any unpleasant distortion, they constantly appeared to be looking all ways at once. He had a glass of hot brandy-and-water upon the hob of the fireplace, and a long clay pipe, the smoke of which he was trying to puff out in fanciful rings, as he sent it floating in the atmosphere of the room.

"Still going it," said the latter, as he listened to the ceaseless gush of a water-spout outside the door.

"Marry, 'tis a fearful night," returned his companion, turning the cloak, and looking wistfully at its drenched texture, "a fearful night and a stormy. Ho! within there!"

A clumsy boy — the drawer of the hostelry — answered the summons. The last speaker inquired what time the latest conveyance would pass towards Birmingham; and being told that there was the chance of a carrier's waggon in about an hour's time, he ordered a pint of ale, and some powdered ginger, which he commenced to mull, rather literally, amidst the smoky fire, in an inverted tin fool's-cap.

"Been to Warwick, sir?" asked the tall man sententiously.

"Gramercy, no, sir!" replied the other; "but I shall mark to-day in my calendar with a white stone. I have been a pilgrimage to the alpha and omega of Shakspeare's life at Avon's Stratford—the chamber and the chancel!"

This speech seemed slightly above the comprehension of the tall man. He winked his eyes, and puffed his pipe two or three times, as if to clear his intellects before he observed,—

"Ah! Shakspere — yes: I've heard his name somewhere, I'm sure."

The other opened his eyes very wide, and regarded his companion with astonishment. After a minute he asked,—

"Did you never visit that hallowed room, in which he was born?"

"Oh! now I remember," said the tall man. "I've read it on a board outside the house as I went through the street. No; I never did: there was not much to see, I expect. It looked just about the poorest place in the town."

"But, oh! how rich is association!" returned his companion; "the shrine at which all the great and good of earth have bowed. I slept last night in that consecrated room."

The tall man returned no answer, but looked at his companion for a second or two, elevating his eyebrows until it appeared that his entire forehead had the property of being pulled up like the calash of a bathing-machine. The other continued, in the conventional manner of some one connected with the stage,

"The scene of Shakspeare's birth represents an interior, meanly furnished; there is a practicable window in Flat, supposed to look into the street; a fireplace, Right; a large oaken chest, Left; a bust of the poet on a box, Right Second Entrance. Music."

"What music?" asked the tall man, who appeared to have some glimmering understanding of what the other was describing.

"Some mountebanks, who were by chance in the street, and whose performance I had been watching. My excursion formed a species of juvenile night in my season of relaxation. The tumbling and tomfoolery came first: the chaste and intellectual succeeded."

"I don't call tumbling 'tomfoolery,' though," said the tall man.

"It is excellent in its way," answered his companion; then, recurring to the Shakspeare-house, he added, "An ancient woman was my guide; and when I asked her if I might sleep but one night in that thrilling interior, she appeared surprised. But I pleaded inspiration; so she borrowed a mattrass, and put it on the ground, with high-backed chairs, hung with old drapery, round me. I had bright dreams that night."

The tall man kept contemplating his companion, as he puffed his pipe, with increasing curiosity.

"I dreamt," continued the other, "that all dramatic distinction was abolished in the pathos of the heart. I saw the bust of Shakspeare animated, as he clasped the persecuted Susan Hopley to his bosom with one hand, and extended the other to the British Seaman, whom the sight of a woman in distress had unmanned. It was a sweet night; and I rose early in the morning, and wandered by the Avon. I did not go back again."

"I think I shall try that on myself, when I go there," said the tall man; "it's a capital plan to save bed and breakfast at an inn. Is the house open to everybody, and that old woman the only one who keeps it for the governor?"

It was evident that the tall man was not quite comfortable in his mind as to who Shakspere was. He kept wrinkling his forehead, and scratching his temple with the end of his pipe, as he repeated the name audibly to himself several times. At length the light seemed to come.

"Don't he act plays?" he asked.

"He wrote one or two," replied the other with mild sarcasm, which however did not appear to be taken. "And I have been there as an 'umble brother, to inscribe my name upon that consecrated whitewashed wall; albeit there was but little room for a pin to stand upon its head. But it is there, upon the right hand of the fireplace, and near the ground; between Edmund Kean and John Smith."

"What's the advantage of so doing, may I ask?" inquired the tall man.

"At present—none: for futurity, much," returned his companion. "The world allows no meed to living authors. Were the Swan of Avon now amongst us, his warmest admirers would become his enemies; the critics would pitch into his plays; and he himself, if more than commonly successful, would be called a humbug."

"That's true," said the tall man, perfectly understanding the tenor of the speech, if he was not altogether acquainted with the subject of it. "It's a great thing to be a humbug, though; I've been called so often. It means hitting the public, in reality. Anybody who can do so is sure to be called a humbug by somebody who can't."

"Good!" exclaimed his companion, applauding with his hands.

"It has been my own fate often; but I trust to posterity. In future times, I hope the birth-place of William Shakspere will have no occasion to blush, because its fireplace is inscribed with the name of Glenalvon Fogg."

An honest pride radiated over the anxious visage of the individual as he pronounced his name. For it was indeed our old acquaintance, the dramatic author.

"Are you Fogg, of the Brummagem?" asked the tall man.

"I have the honour to be myself," returned the author, with modest bearing.

"How odd that we should meet here," returned the other. "Don't you know me?"

"I cannot say I do," replied Mr. Fogg.

"Come, now, guess: can't you tell?"

"No, by my troth; and on this goodly steel," answered his companion, mechanically laying hold of the poker, as he scanned the other from head to foot. "Come on, fair sir; thy name and calling."

"Well, then," said the other, with the importance of making an interesting revelation. "I'm Rosset."

"What, Rosset of the midland circuit?" inquired Mr. Fogg.

"Yes."

"No!"

A fellowship appeared to be immediately established between them. Mr. Rosset handed Mr. Fogg his glass, who pledged him therein, and stated his delight at seeing him, strengthening the avowal by his halidame, as was his wont on interesting occasions.

"Our lines come so close," said Mr. Rosset, "that I can throw a good deal into your way, if you'll write for me. I've got seventeen caravans about the country now. Three of them are dancing-shows, and they've all got platforms. Now I want some plays for the first, and some good gags for the other. I pay, you know, the best of prices; but, then, I must have the best of articles."

Mr. Fogg was not going to catch at the offer too willingly, although it suited him. He pleaded press of urgent business, and the rapacity of the theatres for good pieces and constant novelty. Heaven save the mark!

"Oh! you can do it," said Mr. Rosset. "But how about the other chap — Shakspere; him you were talking about? Will he do anything—is he dear?"

"Yes—dear indeed—to every Englishman!" murmured Mr. Fogg, with apostrophizing accents.

"Well, that settles him, then; he won't fit my purpose," said Rosset. "How's business at Birmingham?"

"Shy," mournfully observed Mr. Fogg, elevating his eyebrows, and shaking his head. "I find domestic dramas of the deepest interest and most harrowing distress produce no effect in manufacturing towns. The people there see them all for nothing at their own homes much better done."

"I heard your Jane Shore drew money," remarked Rosset.

"Permit me," said Mr. Fogg modestly, with a mild smile: "the *Lee Shore* I think you mean. Yes, I may flatter myself that was a card: but Birmingham being an inland town, had a great deal to do with it; the "British Sailor," and the "Storm at Sea," with the "Schooner clawing off the leeshore," harrow the audience. At Bristol or Liverpool they know what seamen, schooners, and the ocean mean: you might as well play a translation of *The Forty Thieves* at Bagdad. Critics would cavil at the localities, and point out the anachronisms."

"Shouldn't wonder," answered Mr. Rosset, once more in the clouds of his pipe and intellect mingled together, from Mr. Fogg's long words. "That's why I never take my wild Malays to Monmouth, because it's their native place. But now to business, for I'm in a fix. I'm travelling at present with my mechanical figures; my son's at Coventry with the circus; and the missus is looking after the wild Malays and Circassian giantess at Wolverhampton. Now, you see, I want a new piece for the mechanical figures. There's seven in working-order—four ladies and three gents, and it must bring in the Scaramouch with the telescope neck, the Turk who tumbles to pieces, and the cracker-tailed hobbyhorse, that always ends the play. Come, I'll stand a five-pun' flimsy for the piece—what do you say to it?"

"It is a difficult task," said Mr. Fogg after a short deliberation. "Couldn't you leave out the cracker? That's rather descending to the illegitimate. Shakspere never produced his interest by tying crackers to horses' tails."

"Blow Shakespere!" replied Mr. Rosset; "perhaps he'd got a different set to deal with. My actors have all got wooden heads."

"It is not a rare idiosyncrasy in the histrionic profession," remarked Mr. Fogg.

"Here's a sketch of my new proscenium," said Mr. Rosset, unfolding a paper of questionable cleanliness. "Isn't that legitimate? Look at the motto, 'All the world's a railway.' It was 'All the world's a stage,' but I had it altered, for it's more appropriate now-a-days; go-a-head's my maxim."

"I should like to have seen the company you wish me to write for," said Mr. Fogg.

"That's soon settled," answered the other; "follow me."

They left the tap, and paddling across a wet yard, whilst Mr. Rosset sheltered the candle in his hat, entered a large outbuilding, something between a carpenter's shop and a stable, and fitted up roughly as a small theatre, with primitive benches of rough deals laid upon tubs. A lantern hung from one of the rafters; and underneath this Mr. Fogg observed a man lying asleep upon one of the seats, and snoring loudly.

"Ah! he was a capital clown to my circus," said Rosset; "only

he fell short of the spring-board in a somerset, and put his hip out of joint; so I gave him a birth here. Halloo! Jeffries!"

The man, who was lying in the attitude of a slumbering stage-robber, started up upon being called, and at Rosset's directions foraged in a large chest, in which the "company" resided.

"That's good—ain't it?" said the proprietor, as he took up a small man on horseback, made of painted brass, and propelling it along the floor, made it imitate the natural movements of the animal by concealed rackwork working on its wheels.

"I'd bet anything, now, you don't know what that is?" said Mr. Rosset, with a mixture of admiration and mystery. Then, without waiting for a reply, he continued, "That little horse rode many hundred times across the window in Leicester Square when things were up in that quarter. This is what I wanted to shew you, though."

He took a doll from the man, about four feet high, dressed as a countryman, with a jovial expression of countenance. Various strings were attached to its limbs, which all worked through a hole in the top of his head; and these were fastened to sticks which the master held in his hand. Then standing on a form, Mr. Rosset gave certain motions to the figure, which, with the exception of a remarkable flexibility in the knee-joints enabling them to turn all ways at once, might have been accounted very true to life.

"This is Tommy," continued Mr. Rosset: "he's the cleverest doll I've got, and the favouritest with the audience. When I'm travelling alone, and get dull, I usually sets him up opposite to me. He looks so uucommon merry, that I always think I've just said a good thing, and he's enjoying it. Look at that, now."

And here Mr. Rosset, with increased admiration, put the figure through various fresh attitudes.

Having thus shown Mr. Glenalvon Fogg the style of actors he was to write for, they were about to commence arrangements respecting the payment, when they were interrupted by the clumsy boy, who informed Mr. Rosset that the waggon from Warwick had stopped at the door.

"It contains my properties," said the wholesale showman. "Let us see them put out."

They went back to the door of the house, with the late clown limping after them; and there found the waggon and its steaming horses stationed. The driver was giving his aid to remove some large packing-cases; and in this he was assisted by a young fellow, who had apparently been his fellow-passenger. The ear of the dramatic author was attracted by the tones of the voice: and he advanced the candle, which was sputtering with the rain-drops, to look at him.

"Like some forgotten melody those accents fall!" exclaimed the dramatic author, "and win my fancy back to other days. Ah, yes! is it?—it is! Mr. Scattergood!"

"Glenalvon Fogg!" cried Vincent—for it was our hero,—less dramatically, but with no less surprise, as he seized his old patron's hand, and shook it warmly. "This is indeed singular."

"And do we meet again, mine ancient friend!" cried the good-hearted dramatist, giving vent to feelings which he had long pent up from lack of sympathy! "Come to my arms! But—belay there—

belay! pipe up the main-brace. My dear eyes! I 'm running over at the lee-scuppers like a loblolly-boy."

To the by-standers—even including Mr. Rosset—the speech was somewhat enigmatical. But Vincent understood his old friend's idiom, and again shook him warmly by the hand as they entered the house, together with the packages.

"And what has brought you here?" asked Mr. Fogg, after he had hurriedly introduced Vincent to his companion.

"The mere chance of delivering those goods," said Vincent. "But I was bound for Birmingham in search of you. I heard at the old tavern by the theatre that the 'Lee Shore' had done well here."

"Ah!" cried Mr. Fogg, and his features lighted up with pleasure, "do they know there how we have carried all before us? I should think that would be a split nib in Mumford's pen—eh?"

Mr. Mumford, it may be remembered, was the rival nautical dramatist, author of the "Nore Lights; or, The Wreck of the Goodwin."

"And how have things gone on in town with you since I left?"

"Oh, not very well," replied Vincent, as his countenance fell. "I will tell you everything another time. In fact, I have been working my way down here as cheaply as I could, in the hope of finding some situation that it was in your power to give me at the Birmingham theatre.

"Alack! alack!" cried Mr. Fogg, "the 'Lee-Shore' has finished its run. But stop; our friend, Mr. Rosset, may know of something. Do you want a hand in any of your enterprising concerns?" he asked of the proprietor.

Mr. Rosset, who had been gazing with great curiosity all this time at Vincent, simply inquired "if the gentleman could throw a trampoline over four horses, twelve bayonets, and through a balloon."

"I am sorry to confess my inability," said Vincent.

"You 're a well-built fellow, too," said Rosset. "However, of course you will wait here until to-morrow, and then we will have a talk. I 've all sorts of lines, if any will suit you."

The continuance of the bad weather was such, that Mr. Fogg—at all times a bird of extreme passage—resolved upon not going back to Birmingham that evening. Mr. Rosset, hoping they were not over particular, offered the whole of his theatre as a resting-place, for the accommodations of the hostelry were limited; and after a short conversation they adjourned thereunto, Mr. Fogg spreading his revered cloak upon a heap of sawdust, which, he said, "was a couch that kings might envy. But Mr. Rosset, having found that some of his company had sustained injury from the wet, would not seek his pillow,—which was a roll of green baize used to divide the sixpenny from the shilling audience,—until he had seen them all looked after. With Jeffries' aid, assisted also by Vincent, ever ready to turn his hand to anything, they were disposed about every available part of the interior, to air and dry; and then the trio disposed themselves to sleep wherever their preference found it practicable.

The lantern still hung from the rafter, throwing its light over the building, and upon the forms of the inmates, who were all soon asleep, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Fogg, whose fevered vigils were such as poets ever have. Indeed, he was already elaborating the plot of the intended piece: in furtherance of which, he was looking

at the comical forms of the actors who hung around. And together these made up a quaint tableau: especially a lady in a short waist and feathers, like the princesses in the children's story-books: the comic peasant, in the continuous enjoyment of a joke near the door; the Scaramouch with the giraffe-neck, who appeared to be peeping into the lantern; and the hobby-horse and rider, who were keeping a very intoxicated guard over the recumbent forms around.

At length everything was hushed in repose; and even Mr. Fogg effected a compromise between sleeping and waking, in which the real and ideal were so intimately blended, that he could distinguish between them no longer. And then his fancy revelled in wondrous flights; his wooden companions started into life, and amidst them all the statue of Shakspeare, with its neck stretched out in the telescopic fashion of the Scaramouch, regarded him with a complaisant air, and appeared to encourage his dramatic labours, ere he executed a *pas seul* in the most approved fashion of modern ballet.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Mr. Joe Jollit arranges the "Provident Crickets" fête and fancy fair at Rosherville.

The society of Provident Crickets, in which Mr. Jollit filled several important offices, was an institution for the promotion of philanthropic harmony, with ulterior objects of universal benevolence and brotherly love.

But, although these objects were publicly announced, yet was the society itself a secret one: and various mystic ceremonies of initiation were performed when a member joined it, from which the prying eye of vulgar curiosity was carefully shut out. What these ceremonies were is not known; but invidious reports whispered that some of them bore a resemblance to those only seen in the woodcuts pertaining to old editions of Fox's Martyrs, and pourtraying an unpleasant passage in the life of St. Laurence. These ideas deterred many mild and timid individuals from joining the society; although, certainly, the house in which the Crickets met was never disturbed by the shrieks of agony which might be looked for as the accompaniments of a similar ordeal, in the common order of things. And as the nonces usually re-appeared with a cheerful and contented aspect, those who were not in the habit of being lead away by wild and romantic notions came to the conclusion that the great secret consisted in there being none at all.

After the harmony, which was the first consideration, the chief end of the society was the assistance of distressed members and their families; but as few of the members had families, and none were distressed, the funds were usually expended in festivity. An outward shew of charity was, however, still kept up: and on this particular occasion, as the fines had been trivial, and the balance in the hands of Mr. Jollit, who was the treasurer, equally so, he determined by a *coup de maitre* to raise them, that they might still have enough to provide the annual excursion for the members. He therefore proposed a fancy fair and fête at Rosherville, which scheme meeting with the approbation of everybody, was forthwith agreed upon.

The entire arrangements were confided to Mr. Jollit; and very joyous indeed did he become with the excitement of the preparations. Every one of his friends was pressed into the service, and their interest requested with their female acquaintances to furnish the stalls. Be sure that Mrs. Hankins's sister was not forgotten, nor Mrs. Hankins herself; and these ladies even condescended to keep the stalls, influenced also by Mr. Snarry, who was himself a "Cricket;" and whom Mr. Joe Jollit pleasantly bantered upon his exertions before their fair friends, telling him that, although he was a bachelor now, and had no family to provide for at present, yet there was no telling what might happen some day. And hereupon did Mr. Snarry blush deeply, and pretend not to hear: which innocent deception Mr. Jollit, in heartless disregard of his feelings, would not allow; but accompanied his speech by poking him in the ribs, and making a noise with his mouth similar to that used for the propulsion of horses. And on these occasions Mrs. Hankins's sister grew suddenly short-sighted: and was compelled to bring her eyes close to the Berlin-work pair of braces she was engaged upon, counting five squares instead of three, and making the needle come up in all sorts of unexpected places from underneath, until the provoking Mr. Jollit would ask her what was her opinion upon the subject: upon which all further assumption of inattention was perfectly useless, and then Mrs. Hankins's sister declared that Mr. Jollit got really too bad; she never knew such a dreadfully rude creature!

Mr. Bam was not behind-hand in his contributions. He offered at first to dress a salad for one of the stalls; but as this was a singular article for young ladies to retail to purchasers, he promised to furnish some autographs of eminent personages, having found at some charity fair in London that they met a ready sale. But as these were much easier to write than to collect, he set to work, and produced several very remarkable ones, including some of Shakspere, Joan of Arc, and William Tell; to which he gave an appearance of great authenticity by writing them first on fly-leaves torn from old law-books, and then hanging them up the chimney of his chambers until they were duly smoke-dried and discoloured. And this gave Mr. Joe Jollit a hint to get up some valuable relics, with the aid of an intelligent turner, from whose wood-stores were produced more pieces of the Royal George, piles of old London Bridge, rafters of the Exchange, and Stratford mulberry blocks, than would have been sufficient to construct snuff-boxes, silk-reels, and watch-stands for each member of every family at present inhabiting the civilized globe.

But Mr. Bam also knew a lady—a client—high in rank, and gifted in intellect, whose name he was not at liberty to state, but who had written a charming work; and she had promised to give the MSS. to the society, if they would print it, and sell it in aid of their funds. It was called the "Rainbow of Reality," and was sure to prove an immense hit. In fact, it had been seen by every publisher in London, and they had all declared that it was really too good to be thrown away upon the senseless average mass of readers, which was their only reason for declining it. And therefore the authoress had determined that it should force its own way, despite the liberal offer made by the conductors of the Monthly Muff — a *repertoire* of the *beau monde*, and *courier des* "fiddle-faddles" *de Londres* — to print it all

for nothing, in their pages, which had strong hold upon public sympathy, by their affecting claims to be considered as a sort of literary free hospital—a gratuitous asylum for the rejected and incurable.

Mr. Rasselas Fipps was not overlooked in the course of Mr. Jollit's exertions, who had almost persuaded him either to dress as a shepherd, and play his flute at the entrance of the maze, with two hired lambs to sport before him; or in the costume of a minstrel to pervade the gardens, or watch from the lonely tower, and sound a clarion when he saw some indefinite acquaintances on their winding way. But with respect to the first performance, Mr. Joe Jollit upon reflection decided that it would get very slow after the first ten minutes; and that Mr. Fipps's mind was not exactly of that order to return any playful observations which would doubtless be addressed to him by jolly gentlemen inclining to waggishness. And as to the second, no musical-instrument maker appeared to understand practically what a clarion was, although they admitted they had often heard the word used, no more than the timbrel, lyre, and sackbut which Mr. Jollit severally proposed; so that at last the guitar was the instrument fixed upon to accompany Mr. Fipps as the troubadour, since he could play a few chords upon it; and it was also agreed that he would be useful in writing popular waltzes upon tinted paper, to be retailed at the stalls.

Of course there was a great deal of amusement in getting the things together. One lady sent an article she termed a *brioche*,—something between a pie and a pillow, made of harlequin-coloured worsted; and which served the funny gentleman to throw covertly at Mr. Snarry's head for one entire evening; others cut blue-stockings and black-legs out of coloured paper, and, securing them in envelopes, wrote outside, "The Gentleman's Horror," or "The Ladies' Aversion," as the case might be, their object being to surprise the enterprising purchaser, and produce merriment upon being opened, with pleasant banter, and the opportunity of saying smart things. Then there were butterfly pen-wipers, and cockatoo pincushions, and perforated pasteboard netting-boxes, with pencilled views of Carisbrooke Castle and the Bridge of Sighs without end: and wax flowers, and rice-paper flowers, and shell flowers, and feather flowers, and flowers in water colours, Persian painting, and oriental tinting, in all of which the fuchsias predominated; which, placed in the gardens themselves, would have enhanced their reputation as the depository of rare botanical plants, for with the exception of those specified, it was perfectly impossible, even to the comprehension of the oldest gardener, to tell to what class they belonged. Mr. Bam's brother, who was secretary to a cemetery, somewhat scandalized the conductors of the fair by sending a toy made like a little hearse, with music inside — a simple melody of three notes recurring every time the wheel came round, and giving rather an air of joviality to the progress of the vehicle; as well as a velvet-covered box, about nine inches long, in the form of a coffin, with a silver plate, on which was engraved the word "*Gants.*" But this unseemly mirth was very properly repressed by Mr. Snarry, at the instigation of Mrs. Hankins's sister.

The fireworks, the dancing, and the miscellaneous amusements were equally cared for by Mr. Jollit; and, a few evenings before the fête, a committee was held at his lodgings, or rather his "rooms," as

he called them, to make final arrangements. The ladies of Mr. Hankins's domestic circle graced the meeting, as well as Mr. Rasselas Fipps and Mr. Bam; but few of the "Provident Crickets" themselves were there, as they believed firmly in Mr. Joe Jollit's enterprize.

"Now, we must remember," said Jollit, "that this fair will be set forth as in aid of the funds for providing an asylum for the members. Where that asylum is to be I don't exactly know; but my present wishes incline to the Star and Garter, on Richmond Hill."

"The idea! I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Hankins's sister, as if shocked at the deceit. "What dreadfully sly creatures you are!" And then she continued, in all innocence, "What a pity it is you have no children, Mr. Jollit!"

The funny gentleman appeared aghast with surprise, and overwhelmed with confusion at the observation, as he stammered forth,

"Mrs. Hankins—now, really!—your sister—upon my honour—such a very singular remark for a lady to make!"

"Now, Mr. Jollit, you know what I mean," cried the sister, blushing to a wonderful extent.

"Oh, perfectly; it needs no explanation," answered Mr. Jollit, concealing his face with well-feigned surprise and terror in his handkerchief. "Hankins—can *you*, as a brother-in-law, allow this?"

"There was a general laugh at Mr. Jollit's distress, during which Mrs. Hankins's sister recovered sufficiently to say,

"I mean there ought to be a school to walk about the grounds."

"Oh! now I comprehend," said Mr. Jollit; "very clean children, just wrung out and ironed, who look as if their faces had been polished with sand-paper and bees-wax."

"Not a bad hint," observed Mr. Bam; "because then the newspapers could say, that 'the children paraded the ground, and excited general attention by their clean and healthy appearance.'"

"Could we hire an infant-school cheap, for the day?" asked Mr. Jollit.

"Well, I think such a thing might be contrived," returned Mr. Bam: "I will see about it. I wish, though, you would give me something to do."

"We'll make you Comptroller of the Banquet-hall," replied Jollit. "You can mix salad and make punch there all day, if you like; besides, your public exhibition of cutting up a fowl without taking the fork out, and shaving a cucumber on your knife, will make a feature in the day's amusements."

Mr. Bam was so gifted in every description of dinner-table legerdemain, that he inwardly hoped the suggestion might be carried out.

The distribution of the contributed articles to the different stalls was the next thing thought about, the choicest being allotted to Mrs. Hankins's sister, as well as the tent with the pink lining, to cast an agreeable hue over her features, with orders not to give change for any money tendered. And those friends were also selected, and their names written down, who were to walk about from tent to tent in fashionable attire, making unlimited purchases to entice others to buy,—such, it was understood, being the custom in similar institutions of the highest grade. And when a slight allusion was made by Mr. Snarry, in the kindness of his nature, to the probable injury the

fête might do in the case of one or two persons who got their livelihood by retailing fancy articles, Mr. Jollit happily set all things straight, by showing that the things sold at these meetings were always of that perfectly useless description, which nobody on earth would ever think of patronizing anywhere else.

Amongst Mr. Bam's autographs were some very interesting documents, far beyond mere names. There was a note from Tarlton to Shakspeare, dunning him for tenpence, for the copyright of a joke which the popular author had introduced, unacknowledged, into one of his comedies, and on which a talented friend was already writing a great book, to prove which joke it probably was. There was also a private letter from the author of Junius, with his real name and address; and two verses from an unpublished poem of Burns. These were ticketed very highly, and considered the great gems of the fair, as well as two songs arranged by Mr. Bodle, and presumed to be written by him, being answers to "Love on,"—one called "Leave off," and the other "Lay down,"—the latter addressed to his hound Bevis,—as imaginary a quadruped as the *Mauthe Doog*, in the Isle of Man, but of which a portrait adorned the title, drawn after a celebrated painter, or rather a pretty considerable distance behind him.

It now only remained to provide Mr. Fipps with his troubadour's dress for the Rosherville Minstrel; and, to further this, Mr. Joe Jollit accompanied him the next day to London, and introduced him to a respectable Hebrew costume-merchant.

It was a curious shop, from whose windows a number of masks were always gazing at the streets, in the separate panes. Some regarded the passers by with a calm, stoical indifference; others insulted them with unpleasant grimaces; and others, again, looked merry and hilarious into the windows of the opposite periodical shop, as though they could read the jokes from that distance; and there were a few so singularly polite and affable in expression, that you almost felt inclined to raise your hat to them, until you saw they were just the same to everybody, which diminished your respect for them as much as if they had been real heads, instead of pasteboard ones. Beyond these there was little show. A tunic, or soldier's coat, carelessly thrown down, a dress-sword, or a coloured print, figuring the unknown costume of a country that did not exist, were all the objects displayed in the window.

Mr. Jollit and his friend entered the magazine, but not until the funny gentleman had collected a crowd before the shop of an adjacent tea-dealer, by gravely returning the salutes, bow for bow, of a mandarin, who sat nodding all day in the window. They were conducted up stairs, to a room which was covered with splendid dresses, the greater part of which, the proprietor told them, were bespoken for a private costume-ball about to be given in Fitzroy Square. Here Mr. Fipps was so dazzled, that he began to waver between a troubadour and an Andalusian nobleman, and had even some notions of a suit of gilt leather armour, until Mr. Jollit suggested the propriety of keeping to the minstrel's costume, which he finally chose, after much minute fitting and complaining. The guitar pertaining to it was not taken, because it had been apparently used for the clever pantomimic trick of being broken over the head of some individual repugnant to

the clown's feelings, which assault, albeit mirth-provoking, and usually expected when a guitar, looking-glass, or warming-pan makes its appearance, is not calculated, in a musical point of view, to improve its tone; and so another was hired from a music-shop.

They returned to Gravesend with their "properties" that evening, after a pleasant journey, in the course of which the funny gentleman had almost persuaded his companion to dress up on board the steamer, "to give him confidence," adding, that they might perhaps pick up sufficient to pay their fares by the attempt; but this Mr. Fipps had not nerve enough to undertake.

He was, however, very pleased with his dress; for, after all had retired to rest that night, Mr. Fipps was heard wakening soft cords, as well as everybody in the house; and Mr. Snarry, whose curiosity led him to peep through the key-hole, affirmed that he saw Mr. Fipps fully attired in his costume, and so carried away by its romance, that he was bearing his bolster (which was supposed to have fainted, and to which a night-gown pulled over it gave some semblance of the human form) over what Mr. Fipps considered a rugged pass, or crumbling ramparts, for to such did the *glamour* of his poetic fancy convert the chairs and a chest of drawers; and, having borne off his treasure to his satisfaction by his own trusty sword, (represented by his flute,) the soldier-minstrel then rested in his lonely bower, which was his French bed, and poured forth a lay of love and chivalry, evidently peopling his second floor with a glittering throng of listeners, as he rehearsed his romaunts for his display at Rosherville.

Nor was it until the warning knocks of restless lodgers from above, beneath, and around him brought his minstrelsy to a close, and dispelled his bright imaginings, that he divested himself of his attire, and sought fresh visions of romance in the magic world of dreams.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Clara Scattergood continues to feel that she is a governess.

When Clara came to herself after the shock caused by her brother's unexpected appearance, she found that she was in bed in her own room, to which she had been conveyed in a state of perfect unconsciousness. She was in a raging fever; her brain appeared glowing like live embers beneath her heated forehead; and she lay quivering with hysterical tremor so violent, that the faded tassels which edged the scanty drapery of the bed vibrated with her agony.

She was not long in recalling the incidents of the evening, and they came back as keen and painfully vivid as when they had occurred. The recollection of them was, if anything, worse than the reality, and nearly brought on a fresh accession of delirium. No one came near her; she was alone and unheeded; and all through that dreadful night she wakefully kept count of every quarter that sounded from the adjacent chapel, or watched the slow progress of the discs of light from the holes in the shade surrounding the taper which had been left on the floor, as they crept slowly up the walls of her dreary room.

She would have given worlds for the relief of one flood of tears, but they would not come. Her eyes were dry and smarting, her lips parched, and her burning cheek found no comfort—not even for a moment—on her equally heated and unrefreshing pillow. All the misery of her first night in her present situation, which she had begun to hope she had got over, returned with tenfold sharpness; the terrible "demon of the bed," that invests our lightest sorrows with such hopeless and crushing anxiety, reigned triumphant over its gentle victim; and yet, when the daylight crept through her uncurtained windows, she shrunk from it, as though in her broken spirits she preferred to hide her distress in the gloom of night, fearful and unrelieved as was its dark dominion.

Wretched she had indeed been on the evening of her arrival at the Constables', and in that same room; yet she felt it was nothing to her present misery. Could her "employers"—for such they doubtless considered themselves—have entered into her distress even with the slightest sympathy, how pure but forcible an example would it have offered of the silent misery of that amiable class of girls, who, if education refines the feelings, have theirs doubly sensitive,—who, whilst they are but too often treated with overbearing arrogance and ignorant assumption, have real need, in all Christian and human love, of the kindest attention and comfort, from the very circumstances which call them forth from home, that it is in the power of their self-thought patronizers to bestow.

Morning came at length, and with it sounds of life and motion in the house. Still no one approached her room; but the light she dreaded brought with it a slight diversion to her overwhelming wretchedness, As her eye wandered restlessly over the bed, it was caught by something glittering at her feet. She laid hold of it, and found, to her astonishment, that it was a diamond-pin of costly manufacture, and which, to increase her wonder, she recollected to have seen worn by Mr. Herbert on the preceding evening.

Whilst completely lost in endeavouring to account for this mysterious discovery, the nurserymaid, Bingham, tapped at the door, and came into the room. She was a very civil young woman, and inquired kindly how Clara felt, with an evident wish to be of some service to her; but at the same time she appeared disinclined to give any answer to Clara's inquiry about the events of the preceding evening, subsequent to her re-entering the drawing-room. It was evidently a subject involving some unpleasantry; and before Clara had mentioned anything about the brilliant,—for in her loneliness the very servant had become her confidante, Bingham left the room, with the intention of making breakfast for the governess.

In about half an hour she returned, accompanied by all three of the children, but evidently against her will, as might be inferred from sundry preceding scuffles and angry chidings on the stairs. They ranged themselves in a row whilst Bingham placed the breakfast on a chair at the bedside, as though Clara was to be regarded in the light of an exhibition.

"We know something—don't we, Neville?" said Eleanor; "what mamma said."

"Be quiet, Miss Eleanor," said Bingham, sharply, "or else I am sure Miss Scattergood will be very angry."

"I'm glad she's ill," said Neville, "and so's Blanche, and so's Eleanor, because we shan't learn our books any more."

"You haven't got any oranges, I know," continued one of the little girls. "We always have oranges when we're ill, and such nice things. That's because my papa's got ever so much more money than yours. Oh! ten hundred million times as much!"

"Hold your tongue, Miss Blanche, this moment!" exclaimed Bingham. "You'll have your mamma after you directly."

The threat, usually potent, had, however, this time no effect,—not more so than that of the chimney-sweep in shirt-sleeves and top-boots, who was popularly supposed to live in the coal-hole, and be ready at all times to ascend to the nursery upon the least symptom of revolt. Eleanor only continued, pointing at Clara,

"We don't care. Mamma says she's to go away, because she behaves bad"

"She didn't say 'bad' now, Miss. Oo-o-o-o-o!" interrupted Blanche, making a face at her sister. "She said she wasn't respectable. Ain't you respectable?" she continued, addressing Clara.

Weak, and broken down with agitation, Clara, at length, burst into tears, beneath the pain which the children heedlessly inflicted: whilst they themselves commenced a violent squabble as to what their mamma had said exactly: terminating their struggle to possess themselves of a sightless doll which Neville carried, by throwing it amongst the breakfast things. This led to a general *melée* with Bingham, in the middle of which Mrs. Constable sailed, rather than walked into the room; and then the tumult was abated, as she ordered Bingham to remove the children, whilst Clara tremblingly awaited the result of this interview.

"I suppose it is unnecessary for me to state we do not see any further occasion for your services, Miss Scattergood," observed the lady as the door closed, in a tone of the most freezing severity. "Common delicacy might have restrained you from making appointments in my house with any of the low people you unfortunately appear to be connected with."

The hot blood rushed to Clara's pale face as she listened to this insulting insinuation. She replied with all the indignant force she could command.

"I made no appointment, ma'am; nor have I occasion to be ashamed of *any* of my friends. It was my own brother who came here last evening!"

The lady of the house was evidently unprepared for this admission. But she had heard of Vincent through her slight acquaintance with the family, and directly saw the probability of Clara's assertion.

"At all events," she continued, in somewhat milder tones, though just as cold, "you might have spared me the unpleasantness of that scene last night, especially before visitors. What could they have thought of it?"

"I will explain, and tell you everything, ma'am. In a very little time you shall know all. But, at present—this morning, at least,—I have scarcely strength."

And the hurried manner in which the poor girl drew her breath almost between every word bore out the truth of her statement. She was really very ill.

"You had better have some medical attendant," said Mrs. Constable, "for it is always unpleasant to have sickness in the house. And this ball approaching, too! How very awkward! Do you know any medical man?"

Clara replied, that beyond her own family she had scarcely an acquaintance in London. Mrs. Constable continued,

"Dr. Herbert—father of the gentleman you saw last evening, who carried you upstairs after all that to-do—I was really so annoyed!—will be here to-day; and I will ask him to write you a friendly prescription. You can get it made up at the chemist's, which will be cheaper than having your medicine from our apothecary; and I suppose every trifle is of consequence to you."

"It is indeed!" Clara mentally ejaculated. And then she added, "I do not think I need a medical man. I shall be better very soon, and have no wish to call one in unnecessarily."

"Oh, but I desire it," answered Mrs. Constable, somewhat haughtily. "It is quite bad enough that my children should lose all their tuition, without having a comparative stranger ill in the house. And just at this unfortunate time! I never knew anything so vexatious!"

"I wished to write to mamma," said Clara timidly. "I suppose, ma'am, you would have no objection to her coming here?"

"Oh — no — I suppose not," answered Mrs. Constable. "I don't see any objection at present."

"Nor to Miss Deacon, who would write for me."

"Who is Miss Deacon?" asked the lady gravely.

"She is governess to Mrs. Armstrong," replied Clara. "I met her in the square."

"Oh! certainly not!" returned the lady, "if she belongs to the Armstrongs, I believe she is well-conducted. I will send Bingham to you when she is at leisure."

And then, as if she was afraid of being led to make any more concessions, Mrs. Constable left the room, without a word more, or taking any notice of Clara.

She fell back on her pillow, exhausted with even this short interview, as the lady departed. "She says I am to leave," thought Clara: "how shall I then be able to assist them at home?" But next came some vague idea that Mrs. Constable said Mr. Herbert had carried her upstairs last evening: nay, the jewel was still in her hand, as evidence of the fact; and the thought of this, even in all her sorrow, appeared to comfort her with an entirely new feeling. It was very strange. What could it be?

A FEW PAGES FROM MY JOURNAL IN GREECE, TURKEY, AND ON THE DANUBE.

BY C. F. FYNES CLINTON.

The quiet of the streets of Constantinople strikes a stranger accustomed to the noise and bustle of a western capital. One rarely hears the sound of wheels upon the pavement: the only kind of vehicle one meets is an occasional *arabah*, or bullock-car, moving at a footpace, and conveying a party of women from or to the country. The Turks whom one meets in the streets look, for the most part, dirty and sulky, and often spit at a Christian as they pass him. The women are all muffled, and their figures completely concealed by their loose shapeless cloaks; their heads and faces are wrapped in white muslin handkerchiefs, and their feet inclosed in ugly yellow boots. The Turkish soldiers are the dirtiest and the most miserable-looking wretches I have ever beheld. It is really painful to a soldier to see his noble profession so disgraced: their dress is a dark blue uniform, with the red cap. Among the remarkable things at Constantinople are the troops of large half-famished dogs that infest the streets, and are rather annoying to strangers.

Galata, Pera, Cassim Pasha, and Tophanna lie on the opposite side of the Golden Horn to Constantinople. Galata, which is still surrounded by walls and towers, was built by the Genoese in 1216. In these suburbs reside the Frank population,—ambassadors, consuls, merchants, &c. At Tophanna, close to the water, where one embarks for Scutari, are a beautiful fountain and mosque. Here are also the artillery barracks.

On the hill above Pera is the great burial-ground, which affords a lovely view over the Bosphorus, Constantinople, the harbour, the Propontis, Scutari, and the shores of Asia Minor; but the finest view of all, and perhaps the finest in the world, is from "the Tower of Galata," a panorama of surpassing splendour.

One Friday I saw the Sultan go to the mosque of Eyoub. This is the most holy of all the mosques, and is situated in a beautiful grove near the water, some way up the harbour. His Highness came to the mosque in a splendid *caique*, impelled by thirty rowers. The boat was covered with gilding and carving, and was certainly extremely beautiful. On landing, he mounted a handsome Arab steed. Eight horses, superbly caparisoned, were led before him; his great officers followed on foot, while the road was lined with soldiers.

The present Sultan, Abdoul Medjid, is a pale and ill-looking youth, without a spark of intelligence in his face. He, his officers, and troops were dressed in a sort of demi-European costume, and all looked mean and insignificant. At the sweet waters of Europe, a little beyond the mosque of Eyoub, we found hundreds of women, seated in rows upon the grass, where they remain all day smoking, drinking coffee, talking and laughing, and at night return in their *arabahs* to the city.

At Scutari, on the Asiatic side, I and my party visited the great burial-ground, which is the largest and most beautiful of the Otto-

man empire, and then rode to the hill of Bulgurlu, which rises behind Scutari, and commands one of the most glorious views imaginable. We also paid a visit to those strange fanatics, the "howling dervishes;" but one hour of the exhibition completely disgusted us, and we returned to Tophanna. A boating excursion up the Bosphorus afforded us delicious views of those lovely shores, indented with picturesque creeks and shady bays, fringed with verdant woods, and enlivened with country-houses and villages. Yet these natural beauties only serve the more to make one lament the Mussulman rule. It is painful to see this fine garden in the hands of such a vile government, whose blighting influence is seen wherever one turns. A visit to Constantinople will at once dispel any dreams one may have formed of Turkish splendour. Nothing but apathy and sensuality prevail on all sides; but the day of the Turks, at least in Europe, is gone by; nought but the mutual jealousy of European powers has tolerated so long this disgrace and curse to civilized nations. How long shall we see these wretched infidels desolating some of the fairest portions of the earth under their withering sway? And if we have so much fear of these fine countries falling into the grasp of Russia and Austria, might not the European powers raise up a Greek kingdom, with Constantinople for its head? Then there would be some hopes for Greece, which can hardly exist so long as that name is given only to the small fragment under the sway of the unhappy Otho,—a burlesque upon kingdoms and on kings. In speaking of Turkey in Europe, we must always bear in mind that Constantinople is Turkey. The subjects of the Sultan throughout the provinces are either Greeks or people of Sclavonic race, held in subjection by Turkish pashas and garrisons. The Turks are only *encamped* in Europe. They are a horde of savage warriors, whose very existence depends upon their being in a continual state of warfare. They can make no progress in civilization so long as they are Mahommedans. Their Koran prescribes every action of their lives; it is their civil as well as their religious law, and it permits no advance or change. The late Sultan Mahmoud, in adopting so many Frankish innovations, has rather hastened than retarded the fall of this feeble and decrepid empire. He has disgusted the great mass of his subjects, destroyed their bond of union, and their confidence in one another,—lost that fiery enthusiasm which of old scattered the disciplined armies of Austria, and he has adopted in its stead a sort of half discipline, which cramps instead of giving confidence to his soldiers.

May 9th. At midday we quitted the harbour in a small steamer, a jolly party of seven Englishmen, and, after stemming for two hours the sharp stream of the Bosphorus, we arrived in the Black Sea.

10th. At daybreak we were off Varua, a pretty-looking town, and famous for the gallant resistance it made to the Russians in the last war. At sunset we reached Kustandje, where we landed next morning. Byron tells us,

> There 's not a sea the traveller e'er pukes in
> Throws up such dangerous billows as the Euxine.

But, fortunately, we had a splendid passage.

Kustandje is the Roman Constantiana, and was reduced to a heap of ruins by the Russians. There is no building here at present ex-

cept a few hovels, and the station-house of the steam-boat company, where we fared very well. We remained here the whole of the 11th, as the other steam-boat had not yet come down the Danube to Chernavoda, where we were to join it.

12th. We proceeded in light, covered waggons, drawn by small, active horses, forty miles across the plain to Chernavoda. These vehicles are supplied by the company, who by this land-transit save their passengers a very long angle. For the Danube, when arrived within thirty miles of the sea, suddenly turns northward, and lengthens his course by at least seventy miles. The country hereabouts, between the river and the sea, is a rich alluvial soil, but a complete desert, covered with short grass, and perfectly level. The only signs of life which met us in a drive of eight hours were some wandering Tâtars and Cossacks, and immense flocks of eagles and bustards. At Chernavoda, a collection of huts, we joined the Danube and the steamboat. The river here is full of swampy and wooded islands, and runs between low, marshy banks. The mosquitoes were of greater size and fierceness than I had ever seen them ; and were a serious annoyance to many of our party. By sleeping on deck I escaped better than those who remained in the confinement of the cabin. This nuisance continued almost as far as Pesth.

13th. At daybreak we started on our long voyage up the river. The Bulgarian, or right bank, is throughout pretty ; sloping hills, and woods, and cultivated spots adorn the landscape ; but the Wallachian, or left bank, is always flat and uninteresting. Sometimes one steers through a narrow channel, amidst wooded islands, whose tall trees sweep across the water, affording a grateful shade ; at others the river rolls along in a noble expanse of water three English miles in breadth. Our course lay always along the Bulgarian bank. Towards evening of the 13th we were off Silistria, and next morning in front of Ruschuk. Both these are large places. At Ruschuk the Danube is three miles wide. At sunset we passed Sistoo, a beautiful town, charmingly situated on the western slope of a woody hill. At night we were before the strong town of Nikopolis. The 15th we passed Rahova, and next morning were at Widdin, where we lay some time. Widdin contains thirty thousand people, and is the residence of a pasha. The works have been very strong, though now, in Turkish fashion, falling to decay. The town is as filthy as most Turkish places. This afternoon we passed the frontiers of Servia, and soon saw a marked difference in the appearance of the villages and houses of this tributary, but not Turkish province. The scenery, too, began to improve ; the bold mountains that form the frontiers of Hungary, and the great barrier of the Upper and Lower Danube were now visible.

17th. At daybreak we found ourselves stemming a very rapid stream, between wild mountains, at the spot where are still the remains of Trajan's bridge. After passing the bridge, we moored alongside the station of Gladova, where we remained for the day ; but, as we were in quarantine, we were not allowed to go beyond the yard of the station-house. At this point we were to leave our vessel, as no steamboat can make head against the rapids of the Danube, which extend from hence to Drenhova, some fifty English miles higher up.

18th. We were towed in a boat by twelve oxen to Orsova, on the

Hungarian territory, something more than ten English miles. Our passage was extremely slow, owing to the immense rapidity of the Danube, which, confined here in a narrow channel between the mountains, rushes with a tremendous stream, and a loud roaring noise, over sharp, pointed rocks. This is the part of the Danube which is called "The Iron Gate." Arrived at Orsova, we were in the Austrian dominions, and were sent into the lazzaretto, where we remained the rest of that day.

19th. We were released from quarantine by the new regulations of the Austrian government, which has curtailed the time formerly wasted in that most unsatisfactory manner, from ten days to one. The passengers are considered in quarantine from the time they leave Constantinople; and if there is a clean bill of health on arriving at Orsova, they are turned out the next morning, after their persons have been subjected to the medical inspection, and their baggage to the scrutiny of the custom-house officers. When at Orsova we visited the baths of Mahadia, situated in a woody and romantic glen, ten miles north of Orsova. They are hot, sulphur, and iron springs, used formerly by the Romans, and are now much resorted to.

21st. Proceeding in carriages up the left bank of the Danube about forty English miles, we reached Drenhova, the steamboat station. The scenery all the way is beautiful; mountains, forests, rocks, and the foaming rapids of the Donau.

On the 22nd we again shipped ourselves on board a steamboat, and held on our course against a rapid stream, and amidst banks still mountainous and lovely.

23rd. At midday we passed the fort of Belgrade, which saluted us, and we moored in front of Semlin, a Hungarian town at the mouth of the Save. Here we remained all day; and at Belgrade we bade adieu to our friends, the Turks, and paid our respects to the memory of John Huniades. Here, also, we lost an unfortunate steward, who fell overboard, and was drowned, in the darkness of the night.

24th. We were again on our course amidst banks pretty, but not so bold. By noon of the following day we were off Peterwardein, a strong and handsome place upon a hill. We remained all this evening at the large village of Mohacs, where, in the palmy days of Turkey, the great Soleiman annihilated the army of the Hungarians, and killed their king.

On the 27th, as the sun rose, we saw Pesth and Ofen before us. Pesth is a handsome modern town in the plain, on the left bank of the Danube; it contains some really fine streets and buildings, and is rapidly increasing. Ofen, or Buda, lies on a conical hill on the right bank. A bridge of boats connects the two; this is to be replaced by an iron suspension-bridge, the work of English engineers. The river here is above four hundred yards wide, at a distance of nearly one thousand miles from the mouth.

The 28th we were again steaming up the rapid waters of the Donau, and next day we lay some time off Presburg, an interesting old town, containing some fine public buildings belonging to the Hungarian government. It is the ancient capital of the kingdom. The river scenery hereabouts is some of the prettiest in the long course of the Danube.

30th. At daybreak we anchored at the end of the Prater of Vienna, and in sight of the old tower of St. Stephan. The banks of the Danube through the greater part of Hungary are generally flatter and less interesting than in its course above Vienna. The river winds amidst shoals and islands, spreading over a channel which is much too wide for the body of water it contains. It will be seen by the preceding journal that there are many difficulties in the navigation of the river between Vienna and the sea; the principal of which are the shoals between Pesth and Peterwardein, and the rapids from Drenhova to the Iron Gate. Boats can descend these rapids as far as Orsova, that is to say, about forty miles of the fifty; but to ascend is impossible; however, a good road is now being constructed along this part of the river's banks; and as better arrangements for the comfort of passengers, and for the regularity of the vessels, are rapidly being carried out, this part of Europe will doubtless become ere long less of a "*terra incognita*" than it is at present. The voyage down the river from Vienna to Constantinople occupies ten to twelve days. The banks of the river are in most places interesting, and in many very beautiful. The mixed society on board the vessels is highly amusing, and one obtains a glance at many strange and wild nations along the river's banks,—Hungarians, Wallachians, Bulgarians, Turks. The traveller is certainly obliged to rough it a little, particularly on the Lower Danube, but not more so, to my thinking, than is sufficient to give a little variety and excitement to the trip. In fact, were I asked to choose between the splendid steamboats, the magnificent hotels, of the Rhine, and the rougher vessels and more unpretending inns of the Danube, there is no question but that I should infinitely prefer the latter. On the one are the stale, over-refinements of civilization, with all their concomitants of selfish and jostling crowds, and exorbitant inns; on the other are simplicity and novelty.

The semi-barbarous condition of the wild tribes that inhabit the banks of the Danube, from Vienna to the sea, will hardly be believed by one who has not visited these countries. The traveller passes with a magical rapidity from the luxurious civilization of Vienna to the simple and half-savage Hungarians. There are, however, among the old Magyar nobility many patriotic spirits; and a great deal has been already done towards the civilization and improvement of that fine country. It is hard to put a limit to the advantages that might arise under a good government to such a country as Hungary, which possesses a fertile soil, a genial climate, and such a noble highroad as the Danube. The navigation of the river has been much improved of late years, and the establishment of a regular steam-communication has already done much for the kingdom. Some wiser custom-house regulations than those at present enforced would do more.

The Hungarians are a very mixed race; the dominant tribe, the Magyars, form by no means the largest portion of the ten millions of souls who are said to constitute the total population of the kingdom. They are the same Tâtar tribe who overran the east of Europe in the beginning of the tenth century, and although at length repressed within their present limits, they still retain the forms of government, the language, and the feodal customs of their warlike ancestors. The Emperor of Austria is their King by election. All matters are free-

ly discussed in the Diet, or great national assembly, and any one is as free to converse upon politics, and to censure the measures of government in Hungary as in England. In the profuse, but somewhat rough hospitality of the Magyar nobility one sees the exact representation of the old feodal baron, surrounded by his vassals. The other inhabitants of Hungary are made up of Sclaves, Germans, Greeks, and Jews. The Hungarian cavalry has always been excellent. Their hussar regiments may rank among the hardiest and best light cavalry in the world.

Descending the Danube, after leaving Hungary, we find on the right bank, first Servians, and next to them Bulgarians. These are both people of Sclavonic origin, subjects or tributaries of Turkey, speaking the Sclavonic tongue. On the left bank, occupying the great plain between the Danube and the Carpathian ridge, are the Wallachians, a singular and interesting race, who boast that they are descended from Trajan's *légionnaires*, established there when he added Dacia to the provinces of the Roman Empire. They call their country "Zara Romanesea;" and as far as physical appearance and language can guide us, there appears to be every reason for allowing their claim to Roman blood. Their fine dark features, aquiline noses, and expressive eyes, form as strong a contrast to the broad, heavy, frightful features of the surrounding tribes of Sclavonic or Tâtar origin, as does their rich, melodious language, to the rough and uncouth tongue of their neighbours. The language of the Wallachians is, like the Italian, a dialect of the Latin. They are now (nominally) an independent people, governed by a Prince elected by themselves, and under the protection of Russia, whose subjects they virtually are. Servia is also a principality, but tributary to Turkey; though, in fact, Russia manages matters there, too, as she pleases, so well does this wily power lay her plans; working underground, as it were, and in secret, for the possession of those countries on which she dare not yet openly place her rapacious and insatiable grasp! Cunning, and unmatched in diplomacy, she slowly but steadily pursues her aim of conquest or acquisition, in quarters at present where she thinks her intrigues will be little heeded by the great European powers; but always steadily advancing, bringing new victims under the iron sway of her dark and barbarous rule, till in the first great convulsion in Europe she shall be able to throw off the mask, and stand forth in the terrible strength of her colossal power.

A SONG.

THOU art like the lily's fragrant bell,
  When drooping from a shower;
Thou art like the violet of the dell,
  Spring's sweetest, earliest flower.

Thou art not like the fiery sun,
  In noonday glory bright;
But like the pale and tranquil moon,
  Which nightly glads our sight.

There's nothing left in nature's range,
  Pure, fragrant, fair, and true,
Which does not in each passing change
  Call back my thoughts to you.

H. B. K.

MISS JIFKINS'S BENEFIT.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,
AUTHOR OF "RICHARD SAVAGE," ETC.

I HAVE frequently heard, in my conversational commerce with mankind, sundry acute but jocose individuals observe, when some untoward event or unpleasant disaster has been related to them,—"I'd rather him than me; there was a benefit;"—"My wigs! *what* a benefit!" accompanying such ejaculations by bursts of unreasonable laughter. I was led to infer from thence that they had discovered that benefits, like many other good-looking things and persons, were not what they appeared to be; but that, like presents of game from the country which men sometimes receive, all hare's-foot and pheasant's-tail without, all brick-bat and straw within — they hold forth "a flag and sign" of advantage "which is indeed but sign."

With this preface, hey for Jifkins!

To forget benefits is said to be monstrous and abominable. Of this sin Miss Jifkins, I dare to say, is not guilty. *She will never forget her benefit.* It is the ugly child of memory that oblivion will not come near. It stands alone; but it will never run away. She sought it, and not in vain. She had it, and on her own head rests the consequence.

Miss Jifkins had for a long time past been meditating, and at an astonishing mental cost shaping, some method of making the metropolitan body aware of her existence as a candidate for its patronage and support—of convincing a liberal and enlightened public that some portion of its liberality could not be better employed than in refreshing her jaded purse, and that a few rays of its enlightenment would not be shed in vain, if they rendered legible to her the dark page of futurity. She had already exhausted the provinces—having visited them from time to time in various capacities, (rapacities rather,) and under as many aspects of distress, sorrow, privation, and blight. The officer's widow of one town, was the bereaved daughter at another; and the treacherous guardian (could he have been found,—but he had absconded,) would have had as much to answer for, neither more nor less, as the inhuman creditor, (name and address at discretion, but even less than two counties off) who had sold her up three days after the captain's funeral, and then laughed in her face — a face that seemed by no means made to be laughed in, however widely—after receiving sympathetic contributions—it was distended by requisite merriment in the hallowed privacy of her own chamber.

Arrived once more in London, the officer's widow waited, of course, upon that repertory of miscellaneous fiction and treasury of universal belief, the lord mayor, who, true to his faith, believed in one minute, and relieved in another; but as Miss Jifkins possessed a rather remarkable countenance, not easily susceptible, therefore, of such transformations as the assumption of a wide range of characters imperatively demands, she could not well carry the military further than Temple Bar, and was fain to lay on the civil at the West End; where the bereaved daughter for a time did a stroke of business which, could dad at Van Dieman's Land have heard of it, would first have gladdened the old man's heart by its *unkimmon* flyness of "move," and then have broken it by a sense of the hopeless of crying "snacks" in the "swag."

Having, after this manner — to employ a Shaksperian word — "pilled" the benevolent community, or, as we moderns more mildly express ourselves, "bled" or "physicked" them, Miss Jifkins was compelled to rest on her oars, and even found herself at low-water mark. Projects she framed many; for her ingenuity was of a plastic description; but execution is difficult, and, in the event of failure, fraught with awful consequences. Her nerves, like her principles, were miserably lax, and her susceptibilities intense. She loved not the house of correction. Its situation liked her not; its architecture was not to her taste, nor did its inward economy meet her approbation; and she had no mind to inhale *malaria* and morals at Millbank. Besides, though she was a deep card, there were "trumps" in the imposing pack, who took all the tricks before she could get the lead. Else, strange to say, she *had* thought of the "blanket for the poor district fleecing scheme," the only difference between her plan and that of the luckless experimentress being, that she (Jifkins) instead of a penny, designed to have extracted two-pence from her victims. She shuddered, when, in the preceding Thursday's paper she perused the case, and was made acquainted with the fate of the unhappy profferer of Witney's; and lending an excited shake to the remainder of her supper-beer, that the sediment of ginger might mingle kindly therewith, she impressed upon herself a double allowance of caution for the future, remembering that the officer's widow had once been constrained to take to her heels with an un-English precipitancy, that would have shocked the captain; and that the bereaved daughter had sometimes experienced a reception from flinty-hearted fathers, accompanied by references to the *minutiæ* of police-regulations, which made her abrupt departure not only necessary, but indispensable.

"What comfort now? what refuge? what resource?"

What easy cure of a consumptive purse? What *safe* means of acquiring a small present independence; just enough, say, to enable her to do the "fashionable exterior," "elegant manners," and "prepossessing appearance" branch of art,—so much as would suffice to permit her to take a large house, and get it handsomely furnished; to let lodgings at guineas a week duly paid, and when credit was at the extreme stretch, and the givers of it at the very gasp of expectation, to sell the "sticks," and "cut her own stick,"—language, I fear, too low and vulgar, albeit it is such as Miss Jifkins had heard and approved, both letter and spirit.

That it should have entered her head is not wonderful, it is a marvel rather that it had not previously found its way there — a benefit. Of all things in the world! —why, to be sure! — Lord bless me! how was it that a benefit had never suggested itself to her long ago? "Miss Jifkins has the honour of announcing to her friends and the public,"— "Grand concert and ball,"—"Quadrille band,"—"Brilliant display of fireworks,"—"Patagonian athletæ,"—"Madame Brakenechini on the tight-rope,"—"Elysian bowers," (surely the arbours in the Brunswick tea-gardens might be justly so called,—"Elysian bowers in the mazy gardens," — she had it all at once. The general idea was instantaneously seized, and her active thoughts forthwith went into committee upon the details.

All was plain-sailing now; nothing could be more easy. Miss Jifkins, the eldest daughter of a deceased officer, was reduced, by a com-

plication of unforeseen circumstances, to the necessity of appealing to a liberal and enlightened public. Upon this occasion she hoped to be favoured with its patronage and support. Professional ladies and gentlemen, of the highest eminence had kindly rallied round her. She trusted that the entertainments would give universal satisfaction, &c. Tickets, one-and-sixpence each, to be had of Miss Jifkins, No. 8, Tadcaster Row. This was all very nice indeed ; almost as nice as the gin under whose influence it was concocted ; of which, being as it was, so approved a quickener of the faculties, she had an extra half quartern that night. Now, to put her plan into operation.

Miss Jifkins had once been — if I may so speak — a public singer ; that is to say, she had taken her stand upon a platform, with a piece of music before her open mouth ; but having no voice in the matter, had left the profession in disgust, and was thenceforth duly qualified to sneer at Catalani and Stephens, and to hint pretty significantly that science was not appreciated now-a-days. She had, however, maintained and extended her acquaintance with her brethren and sisters of the tuneful art, and had very little doubt that she could prevail upon some of them to lend her "their sweet voices" on the occasion. Nor did she do them more than justice. These professional ladies and gentlemen (Heaven save the mark ! no sneer from me shall reach them,)—these plyers of the larynx at the nightly concert, poor though they be; though their precarious and slender income

"Like the current flies
Each bound it chafes—"

in other words, is gone as soon as it is got,—are ever ready, like true ladies and gentleman,—like good and tender Christians,—like worthy humanities, to offer their humble talents, (the motive, when it is known, makes Shaws and Brahams of them,) if distress call out upon them. Let them be honoured, therefore, though they responded to the call of Jifkins. They gave their gratuitous services.

But not for nothing would the proprietor of The Brunswick throw open his gorgeous saloon and spacious gardens. He must have five pounds, not a farthing less, and *down*, ere the benefit-taker might be permitted to hang up a printed board on the hook at the gate, leading to that Eden containing his elysian bowers. In vain did Miss Jifkins's "Well, but my dear sir,"—"Surely, you cannot object,"—"as soon as the receipts come into my hands," — and all such stuff, as he called it, add gentle persuasives to reason. Nor was an appeal to the best feelings of his nature more successful. Bad were the best, was the conclusion of the applicant ; but the truth is, "he hadn't got none," as the donkey-driver said on a different occasion. He must have his five-pound note, ere festivity might shake a toe, warble a cadence, or raise a rumour in his establishment. Miss Jifkins departed curtseying, and cursing, with many reflections upon the sordid avarice of mankind.

The pyrotechnist was no less peremptory : not a squib could "burst out into sudden blaze" without a previous receipt of coin. Madame Brakenechini wouldn't chalk a shoe under fifteen shillings, but was "beaten down" to nine, and negus on her descent. As for the Patagonian athletæ, they were two gay creatures of the element, whom a lively fancy had raised, and whose strength was to be exerted in the bills. A broken collar-bone of the one, and fraternal

affection in the other, (not to be torn from the bedside of the sufferer,) would account for the absence of these aërial beings. As for the Elysian bowers, there they were for any one to poke his or her nose in that liked to trust the human frame to the uncertain stability of an old rotten bench, with the stump of a tree against the back-bone, and the edge of a table in the pit of the stomach.

An outlay of at least ten pounds before she could hope to lay a finger upon the grand total! It was cruel. Miss Jifkins scratched her cheek two or three times and decided.

There was a young printer in the neighbourhood who had just *started* in business,—a strange, convulsive phrase, by the bye, which by no means expresses the extremely sober manner in which the young man had taken the important step. To him did Miss Jifkins straightways hie, and to his well-pleased ear commend her orders. A thousand cards, or tickets,—hand-bills for shop-windows,—posters of rainbow tints for boards, dead walls, and empty houses. The printer read the "copy" placed in his hands, and was affected by it. It was, in truth, a pathetic invitation to the public to come to the Brunswick and there enjoy unbounded pleasure and merriment for eighteenpence. But

"——— Her grief so lively shown,
Made him think upon his own."

He wanted the needful as much as Miss Jifkins, and presumed to hint something touching cash transactions and his ready money business. An aristocratic scowl, however, denoting that her nice and delicate sense of honour revolted at such references, dismissed him to his types, and he went to press hopefully. She was so perfectly the lady who had seen better days. He wondered whether her father had met his death at Waterloo. (How the veils of Van Dieman would have shaken his shoulders at this!)

The posters posted, and the hand-bills in due course of distribution, Miss Jifkins sallied forth, reticule on arm, with fell intent to her friends and the public; producing a pack of cards, which led many of the former, in the first instance, to imagine that she was about to propose "all-fours," or to tell their fortune,—she developed her plan and called for contribution. In vain; all sorrow not to be able to "meet her views,"—nor less every plea of poverty, bad times, or disinclination to public amusements. "No" was nothing to Miss Jifkins; she had been used to it. She had even taken it for an answer. She was as fearfully adhesive as to give the terrified patient a notion of a present Jifkins in perpetuity. Whatever she wanted, it was worth more to get rid of her. So she throve in her calling—raised speedily her more than ten pound for the proprietor, the pyrotechnist and Brakenechini, and had thirty shillings in hand for contingencies. Her benefit was fixed for the following Monday.

That sum of thirty shillings was highly serviceable to her. This was a period of excitement, be it remembered, and gin was required to take out the stains in the old lutestring, which she designed to turn; for Miss Jifkins was by no means of the same taste with Dr. Donne's gentleman, who says

———I of this mind am,
Your only meaning is your grogoram.

She liked to be dressed according to her "sphere;" the lutestring was

still presentable, and would do very well turned; and, accordingly, little Charley, in the two-pair back, earned on the average three farthings *per diem* between that and Monday, by making a long arm with a small bottle and the money ready counted, in his hand, at the bar of "The Wellington," till his agreeable features had quite lost the gloss of novelty, and the barmaid spun out the "No. 9" inferentially.

The day at length arrived—a fine, hot, summer's day—such a day as makes the most hopeless wretch in love with life once more. Its influence found its way to the bosom of Miss Jifkins, who "came out" quietly, making the inmates of No. 8, Tadcaster Row, pledge her in balmy drops, till nine of them blinked again, and soared in sublime flights of fancy or dived into the solemn depths of sentiment. Cheered, but not inebriated; her spirits set afloat by these sparkling and tender outpourings of friendship, Miss Jifkins went on her way rejoicing towards the Brunswick, an hour before the commencement of the entertainments. Never did the Brunswick present a more pleasing appearance. She entered—everything was prepared—all in readiness; the proprietor as courteous as a man, money beforehand, could be; his assistants as respectful as money in prospect could make them. These last—the waiters—were greatly to her mind; there was a sharpness in their eyes that highly gratified her; expressing, as it did, a pouncing or sweeping quality in their owners much to be commended. They looked all alive, as though they expected,—(expected of course they did, but) as though they were ready and waiting for multitudes to serve—as though myriads would not, could not tame down the energy of their cleanly-formed legs. The *tendon Achilles* was wonderfully elastic in each. Bowing and nodding to these serviceable individuals, she passed into the tea-gardens, and put her head into the ball-room. Very well indeed; all pretty and *tasty*. Quite the thing. The framework of fireworks at the extremity of the gardens caught her approving eye. M. Vivide had, no doubt, done his best for her. Thence, returning to the house, she ascended into the concert-room—a spacious apartment, indeed, with paintings on the walls by an old master who could never get an apprentice, who was indebted neither to nature nor art, and who could never paint at all till he was drunk.

If Miss Jifkins alone, unseen, therefore, paraded this apartment with a higher elevation of chin than usual, let the occasion plead her excuse. It was a brief ebullition of pardonable vanity. She had taken it all for the night. The property, as it were, was hers. Seating herself on the music-stool, she fell into a reverie. She took the whole parish in *circumbendibus*, that is to say, the Brunswick being the centre, she drew a circle, two miles in diameter. A thickly inhabited district! this reflection led her into statistics. She called for population returns, and had them; and, dividing by thirty, (one in thirty surely *would* come,) she filled the concert-room to overflowing, crammed the ball-room to suffocation, thronged the walks of the tea-gardens, and stocked the Elysian bowers. Poor Miss Jifkins! one might almost pity even her.

For now, as she awoke out of her reverie—what is this?—a sudden gloom—a darkness just come on—or had it gathered while she was yet shaping her visions? She started to her feet, and rushed to the window. A pestilent congregation of vapours had collected. Such a fine day as it had been! It would blow over—it must. It never could be

so cruel. No such thing—it would not blow over. When the weather intends to throw a damper upon mankind, or their purposes, it is no more to be put off than Miss Jifkins in her designs. It was too late to postpone the entertainments to another day. She had not taken the room "weather permitting;" besides, there were many (were there?—but that doubt was too sickening) who were already on their way. The first sharp click of fluid on the window-pane nearly finished Miss Jifkins. She hurried down stairs, and into the wide passage.

"Lord bless me! Mr. Crumpton, d' ye think it will rain?"

"Think, ma'am! why, it is raining, and coming down pretty sharp, too."

"Don't you think it will hold up?"

"I can't say, ma'am; I fear not. I think it 's set in."

Set in! and people hardly set out! Miss Jifkins set off again to the concert-room, where she sat down on a bench, and tried to make light of it.

This climate of ours!—so much has been said of it, that I refrain. The evening in question, however, was such a one as no oft-repeated experience on the part of the late Mr. Simpson, of Vauxhall Gardens' celebrity, would have enabled to put up tamely with; and he, I imagine, remembered more rainy days than any man that ever existed, from Noah downwards. Even that gentle spirit must have been vexed to the knee-buckle on such an occasion, and must have murmured strange syllables into his cocked-hat, that cooler reflection would hardly have approved. But he was never an interested party; sunshine or rain, it was the same to him. Not so with Miss Jifkins.

Discarding all idle and unnatural levity, therefore, Miss Jifkins got up, and forthwith denounced in no measured terms, and commended to perdition the copy of Moore's Almanack lent her by a fellow-lodger, by which she had been guided,—ground her teeth in the face of her landlady, whom her imagination pictured in the act of demanding rent, —waved from her presence with scorn the obsequious printer,—and, comprehending the whole human race (herself excepted) in one compendious anathema, invented special torments for the proprietor, the fire-work manufacturer, and the dancer on the tight-rope, who had basely robbed her of her money.

Yet it was necessary to put a good face upon the matter, particularly as the professional ladies and gentlemen were now dropping in by ones and twos; all wet and wit—sympathy in one breath, banter in another. "These things will happen," said one. "Better luck another time," cried another. "I say, Jiffs, what d' ye expect to clear?" asked a third. "As it fell upon a day," hummed Roreham, the bass singer; "the weather must clear first."

How Miss Jifkins could have drugged their several possets! and how she tried to countermand the *petit souper* she had promised them, but couldn't, the sandwiches being cut. She insisted, however, upon cape instead of sherry, a change which the proprietor said should be attended to. He had already seen to that; cape was destined for them from the first.

Never was a more miserable evening. Half the people who had taken tickets gave them away to other people, half of whom couldn't come. Such a wretched, little, huddled knot of men, women, and umbrellas in the centre of the concert-room!—such a leisurely, debonair carriage of himself on the part of the one waiter who, at long

intervals, brought a single glass of spirits and water in his hand, took a silent sixpence, and withdrew. The singers sang their songs, and made faces at the audience behind their music-books; the audience, unaware of the mummery, indifferent to the music, received their favours with penitential resignation.

But this sort of thing could not last. Stragglers from time to time came into the room, faces Miss Jifkins knew not, and her hopes revived a little. They were sure pay. No. As often as she stole away to the money-taker, that ill-conditioned individual, morose by nature, or influenced by the weather, shook his drawer, making two or three shillings and as many sixpences hop into sight, and told her they were all tickets but three.

"It can't be," said Miss Jifkins. But so it was.

These last comers had arrived with presentation-tickets, and having nothing to pay, were minded to do good to the house, and to enjoy themselves. They soon imparted life to the company, who greivously required exhilaration. As though in mockery of the benefit-taker, ere the evening was far advanced, this small band ("not a morsel of good to her," as Miss Jifkins pathetically remarked) appeared to be actuated by one common determination of enjoying themselves, and that in their own way. They mimicked the singers; put some into good-humour; put others into a passion; called for the "Angel's whisper" from the comic gentleman, who had come out with a bad cold; and "twigged" Miss Jifkins as she flew in and out, all smirk in the room, all scowl in the passage, whose hand they severally claimed and insisted upon for the first dance; till what began in jest ended in contention; and two doughty champions gave each other black eyes behind one of the Elysian bowers, and had a squint at "his worship" next morning.

But why should I pursue the miserable theme of Miss Jifkins's ill-fortune, — why relate in detail how she was pulled and twisted, and hauled and spun about in the ball-room by inebriated youths, who "set" to her in the mazy dance, some with faces past expression jovial, others with countenances unutterably muggy and mournful? Why should I tell, when apologies were tendered for the Patagonian athletæ, how they were sent to the devil as "muffs" not worth seeing? how Madame Brakenechini went up to the tight-rope, shook her head, said it wouldn't do, and came down again? how the pyrotechnist attempted vainly to ignite a squib, shook *his* head, and, taking something out of his pocket that would light, smoked it very coolly? and how, finally, Miss Jifkins sneaked home; the proceeds at the door escheated to the proprietor, and herself indebted to that gentleman in the sum of one pound, two and fourpence, for negus, the *petit souper*, and other liabilities?

At the commencement of this paper, I said, with some solemnity, "She had it," (her benefit,) "and on her own head rests the consequence." It was even so.

She proclaimed on the next morning to the landlady of No. 8, before she left her lodgings, which she did with strange abruptness, that the occurrences of the previous night had turned "the crown of her head white." The landlady testified to the fact; so that, as Roreham, the bass singer, said, "she got a crown-piece by her benefit, after all."

SKETCHES OF LEGENDARY CITIES.

CHESTER.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

AUTHOR OF "THE BOCAGES AND THE VINES."

When a traveller accustomed to continental towns first enters the singular city of the county palatine

> "Where Deva winds her wizard stream,"

he is inclined to believe that his brain is confused by the whirl of the railroad which has transported him a hundred and eighty miles from London in eight hours; he has mistaken his route, has actually crossed the Channel, and is set down beyond

> "Where the great vision of the guarded Mount *
> Looks towards Hamanco's and Bayona's hold,"

so like is the English, or rather Roman city of Chester, to many places he has seen below the Loire.

He recognises the long, unflagged streets, without *trottoirs*, the heaps of dirt and dust before the houses, the low-browed shops with wide fronts, the wares exposed outside: the little dark dens within, their owners sitting working at the doors; and he recognises, too, the colonades extending from street to street; but here he is startled to observe a remarkable difference, for the *Rows*, or galleries, of Chester, have features of their own, very distinct from those at La Rochelle, at Bayonne, and other southern towns, for here they are raised far above the street, generally about twelve feet, and form a story above the lower range of shops next the ground. They would be like the arcades of the Palais Royal, but that they are shut in by pillars, and before each shop is a sort of balcony, on which part of the wares of the opposite storehouse is exhibited; indeed, in some instances a complete shop is formed in the space, having its light from the street. The inner shops are, in the newest and most fashionable quarters, brilliantly lighted from above by means of glass domes reaching the height of the house, round which may be seen the windows of the dwelling, deriving their light from the same source; but this is a modern improvement, for the ancient inhabitants, to judge by the inconveniences of the oldest houses, could do their work in the dark, or with as little daylight as possible. Every here and there, between the shops, run back, in apparently almost interminable length, passages which give entrance at the side to the back part of these strange domiciles, supplying them with air, and conducting them sometimes to concealed streets behind, which extend in labyrinths that amaze the eye of the stranger, who stands gazing down these mysterious alleys, where daylight glimmers from a vista at the end, in unspeakable surprise; for the mazes of a beehive scarcely appear so curious as these unexplained *Rows*.

Some say that the Romans first built the city in this odd form,

* St. Michel in Normandy.

having scooped its fabrics out of the rock on which it stands; but no other Roman town is similarly constructed, and even if it were so originally, it seems strange that Chester should preserve a shape which is found nowhere else.

If it was really built by the mighty giant, Leon Gaure, as certain chroniclers assert, one has no right to be surprised at the city having a style of its own, nor may venture to find fault with the giant's taste, as we cannot with certainty determine what sort of architecture was considered elegant in those days when giants were, and when, from the border of the Dee, he probably gathered a handful of

> "Reeds of decent growth
> To make a pipe for his capacious mouth,"

and, as he played, the city sprang up to the sound of

> "his sweet piping."

A learned monk of Chester* boldly relates that this redoubted giant, Leon Gaure, the conqueror of the Picts, laid the first stone of the city, "as it were *in a kind of rude and disordered fashion*," which afterwards Leir, King of Britain, improved.

Another monk of Chester,† who was a poet as well as romancer, bursts forth in the following strain on the subject:

> "The founder of this city, as saith Polychronicon,
> Was Leon Gawer, a mighty strong giant;
> Which builded *caves and dungeons* many a one.
> No goodly buildings, ne proper, ne pleasant.
> But King Leir, a Briton fine and valiant,
> Was founda of Chester, by pleasant building,
> And was named Guer Leir by the King."

This legend gives rise to the supposition that Chester is the true Caerleon, where King Arthur and all his Round Table, Queen Guenever and all her fair court, kept their revels, and held their solemn feasts, how long after the building of it by the "mighty strong Gyant of Neptunus progeny" does not appear. The beautiful and proud Ethelfleda, daughter of the great King Alfred, who disdained all domestic ties, and "grew an heroic virago," took Chester under her especial protection, and built as many castles near it as Bess of Hardwick herself, or Anne Clifford of Cumberland, both famous castle-builders in their day. She went on *improving* the city, and built the surrounding walls, which remain, another wonder, to this day.

The walls of Chester are nearly as singular as the *rows*, and are more perfect than any throughout the kingdom. They have this peculiarity, that their summits are paved with broad flag-stones, in that respect shaming the streets below, and offer a fine clean dry path all round the town, uninterrupted and convenient in the extreme. Strange is it to follow the windings of this narrow, but pleasant way, which sometimes leads you above the tops of the houses, so that, like Asmodeus, you may peep down the chimneys of your neighbours, or into their upper windows, and sometimes conducts you to the doors of their houses, and into their shops; then, by flights of steps, you mount to an airy height, and look down upon groves of tall trees, and are

* Ranulphus, author of the Polychronicon.
† Henry Bradshawe, author of the Life of St. Werburgh.

even with huge church-towers; then on you hurry by the side of green meadows, and over blooming gardens, discovering, with inquisitive glance, the little snug retreats, the arbours and rustic seats, where the citizens find recreation after their daily toils. Anon you reach a high, rugged red tower, rough with age, and battered by the tempest, from the utmost height of which long distant ranges of blue mountains skirt the horizon, and all the secrets of the crowded city seem disclosed to your view. The winding waters of the silver Dee roll meandering through green fields far beneath, and the clay-coloured canal, with its labouring barge, creeps sullenly close under the grey hewn rocks that keep it in.

Orchards and meadows, where once walked

> "Pensive nuns, devout and pure,
> Sober, steadfast, and demure,"

and which are still called "The Nuns' Field," next attract the sight of loiterers, who in former days would not have dared to peer downwards over those holy precincts, but in the neighbourhood of which the pious passenger, if he could pass at that period along the walls at all, would have

> "Breathed a prayer, dropped a bead,
> And passed on."

Presently, after hastening past towers and battlements innumerable, the wanderer gazes on a wide extent of greensward. This is the celebrated Roodee, whose title tells its tale intelligibly enough, but to which an awful legend attaches, which greatly adds to its mystic character.

This fine amphitheatre of verdure is surrounded by a dyke, which keeps the neighbouring river from overflowing it, as it once did, when a high cross stood in the midst, and attracted the devout attention of passengers.

It was about the middle of the tenth century, in the reign of Conan, King of North Wales, that there existed, in a place called Harden (*i. e.* Hawarden), a rood-loft, in which was placed an image of the Virgin Mary, with a very large cross in her hand, called the Holy Rood.

One summer, there had been such a continuance of hot and dry weather, that all the verdure was dried up, and there was neither shelter for the birds in the trees nor food for the cattle in the fields. The inhabitants of Harden assembled daily before the Holy Rood, and with prayers and tears implored the Virgin to intercede for rain; but they entreated in vain. At length the pious and beautiful lady of the governor of Harden Castle, moved by the misery around her, repaired to the altar of the Holy Rood with a rich offering, and, casting herself humbly down at the foot of the cross, prayed fervently that the Mother of Mercy would hear her prayers, and send rain upon earth. While she was lifting up her hands and eyes in supplication, the miraculous image appeared to totter on the altar, and in a moment fell headlong from its pedestal, bearing down the stones and rails before it, and crushing beneath its heavy weight the fragile form of the beautiful suppliant.

A shriek of horror from the assembled crowd in the church pro-

claimed their despair; but, when it was found that life was entirely extinct, indignation took the place of fear, and, with angry cries, they rushed in a body to the castle, insisting on vengeance for the outrage.

The image was accordingly doomed to be placed on the sands of the river beneath the castle of Harden, and there left to be swallowed up by the tide when next it flowed.

This done, the angry crowd retired, leaving their once venerated Virgin to destruction. The sea soon after came up with great impetuosity, and bore along in its current the unresisting image, till finally it was deposited in some low land beneath the walls of the city of Caer Leon. The inhabitants here found it, and with pious care first buried, and then erected a monument over it with this inscription:

"The Jews their God did crucify,
The Hardeners their's did drown,
'Cause with their wants she 'd not comply,
And lies under this cold stone!"

Whether the Rood erected here offended again in after times, and met with a similar fate, certain it is that the Roodee is now without a cross, and in its place rises a grand stand for the races, which are held on this spot.

Hawarden, the scene of this event, whose inhabitants behaved in so unprecedented a manner to the Virgin, is so charming a place, within a drive of Chester, that it should not be missed by the visitor. About five miles from the Water Gate, brings you to the Queen's ferry over the Dee, at what is called the Chester Channel, and there you may, in your carriage, be conveyed over the rough, boisterous river, which here assumes the airs of the sea, and sends forth its green waves crested with foam, chafing and brawling against the rocky shore in a manner so impetuous, that there is no mistaking that you are already on Welsh ground. Having crossed the ferry amongst carts laden with salt, and passengers of various sorts, and undergone sundry joltings in getting in and out, you resume your journey to the "headland above the lake," which is the British signification of Hawarden, or Pen y Llwch, and arrive in due time at the neat, clean, prosperous-looking town, where every inhabitant of whom you ask questions is warm in the praise of Sir Stephen Glynne, the present owner of the castles, both modern and ancient. His park is beautiful, the irregularities of the ground giving it a great advantage; the trees are very flourishing, and are the more remarkable, that the country round does not abound in such. The house is well built, on an ancient model, with delightful windows in the style of Henry the Seventh; and from them can be seen the magnificent ruins of the old fortress, once belonging to the Earls of Derby, but which passed into the hands of an ancestor of the present owner in the civil struggles.

The old donjon stands on the highest ground, and from its summit may be seen the wide range of the Welsh mountains, with Moel Fammau, the Mother of All, and a panorama of the country on all sides. The ruins are clothed and garlanded with ivy in the most picturesque manner; their forms are beautiful, and the blue sky shines through their loopholes and windows; while the rich sun-light gleams over the grey masses of stone of which they are built, making that cheerful which would be otherwise sad; for it might tell of a race destroyed for a cause which Fortune forsook.

There are still some remains of a staircase, with a zigzag moulding, which fancy might image was that which led to the bower of the pious lady who fell a victim to the momentary impatience of the holy image.

Nothing can be imagined more enjoyable than the seclusion of these delightful ruins. There was, when we visited them, no *disturbative* guide intruding his remarks and scraps of misplaced learning,—none but birds and bees—"a populous solitude"—came near; and, though we thought we heard, on the height of the tower, the sound of workmen striking the stone, we were undeceived on mounting to the summit; for that which we had fancied was human toil turned out to be merely the continual knocking of a thick rope driven by the wind against a high flag-staff. Other motion was there none; but amidst the silence, besides the murmur of the waving boughs, we distinguished a distant swell, which seemed like the notes of an organ, and, as we had just seen a very fine one in the church of the town, we thought it not impossible that the breeze had wafted the melodious peals as high as the spot where we stood. This, however, we found, on descending to lower ground, was but the noise of a large *foundry* close to the park, and our romance, it must be confessed, was a little dissipated when we knew the truth.

The church of Hawarden no longer shows a vestige of the place where once stood the perverse image and the Holy Rood. All is modern within and without, except the upper extremities of a few fine windows and a pane or two of painted glass, a little carving on the seats, and the form of the porch of entrance. No tomb older than the end of the seventeenth century remains, and nothing is left to tell of ages gone by.

It is a pretty, healthy, agreeable town, which seems to flourish under its present proprietor; but to the seeker after antiquity it has no interest beyond that which the remembrance of its legend may endow it with; for all trace of the ancient and loyal race of Derby has passed away, and the names of few old families are to be traced.

Only a few weeks since, in clearing the ground for a grand review, the stones of the base of the Holy Rood were found in the Roodee.

This wide plain is guarded next the river, by a dyke *or cop*, to restrain the incursions of the Dee, which more than once before this precaution was taken, overflowed the whole land up to the town walls. A fine view of the town is obtained from the raised walk along the shining river, and the red mass of the castle, with its mound, and all the modern buildings, which are handsome, but in questionable taste, or connected with the old Roman keep—come out in bold relief against the sky. The lofty tower of St. John's church is most conspicuous, after the huge square fabric of St. Werburgh's cathedral, whose gigantic frame rises far above all the surrounding buildings.

The Phœnix tower is the next most remarkable object; it is one of those guardians of the walls which you encounter as you make the circuit, and from its stupendous height, the unhappy Charles Stuart beheld the defeat of his army at Rowton, or Waverton, Heath—that army which was on its way to reinforce the garrison of Chester. That sight was enough to tell him all hope was fled, and he forthwith, followed by his faithful few, retreated into Wales. Following the course of the Dee, you are struck with a magnificent arch of no less

span than two hundred feet, and of the height of forty feet, which towers above the river in marvellous proportion; and though a lover of antiquity, who is seldom an utilitarian, cannot but sigh not to behold the antique bridge lower down, in all its original, inconvenient purity, still it is impossible to withold admiration from this beautiful new bridge, the boast and glory of the people of Chester. Time was when the *old* bridge, now widened, with its strange gatehouses and other buildings now cleared away, was a perfect treasure of the middle ages; but it was found that money could not be made so fast if a more rapid passage across it could not be gained, so that a wider space than that which had sufficed to admit the haughty Henry of Lancaster and his troops, when he took triumphant possession of the castle of Chester, is now afforded to less warlike travellers and their horses.

Here, close to the old bridge, stand, as they stood ages ago, the mills, that have rendered Chester famous; still at this spot runs the current which turns their wheels, and makes the whole river in a foam, while the hoarse murmurs of the disturbed water-spirits make mournful music to the ear. A great causeway crosses the stream here obliquely, and supplies the Dee mills with sufficient water. They have existed from the time when the famous nephew of the Conqueror, the redoubted Hugh the Wolf, first received Chester as a grant from his uncle. It was he who founded the mills, and their renown has never sunk; for at this day they still bring in great revenues to the possessors. The wealth derived from them was formerly so great, that it was a common saying, speaking of a spendthrift, "If he had the rent of the Dee-mills, he would spend it."

Of the castle, now a prison, little is left that belongs to a distant age. The plain high keep, repaired, and rendered as modern as possible, still rears its stately head, but all its brother towers and turrets are gone. It would be impossible now to trace the spot where the ill-fated Richard the Second stood looking out upon the fine range of country spread beneath. It was in 1394 that the doomed monarch came to Chester on his way to Ireland, and, at a time when he scarcely knew whom to trust about him, he appointed as his body-guard a corps of two thousand Cheshire archers, and, "for the love he bore to the gentlemen and commoners of the shire of Chester," he caused the county to be in future called a principality, assuming himself the title of the Prince. Alas for the fate of princes! it was in this very "*dollorous castille*," as Halle, the chronicler, styles it, that he was brought a prisoner from Flint, and deposed by the "aspiring Lancaster."

Here afterwards came that ill-starred daughter of the good King René, Margueret of Anjou, on a royal progress, attended by a brilliant train of lords and ladies, and here she won the hearts of the good citizens by her courteous and fascinating manners. And here the favourite of the Welsh Henry the Seventh, and his Queen and mother, came with a great retinue, cn his way to the castle of Hawarden, attended by the Earl of Derby, and a train of "Chester gallants."

Every street in Chester has some remarkable recollection attached to it, every tower and church some legend, many of them connected with the disastrous siege which the town sustained, when for three

years nothing was to be heard within and without the walls but the din of arms and the preparations for defence against the Parliamentarian forces; and, after the devoted and loyal citizens had held out for twenty weeks, reduced by famine alone, they gave up on the 3rd of February, 1646, and the triumphant soldiers of Cromwell entered the city. Then began the work of destruction in which these *pious* men delighted: then the beautiful high cross, long the pride of Chester, was hurled down, the cathedral choir defaced, the organ ruined, the splendid painted glass dashed from the windows, and the antique fonts broken and defaced.

They entered a ruined city blackened by their artillery, the houses burnt and shattered, the gardens, and lanes, and public walks destroyed; "the famous houses of gentlemen in the city," stalls, *pentices*, doors, trees and barns, all the glovers' houses under the walls pulled down; all the buildings and houses at the Watergate, upon the Roodee, burned and consumed to the ground; from the Dee bridge over the water, all that long street called Handbridge, with all the lanes, barns, and buildings upon it "*ruinated to the ground!*" as Randal Holme, the pitying historian of Chester's mishap, recounts.

Those who had destroyed, as much as in them lay, all relics of popery, were not likely to permit the continuance of those profane customs which had been handed down from Pagan times, and long amused the good citizens of Chester; therefore, during the reign of the Puritans, the once-celebrated giants and hobby-horses, which were accustomed to figure in the Midsummer show, were carefully concealed. When, however, the merry, if not wise, son of the unfortunate Charles was restored to his dominions, "the ancient and *laudable* custom of the Midsummer show, by the late obstructive times much injured," was again revived, and forth from their retreats came prancing and pacing the hobby-horse, "the four beasts, viz. the unicorn, antelope, *flower de luce*, and camel," together with the elephant, and his "Cupid, with a bow and arrow suitable;" morris-dancers capered; stuffed giants, ugly and grim, stalked; naked boys, "covered with skins," shouted; dragons of pasteboard hissed and writhed, garlands bloomed, and ribbons floated, and the exulting "mayor, sheriffs, and *leave-lookers*" paid, without grudging, fifty good pounds to have their holiday again.

The gates of the city are now only names, being merely arches, over which the walk on the walls runs, sometimes raised to a great height, ascending to the inequalities of the rock on which the town is built. The north gate is the most elevated ground, and from hence, on the walls, the view is very extensive, not only over the streets below, but of the country to a great distance. The windings of the Dee can be traced, and on a clear day the light-house at the point of Ayr is visible; and, far in the distance, the castle of Flint appears; nor is the Jubilee column on Moel Fammau, the mother of mountains, concealed. The whole range of the Clurydian hills, the church-tower, and the beautiful ruins of Hawarden Castle, can be discerned by a practised eye; while nearer are the richly-cultivated meadows, called the Sands, which have been redeemed from the power of the sea.

Formerly there existed here an ancient gate, ugly and ruinous in the extreme, immediately under which was a frightful dungeon,

thirty feet underground, to which the only air that was brought was by pipes which communicated with the street. Here prisoners under sentence of death were confined, till the welcome hour of their release from such torture arrived. No wonder that the uneasy spirits of these tormented beings revisited the place of their earthly misery, and that, in days when such things were, ghosts and goblins were seen flitting along the walls, and disappearing at a grim, red, old round tower, called *The Goblin's Parlour*, or Morgan's Mount, now cut in two, and benched round with stone. Under this tower, in cutting the canal between North Gate and the basin, a heap of human skulls and bones was found, together with implements of war.

The next strange tower that is reached on the walls is one called Bonewaldesthorne's Tower, from whence by a steep flight of steps, and, after following an embattled way, you enter the tower called the New, or Museum Tower. The old Watergate is between these two: it is a circular arch, probably Roman, and was used at the time when the Dee washed the walls; but the river has long since receded, and these picturesque piles are now peacefully employed as a receptacle of the museum of the town in the one, and a good camera-obscura at the top of the other, where, seated tranquilly, the tired stranger can sit watching the doings of all Chester without the walls, and mark the ripple of the glittering river at his ease, and watch the fishers on its banks.

There is no longer a tower at the Water-gate leading out to the Roodee; but a lofty arch spans the street, over which the walls continue their course. Hereabouts formerly stood monasteries of Black Friars, Grey Friars, and a famous Nunnery of St. Mary, all now swept away, to give place to the aristocracy of the town. There is not one stone left upon another of the monastery of White Friars or Carmelites, and the Nuns' garden exhibits now no vestige of its once solemn beauties.

One gate, called the Ship-gate, and known in modern times as The Hole in the Wall, still retains its Roman form of arch, and is almost the only remains of the early possessors of Chester. There is also a fine modern arch, called the Bridge-gate, opposite the antique bridge of the mills; and not far from this you ascend an irregular flight of steps, called The Wishing Steps, just above a spot by the water side, planted with trees, called The Groves. The square tower formerly overlooking these groves has disappeared. Further on is the New-gate, once called Wolfeld, or Wolf's-gate; for here was carved on the stone the grim cognizance of Hugh Lupus himself.

At what exact period the romance occurred, which caused the closing of Wolf's-gate for ever, does not appear; but certain it is that a mayor of Chester, generally a noble and a knight,

"Had one fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well;"

and this "treasure" was in the habit of amusing herself with certain other maidens of her acquaintance, by "playing at ball, in summer-time, in Pepur Street." One charming sunshiny day, an adventurous youth, who had by stealth observed the gambols of these fair damsels, crossed the Dee in his boat, and, suddenly entering by Wolf's-

gate, seized the mayor's daughter in his arms, and, amidst the cries of her affrighted companions, who fled in all directions, bore her off as his prize, before the mayor or any of his people could come to her rescue. The young lover got clear off with his fair burthen, and, as the legend says, "afterwards married her." The father, in despair, caused the gate, sometimes called Pepper-gate, to be instantly closed, which gave rise to the saying, "When the daughter is stolen, shut Pepper-gate."

These excursions across the Dee were generally of some consequence, and tradition has handed down an account of a magnificent show which once enlivened the river, before the ancient Handbridge yet afforded facility to passengers who desired to cross to the opposite shore. Here, once on a time, that is in the year 971, might have been seen King Edgar seated in his royal barge, and rowed by eight tributary kings, whom he had engaged to assist him by land and sea in all his undertakings. Thus attended, the monarch crossed the river from his palace in the opposite meadows, where a stone remains still called Edgar's Cave, and landed at the church of St. John, whose antique tower still rises high above all others, and, having paid his devotions, he returned in the same state. Edgar had at this period just accomplished the conquest of North Wales!

Another tradition attaches to this part of the town of Chester, where the most ancient of all its churches, that of St. John, stands. At a spot where once a cross was erected, in the midst of an open space, was a cell scooped in one of the rocks by the side of the Dee,—for the river then nearly bathed the walls of St. John,—a holy anchorite had secluded himself here, whose self-abasement, self-denial, and piety were the theme of the whole country. When Henry the First passed through Chester from Wales, he came to pay his orisons at the shrine of St. John, and visited the cell of the hermit. The interview between the King and the holy man was long and secret; and, when Henry quitted the spot, he was observed to be deeply affected. It was not till afterwards that the truth was discovered. It was Harold, the last Saxon, whose dominion was now reduced to a cave by the river side, and whose sole occupation, after a life of struggle and contention, was to prepare the grave in which he at length reposed. His tomb was long shown in the area of St. John's church, and it was said a royal mourner, his wife, Queen Algitha, wept over it.*

Not only is Harold said to have passed his latter days in Chester, but the abbey church of St. Werburgh, now the cathedral, claims an Emperor as once its "guest," who occupied within its precincts

"a pit of clay."

No less a personage than the Emperor of Germany, husband of Maud, is recorded to have retired to a cell in this place, and there, like the royal Saxon, to have concealed his rank, and passed his days in prayer. He was known by the assumed name of Godstallus, and the site of his hermitage is still called Godstall Lane. After his death his secret was discovered, and he was buried in the cathedral; but there

* See Giraldus Cambrensis, Henry de Knighton, and others, for this and the following traditions.

are no tombs now left, "no monument, inscription, stone," to point out where the great once lay, and all is conjecture and vain surmise.

The cathedral stands close to the walls, in the midst of a crowded churchyard, covered with ruined tombs, few of antique date; but the stone of which they are formed is a crumbling sandstone, and they consequently appear much older than they really are.

It is impossible for any building to look more ruinous and dilapidated than the cathedral of St. Werburgh; yet that which remains of it was chiefly built in the reigns of the three last Henries. The red crumbling sandstone of which it is constructed has become so smooth at the edges, that each stone appears a round mass placed on another: all sharpness is destroyed, and almost all traces of ornament worn away. Add to this, the cloisters, which are sadly disfigured, appear as though they had been coloured black, and, this tint having worn off in time, the original brick-colour is exhibited through, so that nothing can appear more hideous and disagreeable than this part of the building. The restorations have been hitherto injudiciously executed, and the Tudor roses, and other ornaments, arches, and pillars, are strangely built *in* and *over* the early Saxon parts, one entirely destroying the grace of the other. The hand of violence is sadly apparent, particularly in the cloister, where every finial and corbel has been defaced and shattered in a most barbarous manner.

The interior has been well restored, and has much beauty; the choir is very elegant, and the tabernacle-work of the stalls is exquisitely delicate. The bishop's throne is a most curious piece of sculpture, of very early date, the carving representing figures of Mercian kings and saints. It is popularly believed to be the shrine of St. Werburgh; but this fact is disputed by antiquaries.

The chapter-house, founded in the twelfth century, is a very fine building, containing a large and valuable library. So great has been the accumulation of earth for centuries round this immense fabric, that at length it has appeared to sink almost a quarter of its height into the ground, and it is now approached by a series of descending steps, as if one was entering a crypt. The whole building exteriorly has the strangest, darkest, most rugged effect of any cathedral in the kingdom, although, except in parts, it is not very ancient. A great work of repair is now going on; but it would seem as if long years and immense expense would be required to restore old St. Werburgh to anything like a graceful or elegant aspect. The crowded state of the tombs which hem it in has a disagreeable appearance, the burial-ground being within the walls in the midst of the town, a circumstance much to be deplored. A cemetery outside the town is greatly wanted at Chester, and it is to be hoped that such an advantage will not long be denied it.

The most ancient of the churches of Chester is that of St. John, or the Holy Cross, founded by the Mercian King Ethelred, at a period when the opposite shores of the Dee were clothed with forests, long since removed. From the city-walls, as the spectator looks down, the tower seems still to rise to its stupendous height from a thick grove; for an orchard, filled with luxuriant trees, interposes between the church and the ramparts. The tower is seen from all quarters, vying in height with that of the more massive and squarer one of the cathedral. The tower and body of the church, the arches, and the nume-

rous ruins attached to this singular old building, all seem to be in the very act of sinking down into the earth, which is piled with gravestones round them. A more venerable, battered, mysterious, inexplicable, time-worn piece of architecture than the bell-tower and ruins of "St. John's of the Holy Rood of Chester" can seldom be met with. One principal doorway, black with time and weather, scarcely lifts the capitals of its supporting pillars out of the ground—it must have sunk at least five feet; and the same is the case with all the arches in the town, which occasions them to present a most ghost-like, unearthly aspect, which almost makes the beholder shudder.

King Ethelred could not doubt but that this was the place chosen by heaven for its worship to be performed, and accordingly he founded the famous church, which for centuries attracted pious pilgrims to the city of Chester.

Ivy and flowers are growing on the old ruins, which occupy a large space, and some modern dwelling-houses are mixed in with them in "most admired confusion." One house opposite a huge ruined window has a long projecting building attached to it, which has a thatched roof, and at the end a pretty bow window, which looks out into a beautiful meadow and gardens, and a grove of high trees. This is in singular contrast to the grim old arches which frown so close beside.

The part of the church used for service, namely, the nave, has much that is curious and interesting to the antiquary in the interior; but outwardly it has a modern appearance, being altogether rebuilt, as the walls had given way. The antique houses in Chester are fast disappearing; but a few still remain, which serve as specimens of what the appearance of the town formerly was. In Water-gate Street are several, the fronts of which are as curiously carved as any to be found in the ancient town of Angus itself. One bears the date of 1539. One of 1652 has this motto along the front:—

"God's Providence is mine inheritance,"

a pious remembrance of the owner, whose family, it is said, escaped the plague, which raged in all the neighbouring houses.

Another house is decorated all over with carving in compartments, each having a sunk panel, on which is delineated subjects from scripture, in a manner peculiarly original and rude. Eve and the Serpent, Cain and Abel, Susannah and her persecutors, and other scenes, are presented to the eye, according to the fancy of the sculptor. The centre panels are occupied with the arms of a Bishop of Chester, and the date is 1615. This house has a very curious appearance, and doubtless, in its day, must have been extremely splendid; for it is carved from top to bottom, on pillars and brackets, and every projection. Near this precious remnant of the old time, in Water-gate Street, a little lower down, lived, in 1695, a mysterious character, whose calling no one could ascertain. He arrived, a stranger, from London, unknown to any one in Chester, immediately hired one of the largest houses, and for some years lived in a style of magnificence which astonished the simple inhabitants. He appeared to be a bachelor, was in the prime of life, handsome, and agreeable, and more than one of the young beauties of Chester felt her heart

flutter when she met him on the walls, or on the banks of the Dee, and hoped that the time would come when the rich stranger would make his election amongst them.

One evening as the alderman, his next-door neighbour, was sitting, after his evening meal, dozing in his chair, and his pretty daughter, Bridget Mainwaring, reclined with her head on her hand, and her eyes turned towards the balcony of the rich, and handsome, and inexplicable stranger, wondering who he could be, and whether he really meant anything particular when he complimented her on bearing the belle from all the ladies of Chester, she was suddenly startled by observing the room to fill with smoke, and heard a hollow sound "as of a rushing wind;" at the same time the air became so hot, that she felt almost suffocated. She instantly roused her father, and in a few moments the cry of fire resounded through the house. There seemed no doubt that their neighbour's premises were on fire, and the whole street and town were soon in an uproar; but, in spite of all the knocking and calling at the stranger's gates, no answer was returned, though a thick smoke and occasional flames kept issuing from the windows and the roof.

The mob thundered in vain at the doors, and at length measures were taken to beat them down and force an entrance. This was at last effected, and several persons rushed up the stairs, and into the rooms. The house at first appeared deserted; but, the smoke still rising from the cellars, they entered, and a strange scene was exhibited. Half-demolished furnaces and embers were seen scattered in all directions, and in the centre was an enormous pair of bellows, the blast of which had forced the heat and smoke through two walls of stone and brick into the adjacent house belonging to the alderman. In a cistern in the yard was found a press for coining, and the nature of the occupation of the mysterious stranger was at one perceived.

But where was he to be found? After searching throughout the house, he was at length detected in a dark recess in a closet, in the upper part of the dwelling. Forcible hands were instantly laid upon him, and he was conveyed at once to the North-gate. The next day the waters of the Dee threw on the shore at high water a bag of dies, so that no doubt was left as to his guilt. All his accomplices had disappeared, and he refused to give any account of himself. He was tried, and sentenced; but being reprieved, through some powerful interest which he seemed to have at court, he was remanded, and when he was again called for examination, the magistrates found, to their amazement, that the prisoner had escaped. Near the Gorse-stacks, not far from the gaoler's door, a powerful horse had been seen waiting, held by a page, whose hat was much pressed over his eyes; a tall man, wrapped in a large cloak, was seen suddenly to advance with a rapid step from the gaoler's gate, mount the horse, and gallop with the speed of lightning down the street, taking the London road.

That same day Alderman Mainwaring found his daughter's chamber vacant, and neither she nor the mysterious stranger were ever afterwards seen in Chester from that day, though there were persons who had been to London who ventured to assert, that at the court of St. James's a lady, strikingly like Bridget Mainwaring, was in high favour, and that her husband, a foreign nobleman, bore a remarkable

resemblance to the unknown tenant of the house in Water-gate Street.

But of all the extraordinary domiciles in the town, that which must have been the most extraordinary to behold was an ancient tenement at the corner of a street called The Lamb Row. It was composed of a series of stories, each projecting more and more over the street as they got higher, until they nearly reached the other side. The framework of this building was of wood, and the interstices of hazel twigs, plastered over with clay and mortar; clumsy wooden pillars supported the balconies, and flights of steps connected each floor. This rude and singular edifice is supposed to have been the residence, in the middle of the seventeenth century, of Randel Holmes, a famous antiquary of Chester. It was afterwards a tavern, called The Lamb, and for many years was the terror of passers-by, threatening to fall at every gust of wind, and bury some one under its ruins. At last, one day, that which had long been predicted came to pass: the whole front of the upper-rooms, with the fore-part of the roof of the redoubted Lamb, came down with a crash into the street; but, fortunately, no one was near enough at the time to be hurt; and, though several persons were inside, all escaped without injury.

There is one other house, at the corner of Nicholas Street, which threatens to disappear much in the same way; for it is very much out of the perpendicular at present.

The great square, which was once a mart for Irish linens, is now the *cheese-mart*; for that commodity is celebrated all over the world, and known in Paris as a delicacy, under the denomination of "Fromage de Chestère."

But none of the market-places are either fine or interesting, in spite of the statue of Queen Anne which adorns one of the public halls, and who, in her stiff petticoat, seems to be personating Queen Elizabeth.

It is said that from the castle, communicating with several public buildings, subterranean ways once existed, and might still be traced. An old author says, "In this citie been ways *under erthe*, and vowtes and stone-werke *wonderly wrought*." In fact, there is no end to the *wonders* of Chester, from the strange old Handbridge over the Dee, leading to the suburb called in Welsh *Tre-boeth*, the *burnt*, or hot-town, owing to the border heat and contention of which it was often the seat, to the fine new bridge of one arch, the boast and pride of the city,—from the Phœnix-tower to the Roodee, from St. Werburgh to St. John's, and from the railroad, which so rapidly brings the inquisitive traveller from London, to the lodge-gates of the Marquis of Westminster's magnificent park and mansion of Eaton Hall.

MEUM AND TUUM.

Charity begins at home.—*Old Proverb.*

One Sabbath morn, in the year 17—, the Octagon Chapel, in the gay and then fashionable city of Bath, was crowded to excess. A collection was to be made at the end of the service, in aid of the funds for supporting the Bridewell charity-school. Let it not be supposed that the majority of the congregation assembled for the humane purpose of clothing the bodies of a hundred boys in dowlas shirts, and blue coats, or their lower limbs in rhubarb-coloured leather garments, and pepper-and-salt worsted hose,—no such thing, — Fashion, that freakish and despotic tyrant, had converted a sacred edifice into a rendezvous of her votaries. A young clergyman, possessing a regular set of features, a complexion in which the lily and the rose were blended, a remarkably fine set of teeth, a profusion of ambrosial curls, delicately shaped hands, a winning tone of voice, and a happy flow of language, had obtained a vast and rapid popularity amongst the female portion of the congregation. The mild doctrines, the mellifluous tones, and the personal appearance of the divine had induced one of his most devoted admirers to call him "The Beauty of Holiness," and by this somewhat profane *sobriquet* was he known throughout Bath.

And now, having told our readers why so large an assemblage were gathered together, we must beg them to suppose that all have retired home much edified and improved, and that one o'clock on the Monday morning has arrived.

The boys of the Bridewell school were let out for their brief hour of play; some ten or twelve of the youngsters, in a remote corner of the yard, had gathered into a cluster, listening with open mouths and upraised brows, to something strange and wonderful related by a lad named Harry Vowles. The narrator was one of the brightest and best behaved boys of the school, fond of his books, and although not so robust as many of his companions, was usually their leader in all sports and pastimes.

No sooner were the "tender juveniles" seated in due order upon their forms, than one of the other boys made his way to the desk of the master, and intimated, almost in a whisper, that he had something of vast importance to communicate; he was ordered to ascend the steps, and place himself close to the ear of the ever willing listener. In a few moments, the master, his face flushed with emotion, and his eyes darting angry glances towards the seat which Harry occupied, called out his name in a tone that seemed to prophesy the speedy application of the cane or birch.

"Come hither, you young viper!" he roared, "come hither, you Vowles, I say, and let *me* hear this cock and a bull story you've invented about what happened yesterday at the Chapel-door."

"There's not a bit of invention in it, sir, no more than anything about either bulls or cocks. I vow and protest that I saw the gentleman who held the plate for the collection take both silver and gold off the salver, and put the money into his waistcoat and small clothes pockets."

"Do you know what you're talking about, you wicked young

wretch?" demanded the master. "Why, that was Doctor Mitchell, one of the first physicians of the city,—lives in the Circus, and keeps his carriage and a host of servants. Now come, Vowles, confess 'tis a big story, and I'll let you off with a caning; but if you stick to your text, I'll flay you alive!"

"I never told a lie in my life, sir," the boy replied, "and punishment wont force me to do so."

"We'll try that, my fine fellow, by and by. A mighty pretty thing, indeed, for a charity-boy like you, to go about taking away the characters of your betters. But—" and here the 'learned and humane' Mr. Murch chuckled at his being able to institute something like a cross-examination—"but, Vowles, I have a question now to put, which will call upon all your talent as a story-teller to answer. It is this—" and thus saying, he took off his spectacles, wiped both glasses very deliberately with his handkerchief, held them up to the light to ascertain if his operation had been successful, placed them carefully on the bridge of his nose, and then with an air worthy of an Old Bailey practitioner, continued, "Now, boy, we will, for argument's sake, suppose for a moment that such an impossible thing did take place, how could you, from your place in the gallery see what was going on at the door? There I have you at a dead lock!"

Vowles, no way daunted, calmly replied, "I was not in the gallery, sir; the heat was so great that I was forced to get into the air, and stood close to the street; when I heard the congregation coming out, I placed myself behind one of the folding doors, just opposite where the gentleman stood, Dr. Mitchell you call him, and through the slit where the hinges are I *saw* what I *have* said, and do say again."

"Oh ho! my young gentleman, have I caught you in your own trap? What, mouching, as well as lying, now you shall smart for it!"

The pedagogue kept his word; poor Harry was severely chastised, and with a swelling heart went home to his widowed mother, to whom he recounted the punishment he had received. The good soul doted on her son, and shed abundance of tears at the recital, but her natural good sense soon admonished her that even dutiful boys will sometimes commit faults, and she strictly questioned Harry on the possibility of his being mistaken as to the abstraction of money from the plate. Nothing could shake his testimony; he never wavered for a moment in his plain, straight-forward story. The widow came to the conviction that her child had been most unjustly punished, and wisely concluding that any appeal to Mr. Murch would be unavailing, determined on calling next morning upon one of the most active governors of the Blue Coat School, in the hope that her poor boy's wrongs might be redressed, and the doubt of his veracity removed.

Mrs. Vowles found little difficulty in obtaining audience of the humane gentleman she sought. She told her child's story with a mother's eloquence, and speedily won the good offices of her auditor.

"This is a strange business, a very serious accusation against a person hitherto looked upon as an honest and upright man," observed Sir Walter Gardiner; "it must and shall be strictly investigated. All we can hope, for the credit of human nature, is that, if

Doctor Mitchell did put money into his pockets, it was only to make room for other donations, and your boy, not aware of this, regarded the action as dishonest, and, child-like, told the story as he believed it. But Murch was much to blame for punishing the little fellow without making due inquiries;—rely on it he will be strongly censured for out-stepping his duty. However, if you will leave the matter in my hands, I may be able to have justice done to all parties concerned; meantime, caution your son to say nothing more about the affair till I give him leave to do so."

The widow curtsied her acquiescence, and withdrew.

Two Sundays after the one to which we have already alluded, —— chapel was again densely crowded, "The Beauty of Holiness" advocating, upon this occasion, the cause of the Female Orphan Asylum. Dr. Mitchell kindly volunteered to take his usual station at the door. When the congregation departed, the committee of gentlemen who presided over the institution in whose behalf the sermon had been preached, and the collection made, assembled in the vestry-room to ascertain the amount. The physician placed his quota upon the table with an air of self-satisfaction, observing, "A very handsome donation to-day, I am glad to say; but no wonder after such an eloquent discourse," and he smiled approvingly upon the young clergyman.

The money was counted, the sum made known, and the party were on the eve of departure, when Sir Walter Gardiner gravely inquired of Doctor Mitchell,

"And is that *all* that you have received?"

"*All*, to be sure it is, who dares doubt it?"

The interrogatory of the worthy baronet created considerable surprise on the part of all present, and the violent manner in which the reply was made served to increase it. Sir Walter, with great coolness of tone and manner, proceeded,

"You shall know, sir, why I asked you the question. A boy of the Charity-school avowed, that upon a recent occasion, he saw you pocket the money given by the charitable, and for this accusation he has been severely punished—"

"I'm glad to hear it," interrupted Mitchell; "he ought to have been cut to pieces, the vile slanderer."

"Gentlemen, that boy is without, may I crave your leave to bring him before you, he will state what he has seen to-day."

"Oh, you employ spies, I perceive, Sir Walter," said Mitchell, nearly choked with rage; "you shall answer for this conspiracy, depend on it. If there be law or justice left—"

Without heeding the threat, the baronet called Harry Vowles; the little fellow obeyed the summons, and his intelligent and ingenuous countenance afforded a remarkable contrast with the face of the man he was about to confront.

"Now, youngster," said Sir Walter, "if you have seen anything this morning which you think these gentlemen should know, speak out; but remember, if you are guilty of the slightest falsehood, your punishment will be terrible."

"But shall I be flogged, as I was before, for telling the truth?" asked Harry.

"Certainly not," replied many present.

With this consolatory assurance, the child proceeded, "That

gentleman," pointing to Mitchell, "did the same to-day as he did this day fortnight, he put a vast many pieces of gold into his pockets, particularly on the left side of his waistcoat, for I watched him slip in at least a dozen there."

"You can have no objection," observed one of the committee, "to produce the contents of your pockets, Doctor, and thus set the matter at rest."

"Objection! certainly! Let me see who will presume to lay a hand upon me."

"I will," said Sir Walter; "and if you do not immediately satisfy my doubts, I have a peace-officer in attendance, who will quickly aid me in unmasking a hypocrite and a thief."

"I will no longer listen to such unwarrantable language; let me pass, I say," exclaimed Mitchell. "Detain me, sir, at your peril!" Saying this, he struggled to gain the door, but was there met by one of the mayor's serjeants, who seized him by the arm.

"Before you search that person," said the baronet, "let me apprize all present that, anxious to ascertain the truth of this boy's charge, I provided many of my friends with half-guineas and seven-shilling pieces, all marked in a similar manner to the one I now produce, requesting that these coins might be given at the collection made to-day."

In vain did the physician struggle with the strong arm of the law—considerable sums in gold and silver were found upon his person, and amongst the former many pieces bearing the precautionary mark placed by Sir Walter. The wretched man was covered with confusion, but still endeavoured to brave the detection of his guilt.

"I demand my liberty,—to-morrow I will lay this case of conspiracy and robbery before the magistrates. You, Sir Walter, are the culprit, and that wretched urchin has been trained to aid you in your attempts to ruin my reputation. But to-morrow my innocence shall be established."

With this bold avowal he rushed from the room, lept into his carriage, and in a few minutes was set down at the door of his splendid house in the Circus.

The Guildhall at Bath presented an unusual scene on the following morning. Rumour, with her hundred tongues, had given nearly as many different versions of the story we have endeavoured to relate. Groups of well-dressed women, for the most part composed of the frequenters of —— chapel, pressed forward for admission into the court. Men of all ranks were to be observed crowding round the seat of Justice, and amongst them a large proportion of "the Faculty," who seemed to take peculiar interest in the charge brought against one of their body. At eleven o'clock, his worship appeared.

The mayor listened attentively to all that Sir Walter had to say, received the corroboration of those present, and promptly issued a warrant for the apprehension of Mitchell.

In a brief period, the constable returned, stating that the house in the Circus was nearly stripped of all its furniture, not a servant to be seen, and the only person he found upon the premises was old Lazarus, the broker, whose story ran, that, he had been sent for the previous afternoon, and had purchased everything the doctor possessed, including carriage, horses, plate and wine; these he had paid for partly in cash, and the rest in bills on some of "his people"

in London, and the bargain concluded, Mitchell left the house leaving no trace by which his course could be ascertained.

* * * * * *

"Time rolls its ceaseless course." A quarter of a century had passed away, and during its progress our recently formed Colony in New South Wales had grown rapidly in extent and importance. An outpost, some thirty miles from Sydney, was under the command of Major Gardiner, of His Majesty's—regiment of infantry.

Returning from his morning's ride, he perceived a mass of people congregated in an open space, in the centre of the town then in progress, and soon ascertained that the crowd had collected to witness a fellow-being, convict though he was, undergo the punishment of whipping. The delinquent was an old man, feeble, thin, and emaciated, his scanty locks, silvered by sixty winters, hung round a countenance convulsed with terror, whilst his withered hands made unavailing efforts to disengage himself from the grasp of the provost's assistants; as Gardiner approached, the wretched being, in piteous accents, exclaimed,

"Oh, sir, for the love of Heaven save me! I have suffered much, chains and exile I have borne, but oh, spare me from the lash, and I will bless you with my latest breath."

The major inquired of the gaol-keeper what offence the suppliant had committed, and learnt that a Spanish dollar belonging to a fellow-prisoner had been traced to his possession, and as petty thefts were constantly occurring amongst the convicts, he had received instructions to check the evil by summary punishment of the offenders.

"The old fellow," continued the gaoler, "has behaved very well of late years, he was a troublesome customer when he first came out, but that's a long while ago. I havn't had a black mark against Matson since this place was first built upon."

"Enough," said the major, "his past good conduct shall avail him now. Unhappy man," he continued, addressing Matson, "let me hope that the pardon now granted you may not be abused."

Saying this, the gallant officer rode off, and had not proceeded many paces when a tall tree, to which both axe and saw had been applied, suddenly fell across his path, and caused his horse to rear and plunge so violently, that the rider was thrown off, and in the fall his head was dashed with considerable violence against a large stone by the way side. The crowd he had just left rushed to the spot, many pronounced him killed, but Matson, forcing his way to the prostrate body of his preserver, implored his companions not to skreen the air from the stunned and senseless frame, desired in almost a tone of authority that water should be brought as quickly as possible, and proceeded to loosen the tightly buttoned regimental coat, take off the stock, chafe the temples, and feeling in vain for pulsation in the region of the heart or at the wrists, he drew forth a lancet-case and opened a vein. This prompt conduct soon restored the major to consciousness; after a brief delay, he was conveyed to his residence, Matson still supporting him, and earnestly beseeching permission to remain in the house till other assistance could be procured. His request was granted, and speedily the grateful old man administered a cooling draught to allay any fevrous symptoms, and anxiously watching every change, succeeded, in a few days, in re-

storing him to comparative health. He now only suffered from the effects of contusion, but his reason resumed her power, and as soon as he was permitted to converse, he hinted his belief that the efficacy of Matson's prescriptions must have resulted from study and practice of the healing art.

"Your surmise is well-founded, sir," replied the old man. "I once moved in the world as a physician in extensive practice. A madness, a disease, I can call it nothing else, tempted me to forget that we are expressly commanded not to steal. Trusted and unsuspected, I had constant opportunities of gratifying this devilish propensity. Detected, I fled the scene of my disgrace, and was ultimately banished for ever from my native land. What I have endured during my exile, I will not pain you by describing. Your timely interference saved me from unmerited degradation. I was not guilty of the crime they charged me with."

"Your story," said the major, "has brought back to my memory an event which happened in my childhood. A medical man in my native city, disgraced his honourable profession. I was the instrument of his detection, and I even now writhe as I remember the castigation I received for my discovery of the offender."

"Where did this happen?" eagerly enquired Matson.

"In Bath," was the reply.

"But the poor child who suffered for *me* was named Vowles."

"So was I called in the days of my youth; but on the death of my patron and friend, Sir Walter Gardiner, I was bequeathed his property on the stipulation that I should assume his name."

"Just Heaven! the punishment you suffered for accusing *me*, led to your good fortune. The wretched Mitchell still feels, however, that he was the cause of unmerited chastisement. Can you forgive me?"

"I do most freely. To you I owe my life, and I will use my best influence to soften the rigours of your lot."

Mitchell withdrew, and Major Gardiner immediately wrote to the Governor for permission to retain the supposed Matson in his establishment, and to free him from his manacles. Before the seal was applied to the letter, the hand of Heaven had rendered unavailing all human intervention,—the old man's body was found in a kneeling position by his bedside,—his spirit had departed to the Being who gave it, the All-wise, and All-merciful.

TO ——.

Bring me no blushing wreath
  To braid my sunny hair;
Oh! seek me flowers of Death,
  Of sorrow and of care.

Be mine the cypress bough,
  Twined with the lily pale;
And violet shrinking low
  Beneath each passing gale.

Give me the ivy clinging
  To many a flowering tree;
And wild clematis, flinging
  Fragrance on all but me.

Seek me the nightshade growing
  In many a lonely spot;
And every wild weed blowing,
  And blue "forget-me-not."

But ne'er again shall roses
  My throbbing brow entwine;
The heart where peace reposes
  They suit—but ah! not mine.

For every hope is gone;
  Within is mental strife;
Joyless I look upon
  Each varying scene of life.

Oh! for the Lethean stream,
  To shed oblivion's calm;
To end my feverish dream,
  And Memory's pang disarm.

H. B. K.


NO TRUST

[illegible]

veil. How [illegible]
have observed that ladies who have [illegible]
coats, that they may be obliged to hold [illegible]
who have only good ankles wear them short [illegible]
thing by a further display. There really appears [illegible]
method among women that one would [illegible]
few or none of them are bred to [illegible]
ings; she must be the daughter of a wholesale [illegible]
perhaps his wife.

SMOKING ROBIN.

BY ABRAHAM ELDER.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.]

Robert Brown was a clerk in a commercial house in the city of London. His mornings were spent at his desk, where he divided his time between copying an occasional paper, and looking out of window. When any work was laid before him it was finished off, as it were, mechanically, with the greatest exactness and precision. The copied paper was then laid on a particular corner of his desk, and he would turn himself half round upon his stool, and amuse himself with observing the passengers walking up and down the busy thoroughfare under his office. There was not an individual in the habit of passing up and down the street that Robin did not know by sight, and could give some guess at his character, circumstances, and pursuits.

"There goes the gentleman in the snuff-coloured coat and short gaiters again," observed Robin to himself one morning; "I have no doubt but that he is a banker, or one of the great merchants upon 'Change. Punctual to his time to a second!" Here Robin looked at the office-clock. "I wonder what has come over the man these last three weeks? he seems troubled, and in low spirits, and keeps looking at the toes of his shoes—bad sign that! What's that pale-faced man coming up the street, with his hat on the side of his head—a mark of idleness and irregular habits. How he looks about him, first to one side, and then to the other, as if he was afraid of meeting somebody that he does not want to meet; and yet, by his swagger he wishes you to think that he is afraid of nobody. He is either very much in debt, or else he is a pickpocket. You see," continued Robin, addressing himself, "he has the air of a person accustomed to be hunted; but, whether by policemen, or bailiffs, I can't make out. Now I have it. Just look how he is rubbing the fingers of his right hand together; they are wanting to be at something. He is a pickpocket. A debtor walks with his hands in his empty pockets. Am I right, or not? Here comes a policeman. Policeman looks at him; he looks at policeman. He evidently does not feel sure whether A 34 has had any information of his last successful feat. He judges it prudent to turn round the first corner, and disappear. A 34 evidently does not know anything of his last feat, for he keeps steadily going his rounds. Three hundred and forty-three pounds, fifteen shillings, and two-pence halfpenny, answered he mechanically to a question from his master as to the amount of an account he had given him some time before to add. Here comes a beautiful Leghorn bonnet, with rose-coloured ribbons, and lace veil. How high she holds up her clothes at the crossing! Now, I have observed that ladies who have good legs wear very long petticoats, that they may be obliged to hold them up at a crossing. Those who have only good ankles wear them short, as they would gain nothing by a further display. There really appears to be a reason and method among women that one would hardly expect, considering that few or none of them are bred to business. Silk stockings!—silk stockings! she must be the daughter of a wholesale tradesman, at least, or perhaps his wife.

But Robin was not a fair sample of his class, for he was the shyest of created beings. If a stranger asked him a question he stammered, and hemmed, and coloured up, and could not make any hand of an answer at all. Persons having business at the office thought he was deaf, for whenever a stranger came in he appeared to be busy at his desk, and never attempted to give them an answer, but left the porter, or the foreman, or his master, to manage the colloquial part of the concern as well as they could. As soon as the stranger's back was turned round, he twirled himself upon his stool, and watched the passengers again.

After office-hours Robin used to repair to an eating-house known by the name of the "Goose and Gridiron," in a narrow street leading out of the Strand. Here he always occupied a particular corner of the coffee-room; the most uncomfortable corner in it, certainly, but it had two attractions for Robin; one was, that there was not room for any stranger to sit beside him; and, secondly, it commanded a good view of the other guests. Here he could speculate upon the characters and occupation of his neighbours without let or hindrance.

Upon his taking his seat in his corner, it was his custom to call for his evening-meal, and then to light his pipe, which he continued smoking, and replenishing, and smoking, until the latest of the other visitors had retired for the night.

Most of the clerks and shopmen that frequented The Goose and Gridiron knew Smoking Robin, and his peculiar aversion to be spoken to; and as they moreover voted him particularly dull and stupid, they generally allowed him to blow his cloud in the corner unmolested. Now and then a stranger would venture to say something civil to Smoking Robin, such as, "It's rather a wet evening," to which his reply would probably be in a dry, testy tone, "Very wet;" having observed from experience that simply repeating a person's observation generally nips conversation in the bud. He generally accompanied his answer, if such it might be called, by turning half round on his chair, away from the speaker, and taking four or five short, impatient whiffs with his pipe. By this means he generally reduced the intruder to silence, to the great delight and amusement of the other clerks in the room, who knew the testy character of Smoking Robin, and had been watching the effect of the attack upon him.

In this manner Smoking Robin smoked away many years of his life, happy and contented. At length a change came over his circumstances in the shape of a fortune, left him by an uncle, who had gone out many, many years before to the West Indies. The fortune, though not large, was more than Robin well knew how to spend. He told his good-luck to his master, who observed to him, "Of course you will now wish to give up your situation as clerk, as the salary can be of no object to you now?"

"I suppose so," said Robin, twiddling his fingers in a nervous way. In fact, it had not struck him that there had been any "of course" in the matter. "I shall be sorry," said he to himself, "to leave the old office, where I have sat and looked out of window for nearly twenty years, and where I know every man, woman, and child, that goes up or down the street by sight. But, I suppose that I can get anything I like for money. I can afford to hire the best bow-window in London, and keep an account-book of my own for my amusement."

However it was agreed between him and his master that he was to work out his half-year, and he thought to himself, "I can smoke out

my evenings, as I used to do, till my time is out, and then I shall probably have made up my mind what to do next."

Great was his astonishment, and bitter his disappointment when he found that his uncle's legacy had for ever destroyed his peaceful smoking. The fame of Smoking Robin's having had a fortune left him made itself wings, and before two days were over there was not a clerk or a shopman in that part of the city who had not heard of Smoking Robin's good fortune. But there was another fact that they were also pretty sure of, which was, that Smoking Robin was unmarried, and had no relations in the world. It would take me from this time to Christmas to tell you all the different schemes that had been contrived by one person or another to ingratiate himself with Smoking Robin. It is sufficient to observe that he could no longer blow his cloud in peace in The Goose and Gridiron.

The day he resigned his clerkship he packed up his carpet-bag, and walked off with it to the west end of the town,—not for fashion's sake, but to get quite clear of his troublesome old acquaintances, and be able to smoke his pipe again in peace.

He settled himself down at length in a little inn, in a back street leading out of Oxford Road, walked till he was tired every day in Hyde Park, and smoked away the rest of his time in the corner of the coffee-room. He was a little pestered at first by the civility of the frequenters of the place, who talked to him about the weather, or asked him what o'clock it was? But they soon voted him dull, and left him alone; and if he had only had his office-window to look out of in the morning, he would have been as happy as ever. To be sure, he often heard comments upon himself, such as, "Rum fellow that! I wonder who he is, and where he comes from."—"Lor'! how he does smoke!" and many others of the same sort. But all this rather amused him than otherwise, as long as they let him alone.

Now, as Robin never dined out, and always paid his score at the end of the week, he was a very valuable guest, and the landlord and waiter laid their heads together to consider how they could best keep him in good humour. At length they decided upon representing him to the frequenters of the coffee-room as a Turkish gentleman, who knew but little English, and did not like to be talked to, and they would be obliged to them if they would humour him, as he was so good a customer. All this did very well, till one evening, as ill-luck would have it, in dropt one of his brother clerks from The Goose and Gridiron. The next day Robin bolted from the little inn, with his carpet-bag.

The next house he took up his quarters in happened to be a house of call for the fraternity of tailors. After a day or two he got on very well here, and was left to smoke his pipe for nearly a fortnight in peace; being known in the house only as number Five, or, as they sometimes called him, the testy gentleman. At length one of the snips announced to his brethren in the coffee-room that he had found out who the smoking gentleman was. "He was just a German tailor listening to their conversation, to find out a place where he could get his thimble in." Now, as all English journeymen tailors hold German snips in great abhorrence, they determined to worry their rival out of the house. This they easily effected by ordering their brandy-and-water at Robin's table, and then falling to, to abuse the German nation in the bulk, and German snips in particular, and always ending by asking Robin whether he did not agree with them. To be sure he always

did agree with them; but they observed that he evidently did not relish their conversation. This proved to them that he *was* a German snip; and when Robin disappeared the next day, with his carpet-bag, the matter was put beyond dispute.

Robin walked with his carpet-bag on his shoulder up Oxford Road, towards the City, and at length, in a street down to the right he saw a house called The Nag's Head, which he thought might suit him. He walked in, and was shewn up into bedroom number three, and said that if he liked his quarters he might probably remain there some time. The landlord asked him what name he should say, in case any one should call.

"Never mind the name," said Robin; "I have a particular reason for not wishing to give my name. Nobody, I hope, will call upon me."

"Oh, sir," said the landlord, "we are not particular about the name; but perhaps you will not have any objection to pay for what you take in advance."

"None in the world," said Robin; "there is nothing like punctual payments; and, as for my name, if you are so particular about that, my name is Brown.

"Sir," said the landlord, arching up his eyebrows, "I hope no offence; but I would take it as a particular favour if you would stick to the same name while you remain at The Nag's Head. It keeps up the respectability of the house."

"A very odd observation that," thought Robin; but he made no remark, but went into the coffee-room, and lit his pipe.

There were a good many people in the room; but who and what they were Robin could not make out. They were not like the clerks at The Goose and Gridiron, or like the snips at the other place. From their dress they appeared to be of all classes of society, and many of them were dressed in the height of fashion.

Robin's knowledge of human nature could not altogether help him out. He thought that many of them were actors. One thing, however, pleased him much. No one ever took any notice of him. In short, it seemed to be a rule of that society that if a person wished to avoid notice he was to be left quite alone. There was a deal of oddity and variety in the people, and Robin was much amused at the scene as he looked out upon them. There was one quaker in particular, with a very broad-brimmed hat, who swore the most awful oaths that Robin had ever heard, because the waiter had not put enough brandy in his toddy.

"That man," said Robin to himself, as he inhaled a long whiff, "is, I suppose, what they call a 'wet quaker.'"

But, though they all swore a good deal, and used very odd expressions, so that he could not understand all their conversation, they were very amusing. Such merry songs, and such choruses, he never heard the like before, either at The Goose and Gridiron, or at the tailors' house of call; and as they always allowed him to smoke in peace, what could a man wish for more?

Occasionally a policeman or two would walk in, and warm their coat-tails at the fire, but never drank anything themselves; and not only that, but while they were in the room their presence somehow or other appeared to chill the atmosphere, for, though the songs certainly went on, the choruses were neither so jovial or so loud.

"It's a chilling profession," thought Robin to himself. "It appears

to be not only dull in itself, but the cause of dulness in others. When a man is merry they just call him drunk and disorderly; no wonder merry fellows don't like them."

One evening two policemen came in, and stood by the fire, reading a paper,—"About forty-five; five foot six; head rather bald; round shaped head; nose small; tip of it round; lips rounded; chin round; figure stout and rounded."

"D—mme!" said policeman A 41, "he's round all over."

Now this was exactly Robin's description, though he did not recognise the portrait.

"Smokes occasionally; then it can't be him, for this one's always smoking," said B 17.

"It's all a disguise," said A 41. "He just keeps himself in a cloud, to prevent people from distinguishing his features. I have observed him before. If any one speaks to him, he just takes two or three short puffs, that make such a smoke, that you must cut it with a knife if you want to see any part of his face. No doubt, it is a disguise—same sort of thing as when that man rolled himself in the river-mud, that the tailor might not identify his clothes. I'll see what I can make of him."

Even with all this addition, Robin had no conception that they were talking about him.

A 41 then approached Robin, waving his open hand before him, after the manner of a fish's tail, to make an aperture through the smoke for his approach.

"May I take the liberty of asking your name?" said A 41.

"I have an objection to giving my name," said Robin, giving two or three short puffs.

A 41 looked surprised at the coolness of the answer, and observed, "Honest men are in the habit of having a name attached to them."

"I have a particular reason for not wishing to give my name."

"Indeed!" said A 41, with rather an unpleasant expression of countenance.

"Well, then, if you must have it, my name is Brown."

"And a very convenient name, too," observed A 41. "May I take the liberty of asking what you was doing at this time last Tuesday?"

"Smoking," said Robin, taking a short puff or two.

"May I ask where you was that evening?"

"Upon my word, I do not remember the name of the house; but it's in a street leading out of Oxford Road. I think it's the fifth turning on the left, and the third door down the street. I found out it was a house of call for tailors, and that is the reason that I left it."

"I suppose he did not approve of the cabbaging that was going on there," said a voice from the jovial table; upon which there was a loud laugh through the room, in which the policemen joined.

Robin, however, was by this time so much annoyed at the number of questions that were asked him, that he determined to bring the matter to a conclusion; so he drew himself up, and thus began:—

"Mr. Policeman, please to tell me at once what your business is with me. Has anything happened to Coutts' bank? Has anybody stolen my money?"

"Bravo!" said one or two voices in the room; "he's a smart hand that."

"It's not *exactly* that," said A 41, with a strong emphasis upon the word exactly. "Pray, did you ever hear of a wholesale grocer's shop in Ivy Lane, trading under the name of Sims and Co.?"

"Perfectly well," said Robin. "Our house used to do a great deal of business with them."

"You are, of course, not aware," said B 17, "that a gentleman, exactly answering to your description, has been suspected of breaking into the premises of Sims and Co., and taking from thence four hundred and thirty-five pounds in sovereigns, thirty-six shillings in silver, a gold family-ring, and four tea-spoons, fiddle-pattern."

Robin started from his seat as if electrified, his pipe fell from his lips, and broke itself upon the ground. He loudly protested, and called heaven to witness that he knew nothing about it; but that he was an honest man, living upon his own means.

A 41 took a pinch of snuff.

But the old gentleman with the jewish nose, and overhanging eyebrows, declared out loud, that "it was the finest done thing he had ever seen. But," he added, "it's all thrown away upon policemen; they have hearts of iron. You should keep all that for the jury; then's the time for that sort of thing."

"Of course," said A 41, "if you can give us any respectable reference to show that you are not Dick White, the man that we take you for, you will be instantly set at liberty.

"Will you allow me to write a letter?"

"Certainly," said A 41.

Pen and paper were brought, and Robin sat down to write to his late master. The business-like way that he set to work, the exact forms of his letters, and the elaborate flourishes to his capitals, were the admiration of all beholders.

"I am afraid, sir," said B 17, "that you are putting yourself to unnecessary trouble."

"Not in the least," said Robin. "A reference to Trotter and Co., merchants, will satisfy you, I presume. His residence is just by here; may I wait here for the answer?"

"I will allow you ten minutes for the answer to come in."

Away went the messenger, with a shilling or two from Robin to quicken his pace. Just as the ten minutes had expired, B 17 said, "Now, Mr. White, you had better come with me."

"White!" said Robin; "my name is Brown."

"It's all the same thing," said A 41, taking a pinch of snuff; "we do not look much to names." When in came the answer, signed "John Trotter," stating that the letter to him was written by Robert Brown, long a confidential clerk in his house, who had now retired upon his means, and a more respectable man he did not believe existed, or one more honest in all his dealings.

B 17 read the letter, and handed it to A 41, who handed it back to B 17, who read it again, and crumpled it a little in his fingers, as if to assure himself that it was a real substantial letter. Then B 17 looked at A 41, and shook his head; and then A 41 looked at B 17, and did the same. Never did two policemen look so astonished before; but, as it was their own messenger that took the letter, there was no doubt of the signature being correct; so, without saying another word, A 41 and B 17 took their departure.

As soon as they had retired, the old man with the jewish nose and

overhanging eyebrows rose from his seat, and, holding a glass of gin-punch high above his head, he thus delivered his sentiments:—

"Gintlemen of the Independent Club, and gintlemen strangers, I have got a bit of a speech to make to you, which I beg you will listen to with all attention, and neither talk, cough, or spit until I have done. Gintlemen, you have this night witnessed one of the finest scenes that ever was seed in this varsal world; and you have seen the grandest do that ever was done in this great metropolis of clever and ingenious lads. You have clapped your eyes this night on as regular a roasting of two of them blue fellows, and a doing of them brown in such a genteel manner as never was seed before. Gintlemen, I make bold to say, and I says it without any fear of contradiction, that the little smoky gintleman in the corner, for a quiet one, is just the cleverest chap that ever I clapped my old eyes on."

The old gentleman sat down amidst a tumult of applause. As soon as it subsided, up got a little shrivelled, cock-eyed man, and with a squeaking voice, thus addressed the assembly:—

"I says, says I, it is a rule of this house, it always was a rule of this house, and it always will be a rule of this house, that the little smoking gentleman in the corner, upon an occasion of this sort, should treat the company."

Loud applause followed this speech; and Robin, upon being appealed to, consented to treat them all, on condition of their letting him smoke quietly in the corner, without being spoken to.

However, when they were well warmed with gin, they could not resist drinking his health with three times three; but, upon looking to Smoking Robin in the corner for his acknowledgment of the compliment, he was fast asleep, nature having been overpowered by the number of questions that he had answered.

When Robin arose from his slumber, and retired to his bed-room, he lay awake a great part of the night, and, after thinking over, and over, and over again the queer scenes that he had witnessed in the coffee-room of The Nag's head, and the queer-looking company that frequented it, it all at once flashed across his mind that he might perchance have fallen among discreditable society. In the morning, therefore, he put his carpet-bag upon his shoulder again, and sallied forth.

Smoking Robin was sauntering down the street, thinking where he should go to next, when the matter was accidentally settled for him, without giving him the trouble of thinking or asking questions; for, as he went by a coach-office, a porter took the bag off his shoulder, and chucked it on the top of a coach that was just starting.

"Now, sir, if *you* please," said the coachman, motioning him to get up.

"Do you go all the way?" asked the book-keeper. "We take your fare here."

Robin hesitated a moment, and then answered, "Yes," and paid his money without having the smallest conception where the coach would take him to.

Now Robin, who had made the human character his chief study during the last twenty years of his life, knew perfectly well that, as a general rule, the guard of a stage-coach is less given to talking and asking questions than the coachman. The cause of this difference is not certainly known. Some imagine that the guard, being in an in-

ferior situation, cannot be expected to have the same conversational powers as the coachman, who, as everybody knows, must be considered to be, as regards the guard, the top-sawyer of the two.

So Robin seated himself beside the guard; and, as smoking also tends to silence, he gave the guard a cheroot. He lit another for himself, and away they went, Robin had no idea whither.

Mile after mile they travelled in silence, with the exception that the guard occasionally pointed out something remarkable in their way, such as, "That is where Squire So-and-so lives,"—"That 's Lord Thinnumy's house,"—"This is just where the Telegraph was upset last year, by a pig running between the leaders' legs."

But, as the guard was satisfied with a simple nod of the head, Robin was rather amused than otherwise at the information thus obtained, without the necessity of answering.

Nothing particular attracted the attention of Robin till they came to a long, tedious ascent, that took them askew up a steep hill-side. Half way up, it was crossed by another road, that skewed up the hill-side in the other direction. In this manner four roadways met about the centre of the hill; and at this point was a small, but very neat, house and garden, with a little glazed summer-house at the very angle, and which thus commanded a prospect down four roads.

Robin looked at it, and looked at it again, as the coach was slowly crawling up the hill. He then took his cheroot out of his mouth, and surveyed it with an intensity of gaze, saying to himself,

"Well! I never *did* see such a beautiful place to look out of window and smoke in. It beats the office hollow; for when I was in the office I could not smoke, and when I was in The Goose and Gridiron there was no good window. It was either window and no smoke, or smoke and no window; but here I could do both. As I 'm a living man, there is a bill up at the window—the place is to let. I 'll go and take it."

At the next pot-house the coach stopped at down got Robin and his carpet-bag, and walked back to the house at the cross-roads. Robin put down his carpet-bag on the flagstone before the door, and rang the bell. A little man of about fifty opened the door.

"Sir," says Robin, "I like the looks of your summer-house in the corner, and I am come to take your house."

The landlord smiled and bowed: it was a delightful thing to find a customer who made up his mind to take a house before he had seen it, or asked the price.

"Here 's a very nice little garden, sir," said the landlord, pointing to sundry rows of cabbages and gooseberry-bushes, with a walk round them." Robin nodded, and gave a whiff. "Here 's parlour, bedroom, kitchen—this thing, that thing—and the rent very moderate."

"D—n the rent," said Robin, taking the cheroot from his mouth. "I only want a quiet place, where I can smoke and look out of window. Just write your terms down, and I will sign the paper."

The landlord did so, charging about fifty per cent. extra for Robin's princely way of talking. When Robin saw the charge he started; for, though not caring much about economy, the price was very far above anything that he had been accustomed to pay during his clerkship. After looking at the paper for a few seconds, Robin laid it down upon the table, took his cheroot out of his mouth, and sticking out his under lip, he pushed up his upper lip with it. He then put

his cheroot in his mouth again, and taking up his carpet-bag in his left hand, he stood looking at his host, but without uttering a word.

"Do you find the price too high?" asked the landlord.

Robin made no answer farther than pointing with his cheroot to the paper, but stood stock-still with his carpet-bag in his hand.

The landlord's opinion of Robin now underwent an entire change; he now considered him a regular keen hand, and one that would stand no (what they called it in his part of the country) gammon. So his prices were forthwith changed from being very high to being very low; and he actually let them to Robin at a lower price than he had made up his mind to let them for at all.

"Wonderful clever fellow that," thought he. "He has even beat me down to the lowest figure, without opening his mouth to say a single word."

Robin signed the agreement, and a few hours found him master of the tenement, with an old deaf woman for a servitor, who never asked questions of any one, from the small chance she had of hearing the answer. Noon the next day found Robin established in the summer-house, with his legs upon a second chair, and his elbow upon the window-sill, blowing a pleasant cloud. First came the Telegraph coach, with five out-sides and one in.

"Coachman looks fat and bloated. Should not wonder if he had the gout at times. That's either a cattle-dealer or a horse-jockey on the box. He is well pleased with himself—has evidently made a good bargain lately—I dare say cheated some one amazingly. That's a servant-girl going out to her place for the first time. That woman inside is so fat, she ought to pay for two places. I wonder whether she does. — There's a man driving a pig, with a string round its hind leg. What an odd thing it is that a pig will never go the way you want it!"

Then went by the Regulator coach,—then a dog-cart,—then a broad-wheeled waggon; along one road or the other there seemed to be always something travelling.

At the first pause that there was in the passing of these objects of attraction, Robin drew a long whiff, and leant himself back in the chair, and sent the smoke gradually and slowly out of one corner of his mouth. It rose in a column by the side of his cheek, and spread itself in a canopy above his head. When the last of the reek had left the corner of his mouth, he said to himself out loud, "*I am a gentleman!*" Another long whiff, and another luxurious long puff from the corner of his mouth, and he added, "*I feel I am every inch a gentleman!*"

No subject has perplexed the world more than the proper definition of what constitutes a gentleman; and the opinion of a person who had made human nature his study for the last twenty years of his life must, of course, be of considerable value. He may now, from the highest authority, be defined to be a man that sits smoking all day, with his legs upon a second chair, looking out of window.

Robin continued for some time to pass his days in happiness. Turkey, Kanaster, Syrian, and cheroots varied his pleasures.

One day a commercial traveller, in a one-horse four-wheel chaise, with a large boot behind, pulled up his horse directly under the summer-house, and looking up to the window, said, "Pray, sir, where would this road to the right take me to?"

Robin told him, and took two or three short puffs.

"And this road that goes straight on?"

Robin told him, and gave some angry puffs.

"And this road to the left?"

"This is very annoying," thought Robin to himself. However, he told, and blew out his vexation in an additional cloud.

"Might I trouble you for a light for my cigar?" And, standing up on the seat of his vehicle, the tall bagman put his head and cigar into Robin's *sanctum*, and coolly taking hold of the bowl of Robin's pipe, he dipped into it the end of his own English composition cigar. Now a composition cigar is manufactured out of one Havanna leaf for the outside, while the interior consists of dried lettuce-leaves or scraped cabbage-stalk. The bagman, after taking two sucks at the cigar while it was in the bowl, to insure its lighting, leaning his elbows upon the window-sill, kept quietly puffing, probably to make sure that the cigar was going to draw right. Compositions are uncertain in this particular.

"You seem to have a snug place here," said he, leisurely taking the cigar from his mouth, and looking round the summer-house in a criticising manner.

Robin gave a grunt, and a few short puffs.

"You don't happen," added the stranger, taking a few quiet mouthfuls of lettuce-smoke, to want anything in the printed cotton line?"

"No," said Robin.

"Well," said the stranger, after a little further enjoyment of his composition, "I thought you would not. Only asked, you know—thought you'd take it civil." After a slight pause, he added, "I dare say now my old mare has got her wind again;" and, sliding down into his driving-seat, he shouted, "Go along, Jenny," in such a tone of voice as made his old mare start again, and the bagman and his four-wheel chaise trundled onward on their journey.

Robin followed their progress with open eyes and open mouth, and his smoked-out pipe hanging in his hand. For some time he remained lost in astonishment at the extraordinary conduct of the stranger. The departing bagman, however, happening to look round, and seeing our hero at the window, he waved a friendly adieu to him with the hand that held the composition cigar.

Robin drew in his head, and uttering the words, "Cuss that fellow!" he let fall some saliva upon the floor, and then lighting a fresh pipe, he began to moralize upon what had passed.

This intrusion of the bagman into our hero's privacy had very much disturbed his equanimity of mind. Every vehicle that he saw in the distance he now mistook for the bagman driving his old mare. However, the object of his aversion never made his appearance again.

This, the first attack upon his fortress, was nevertheless the forerunner of many similar annoyances. The cross-roads where the summer-house was situated was in a thinly-inhabited part of the country. Hunting gentlemen coming from or going to cover, seeing no other living soul near the cross-roads, were in the habit of asking their way of Smoking Robin. Foot-passengers, sometimes two or three times a-day, did the same thing. At length there was a fair held in the neighbourhood, and the number of questions that were put to Robin in one day drove him nearly to desperation. He sent warning to his landlord, that when the week was out he should take his departure.

His landlord had by this time discovered what a valuable tenant he had got; rent paid regularly at the end of the week, and no trouble

given to anybody. Besides, the lodgings had been unlet before Robin came for nearly a whole year.

The landlord called a council of friends to meet him at tea. The tea-party consisted of himself, his wife, his mother, a sharp-nosed, vinegar-looking woman, his sister, the apothecary, and an attorney.

The doctor recommended that one of the family should keep watch during Robin's smoking hours, and whenever any traveller was seen approaching somebody should be sent out to tell him his way. This proposition was agreed to, and was so far successful that Robin stayed on another week. His inquisitive eye, however, soon detected the manœuvre, and he became as much annoyed at seeing his weakness thus publicly played upon as he had been before by the questions; so he sent another notice to his landlord.

The matter now assumed a more serious turn, and the doctor and the attorney were this time invited to dinner. When the roast goose was put upon the table, the doctor and the lawyer exchanged a look, as much as to say that it was not necessary to dispose of the business in a single consultation. At length the attorney suggested that, from Robin's extreme eccentricity, with a little trouble and ingenuity, it might be possible to make a lunatic of him; a proceeding that might be made advantageous to all parties. For instance, he could conduct the legal proceedings, at Robin's expense, of course. The landlord might contrive to be made his keeper; and the apothecary, from his living in the immediate neighbourhood, would naturally become his medical attendant. This proposition continued being debated during the whole of dinner-time, and while the doctor and the lawyer were eating about a dozen apples, and drinking two bottles of gooseberry-wine; nor did it come to a conclusion till many cups of tea had been consumed; but at length, upon the landlord's describing how Robin drove his bargain for the lodging, with his carpet-bag in one hand, and his cheroot pointing to the paper with the other, the lawyer put down his cup, and shaking his head, said, that he was afraid that there was nothing to be made of the case, as it was quite clear that Robin knew how to take care of his own affairs.

It was now late in the evening, and it was agreed that they were to meet again at dinner the next day. The goose now made its appearance hashed; but as it was flanked by a fine boiled leg of mutton and capers, the two professional men again exchanged looks.

The landlord's mother at length observed that she had been turning the matter over in her own mind, and that she thought that the best thing that they could do would be to endeavour to marry her daughter to Robin; for, as she justly observed, "When he is fairly tied up, he can't possibly get away."

This proposition was received with great applause, and appeared to be highly approved of by the intended, who had been out of her teens for a considerable time, and who, moreover, like a clock that has been forgotten to be wound up, had stuck at the same year of her age for I don't know how long; and who, if the truth must be told, was beginning to get rusty withal. The conversation was now chiefly kept up between the two married ladies, who arranged how this object was to be brought about. The daughter was sedulously to attend to all Robin's wants and wishes, and never to ask questions: till at length Robin would find that he would not be able to get on without her.

"All this is very well," said the landlord; "but the lodger is a queer fellow; and how in the world are we ever to get him to pop?"

"Pop!" said the lawyer. "Nothing in the world so easy. I will write him a lawyer's letter, stating that the young lady is losing her character by being so often alone in his society; that her parents all along understood that it was his intention to marry her, and that I am instructed to proceed against him for breach of promise of marriage, and then we will just explain to him that, whatever may be the result of the proceedings, he will be kept a whole day in a court of justice, where he will not be allowed to smoke, and will be asked a thousand questions by a parcel of impudent barristers in buzz-wigs. What do you think of that?"

"Talking of matrimony," said the doctor, with a very serious face; "I should not consider that I was doing my duty if I did not observe that it has long been the opinion of the medical world that no lady who marries a man that smokes a great deal ever has a family, unless—"

"Yon will be so good as to keep your observations to yourself," said the landlord's mother, getting red in the face with anger. "When we want your opinion we will ask for it."

The doctor put on a funny face, and gave his nose a twist on one side, as was his custom when he was amused. But the spinster, to whom this conversation was highly interesting, observed that perhaps the influence of a wife might induce Mr. Brown to give up smoking. For which she was instantly reproved by her mother, who told her that it was highly improper for young, unmarried ladies, to talk about matrimony, or anything connected with it.

The evening was now drawing to a close, when the lawyer observed it was absolutely necessary there should be another consultation.

The goose, on their next meeting, had disappeared; the mutton was hashed; the landlord looked disheartened; and the landlady fidgety.

The professional men this time did not exchange looks. When the cloth was removed the landlord said in a desponding tone, "What's to be done?—what's to be done?—what *is* to be done?"

To which the lawyer answered, "If you only want to prevent people from stopping at the summer-house to ask their road, there is nothing in the world so easy."

"How?—how?—how?" asked several voices at once.

"Put up a direction-post."

"That would be the very thing," said the landlord.

"It's a very simple remedy," observed the doctor.

"I wonder that it never struck you before," said the landlord's wife, who was thinking that so obvious an expedient need hardly have cost her three dinners and a tea.

The lawyer made no answer, but exchanged a look with the doctor.

The direction-post succeeded admirably, and Robin smoked again in peace. Even when a stupid traveller did ask his road, Robin would point with his pipe to the written intelligence, without being at all put out by it.

But, notwithstanding this admirable success, the landlord's mother never went to bed without reflecting upon the uncertainty of all human affairs, and then, falling back upon her former observation, that if Robin was once fairly tied up, he could not get away.

A consultation was held upon the subject.

"What was the best way for a young lady to captivate the heart of a man?" asked the old lady. It was a very difficult question to give a general answer to.

"Beauty, one,—modesty, two,—good sense, three," said the landlord, counting them upon his fingers.

His wife smiled and nodded, as much as to say, "That 's the way I did it."

Fiddlestick's end," said the old lady. "If your gentleman won't look at you, or speak to you, what 's the use of your beauty, modesty, and good sense? How are we to catch a man that does not want to be married? That 's the question."

"It 's a very difficult question," observed the landlord's wife; "but one thing I am sure of."

"What 's that?" asked the lawyer.

"Why, if we are to find it out at all, we can just as easily do it now as by talking about it for a week."

The lawyer made no answer.

Here the apothecary observed, "that although he had not as yet been able to procure a suitable helpmate for himself, yet he had been creditably informed that a constant repetition of small attentions, carefully compounded with a little judicious flattery, was the best receipt for softening a female heart. Whether the same emollient would act upon the masculine heart he could not say; no one had ever tried the experiment upon him.

"All this may do very well," observed the lawyer, "where the gentleman likes to be coaxed; but when he don't, I believe there is but one way of dealing with him, and that is by action for breach of promise."

"But must there not be some foundation to begin upon?" asked the landlord.

"To be sure there must; but that is the only way to squeeze him up to it in the end."

It was finally concluded that Miss Betsy was to commence operations the next day, acting upon the apothecary's receipt of constant repetitions of small attentions, carefully compounded with a little judicious flattery.

When Miss Betsy sallied forth in the morning to conquer, her heart beat high. She was armed with all the graces that her mother and her sister-in-law could contrive for her. Her hair was trained into long ringlets; her dress was a pea-green silk gown, with pink ribbons; she wore also a rose-bud in her bosom, attached with a pin to the centre bone of her stays.

Her heart beat high, I observed; in short, she experienced that feeling, called in French a "*battement de cœur*," which some French lady has described as being the most delicious sensation that can be experienced. Miss Betsy, however, called it a palpititty.

It had been arranged that this young lady should carry on her attack by imperceptible advances. She opened her first parallel in the following manner:—Robin had been accustomed to have bread and butter and tea for his breakfast; indeed, he generally ate what was put before him, without asking questions. The next day, when he had seated himself at his morning meal, Miss Betsy entered, and, smiling through her ringlets, she placed a new-laid egg upon the table. Now Robin, with all his knowledge of human nature, was not able to trace any

connexion between the affections of a female heart and a new-laid egg. He ate the delicacy, and, approving of its taste, he rang the bell, and asked the deaf woman who answered it whether she happened to have another egg in the house.

Never were manœuvrers so completely circumvented at their commencement as in the present instance. Miss Betsy cried with vexation. "If he had only refused the egg, one might have supposed that he was not fond of them; but to ask for another, without thanking any one for the first, shows that he is a little ungrateful vagabond."

Her father, however, was of a different opinion. He had always had the highest opinion of Robin's wisdom; so he just shook his head, and said, "There surely never was so clever a fellow: he just sees through us all, and is determined not to be caught."

Miss Betsy, however, did not give it up, but continued, under her mother's directions, opening battery after battery upon the unfortunate Robin,—with but little effect, however; for, at the end of a fortnight, it became evident that, if he had any preference at all, it was in favour of the old deaf woman who waited upon him. Betsy, however, did not give up. No. It was next agreed that Betsy's mother should wait upon Robin, instead of the deaf woman, and thus put an end to all rivalry. This was a master stroke. Betsy was constantly coming forward to protect Robin from the troublesome, chattering woman, packing her out of the room, and doing the work herself, that Robin might not be annoyed by her. Thus he got gradually accustomed to her presence, and in a short time she used to arrange the chair for him to put his legs upon, put his tobacco-bag within his reach, and so on. But, as the landlord had all along surmised, there still remained the greatest difficulty, "How are we to get him to pop?"

They sent for the lawyer.

The lawyer had a long interview with Robin, having taken a law-paper with him. When he came out, he said that he was authorised by Mr. Robert Brown to ask Miss Betsy's hand. No sooner had the marriage taken place than Mrs. Brown, for some reason or another, took it into her head to put a stop to Robin's smoking, and many a hard battle they had about it.

One fine morning, Robin and his carpet-bag disappeared. After a long search, he was found at the public house a mile off, in the act of getting upon the top of the London coach. He was with some difficulty brought back. He said, however, that Betsy might scold as much as she pleased; but he would not have his pipes interfered with. A compromise was entered into upon these terms.

Soon after this Robin's health began to fail, and at length he died: he had fairly smoked himself out. They opened a little box, of which he always carried the key, in search of his riches. They found a few sovereigns, and a letter from his banker, stating that his last remittance was the last of his fortune. In fact, he had fairly smoked himself through it.

Young ladies, take warning from Miss Betsy, and beware how you marry a smoking husband.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON LIFE.

BY J. FISHER MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF LONDON."

CHAPTER XXV.

SIGHTS OF THE STREETS.

WITH or without your permission, good, bad, or indifferent, reader, as the case may be, we purpose to resume, in this pleasant month of October, our transcriptive dissertation on the sights of London streets.

These are so numerous and infinitely varied that you might as well try to chronicle the passing clouds. London streets make a kaleidoscope, in which two or three bits of men and women are always forming themselves into groups, comical, curious, and picturesque, for our amusement; through a roll of foolscap you may see your humble servant (that's me) at the corner of the streets, or deep penetrating into narrow lanes, taking an observation, then, having at hand portable pen, and exciseman's ink-horn at button-hole, see me rush into the "CHEQUERS," or the "CROOKED BILLET," and there and then, over half-a-pint of beer, making the passing occurrence of the moment permanent and immortal. Well, sir, and why not?

Your commercial traveller, by the profane mis-called bagman, travels in adamantine commodities and emollients—vulgarly styled hard and soft goods, or in the general line; your missionary travels on behalf of the spiritual welfare of skins of any colour except his own, soliciting your subscriptions; your patriot travels in philanthropy; your government commissioner in a post-chaise and pair; I, sir, travel in human nature; allow me to have the honour of showing you a sample, and, in behalf of our house, Bentley, of New Burlington Street, to solicit a continuance of your favours.

A poor man falls down in a fit, or the weakness of hunger overpowers him; he sinks against the wall of some splendid mansion; his features are compressed, his brow clammy cold, his lips livid; you saw him *sink*, not fall upon the ground with a squash, as the professional gentlemen, with *artificial* blood in their noses do the trick; it is a clear case of famine, and no mistake; now is your time to see what human nature is made of. The master of the house, or the lady, comes at the window, and instantly retreats; a powdered footman appears at the door, and looks up and down the street for a policeman to remove the *nuisance;* several well-dressed passengers look at the poor man, and pass on the other side; ladies as they go by him, fumble a little in their pockets, as if they meant to give something, but think better of it; an elderly gentleman, with drab gaiters and silk umbrella, pretends to feel the patient's pulse, shakes his head solemnly, and walks off, satisfied that he has detected an impostor; a housemaid of the mansion, touched with tender pity, hands up through the area rails a glass of water.

Now troop by the poor lost creature a group of working men in fustian jackets going to their dinners, whistling and gossiping as

they go; they halt and surround the unfortunate man; they lift him, and put him in a more easy posture; one runs to the public-house, bringing some ale warm with ginger; they speak kindly to him, bidding him keep up his heart; they ask him — question to bring tears into dry eyes — where is his home; he looks up piteously, and whispers — he has *no* home — he has not where to lay his head.

"Now then," says one of the fustian jackets, taking off his hat, and shoving it into the encircling mob, "the poor devil's hard up, has'nt got no home, nor no victuals, drop a few browns to pay for a cab, you 'll never miss it." The appeal is heard, curiosity is shamed into benevolence; the Samaritans in fustian call a cab, and the homeless man is driven to try the hospitality of Mary-le-bone Workhouse.

I think I hear a respectable gentleman, in an easy chair, with an easy income, and easy shoes, exclaim,

"Mister Author, this is very fine, but I have no doubt, for my own part, the fellow was a humbug — the scoundrel was acting."

"Was he though! All I can tell you is, my good fellow, if he was acting, you never missed such a chance in the course of your theatrical life; you have paid seven shillings to the dress circle many a time and oft, for a much worse performance, and here was a little bit of tragedy, without scenery, machinery, dresses, or decorations, you might have seen for sixpence, and been six and sixpence better for it."

I have seen these tragedies more than twice — everybody has seen them who knows London; Gilbert White saw them, when he said,

> "I shall sink
> As sinks a stranger, in the busy streets
> Of crowded London; some short bustle 's caused
> A few inquiries, and the crowd close in,
> And all 's forgotten."

I do not deny that impostors are common; I know that they are clever, and are with difficulty to be discriminated from those real heart-rending cases of distress that London almost daily exhibits to our view. No punishment is great enough for these scoundrels; not that the offence is so great in itself, but because it adds and ministers to that covetousness, that hardness of heart, which furnishes us with an excuse — which we are all too ready to make, of not giving once, lest we might once be deceived.

To a man living on the shady side of life, whose poverty compels him to walk with his own feet, hear with his own ears, and see with his own eyes, the contrasted conditions of London Life afford much matter of painful contemplation. These contrasts are striking and forcible; they run the whole gamut of the social scale, from the highest treble to the deepest base; they exhibit human life in every colour, from hues of the rainbow to the deepest shadows and most unchequered glooms; and all this in a day's walk — in the space of a few palmy acres; next door to luxury and profusion you have hunger and despair; the rage of unsatisfied hunger and the lust of desires that no luxury can quench.

I have seen little children, fat enough for the spit, wrapped in woolpacks of fleecy hosiery, seated in their little carriages, drawn by goats, careering over the sward of Hyde Park; and, at the same

moment, crawling from the hollow trunks of old trees, where they had found refuge for the night, other children, their nakedness hardly concealed by a few greasy rags flapping against the mottled limbs of the creatures, heirs of shame and sorrow, and heritors of misery and its necessary crime. I have seen a poor family, ragged, and hungry, the children running after an ugly pug-dog with a velvet jacket on, who was taking the air, led by an attendant footman with gold-headed staff. I have seen an old woman of eighty, painted, periwigged, bejewelled, and brocaded, taking an airing in a gorgeous coach, three footmen hanging on behind, her ladyship's companion a cynical faced pug, probably the only friend she had in the world; and I have seen another old woman of eighty—any of the Wapping Old Stairs watermen will remember Mary Mudlark—up to her mid-leg in the Thames, raking and scraping the mud and water for rags, bits of sticks, ginger-beer bottles, scraps of iron, or whatever she could recover from the waters, by which she might earn a few pence to keep her from starving.

But it is painful to multiply these painful contrasts of condition, which every day's walk exhibits; one only conclusion can we draw from these spectacles, namely, how far removed is man by the accident of fortune from his fellow man, how utterly abandoned, even in the centre of civilization, outlawed from human aid, protection, sympathy, as soon as he ceases to have certain tokens of humanity, in silver, gold, paper, or brass about his person.

This is a wonderful age. We have discovered steam, and the atmospheric principle, and useful knowledge, and the electric telegraph, and Warner's benevolent engines, and what not; our maxims, too, are fine, cut and dried specimens of practical good-sense; "Go-ahead," "Every man for himself," "The weakest to the wall," and "Devil take the hindmost."

We have found out that money is the one thing needful; that capital is the only thing to save the country, and that England (meaning you and I) can never have too much capital; that labour is a thing to be bought with capital at the lowest possible price; that labourers are machines for producing more and more capital, of which we (you and I) never can have enough; that some people believe labourers have souls, and all are convinced they have bodies, but that the proper way to deal with them is, politico-economically, that is, as if they had neither bodies nor souls.

These are grand discoveries, we admit, but, with the exception of Warner, steam, useful knowledge, and the atmospheric, we do not think the dark ages, as they are called, need knock under. The dark ages never found out that nice adjustment of the process of taxation, by which the entire time and all the energies of the labouring man are insufficient to drive the wolf from the door; nor was the tyranny of feudal lords a whit more arbitrary or irresponsible than that with which, in our enlightened age, capital dictates the time and wages of labour.

What a sight is a "Block-up" near Temple Bar about four o'clock in the afternoon; the multitudes of vehicles of every class, from the carriage of the wealthy citizen to the hand-truck of the itinerant dealer in ginger beer, all huddled together, pell-mell, in apparent inextricable confusion; what noise, what tumult, oaths, jests, ejaculations, what ill-suppressed impatience of lost time, until the leading

obstruction being removed the massive procession slowly creeps onwards, again to be blocked on Ludgate Hill or Cheapside.

Stop thief! An elderly gentleman walks down Holborn Hill, with his silk handkerchief hanging invitingly out of his pocket, saying, "Come take me;" one of the light-fingered gentry following far behind, watches his opportunity; two middle-aged ladies keep an eye on the pickpocket, and, soon as the crime is perpetrated, cry, "Stop thief!" the delinquent takes the hint, and, throwing his head back on his shoulders, darts with the swiftness of a hare down the Hill; doubles a coal-waggon, is lost in a cab-stand, and disappears like a flash of lightning into Field Lane, where he finds a refuge and a market.

Sometimes he escapes scot free; but at last, we meet him handcuffed with the identical handkerchief—the enquirer "hoist with his own petar," in custody of two tall policemen, who, with looks of triumph, anticipatory of being complimented as these "active officers," and rejoicing in a "case," bring the delinquent along. With streaming eyes, a couple of little draggled girls — partners in vice and misery, follow the prisoner, and the crowd run along in the kennel to catch a glimpse of his features, as, doggedly, and with an air of injured innocence, the poor wretch is hurried to captivity.

Smash! *tinkle, tinkle* — a broken pane! One of the huge plate-glasses of one of our flash shops. A mob gathers in a moment; or, rather, it does not gather, it *appears* as if it came up through a trap in the wood-pavement; you hear the smash, and see the crowd, and can hardly tell which was first; the neighbouring shopmen run out in alarm, find it is Snooks's window, and run in again, rubbing their hands, and chuckling. Snooks himself, with brows knitted and stockings to match, rushes out, scans the mob with an inquisitive, suspicious look, which replies again to him with Macbeth's answer to Banquo, "Thou canst not say I did it." Snooks asks a tall policeman, who by the merest accident happens to be on the spot, what he (Snooks) pays rates for, to which the officer of justice, towering over the mob, like a stork among a flock of starlings, replies, "I'm sure I don't know." "Why didn't you take him," enquires the victim, "Where is he," enquires the man of the "force." "Don't you wish you may get him?" exclaims a mischievous butcher's boy.

Screigh-ee-wee-e—keek-keek-keek—kee-wee-kee-wee—Tum-tum-tum. —'Tis Punch— our ubiquitous,immortal friend Punch!

In one of the quiet streets, debouching into the Strand, near enough to seduce the laughter-loving passers-by, yet not too near to interfere with the full flow of the living current — in an eddy of the populous stream, Punch establishes his theatre; at the first tap of drum and flourish of pandean pipe, the little populace of the neighbourhood collect in great force; the fore-ground is made up of little "toddles," behind them, tier above tier are all ages of the rising generation; those who are to lay us in our graves; grown-up people, half ashamed, yet lingering, look on, in spite of business and care; even the Savoyard boy hitches up his organ and grins, as does the monkey on his shoulder, when Punch, belaboured by the ghost, clamours lustily for the poker.

Crack — crack — crack — into his flanks goes the whipcord with right good will — he brings up a bit — now he stumbles again —

crack — *crack* — he goes on his knees — he is whipped on his feet— he falls over on his side — he never gets up again. *Crack—crack*— Oh! very well —whip away till you are black in the face — the poor animal's time is up — his slavery is over — he will never drag wain more. The mob comes up, as usual, through the chinks of the stones, or else drops down from the sky; but there it is, talking, shouting, giving advice, loosening the traces, dragging away the wagon shafts from poor old Dobbin, whose glazing eye, and short, heaving breath, shows that his heart is broken. The whip — that universal horse medicine, is applied to head, withers, and flank; but it won't do; Dobbin merely lifts his head, as he would say, let me die in peace, winces under the lash, and lays himself down again.

The knacker is sent for. Dobbin cannot be permitted to die in peace — a dead horse and a *killed* horse are two different things in the cat's-meat market—the knacker's cart arrives in double quick— the mob admires the cart, the royal arms, and the inscription, "Knacker to her Majesty." The royal knacker — a swell knacker in cords and tops, with a bit of butcher's apron, just as big as a bishop's — merely to distinguish his profession — pole-axe in hand, descends from his vehicle; the delighted mob closes in, eager to witness the scientific operation. The pole-axe is driven at one blow through the frontal bone of the expiring animal; a willow wand, finger thick, is pushed into the hole, and twisted about in the brain pan with great dexterity; the animal is fearfully convulsed, writhing in the most intense agony — the mob is quite in raptures at every kick of one brute and twist of the other—fainter and fainter become the death struggles of Dobbin—another turn or two, as a finisher— he is dead.

Now a chain is fastened to the dead horse's neck, and made fast at the other end to a windlass, with rack and pinion fixed between the shafts of the knacker's vehicle; this is tilted up, and Dobbin slowly ascends, amid the facetious remarks and jocose sallies of the gratified spectators. "Sassengers," exclaims one fellow (a laugh); "Real Epping," shouts another (laughter); "Polonies," shrieks a third (much laughter); "Small Germans," "Leg of beef," "Kidney puddins," and a profusion of other allusions to the probable esculent qualities of the respected deceased.

A few extempore fights, got up by rival pot-boys, diversify the entertainment; the royal knacker disappears, the mob "maketh itself air, into which it vanisheth," and you walk off, greatly pleased with the extreme sensibility and innate dislike of anything like cruelty, which so eminently distinguishes the true-born cockney.

We often pause to watch the progress of a batch of raw recruits following an iron-faced drill-sergeant through London Streets; gawky lads, hawbucks, country clowns, and more rarely the pale-faced artizan, by pressure of competition, choked off his trade, and forced to take the "shilling." There is the determined-looking poacher, who has compromised with justice, and engaged to enlist to save himself from transportation or imprisonment; there is the discharged groom, in his master's livery waistcoat; and there, trotting along by himself, ashamed of his position and society, is the scamp of some decent family, the ne'er-do-well, the plague of his father, and the heart-break of his mother, with whom every course has been tried and tried in vain, and who is now abandoned to his

fate, the necessary consequence of misconduct. There, too, in a shabby suit of black, remains of old decency, with downcast eyes and despair pictured in his face, is one who has tried many a way of life, and tried in vain; too poor to have any friends, and too proud to lead a life of dependence — he becomes a soldier.

There is a sympathizing look in the spectators, as these poor fellows, foot-sore and weary, pass along their way, casting hurried glances of astonishment at the splendours surrounding them on every side; we cannot help following them into the obscurity of their homes, and conjecturing what divers motives have contributed to drive them thence. Some caprice of village maiden, some worse than manslaughter of lordly pheasant, some step-mother darkening the threshold, some strike of work, some family bereavement, or, most lamentable of all, some sudden gust of passion or of pride, the abandonment of reason in the fatal cup of intemperance; these are the sources whence spring innumerable victims to the devouring man of war; these are the remote causes by which the Empire of Britain is extended and maintained at the extreme ends of the earth.

Yesterday these were individuals, to-day they are component parts of a great machine; will, action, motion, absorbed in the great business of discipline; these are they who make the glory of heroes, who fill up with big words, despatches, who figure in the lists of killed, wounded, and missing; or who, escaping a thousand varied modes of death, return shattered and out-worn, in the decline of life, to find themselves strangers in their own land.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A DISSERTATION OF THE SPECIES COCKNEY.

GENUS.—Homo.
SPECIES.—Cockneius.
HABITAT.—Urbs Londinensis.
Transactions of the Sillilogical Society.

WE borrow the above definition from that erudite body, the Sillilogical Society, of which we are an unworthy member — though we confess it modestly, not altogether unknown to fame — having read a paper upon a new rat we had the good fortune to discover in the mud at low water — the specimen was unluckily a dead one, which prevents our referring the reader to the animal itself for further particulars; we can only direct his attention to the transactions, Vol. CCCXVI. p. 784, where he will find a full description of the *mus rattus Puddledockianus,* with a figure of the animal, its measurements, a cross section of its skull, and a microscopic examination, by Professor SWIVELEYE, of the structure of the scales upon its tail.

Our dissertation upon that canine variety of the genus HOMO, commonly and vulgarly called COCKNEY, was intended to have been read before the learned Society aforementioned, and was prepared for that purpose, but was unfortunately objected to by the Committee of Publication, on the ground of not being sufficiently dull, a decision to which we submitted without a murmur, satisfied of the discretion and ability of that Committee in determining upon the value of all papers in which dulness is a necessary ingredient.

uffice it to say that our paper was rejected — one on "the variety

of colours in a tom-tit's egg" being substituted for it, and, such as it is, the reader will have an opportunity of reading it, if he chooses, from beginning to end, or letting it alone.

We omit, in this place, the preamble, or philological inquiry into the origin of the word COCKNEY, which has divided with the equally obscure root, FUDGE, for many years, the labours of the *Jawbological Society*. Whether the term is derived from the well-known anecdote of the Londoner, who, hearing a horse neigh, enquired, what noise was that, and, being told, applied the term usually used to designate equine, vocal sounds, to a cock, exclaiming, How that cock *neighs!* or, whether it is derivable from the Greek, *oikogenes*, or a diminution of *coke* or cook, or from the Italian *cocagna*, which is possible, as, indeed, are all the other roots, if not true, I shall decline entering upon, only stating, that this particular part of our dissertation the learned Committee above referred to did not so much object to, on the score of want of dulness, as to that which follows: —

I shall only remark, in connexion with the antiquity of the term, that the earliest known example is from Chaucer,

> And when this jape is told another day,
> I shall be holden a daffe (fool) or a *cokenay*.

The father of English poetry leaves us, however, in the dark, as to the exact import of the term, but, from its connexion with the preceding word *daffe*, the Jawbological Society are of opinion (see their Trans. Vols. CCIV, LXVI, and XVIII, passim) that its meaning was the reverse of complimentary.

A cockney is vulgarly supposed to be any person born within the sound of Bow bells; but this opinion we scout altogether, as it is not to a distinction of race, but of manners, that the force of the word, as at present in use, is applicable. Every city of great size, as well as London, has its cockneys of one sort or another, who form a peculiarly distinctive race, easily marked and recognized by their characteristic habits and appearance. It is not where he is born, whether within or without the sound of Bow bells, that in our opinion stamps the character of the COCKNEY, but whether he remains in that particular part of London all his life, or in some other part of it; it is his untravelled character that marks him distinctively, for, if a cockney travels, he is no longer a cockney. Cockneys leave London, but no cockneys come back. I do not include a trip to Margate in the geography of a travelled cockney, nor a visit to the Eel-pie House at Twickenham. I talk of travel in its extended sense, as, for example, a trip to Paris, the Rhine, America, Ireland, or other foreign parts.

The little cockney is carefully trained in the way he should go, so that when he becomes a big cockney he may not depart from it. His first ideas are of luxury in eating and drinking; his mother's milk is no "sky-blue," I can assure you. He is fed and fattened like a little pig, and he lies in the best of straw; he never knows what it is to want any toy he cries for, or to be without twopence a week, at least, for sweet stuff; he refuses point blank to go to school under a halfpenny, and will not look at the inside of a church unless paid beforehand.

As he progresses towards boyhood the characters of the cockney

develope themselves more and more; he learns at school all the cruelty towards other boys, devilment, and scapegraceism,—for which the apology is, that it makes boys "*sharp*," and which, if not directly encouraged in our schools, are at least tolerated in a manner most effectual for turning out case-hardened little blackguards into that world, which, it must needs be confessed, this sort of education is best suited to. Our youth plays cricket, spins cockchafers, impales frogs, beats other boys, and is beaten, learns to be "*game*," and have "*pluck*," and other polite literature; he angles for tittlebats in Highgate Ponds; plays truant through the courts and alleys of Cheapside; plays at "pitch and toss" for halfpence, buttons, marbles, and others his personal property; and thus acquires the first rudiments of that commercial education which so greatly distinguishes him in after-life.

At what time he begins to smoke and drink gin and brandy-and-water, is uncertain; the former accomplishment is greatly promoted by the profusion of shops where a preparation of rhubarb, yellow ochre, and olive oil is vended, under the tantalizing incog. of penny cheroots; the latter he usually acquires, rather by example than precept, of his respected father, in the course of the Sunday evening service.

The youthful cockney is wonderfully precocious in love, being seldom without a young woman "what he keeps company with;" after fourteen or fifteen he is the young woman's "young man," and she is the "young man's" "young woman."

With his young woman, neatly dressed, arm-in-arm, the amorous cockney essays the steeps of Hampstead, and from the summit of the Highgate Alps surveys a region which is *not* London, on the other side; with his young woman he makes his *entrée* into fashionable life, spending an evening at Vite Condick (White Conduit) House, or indulging in a gala at the Eagle, the former representing the cockney Whitehall, the latter doing duty for the Italian and English opera of that enlightened and distinguished nation.

THE *H*EAGLE.

I *will* go to the *H*eagle!—I *must* go to the *H*eagle!
I won't be kept from the *H*eagle.

Chorus of Juvenile Cockneys.

Few travellers of any note, who have made the grand tour from Paddington to the Bank, are allowed to pass without notice a large, and by no means undistinguished edifice, somewhat resembling a town-hall, or chamber of commerce, hard by the sweet waters of the Regent's canal, and within view of the ground made classic by the parcel-warehouses of Pickford — that man of mighty fame; in one of whose north-country waggons we had the honour to make our first appearance in this vast metropolis. This classic structure — we do not allude to the waggon, — is graced with mighty columns supporting a pediment, the pediment supporting the identical "*H*EAGLE" which gives name to the temple of Bacchus, Clio, and Terpsichore, for to all these deities is this structure dedicated, being at one and the same time a tavern, an opera-house, and a ball-room. Not being conversant with architecture, and having little opportunity to draw comparisons between the interior decorations of great

houses, we cannot give the curious reader a detailed description of this delightful place: our own private opinion is, that Devonshire House and Chatsworth are fools to it.

Plate-glass folding-doors, Spanish mahogany bar-fittings, noble coffee-room, for *gents.* only; ball-room, with mirrors extending from floor to ceiling; *imposing*-looking waiters running to and fro; 'pon my word and honour, reader, it is the grandest place I ever was in in my life.

Out of doors it is all the finer, merrier, and more exhilarating. It is a Saturday afternoon in summer; all the way from St. Mary Axe, Houndsditch, and Petticoat Lane, troop the pretty Jewesses,

> Jewesses sunny bright,
> With shining gold, and jewels sparkling clere,

as old Ned Spenser has it, who no doubt was many a time and oft at the Eagle in his day. There they come, with their family-likeness noses, their deep flashing oriental eye, their lustrous black hair, their huge ear-drops, necklaces, and brooches, their screwed-up waists, their long dresses sweeping the ground; all silks, satins, and lutestrings; none of your printed cottons, or eleven-and-sixpenny *mousselines de laine;* every stitch the silk-worms have sweated for. With these come the young Moseses, Solomons, Levis, all in the genteelest of black, with waistcoats of velvet, and cataracts of black satin, not to speak of gold chains, rings, and trinketry, in which these young gentlemen greatly delight. These are going to their ball; but, as they are very exclusive, we prefer to follow the Christian population now swarming into the garden.

We stop at the pay-office, where with great propriety the door-keeper insists on every churlish cockney, who, neglecting his "young woman," comes to see the fun in cheerless celibacy, paying double; while the free-hearted young fellow, who trips along with his sweet-heart,—doubling his enjoyment by dividing it—is admitted with strict poetical justice, at half-price.

You enter with your young woman—for I don't take the trouble of writing this description for fellows who go by themselves,—and the full glories of the *H*eagle burst upon your and your young woman's admiring visual orb. It is a gala night—the little firmament of many-coloured lamps is disposed in twinkling constellations; the little fountains sputter out of the mouths of little Cupids their half-pint of water per hour; the little gold fishes swim at top of the ten gallon ponds, o' purpose that your young woman may see them, and *flirt* their little tails, as much as to say, "we knows what you two are arter." The little shells glitter like bits of silver among the little ferns and water-lilies, that look like little topazes and emeralds; the little trees put the best side of their little leaves foremost, and the little sparrows, not to be outdone by the orchestra, chirrup, chirrup among the little trees.

The statues, or, as your young woman chooses to call them, "*statures,*" shine all bright and lively in the open air, and though but plaster of Paris, are as much admired as if they were real Canova; your young woman, peeping with the curiosity of her sex into a little hole in the wall, cries "Crikey," and calls out, "Joe, look here; how beau-tiful!" Joe has a peep, beholding his phiz much broader than long, his mouth drawn o' one side, and his eyes

leering opposite ways; your young woman peeping over your shoulder, laughs, crying, "Well, I never!—What a Guy!"

You by no means omit a peep at the "Dissolving Views" in a dark corner; nor a scrutiny of the "statures," upon which a wag has chalked such names as happen to suit his fancy; by this time the musicians make their appearance in the orchestra — a sort of Chinese edifice — and entertain you with the overture, merrily scraped, to *Fra Diavolo.*

Now a gent, dressed like a high-sheriff, with a tremendous cocked hat—they wear cocked hats at Vauxhall, and why not at the *H*eagle? — comes to the front, and favours you with a sentimental ditty; then you have a glee for two cocked hats and a chip-bonnet, then a duet for two gipsy hats; and, to conclude this part of the entertainment, a grand chorus by "the strength of the company."

Long ere this, if you have been as attentive as you ought to the comforts of your young woman, you will have edged away to the door of the theatre, now closely blockaded by an eager crowd of applicants for front seats. The door opens; you tumble in; get a comfortable seat, with a bench before, and a high back behind; exchange your refreshment-ticket for whatever your young woman fancies—rum shrub, probably; the waiter, eagerly anticipating your eleemosynary penny, places the sweetly, spirituously, acidulously intermingling beverage before you. You light your cigar; and having taken into custody your young woman's bonnet and pocket-handkerchief, patiently await the opening of LA SOMNAMBULA.

My blessings on the man that invented this pretty little story of woman's trusting love, suspected, flung away like a faded flower, lamented with the agony of a broken heart, and recovered, restored, triumphant, by the same mysterious means that led to suspicion, jealousy, and despair. Although Frazer is not exactly Rubini, and Miss Forde would not, perhaps, compare herself to Grisi, yet, let me tell you, they play and sing in a style that would not discredit any provincial theatre; the orchestra is very fair, and the little opera well got up, always considering the moderate price you pay for it.

The opera and rum shrub being finished, a glass of something "short" is necessary to cheer up your young woman's heart, a comic song concerning that favourite housewife's assistant, "*hearth-stone,*" to a popular air in Fra Diavolo contributing thereto. Then you have a *pas-de-deux,* or perhaps a ballet; after which you return to the garden, where fireworks, and "God save the Queen," by all the cocked and gipsy-hats, terminate the gala at the *Heagle.*

HORNSEY WOOD.

WITH his young woman, too, does the cockney explore the rural retreats of Highbury Barn and Hornsey Wood; nay, he has been known to penetrate as far as the Seven Sisters in a fair summer's evening. Any of these retreats are well worth the attention of the student in human nature, but our own especial choice is Hornsey Wood, the most tea-drinkingest place north of the Metropolis. We like Hornsey Wood for reasons weighty and sundry; first, all the roads leading to it are pretty, whether we travel north by Islington, Highbury, the Sluice House, and by the banks of the pleasant New River, not forgetting to tumble over every haycock in the season;

or whether we come west by the Brecknock Arms, and along that pleasant, billiard-table-like turnpike-road, that kisseth the feet of the Hampstead and Highgate Hills; or whether we reach it from the north, over Highgate Archway, as through the jocund village of Muswell, *vulgo Mussel* Hill; or from the east; all our lines lie in pleasant places. Rights of way abound, and stiles—*humane* stiles; fit, as old Judge Foster said, for very old women, and very young children,—stiles, which crossing, you invoke a blessing upon the worthy tenant, who respects the convenience of age, and the modesty of sex, and putteth the steps close together;— nor is our visual orb *degraded*, as old Beckford of Fonthill used to say, by "trespassers will be prosecuted," or "No thoroughfare." We ramble along, passing the Sluice House, famous for eel-pies, not without stopping to put half a dozen in our pocket, nor omitting to have a good laugh at the dozen of cockney anglers locked up in a kind of hen-coop, ten yards long by three wide, abutting upon the New River, for which these patient disciples of Walton pay a shilling a head, hoping therefore to captivate one or two tittlebats, roach, or gudgeons, allured to this *preserve* by the offal of the Sluice House larder. A pleasant pathway leadeth us gently up the swelling hill, upon which stands, in all its licensed dignity, Hornsey Wood House, a stately mansion. Beyond, on the very summit of the eminence, is the wood itself, a little scrubby patch of some dozen acres, not cut, carved, and dissected, by the hand of landscape or other gardener, but left in its natural boskiness, brushiness, wilderness,—and that's why we like it. For you must know, the gardens of most of the tea-drinking establishments about London consist merely of so many dozen arbours, as like as eggs to eggs, sheltered by honey-suckle, or hop, or alder, with beer-bemused bench in the middle, and sparrow-besmirched form on either side, with no other perfumes than stale tobacco, no other sound than the clinking of pots of beer, and no more picturesque view than pot-boy hurrying to and fro with the same.

But at Hornsey Wood there is a little meadow, a little lake, with little boats on it, and instead of arbours ready cut and dry for you, you have only to select your own, under the shade of spreading hawthorn, in the little wood, and then and there you may kick up heels, and enjoy yourself, reposing on the bosom of your mother earth. You have views, too, from Hornsey Wood, that anywhere would be accounted fine; to the north-east a long, dense, horizontal line of deepest green points out the site of Epping Forest; and nearer you have the sweet verdant meadows of the flowery vale of Lea— Walton's own pleasant vale, where angling, he caught the hearts of men, and basketed them to all ages, with the bait of his happy humour, natural piety, and sweet sensibility to the loveliness of all created things.

In the north-west the sun is sinking in all his glory behind the massive woods of Caen, flinging broad deep shadows over the subjacent vale, while his departing ray glints upon the summit of the Kentish hills, and tips the giant dome of St. Paul's with a speck of golden fire. To the south, west, and east extends the long line of cloud that hovers over murky London, whose towers and pinnacles vainly seek to penetrate the unobscured ether where reigns the crescent moon, and her lady in waiting, one fair star of evening.

Around, about, and on every side, is the hum of happy human

voice; the smile of happy human face; the merry, musical laugh of childhood, mad with its escape from town, revelling in wild flowers, rejoicing in the luxury of life. The tender mother is there, with studious care watching over the little life at her breast; the buxom maid, with her watchful lover, jealous, attentive, and observant; the contented father, smiling inwardly at the freaks of his frolicksome little ones; age does not disdain to look on, rejoicing in the general joy, or to receive from little hands the proffered wild flower or the ravished hawthorn bough.

This is what we like best of all. We like to see nature take men and bind them in her flowery chains, and make them feel that there are fairer things than money, and sweeter toils than work, and nobler cares than gain. Shall we be laughed at because nature is found in a cockney tea-garden, or because cockneys love the few and far between approaches to her that their pent-up lot admits? Laugh then, and grow fat; we are a cockney; we love a bit of anything green; we love Stationers' Hall Court, with its one green plat, and its one green tree; we love our own geranium in our own pot, and our own mignionette in our own broken jug; we love our neighbour in the back attic, who has a Southern aspect, and who gets out his crocuses a fortnight before the second floor; we love Hornsey Wood, and everybody that goes there!

There is a ball-room in Hornsey Wood House, with an orchestra, and so forth; but balls are uncommon events, your cockney is not a saltatory animal. Besides, we honestly confess we don't much relish ball-rooms; they remind us forcibly of ten-and-sixpenny tickets, and King Street, St. James's; the demon of gentility hovers over them and demands that everybody should do their best to *freeze* everybody. Why should we not, at Hornsey Wood, have a dancing green as well as a bowling green? why should not the master of the ceremonies, as in merry France, come round, hat in hand, to arrange the quadrille, give partners, and collect coppers for the fiddlers? why should not you or I lead a lady forth to the dance without the ceremony of a previous introduction? why should cockneys not be light-heeled as well as light-hearted? and why should our souls be disquieted within us, because we only earn thirty shillings a week, and Snooks, of Clapham Common, our employer, is worth a hundred thousand pounds?

The cockney goes to Margate, Ramsgate, and Boulogne; the great end of his travel is to accumulate materials for that contempt with which he regards the great desert outside London Wall, including, of course, the West End of Town. One or two cockneys have gone as far as Ireland, for the purpose of writing books upon that unfortunate country, and which, to do them no less than justice, are as good books as could possibly be written about any country, — by men who knew nothing about it. All nations have their particular prejudices; they are mad upon some point, and hate all other nations for not being as mad as they on the same point, and on the same side; and you will observe that the prejudice of one nation creeps out most strongly in animadverting upon the prejudice of another. It is the same with individuals, being atoms of the great family of nations; whenever you see a man *down* upon the bigotry or intolerance of another man, you may be sure the former is intolerant, or a bigot on the opposite side. The bigotry of the cockney nation is

most striking with respect to *cookery* and *cuddling;* the cockney is cooked and cuddled, and has the most lively contempt for nations in which cookery and cuddling are not the great objects of life. Margate is damned for not knowing how to cook a beef-steak London fashion; and Boulogne is consigned to perdition for not having carpets on every floor, and curtains on every window. At the same time, we must do the cockney the justice to confess, that, if he is fond to excess of comfort, he is very willing to pay the market price for it. He loves his home, and delights in seeing it tidy; but he also loves *work*, and will struggle to the death to make himself comfortable. The cockney is an independent man; he will not live upon anybody; he will not be under a compliment to any body; he smokes his cigar, and drinks his brandy and water, but he works for them, and would not relish them if they were to be obtained at the cost of any one else. Liberty with him is synonymous with having plenty of money, and he knows very well that plenty of money is only to be bought with plenty of work. Accordingly, he labours at his business or avocation, whatever it may be, with great assiduity, and works out his independence by toil and perseverance.

The cockney is not overburthened with learning; yet he is learned in the best sense; he is learned in his trade, business, profession; this he knows well, and what he engages to do he can do. The dead languages he knows very well will never get him credit for a beef-steak, nor the mathematics procure him a pot of beer. He minds some business connected with productive industry, and leaves learning to fools who have no taste for victuals. He knows very well that knowledge is *not* power, except so much of it as may be *applied;* the cockney learns just as much as he can apply. He is a man of one idea, but that is a good one.

Although fond of work, as we have said, yet our cockney is not a mean fellow; he hates mean fellows, and thinks nothing of leaving his employment for no other reason than that his master is a mean fellow; he likes to live up to his income; when he is of a saving turn he is generally a screw, but generally he is a liberal, though not generous fellow—we say not *generous*, for he will not deny himself anything to give to others. When he has enough for himself, and to spare, then he is liberal.

He has no sentiment; perhaps not even the illustrious Yankee Doodle nation — of which we can never think with sufficient awe and admiration, has less of the ideal than our cockney; he is never touched with tender pity. If his acquaintance die he generally consoles him by inquiring how they will "cut up," and they are happy in his remembrance if he does not refer to their exit simply as "a good job, too." He has no more feeling than a post-boy's leather breeches; everything that touches the heart with him is "stuff," "gammon," "walker," or "Martin;" he delights in a prize-fight, and does not think himself in the least degraded by encouraging two unfortunate Englishmen to pound themselves into a jelly, for hire. He thinks hanging "a good job too," and argues stoutly in favour of capital punishments and every kind of cruelty. He regrets the cessation of bull-baiting and cockfighting, and calls humanity Martin a humbug. He asserts that barbarous and cruel sports and pastimes are good old English customs, and thinks it necessary, to the maintainance of these, that a man should be a little of a brute.

He affects the sporting character, as far as betting for goes of gin and brandy-and-water, and never fails to be in a Derby sweepstake.

In politics he is usually a liberal, if poor, and a conservative if rich; but in either case he is loyalty mad. He loves every crowned head to adoration; cannot express the intense affection he has for the Emperor of anywhere, or the King of anywhere-else; he will, at any time, lose a day running after them, and thinks himself the luckiest dog alive in having an opportunity of huzzaing at their heels. He always gets up a splendid "spread" for these sort of people at the Mansion House, and would extend his hospitality alike to the Pope, the Autocrat, the Dictator, or the Cham of Tartary. Republicans he does not like, and takes no notice of Presidents, though, in everything except his adoration of royalty, he is indedependent in talk and action. He never speaks of the late Duke of York without veneration, and is sure to remind you that George the Fourth was the "finest gentleman in Europe." He divides his heart between the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, but every other little Prince and Princess comes in for a share of his affection.

For his part he thinks there never can be taxation enough; he delights in an additional impost, and praises the skill of every successive Chancellor of the Exchequer. He growls and grumbles to be sure, because that is his privilege—value received for taxes; but he thinks it glorious to have to pay so many taxes, and that he is a glorious fellow to be able to pay them. He growls at a coffee-house, abusing the government over five glasses of brandy-and-water, and the government he has been growling at takes its revenge by putting three out of the five shillings he has paid for his liquor, into its pocket. He cannot moisten his throat, inveighing against men in power, without *paying for*, while he *wets*, his whistle. Every new tax is, in his opinion, a compliment to his industry and skill, as well as to the great resources of his country; putting his hand in his pocket, he returns the compliment in hard dollars.

He sees nothing wrong in the doings of men in power, or, if a doubt ever does cross his mind about the honesty or propriety of their goings-on, he consoles himself with thinking that any other ministry would be just as bad, and that Wellington and Peel are as good as any of "the lot." He quite approves of the uttermost extravagance in all public departments, and hates an economical administration for being "mean fellows." He wonders how you can expect any gentleman to do nothing under five thousand a year, and insists that the bishops and judges *ought* to be well paid, meaning, that they never can have enough. He vindicates the pension-list on the ground that if the present "lot" didn't have his money, his money would be spent upon some other "lot;" he also approves of ambassadors having each eleven thousand pounds a year, because it is an honour to him to have to pay it, and is in raptures with the appointment of lords and lord's sons, nephews, and dependants to every office, because it gives him the pleasure of supporting his betters.

The cockney has little humour and no wit; he is too practical for wit, which does not pay, and his genius is not turned to the humorous. The mob of cockneys generally trade in wit upon a succession of slang phrases, borrowed from some of the minor theatres, and which answer in their turn to the "Since when, I

pray," or the "much" of Mrs. Quickly, and the "humours" of Corporal Nym.

> All in my eye!
> D'ye see anything green?
> Flare up, and sport your ochre!
> Does your mother know you 're out?
> Has your mother sold her mangle?
> What a shocking bad hat!
> All very well, Mr. Ferguson, but you don't lodge here.
> Who stole the donkey?
> There you go with your eye out!
> Over the left.
> Damme! whose afraid?"

And other concise witticisms of this very threadbare quality. The latest we have been able to collect of these sentences, which represent the wit of the cockney nation, is,

> What a sight for a father!

Professor Snufflebotham, of the Jawbological Society, assures us that the above quoted sentences are by no means vulgarisms, as might be supposed; and in a very erudite paper the Professor gives us classic authority for every one of them, of which we regret our limited space precludes inserting more than those that follow.

"All in my eye."

Shenstone's pleasure was *all in his eye.*

JOHNSON, *Lives of the Poets.*

"D' ye see anything *green*?"

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and *green.*

SHAKSPEARE, *Passionate Pilgrim.*

"Hookey Walker!"

"Whose are these fine lines?—*Hookey Walker.* Our own."

Recreations of Christopher North.

STARLIGHT.

WHAT are ye? gems of living light,
Which deck the vestal brow of night
With coronet so fair;
That nought of earth's most valu'd show,
The diamond's blaze, the ruby's glow,
Can with your charms compare.

Why do your trembling beams impart
A soften'd influence to the heart,
That yet in grief must dwell?
Why do we gaze on yon blue sky,
As though our fates were link'd on high
With yours, by magic spell?

Say! are ye worlds where pleasure reigns,
Where spirits freed from mortal pains
Enwreathe unfading flowers?
And, drinking from the fount of life
Oblivion of all mortal strife,
Beguile the blissful hours?

Or, are ye orbs where spirits pure,
Have, since creation, dwelt secure
In innocence and love?
Where, echoing to the silver lyre,
The voices of a seraph choir,
In softest cadence move?

Oh! for the hour when leaving earth,
In the first dawn of heavenly birth
My soul shall wing her flight;
Released for aye from earthly care,
From guilt, from darkness, from despair,
To your far realms of light.

H. B. K.

THE TWO FORTUNE HUNTERS OF GALWAY.

BY DOCTOR MILLINGEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF AN IRISH GENTLEMAN," "STORIES OF TORRES VEDRAS," &c.

In the palmy days of the town of Galway, celebrated for its manufacture of whiskey punch, its quarrels, duels, and rows — royal — no gentleman could vie in notoriety and in all the qualifications required for a "Gantleman from Ireland," with Captain Patrick Burke, vulgarly, or rather familiarly, called Pat Burke, or Paddy Burke. He was an independent man, for he contrived to make a very small income sufficient to pay one per cent. on the bills which tradesmen had the impertinence to submit to his consideration.

Captain Burke's education had been neglected, for in childhood his eyes were extremely weak, an affection that was considered hereditary, as his father was in general blind drunk. Howbeit, he could spell tolerably well hard words of four, and even five syllables. He could sign his name *in a manner* quite of his own, and, with some application, could copy a letter. Moreover, as our hero was a *gentleman born,* he could not brook the degradation of having a master, or being taught anything; therefore his attainments, which mainly consisted in riding, shooting, dog-breaking, pistol-firing, hunting, and drinking, were instinctive and intuitive. In fine, he was what was usually called in the country, "a broth of a boy." His disposition was tolerably good-natured, although rather peppery when "egged up" to a quarrel, and, indeed, he had attained his twentieth year without having fought more than five duels, and killed one man.

His parents had not the means of purchasing a commission for their darling boy, and therefore put him in the North Mayo Militia, as the Lord Lieutenant of that county owed them certain sums, of very uncertain payment, which were liquidated by an ensigncy. The Peninsular war was then waxing warm, and Patrick Burke having persuaded a sufficient number of his men to volunteer into the line, obtained a commission in an infantry regiment, and soon embarked for service. They sailed from the Cove of Cork for Lisbon, after laying in an *illigant* SAY *stock,* which he paid for by kicking the man who brought him the bill into the sea, by accident entirely.

Our Ensign had not been long in Lisbon when he was ordered to join the army.—He now fell to making love and living in free quarters on his line of march, a custom which he maintained was prescriptive amongst troops of the *line*, for when he was quartered in a house it was quite clear that the landlord or landlady should halve their substance with him and his servant, which was just "a quarter a-piece." Pat Burke's notion of logic and arithmetic was most instinctive, and he generally found, that what he called the *rule of five* was far more easy than the rule of three. It may be, perhaps, necessary to state that his rule of five meant subtraction and addition with the four fingers and thumb.

Ensign Burke just arrived in time for the desperate battle of Albuera, and one would have imagined that his pugnacious propen-

sities would have been amply indulged in this awful conflict; but, strange to say, whether it proceeded from the dampness of the weather or the bad quality of ration rum — our hero, accustomed all his life to *fall out* with somebody, *fell out* of the ranks and dropped to the rear, complaining of "an all-overness," "a mighty impression on the heart," and "the devil's own pain in the stomach." One of the surgeons, who was busily occupied in cutting off limbs and extracting bullets, told him that nothing ailed him, and our hero, highly offended at his word being doubted, demanded his card. The doctor replied calmly, that he would give him satisfaction when he had recovered from his desperate wounds. Stung at this reproach, Ensign Burke ventured to return towards the fight, when a shell burst close to him, and he was struck down with what he called the "wind of the ball." Again the unmerciful son of Esculapius went up to him, fancying that he was severely hurt, but on being acquainted with the nature of the injury that had produced a severe affection of the bowels, he merely recommended him to take a drop of brandy.

Our invalid contrived to get to the rear, as far as *Olivença*, with the wounded; and here, being quartered in the house of a hospitable Spaniard, he followed the Doctor's advice, drank plenty of *Aguardiente*, wanted to kiss his landlady, and thrashed his landlord for having the impudence to interfere.

It may appear strange that a person thus circumstanced, who had unfortunately been taken ill at a moment when every one around him was displaying the most undaunted courage and soldier-like steadiness, in the midst of an unparalleled havoc, could so far have reconciled himself to his situation, without some feelings of shame and degradation. This was not the case with our Galway fire-eater. He did not think that a battle was fair play. A duel was a conflict between man and man, and as he was an unerring shot, the chances were that he would, at any rate, "pink" his antagonist.

He was meditating on his situation, and wandering about the town, not knowing exactly what course to pursue, feeling, strange to say, some qualms in returning to his regiment, when fortunately for him, as he was turning round a corner, the Spaniard, whose wife he had insulted and whom he had thrashed (for the Don was a poor weak creature of about five foot nothing, and our Hibernian measured six foot two), had waylaid him, struck him with a stiletto, and left him for dead in the street.

A party of British soldiers picked him up and carried him to one of the field hospitals. On recovering his senses, the first answer he made to the questions put to him by the surgeon, was, that he had been desperately wounded at Albuera, with a bayonet of a French grenadier, whom he had "*chined*" in twain.

The next morning he was transported, with other wounded, to the Hospitals at Elvas, whence his name was, of course, transmitted to his corps. He had been returned absent, but was now included in the list of wounded, and gazetted as such. The surgeon who had first seen him did not belong to his regiment, and had something else to think of at the time.

The stab Pat Burke received had been severe; his recovery was slow, and his general health, by intemperate living, was so much impaired, that he was ordered to Lisbon by a medical board. However,

before starting, he went to the top of his house, fired two balls through his cap, and hacked with his sword at an iron bar until it was as gapped as a hand-saw. He then most anatomically described to all the youngsters he met on the road, his operation of *chining* the French grenadier, who was roaring out for quarter while he halved him, and showed what a hard skull the fellow must have had, by the deep indentation in his trusty toledo; although he vowed, with a big oath, that the skull was quite soft, compared to the *vagabone's* midriff, a proof that these *Monseers* could stomach anything.

Arrived at Lisbon, he was attached to the depôt and the heavy baggage of his regiment, together with the wives and children of the officers and soldiers at Belem, and although he was not in a flank company, he voted himself a grenadier, and sported an enormous pair of epaulettes, with thundering grenades on his riddled cap, his breastplate, and skirt ornaments.

At this period, Lisbon and Belem were crowded with poor disconsolate officer's wives, who knew not, while dancing, flirting, or card playing, but what they were lonely widows. Many of these afflicted ladies were countrywomen of Mr. Burke's, choice specimen of "garrison hacks" from Limerick, Cork, and his own beautiful place—sweet Galway—and in a short time he was comforter general and body guard to a host of them. He would eat and drink with them, walk with them, fight for them if necessary, and Desdemona never listened more attentively to the Moor's seductive recital of his escapes in field and flood, than did our faithful dames to the account of his prowess and his chining French grenadiers; a process which he would demonstrate at dinner or supper by splitting up a duck or a goose. This mode of living he found both pleasant and economical, for he contrived to pay for his maintenance by retailing scandal, and mixing in incessant quarrels and squabbles.

It may be easily imagined, that although Mr. Burke fulfilled these duties with due exactitude and diligence, his military ones were sadly neglected. Contrary to Belem orders, he often slept out of quarters, was not unfrequently drunk on guard, and was perpetually embroiled in quarrels, which were brought on by the ladies under his protection. In short, the handsome Irish grenadier, as he was called, figured constantly in the orderly book, admonished and reprimanded, until at last he was brought to a court martial, and cashiered for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

The crest-fallen hero of Albuera had not even time to take leave of his fair friends and *protégées;* he was removed to a frigate by the Provost Marshal, and safely conveyed to England, where, however, that part of his sentence which referred to imprisonment was remitted by the Commander-in-Chief, who, Mr. Burke stoutly asserted, had not dared to carry it into execution, lest there should be a rebellion in Ireland.

During his short stay in London our unfortunate warrior met, at a chop-house, an old acquaintance and townsman, who was reporter and purveyor to an opposition newspaper; he related to him all his mishaps, and the infamous treatment he had experienced, after his heroic conduct at Albuera. Not only did the papers team with a flaming account of his valour and infamous usage, but his friend introduced him to an Irish artist, who drew him in the act of *chining* the grena-

dier, and in a few days, in every print shop, this glorious achievement was exhibited, with the inscription, "*The gallant Ensign Burke, of —— Regiment,* CHINING *a French grenadier at Albuera.*"

Captain Burke considered himself, and was considered, a victim of tyranny: nay, a Kerry man of his coterie, declared that he was a *hecatomb* sacrificed to the aristocracy of England, and they swore unutterable oaths on gin-toddy and half-and-half, that since their noble countryman, Patrick Burke, the hero, the conqueror of Albuera, before whose prowess the star of French glory grew dim, trembled, and disappeared — had been shamefully and infamously obliged to *resign* —Wellington would be driven into the yawning ocean, and his legions swallowed up in the green deep.

It was on one of these SOIRÉES DANSANTES, for such indeed they might have been called, for the glasses, mugs, bottles, and pots were incessantly dancing a hoy on the table, that our persecuted hero met with an old acquaintance, a Galway man, and another victim of military oppression. This personage was a cashiered hospital mate, of the name of Wriggle Wrench. Now the Doctor, as he called himself, had been broken by a court-martial in the most unjust and arbitrary manner. It appears that he had been attached to the general Hospital at Leira, during the prevalence of great mortality; good wine was scarce; good food equally of difficult attainment; therefore did our Doctor, conjointly with the deputy purveyor, with whom he *chummed*, indulge in the good port-wine prescribed for the sick, and make *spitchcocks* of the poultry intended and drawn for *ditto*. This system could not last long without detection, and various *medicos*, who were kept on King's own, and not allowed to have a finger in the pie—peached. The result was a court-martial on our epicure. The deputy purveyor had balanced his accounts.

The defence of Dr. Wriggle Wrench was most curious; in the first place he endeavoured to prove that his health was bad, his duties most fatiguing, sickness considerable, and mortality dreadful; therefore, as a useful officer, he endeavoured, for the sake of his patients, to take care of himself; and as no good wines could be procured for money, he looked upon hospital wine as medicine. He brought the hospital sergeant to prove that all the *cocks* being considered more nutritious, were invariably served out to the patients, and that it was only with *hens* that the doctor made his spitched cocks, and as a cock could not be made out of a hen, he sought to prove an *alibi* for the cocks. But military men are strangers to all these niceties of the laws, by which Johnson may commit murder, and be acquitted if he was indicted as Johnston; and any John escape the halter if he had been christened Jack. The court, therefore, while admiring the defence of hospital mate Wriggle Wrench, dismissed him from his Majesty's service.

Our Galway worthies experienced a great sympathy for each other; both were the victims of oppression; both had experienced wrongs that called aloud for national vengeance; but, as both were somewhat hard pushed for cash, they determined to set out together for Ireland.

About the period when the event we are about to record took place, the captain and the doctor had resided for some years in their native town, but neither of them had been very successful in his

career. It is true that the fame of Captain Burke had preceded him; that he had become the lion of the place; but his parents had died, his revenue was very scanty; and, as the tradesmen of the place would give no credit, he found it a matter of some difficulty to minister to his manifold animal necessities. A good marriage had been his constant aim; but the Irish ladies, although not very particular in throwing themselves at the head of Englishmen, or strangers, are not so well disposed to bestow their fair hand and fortune on their countrymen; therefore did our hero make love and court in vain. It is certainly true, that necessity made him string so many cords to his long bow, that he was justly considered a male *coquette*,—a character which the fair sex generally avoid. Besides, he was out of the army, had neither fortune, nor chance of promotion. It therefore happened that, although the Galway young ladies had not the slightest objection to involve him in a duel, to add to their many attractions, they would not have grieved had they seen the corpse of their champion brought home on a door. Yet was our captain always making fierce love, whether drunk or sober; and piously expressing his hope that the "Lord would look down" upon any spalpeen who dared to cut him out.

Dr. Wriggle Wrench was not much more prosperous in his undertakings. Although his friend, the captain, recommended him, with might and main, as a wonderful physician, who had cured thousands of incurables, his practice was very much circumscribed. The doctor, thus disappointed in a professional point of view, turned his eyes also to some suitable marriage; and perhaps, had he not been a "'pothecary," he had better chance than his friend Captain Burke. He was a small, thin, spare man, it is true, but pleasing in his manners; had read a multitude of novels and amatory effusions, possessed a retentive memory, could scrape a few notes on the guitar, and sing with tolerable ear and taste some Portuguese *modinhas* and Spanish *seguidillas;* and certainly, if he had not obtained any medical experience during his short service in the Peninsula, he had acquired great proficiency in the art of cookery. This science — for such in reality it was — had proved of good service to him, by getting him often asked out to dinner, when his advice was asked and heeded when his professional opinions would have been slighted. Then, he was a skilled angler, and presented his friends occasionally with trout and pike, it being clearly understood that he was to partake of the present, with "trimmings." If his management of solids was thus distinguished, his skill in brewing whiskey-punch was spread far and near. It so happened, that amongst the very few persons who called him in was a Dr. Fogy, a man of great learning, and who had been a Fellow of Trinity College, and having inherited a very handsome property, and looking upon marriage as the probable source of much comfort, had thrown up his fellowship, and espoused the comely daughter of a pastrycook in Dame Street, whose shop was the general resort of collegians, young lawyers, and officers of the garrison of Dublin, who ate with much *gusto* the pies and puffs, the jellies and syllabubs of Mr. Puffins, and flirted *con amore* with his fair daughter, a fine showy girl of about eighteen, with fair hair, rosy cheeks, and with a cheerful and healthy appearance, giving positive contradiction to the medical opinion that pastry was unwholesome.

Now there was as great a difference between Dr. and Mrs. Fogy as between a plumcake and a sea-biscuit, a glass of cherry brandy, and pump water. She was young, handsome, merry; he was a smoke-dried, spare lath of a man, with a hook nose and cocked-up chin, that nearly met each other, and his hatchet-face was so sharp that it was more likely to cut the wind than be cut by it. His jaws were what are commonly called "lanthorn," and his small, round, grey eyes, were so weak from intense study that he constantly wore green convex spectacles. Yet, nowithstanding this great disparity, both as to years and attractions, between the husband and wife, her conduct was most exemplary. She had the sole management of his affairs; was of a domestic turn, and preferred a good breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper, to balls, rides, pic-nics, and parade walking.

Now Dr. Wriggle Wrench was not only the physician, but the intimate friend of the doctor. He would listen for hours most patiently (over his punch, of course,) to an account of his discoveries in science; and when Mrs. Fogy awoke from her sleep, he would plan with her various dishes and *ragouts* that would have puzzled or done honour to Kitchener himself.

Although the discoveries of Dr. Fogy are well known in Dublin, and are inserted in the transactions of many learned societies, yet it may be necessary to give some notion of them to the unread reader. He first had discovered that tides were created by the benevolent and all-wise Creator, for the purpose of bringing vessels in and out of harbour. Then, having observed that individuals with prominent noses are in general more near-sighted, or short-sighted, than persons born without noses, or who may have lost that useful handle of their physiognomy by various and sundry accidents, he came to the conclusion that noses were created for the purpose of wearing spectacles. Then he distinguished himself amongst zoologists by discovering that it was only those animals who could raise their hands or paws to the mouth, such as men and monkeys, that were intended to drink wine; quadrupeds who can lap water on the surface of the earth being destined to use it as their common beverage. In this discovery, however, it appears that he was anticipated by Dr. Franklin. He then submitted to the Royal Irish Academy a paper to show that it required a force of fifty horse power to break an Irishman's head, whereas a six horse power was sufficient to break his shins, or, to use the vulgar expression, to "peel their bark off."

Dr. Wriggle Wrench continued to listen to our philosopher's dissertation on these subjects with great attention, till, somehow or other a marked alteration took place in Dr. Fogy's manner. He became more taciturn than usual, would often heave a deep sigh, and a tear might be seen trickling from under his green spectacles as he gazed on Mrs. Fogy while enjoying some savoury *ragout*. Dr. Wrench knew not to what he could attribute this sudden change; but fancied that it might be jealousy. At last he was relieved from all doubt by a confidential conversation with the worthy man.

"Wrench, my good friend," he said to him, with a deep sigh, as he wiped off the dew from his green spectacles,—"Wrench, I feel that I am getting old and infirm; and I now verily believe that I committed a rash act—a very rash act, in entering the holy state of matrimony."

Wriggle Wrench was silent, for he knew not what to say.

After a short pause, and another sigh or two, his friend continued, "I am not blind, my good fellow, to my deficiencies. My mind may be ornamented—highly ornamented; it may please the learned—the wise; but women, alas! are rarely the one or the other; and what chance has an intellectual being with them, when compared to a fine animal. Now, my Molly is young, and beautiful, and attractive; she is rather silly; but men admire her the more for that, as the silliness of women fools imagine sets off their own stupidity."

"I am sure, Doctor," Wrench now ventured to say, "that Mrs. Fogy was everything a man could wish in a wife."

"No doubt—no doubt, my young friend; but it is that very *everything* which makes me miserable. The fact is, a sad accident has befallen me," and here the poor man sobbed aloud. "When I say an accident has befallen me, I mean to say a sad accident has befallen my wife," he added.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Dr. Wrench, "what can have happened to Mrs. Fogy?"

"Happened, sir!—that villain—that dishonourable scoundrel—that privileged assassin, and qualified murderer, Captain Patrick Burke, has dared to write her an amorous epistle!"

"Captain Burke!" exclaimed Wrench, —"impossible! the man can scarcely write his own name."

"It is true that his letter is in hieroglyphics, in pot-hooks," murmured the Doctor.

Wriggle Wrench could not check an inward smile at the last expression, as pot-hooks were so applicable to the lady's propensities.

"Yes, it is a base scrawl; but the intention—the *animus*, is worse ten thousand times than the handwriting. Read it, if you can. Here it is; read it; peruse it."

Thus saying, the poor Doctor handed over the following effusion, written in a hand scarcely legible.

"Oh, ye darling! by the powers, since I clapt my two eyes on you I cannot sleep night or day! what business had you to bestow such a lump of loveliness on that bostoon of a fellow, old rusty, fusty Fogy, instead of a taking a chap like I. I'm the lad for the ladies; and shall be quite convaniant to prove it anyhow. Only say the word, and I'll twirl his ould head round, that he shall see the *kaibes** on his own hoofs. Tip us a bit of an answer, if it was only the size of a bee's knee, (in large letters, if it's all the same to you,) and give life or death—Och, murder! and millia murder!—to your ever loving,

"PATRICK BURKE, of Albuera."

"Well! sir," replied Dr. Wrench, with a smile.

"Well, sir!—it is not well, sir!—it is infamous!—I will be revenged, sir!"

"But, my dear sir, this is a drunken rhapsody, not worth your notice; and how did you find it?"

"Mrs. Fogy herself gave it to me."

"There, sir; you perceive that she treated it with contempt, with ridicule."

"No, sir; she was trying to hide it, to conceal it in her bosom,

* *Anglicè*, chilblains on the heels.

when I demanded it; and she is always at the window looking at the caitiff, at the cannibal, the troglodite, as he goes by, whistling some rubbish or other." Here the poor old man wept bitterly, and added, "I know it, my friend,—I did a very foolish thing,—but I love Molly dearly. I will leave her all I am worth; yes, although she might be base enough, ungrateful enough to marry her poor husband's murderer. He would soon ill use her, make her miserable, abandon her. She shall never want—never—never!"

"And, in mercy's name, what do you intend to do?"

"Fight him!—fight him!" answered the old Doctor, with a furious thump on the table.

"But do you know he is the best shot in Galway?"

"I know it!—I know it! So, if you are my friend, carry him the message. My will is made. Molly shall have every shilling I possess, between you and me, sir, £1500 a year, besides houses, plate, my books, but what is still more precious than all, my manuscripts, the particulars of my great discoveries. So, Doctor, see him; I am inflexible. To-morrow morning, sir, he or I must be a corpse."

It was in vain that Dr. Wrench sought to pacify the indignant old man, he seemed determined; and, therefore, Wrench lost no time in seeking Burke, fully convinced that he would be able to settle the absurd business without bloodshed. He found him at his usual haunt, the billiard room.

Dr. Wrench informed him that he had matter of importance to communicate, and the pair sallied out together, when the following edifying conversation took place:—

"Well, Master Burke, your galawanting has brought you into a pretty mess!"

"What are you after, Mr. Doctor?"

"Could no one do for you but my friend's wife, Mrs. Fogy, — you must be making love to her?"

"There you labour under a trifling bit of mistake; it was she that was making fierce love to me, by the powers!"

"All that may be mighty well," replied the Doctor; "but, I'm sorry to say that I am the bearer of a message."

"Is it satisfaction he wants? By heaven! he shall have it in the twist of a cow's thumb! Satisfaction! thunder and turf! It's I that should ask for satisfaction; slap an action of damages at her for seduction. Is the bostoon tired of life? Tell him he'd better make his will first—the silly old frump!"

"That he has done already, Burke; and as he knows your skill as a dead shot, he has left all he possesses to his wife,—near two thousand a year."

"Two thousand!—arrah! be asy!—two thousand a year!"

"Every tenpenny of it."

Here the Captain paused; and after a few minutes silence, he added, "Do you know, Wrench, I think it would be a devilish unfair thing of me, after all, to shoot the poor gentleman. To fight an old man is beyond the beyonds."

"As for the matter of that," replied the Doctor, "it's no great matter, for the poor man has not long to live. Heigho!" and here the arch knave heaved a deep sigh.

"Why, what ails him?"

"Hav'n't you eyes in your head? Don't you see he 's in the last stage of a galloping consumption?"

"Tare and ages! you don't say so!"

"It 's but too true. Tubercles in both lobes; vomica in the left; adhesions of the pleura; and hepatised lobe in the right."

"Which manes, I suppose, that he 's undone, like a butter-firkin without a hoop."

"Exactly so, my dear fellow! name your time and place; and, after all, as I just now said, if the poor man falls you will only abridge his sufferings; besides, it will be a great relief to his poor wife, who has a sad job, sitting up and nursing him every night, like a *babby*."

Here Captain Burke stopped short in their walk, and, looking the Doctor full in the face, exclaimed, "And arn't you a nice fellow, to bring me a message from a poor gentleman in *sich* a state, —to make a murtherer of me! Ar'n't you ashamed of yourself? But I see how it is, you selfish Mohawk! you 'd rather the world should say that I killed him than that you did it. Blessed hour! for a man for to come, for to go, for to say that I, a soldier, should raise my hand on a poor broken down old man! *Harria mon diaul!* I 've a mind to call you out yourself, Mister Doctor. To saddle your jobs on my shoulders! No, sir. Go to the Doctor; tell him that I humbly ask his pardon. Wouldn't grieve him, or bother him, poor soul! for all the Wicklow mines, with Kilkenny coals and a Kinsale hooker to boot."

Dr. Wrench, who was chuckling with delight at the success of his stratagem, now shook his head, and added, "I fear all this will not do — he is determined — and nothing less than an ample written apology——"

"A written apology! Why, man alive, I'm ready to prick my thumb to write one with my own heart's blood, that's what I am, poor dear man!"

This point being settled, Wrench found no difficulty in getting our hero to copy out an apology, which he framed for him.

The friends now parted, Burke, no doubt, to reflect upon his chances of marrying a widow of £2000 a year, and who, he was satisfied, was desperately in love with him: and Wrench, to tranquillize the Doctor, and carry on a plan, which, to his credit be it said, he had only contemplated during his recent conversation with the Captain.

Dr. Fogy, as may well be imagined, was fully satisfied with the apology made to him, which he communicated to his wife, who said that she was quite certain that it must have been a mistake; that the Captain was an *iligant* man, and she was sure never could have behaved in such a manner unless he had been the worse for liquor.

Wrench was now determined to pursue the project he had conceived, and commenced his attack on that very evening over a bowl of bishop, which he had concocted for his host, in lieu of whiskey punch.

"I think, my dear friend," said Wrench, "that bishop will prove a much healthier beverage for you than punch, for I have observed of late that after a glass or two your cheeks become flushed and your breathing rather laborious."

"Do you know, Wrench, I have remarked the same thing, and

moreover, of late, my respiration has not been as easy as usual, but possibly it might have arisen from this unpleasant affair, which, thank God, is ended without the necessity of exposing my life and that of a fellow creature. I have also observed," added Dr. Fogy, "that of late, after eating pea-soup, and drinking bottled beer, I feel a sort of tumefaction, a sense of fulness and puffiness—"

"That disturbs your breathing?"

"Exactly; at any rate it makes me breathe short, so much so, indeed, that I sometimes fancy that I am getting pulmonary."

"Nonsense," replied Wrench, with a forced smile, the artificial nature of which must have been evident to the most unobservant, "why should you fancy such a thing? Surely none of your family were consumptive."

"Pardon me, my good friend, I lost an uncle and a brother by a disease of the lungs."

Wrench was silent, but looked very grave.

"Have you faith in the stethoscope," continued Dr. Fogy, "tell me frankly, do you think that it affords any satisfactory results?"

"In my opinion, when used by an experienced practitioner, it is infallible in detecting bronchophony, pectoriloquy, and ægophony. Even in the arteries we can ascertain the *bruit du soufflet*, or, bellows puffing; the *bruit du diable*, or, the devil to pay; and *le chant des oiseaux*, or, the cawing of crows."

"Marvellous, indeed!" replied the Doctor, endeavouring to draw a deep respiration with his mouth full of sponge cake; "and are you expert in the use of this instrument?"

"In our hospitals, in the Peninsula, at Lisbon, at Oporto, Coimbra, Abrantes, Santarem, and a thousand other places, I was considered as unerring in my diagnostic."

"Well, my good friend, I do really think, especially after peas-pudding, cabbage, and turnips, that I hear a devilish sort of a rumbling about me, which is, perhaps, this *bruit du diable* that you have been speaking of, and I shall not feel comfortable until you have examined me. To-morrow morning, perhaps, you will bring the stethoscope with you?"

"I never move without it," replied Dr. Wrench, "I should as soon think of going without my lunch."

"Then suppose you try it now. There—there,—do you hear a noise, a rumbling, grumbling sound? Egad, I feel a stitch in my side,—ay,—there,—I can scarcely catch my breath."

"Where do you feel the stitch?" asked Wrench, who in reality was so little acquainted with the use of the stethoscope that a penny trumpet would have answered just as well. Here, Doctor, here," replied Fogy, putting his hand on his stomach.

"There, shut your mouth and hold your breath," said the Doctor, who, at first, put the wrong end of the instrument to his ear; "now cough,—harder—harder,—as hard as you can."

The poor old man began to cough so hard that he soon was breathless; and the Doctor having practised what he called auscultation, proceeded to percussion, and with four of his fingers began thumping and banging Doctor Fogy's thorax, which sounded like a kettle-drum, until he was fairly pummelled, and sat down exhausted by the experiment, scarcely able to speak.

When Dr. Fogy had partly recovered from this percussion, he exclaimed, "I cannot tell you, my dear fellow, how sore I feel; and now tell me, with candour, and let not any idle fear, or false delicacy, prevent you from being explicit, what do you think of my case? Is there any hope?"

"As I am a Christian, and hope to be saved," replied the apothecary, there is not the slightest reason to entertain any serious apprehension."

"What have you discovered?"

"Why, merely what we call a cavernous respiration."

"Mercy on me!" ejaculated the poor patient, "you call all that no serious ground for apprehension, when my lungs are converted into a cavern!"

"We think nothing of it at all, at all, when compared to the crepitous respiration, or *rale*."

"What is that, in pity's name?"

"Why, its when the lungs crackle like salt in the fire."

"Body o'me!—why, my friend, do you know, I often perceive a saltish taste in my mouth. What sign is that?"

"Oh! that is merely a forerunner of spitting blood."

"My brother used to spit blood by the gallons before he was shipped off for Madeira. And now, my dear Wrench, that you have set my mind at ease—or pretty nearly so—I place myself entirely in your hands; and, if you think a change of climate likely to benefit me, at this period of the disease, I am ready and prepared to make any sacrifice."

"I assure you, at present I do not see anything particularly urgent."

"Particularly urgent—perhaps not; but why not take the malady in time."

"Well, well, we shall talk more of it another time; you seem a little fatigued."

"Most confoundedly."

"Then retire to rest, and I'll send you a composing draught; and as you are a man of sense, and judgment, and science, I shall bring you a little work which treats on pulmonary disease and the use of auscultation and percussion most amply; but do not conjure up idle fears from its perusal."

"Never fear, never fear; bring me the book,—of all things, I like medical books."

"But they are dangerous—at least, with persons of a weak mind, who indulge in a thousand fancies and chimeras."

"My mind is of cast iron, as regards myself, my good friend. But, pray do not alarm Molly: poor thing! I should be sorry to make her unhappy. I should have wished to have left my fortune to an heir! but it has been otherwise decreed."

Here the old man wiped off a tear, and shaking his tormentor most cordially by the hand, wished him a good night, and retired to bed, swallowed his draught to the last drop, like a good patient; but still he could not sleep without the most fearful visions of consumption, in all its horrible phases; and, in fact, his chest, back, and sides, were so bruised by *percussion*, that he might have lain more comfortably in a furze bush.

It may be easily imagined that our patient was not much better the following morning, when he was put in early possession of the treatise Dr. Wrench had promised him. This he actually devoured until he came to the conclusion that he laboured under *Pleuritis, Empyema, Hydrothorax, Emphysema, Pneumothorax, Vomicæ,* and *Phthisis.* He had until then eaten his four meals in the day with good appetite, assisting their digestion with good wine, and a reasonable proportion of punch. He was now put upon milk diet, and bade fair to lodge shortly in his skeleton, until he was lodged in mother earth.

Dr. Wriggle Wrench, however, soon perceived that he had overshot his mark; for, as the dangerous condition of his patient went abroad, Captain Burke redoubled his attentions to the Doctor's wife.

Wrench now only thought of his patient's removal, and meeting Burke, he started the subject, by stating that, although a change of climate afforded the only chance left, yet there was but little hope.

"Then, why not let him stop and die here, like a man?" replied Burke.

"While there is life—even a spark of the vital flame, we must do our duty."

Burke scratched his bushy head, and twirled his moustaches in deep thought; at last be observed,

"But, tell me, old fellow, how long do you think will he hang on the hooks?"

"Why, with proper treatment, I think he may jog on till next March."

"Eight months—Gad! is he as tough as that?"

"It 's amazing how these wiry people hold together." replied Wrench. "And do you see, when a man has one foot in the grave, he finds it so cold and uncomfortable, that he is a plaguy long while before he thrusts in the other."

"Whisper now, Wriggle, my boy, you have always found me a warm friend of yours, devil a lie in it. I have recommended you through thick and thin; but your hand has been rather unlucky of late,—can't be helped,—no offence,—you see the best whist players beaten with bad cards and worse luck. Now, if you would do me a bit of a service, and at the same time serve yourself too, perhaps, you would not lose sight of this poor old gentleman, and travel with him. Do, like a good fellow, stick to him like brick and mortar."

"I certainly should have no objections to the journey, on the score of friendship; but then my practice."

"Blood and ouns! man alive, that 's neither here nor there; and I 'll tell you what, when you have buried the old fellow *dacently,* and I marry the widow, I 'll make up your loss."

"Why, my dear Burke, you speak of the lady as if you were sure and certain of her."

"Cock sure, my lad,—booked her;—didn't I clap my 'comether' upon her at the very first wink. I 'm the lad of mettle—cast iron soldered with brass,—by the powers, thick as *pase* in a pod. I met her coming from church—I was coming from chapel,—she smiled at me—och! like the sun on a May-day morning. 'Good morning to you, Mrs. Fogy,' says I; 'The same to you, Captain Burke,' says

she. 'I hope the doctor is better than worse,' says I. 'Oh! you wicked man,' says she, 'when I think that you wanted to fight the dear man! I 've a mind not to open my lips to you.'—'Is it me fight your worthy husband!' says I: 'bad luck to me, but I 'd rather go to my grave without another fight at all in the world, than say white was the black of his eye.'—'Now, that 's noble and generous,' says she. 'What a pity you 're a craw thumper,' says she again, maning my being a holy Roman. 'Och! what a hint, my boy,—what a confession!"

"I do not exactly see that," replied the Doctor, not a little annoyed by this information.

"You don't see it? why, you couldn't see a burnt hole in a blanket! Why, she meant to *insinivate*, 'if you're a holy Roman, while I am a Protestant, of what religion shall be our *children*,—now do you take?' And so saying, he gave a poke in the side of the Doctor, that was as effective as his own method of percussion, in stopping both breath and utterance.

A conversation of a similar description and tendency was kept up between the two worthies for a short time longer, when they separated, no doubt to carry their plans into execution, in the most feasible and prudent manner. Dr. Wrench found his patient in the same miserable condition, and after some short discussion, in which the Apothecary "aired his technical vocabulary" to the best advantage, NICE was fixed upon as his winter residence. Wrench consented to accompany the party, a very handsome compensation for his professional *sacrifices* having been agreed on.

Our cunning Apothecary was not idle in reconciling Mrs. Fogy to the journey, which, he clearly perceived, much to his annoyance, was contrary to her wishes. He described the climate of Nice as heavenly, with orange and myrtle groves and bowers; but the markets and good things he extolled to the skies. Peaches and apricots and nectarines as profuse as potatoes,—pine-apples and melons as large as pumpkins,—champagne and claret cheaper than small beer,—ortolans and beccafigos as large as partridges; with French cooks, Italian confectioners, and ices, sherbets, and sweetmeats all the day!

A vessel was sailing for Marseilles from the Cove of Cork, and our travellers proceeded on their journey, Dr. Fogy, convinced that the climate would prolong his days to perfect his discoveries; Mrs. Fogy in the expectation of every enjoyment that a good kitchen could afford; and Dr. Wriggle Wrench,—we must leave the parties on their voyage, and venture on a little digression regarding this worthy.

The weather was propitious to his operations; it blew rather fresh, and Dr. Fogy was confined to his berth, while his fair lady was constantly kept in hers by sea-sickness. Nothing could exceed the attention that our doctor showed her. In short, Wrench became so necessary to the fair sufferer, that she felt miserable without the dear little Doctor. It must, however, be acknowledged, that he was equally attentive to her husband, in administering pills or powders, and in endeavouring to amuse him by medical conversation on consumption, *post-mortem* observations, and curious specimens of diseased lungs, which he had bottled up.

The voyage to Nice was long and tedious. On their arrival, the

travellers put up at the best hotel, or rather, where Wrench found that the best cook was supposed to be employed.

Poor Doctor Fogy's debility was daily increasing, and at length a consultation was held. However, the Physicians disagreed, one maintained that the disease was in the right lung, the other swore it was in the left, until they were made to agree by a third practitioner, who insisted that both were "gone;" but all assured him that Dr. Wrench, who had called them in, had done all that could be done. Of course, as the malady increased, Wrench's consolations were redoubled. He heard occasionally from his friend Burke, who informed him that his affairs were every day getting more embarrassed, and begged of him to *make haste*. Whether he followed his advice or not, we cannot pretend to say; indeed, it would be difficult to give an opinion on the subject, as the patient was attended by three physicians, until at last, as might have been anticipated, his poor wife became a disconsolate widow. She would have left Nice immediately after the funeral, but her own health was delicate, the climate was favourable, and the cookery was excellent.

Captain Burke rarely read the newspapers; but what was his surprise, his indignation, when a kind friend handed him one day a newspaper in which he read, under the head of marriages, the following astounding paragraph.

"*At Nice, on the* 16*th May, Wriggle Wrench, Esq. M.D. to Mary, the relict of the late Ferdinand Fogy, LL.D. and formerly a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.*"

No tigress whose whelp had been torn from her; no hyena whose dinner has been snatched from him; no damned dramatist; no hissed and pelted actor; no old maid who has lost her last chance;—could possibly have felt more furious, more enraged, than did our hero at this horrific intelligence. He smashed a tumbler (strange to say, half full of punch); he broke an eye tooth in gnashing its neighbours; he kicked, foamed, and swore such fearful oaths, that the waiters crossed themselves, and muttered an *Ave Maria*; and at last he took the rock of Cashel to witness, that he would tear the rascally 'pothecary to *babby rags*, turn his *sowl* inside out, and kick him from Cork to Connamara, within an inch of his life. He would no doubt have written all this, and more also, had he known how; moreover, he feared that a threatening letter might terrify Wrench, and prevent his return to Ireland, and thereby deprive him of his just revenge. Days appeared weeks, weeks months, and months years, until the return of the new married couple. During this time, Burke, although one of the best shots in Galway, kept himself in practice, by firing at aces of spades, knife edges, and chalked lines, until he deemed it certain that he would treat the late Mrs. Fogy to a second widowhood.

At last the day of vengeance dawned. A post-chaise and four stopped at the former residence of the Doctor, and Burke, after throwing off a noggin or two of the *cratur*, set out on his dire purpose. A crowd had assembled round the door, to witness the long expected arrival of the happy pair. Captain Burke made his way through the throng, and asked for Dr. Wrench. The unsuspecting little man immediately made his appearance, when the Captain, without uttering a syllable, struck at him with the loaded but-end of

a hunting-whip, which would have infallibly fractured his skull, had it been hit; but the Doctor, with the agility of an eel, bobbed under the weapon, and butted his head, like a ram-goat, in the pit of the Captain's stomach, with a violence which would have done honour to any Welchman, and sent him spinning among the astonished crowd, whose shouts and yells now rent the air. After this prowess, the Doctor very wisely ran in and shut his door.

Now the Doctor had butted his head in the Captain's stomach in a most anatomical and workmanlike style; hitting plump what he called the *cœliac plexus*, which did so *perplex* his antagonist that he became "mortal sick." This resistance to what had, indeed, been a most brutal and ruffian assault, would have been amply satisfactory to Wrench, who felt more disposed to appeal to a magistrate than to the laws of honour; but the opinion of his wife, who seemed to think that "none but the brave deserved the fair," overruled him; and although he knew he had but little chance of escaping a ball from his antagonist, yet he felt the dire necessity of sending him a message as soon as he was recovered, and in this determination he was encouraged by his wife and her *friends*.

Our expectant duellist, in the mean time, formed many projects. He doubted the true courage of Burke, and thought of proposing a duel across a handkerchief.

One morning, early, as he was thus meditating on saving his honour without risking his bones, he was startled from his reverie by the sounds of martial music! Wrench had been in the army. The merry drums and shrill fife aroused him: he went to the window—it was a regiment marching in to do garrison duty—he thought he recognised the uniform; it was like that of the old and gallant 48th, that had distinguished itself in so many actions. He looked again as the colours passed by—it was the 48th. Was Jem Burnes, his old comrade, and an assistant surgeon in that corps, with it? What a comfort it would be to him to meet his once merry, rolicking companion, in his present hour of need! The regiment had passed; several mounted officers were in the rear, and, on a sorry garron, he recognized Jem Burnes. He actually gave a screach of joy: he rushed down stairs, and in a moment his hand was clasped in the rough grasp of his old school-fellow.

It is customary for officers on a march to dine together; but Jem Burnes was easily persuaded to take his pot-luck with Wrench, the more cheerfully when he told him he was in the very "centre of a hobble." It is needless to add, that the very best dinner and the most approved wines and whiskeys were brought out on the occasion. Mrs. Wrench was delighted with Jemmy Burnes, who, with all due respect to Maurice Quill's memory, was one of the most amusing wags that ever beguiled the tedium of camp or bivouac. After dinner, and over a jug of punch of Mrs. Wrench's composition, Wrench opened his heart to his brother chip; but he had scarcely pronounced the name of Burke, when Burnes asked him to describe the fellow, and whether he had not been in the regiment at Albuera. On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he gave a shout, swallowed a scalding bumper of liquor, and exclaimed, "By the piper that played before Moses, my boy, I'll do that chap as brown as a berry;" and it now came out that Jem Burnes was the very surgeon who had seen

Burke in the field at Albuera, when he had fallen out of the ranks and pretended to be wounded.

This was a glorious piece of intelligence to Wrench; but his delight was damped by the reflection, that he might have been wounded after his friend had seen him; but Burnes cheered him once more by swearing—"Not a bit of it." I know all about his wound, too. I can say no more at present, my lad of wax; but, to-morrow morning, by cock shout, I'll be with him, and show all Galway that the fellow's white feather is as long as I could spin a Welsh rabbit of Malohane cheese.—Hurrah!—your sowl! Another jug, my boy, we'll have rare delight! Ah! Mister Pat Burke, the grenadier *chiner*, you 'll never clap your croobeen under any gentleman's *oxter* * again. The big blackguard! the thief of the world! Fight him, my boy! Sorra! taste of a fight he 'll have, if he waits for you, Wriggle, my lad! I 'll make the spalpeen shake like a jelly-bag, like a dog in a wet sack."

Much more did Mr. James Burnes say on the occasion, and with increasing national eloquence, until he could not exactly explain himself very clearly, and his host conducted him to the hotel. And so pregnant was he with wrath, that his very last ejaculation on tumbling into bed was, "By the powder of war, I'll turn his sowl topsy-turvy, like a beggarman's breeches."

What his vindictive dreams might have been, it is difficult to say, but at "hanging and hot-roll time," † as he called it, Mr. Burnes was up and dressed, and after indicting a protocol, he sallied forth on his negotiation.

Captain Burke lodged on a third floor in the back of a tailor's house, and his apartment was in keeping with his character. The room was small, and its only furniture consisted of a bed, a rickety table, a three-legged chair, and a cut down office-stool; on the table were fragments of bread and cheese, eggshells, and cigar-stumps, an empty whiskey decanter, two or three tumblers, an end of "mutton light," stuck by way of save-all in the neck of a broken bottle; and the chamber was redolent with the fumes of punch, tobacco, and cheese. The only ornament that decorated it, was a coloured engraving of its tenant chining "The French Grenadier," and a number of cards pasted on the wall, with an ace shot out or the mark of a bullet close to the centre. On a little shelf was a case containing the Captain's "marking irons," or pistols, which were in fact the only article of any value in his kennel. He was in bed, rolled up in dirty blankets, and his head-dress, rather picturesque and *à la Rembrandt,* consisted of a napkin smeared with yolk of egg, which served him in the triple capacity of towel, table-cloth, and nightcap. The visit was unexpected, and he rose on his couch to receive the interloper:—

"It 's Captain Patrick Burke, no doubt, that I have the honour of addressing?" said Burnes.

"The very man," replied Burke, "but I haven't the advantage of acknowledging your acquaintance;" and he beckoned him to a seat.

"Are you quite sure and certain that you never saw the like o' me before?" said Mr. Burnes, with a sarcastic look and a wink.

"As to the matter of that, I 've seen your head on somebody's

* *Anglicè*, walk arm-in-arm. † Eight in the morning.

shoulders, but when and where, faix, I can't exactly say," replied the Captain.

"Well, I'll refresh your memory — as the man said when he trod on his neighbour's corn; and maybe it's not the field of Albuera that you recollect, on the 16th May 1811, on a beautiful rainy morning, when a man couldn't see a stim for the fog."

Here the Captain gazed upon the unwelcome stranger, and appeared much agitated.

"If you remember, Captain, I was the surgeon you came to, to dress your desperate wounds; and when I told you that the devil a thing ailed you, you seemed quite offended. Now, I'm come to give you satisfaction."

"What do you mane, sir?" answered Burke, looking very fierce.

"I mane, that I am glad to see you recovered from your illness; it must have been a mighty indigestion when you swallowed the bear-skin cap of the grenadier you chined like an orange."

"Do you pretend to say, sir, that I was not wounded?" replied Burke, looking more fiercely.

"Arrah! pray, Captain, dear, don't look so mighty angry; I'm before breakfast, and quite *frightful*. You look as fierce as a turkey-cock with one eye."

"I don't understand your jokes, sir! Do you mane to insult me?"

"Then, 'pon my word, Captain, you're mighty 'cute at guessing a body's meaning!"

"Do you presume to say, sir," rejoined the Captain, somewhat softened down, "that I was not desperately wounded in that battle?"

"Arrah! be azy, Captain," calmly answered Burnes. "I have brought you the compliments of Senhor Don Pedro d'Arevedo, at whose house you were quartered at Olivença, when your desperate wounds compelled you to go to the rear."

Burke's lips quivered.

"And wasn't she a nice body, the Senora Maria, the Don's wife? and mighty fond of an Irishman? And didn't the darling boy of an Irishman give the Don a right good lambasting? — devil mend him for his jealousy; and didn't the Don waylay the *cooleen*, and tip him a touch of cold iron, just under the brisket, and left him, as he thought, for dead; and, like a good Christian that he was, had masses said for his poor soul? And wa'n't that Irishman a Mr. Patrick Burke, from Galway, as great a bully and a coward as ever pulled foot before an enemy?"

"Blood and ouns, sir!" roared out Burke.

"Keep your temper, jewel, or you may break a blood-vessel.—Unfortunately for Captain Burke, he left his kit in his quarters, with his name on the trunk; — and a mighty nice kit it was: one shirt and a half, twenty-four shirt-collars, and twelve wristbands; three woollen socks, and half a pair of woollen drawers; the entire of which the provost sold by auction for a tenpenny bit. — But he had also left his silver watch, which I kept until I could find the Captain; and the case of which served me in the meantime to poach eggs in. Here it is, Captain, as good as new, only the guts are all knocked out."

So saying, he presented the horror-struck Captain with an old

silver watch, of the value of about five shillings, with the arms of his family engraved on the case.

The Captain looked aghast, as his tormentor laid the watch on his bed, adding: "It's no doubt a family heir-loom, for, I understand you are *descended* from a mighty ancient race,—by the powers! I don't think that you could *descend* much lower than you are!"

Burke was quivering with rage, and at last burst forth:—"You shall give me satisfaction for this, sir! Leave my room — and to-morrow —"

"To-morrow! Mr. Captain Burke, the following little bit of information shall be stuck up in the coffee-room; but, as I believe your spelling is indifferent, I'll assist you,"— and Burnes read the following:—

"Whereas, a fellow, of the name of Patrick Burke, formerly an ensign in the —— regiment from which he was dismissed for ungentlemanly and unofficerlike conduct by a court-martial, has thought proper to assume the appellation of Captain, and to boast of various feats of arms at the battle of Albuera, We, the indignant Officers of his Majesty's —— regiment, do hereby declare, for the purpose of undeceiving the public in regard to this bare-faced impostor, that the said Patrick Burke deserted his colours during that glorious action in the most cowardly and dastardly manner, dropping to the rear, and pretending to be wounded; that he fled as far as Olivença, where, instead of concealing his disgrace, he insulted in the most ruffian-like manner the wife of his hospitable host, a weak and debilitated man, whom he maltreated in the most brutal and base manner; in consequence of which the said host, whose name was Don Pedro d'Arevedo, stabbed the ruffian, who, when carried to the hospital of Elvas, falsely and infamously declared that the wound he had received had been inflicted by a French grenadier in the battle of Albuera, whom he had *chined*; and the said Burke has subsequently continued to maintain this infamous falsehood. Therefore, We, the undersigned, to prevent a hostile meeting which was about to take place between this blackguard and a gentleman of the town, who is no doubt unacquainted with his character, do hereby declare him to be a coward, a liar, and a slanderer, unfit to move in the society of gentlemen; and have no hesitation in saying, that any person who would condescend to meet him, would sink himself to his degraded and contemptible level. — And here, Mr. Captain Burke," added his visitor, follow the signatures of eight officers, who, like myself, witnessed your gallant conduct on the occasion. And now, sir, that I have convinced you that the greatest blackguard can pass for a gentleman, and the most dastardly coward fight a duel, and kill his man, I wish you a good morning."

Mr. Patrick Burke was an ingenious man, and a great admirer of the great Napoleon; and as that hero invariably ran away when he got into scrapes — from Egypt, Russia, and Waterloo, Burke did not consider it derogatory to his dignity to levant, or, as it is genteelly called in Ireland, "tip his rags a gallop." — That very night he left his key under his door and departed, owing a twelvemonth's *rint* to his landlord, besides a suit of clothes, and various artistic renovations. Thus did Dr. Wriggle Wrench find himself the tranquil possessor of a handsome wife, and a property of upwards of

fifteen hundred pounds per annum, which, fortunately for the town of Galway, enabled him to live without practice, having verified by his marriage the old *Irish* saying — YOU MIGHT AS WELL KILL A MAN AS FRIGHTEN HIM TO DEATH.

It is customary for all writers of romances and stories to inform the gentle and curious reader, that the hero and heroine of his tale led a long and a happy life — but, alas! as we are historians, we have not such a favourable issue to record. We lament to say, that a gallant and gay lieutenant-colonel of dragoons smote the lady's too-susceptible heart, and she proved faithless to the little Doctor. A trial ensued, and, strange to say, twelve true men, who no doubt were bachelors, brought in a verdict of *One shilling damages!*

Her fortune was at her own disposal; and the last time we heard of Dr. Wrench, he was surgeon of a convict ship.

Burke was more lucky. He had taken his departure with several adventurers, for South America, where he really did screw his courage to the sticking point — the more readily, as the mode of warfare was just calculated to suit him — fighting for three days in the week, running away the three days following, and resting to repose on his laurels every Sunday. Thus, he actually rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. The story of "The French Grenadier of Albuera," he would still relate, but as a *hoax* that he had practised on national gullability. He returned to England covered with glory, and succeeded in marrying a rich old maid at Brighton, who amply rewarded him for his hard services.

Were we editing another series of "Sayings and Doings," this happy union might have illustrated a proverb much used in the Emerald Isle, IT IS A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURN.

THE QUIET HOUR.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

LISTEN, listen! sounds are stealing
Tiptoe on the balmy air;
Eve, her rainbow robe revealing,
Blushes through the twilight fair;
Whilst dreamy voices, touch'd with Pleasure's pain,
Hum their sweet incense through the yearning brain.

Listen, listen! hearts are beating
To a soft yet dulcet tone;
Speak not—breathe not,—eyes are meeting,
Rich in light as jewell'd zone:
Echo enchanted sleeps—the fragrant breeze
Just fans the leaflets on the em'rald trees.

Listen, listen! streams are singing
Down amid the amber glade;
Fairies perfumed bells are ringing,
The night-bird trills from out the shade.
Shall not our silent souls awake to move
In unison, when all around is love?

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN:

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE ROYAL FAVOURITE AND HER VICTIM.

There is the moral of all human tales;
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
First freedom, and then glory—when that fails
Wealth, vice, *corruption.* BYRON.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the influence of personal appearance. The masses rarely look below the surface: and Madame Lauricourt, the Bath milliner, had lived with her eyes open when she left this as her dying charge to the niece who watched her last hours,—"Laura, if you wish to thrive, study, my child, study the—*exterior!*"

In the last months of my chaplaincy an old man was brought into the gaol,—a very crafty old man he was said to be, a very knowing old man he unquestionably was,—who attracted considerable attention. He had a profusion of long, glossy hair, perfectly white; fine clear complexion; bright blue eye, and frank, soldiery address.

On visiting round the prison—my invariable custom on a Thursday,—I noticed the venerable octogenarian with his usual companion, a book; and looking as tranquil, smiling, and self-possessed as if he had been a voluntary visitor, and not a compulsory inmate.

"Is your sight so strong at eighty as to enable you, unassisted, to read that close print?"

"More than that," said he, briskly; "it enables me to see my way out of this dreary prison, and through the mesh of difficulties which my enemies have twined around me. Meanwhile this gives wings to many a heavy hour." He pointed as he spoke to a little devotional manual that lay beside him. "It was the present of my old master, the rector of H——ll. I was his secretary and steward. He little thought his gift would one day console me in a prison. So much for acquaintance with the great! And, above all, for running on the Duke of York's confidential errands!"

"Hark'ee, my man! Don't introduce idly into your conversation names like those. It will not serve your purpose. Quite the contrary. In your circumstances the freedom is manifestly improper."

"Why?"

"Because you could have known such parties only by hearsay."

"I saw his Royal Highness," returned the old man firmly, but without the slightest tinge of irritation, "every day of my life at one time. Had he lived, he would—*even now*—have befriended me. But God has willed it otherwise: and—I must befriend myself."

"But the clergyman alluded to—of him what have you to say?"

"That he was murdered by the great—murdered,—I can give it no other term. Wonderful! that he who was so compassionate and generous to others should have perished so fearfully and so sadly." The old man brushed away a tear, and then continued, "but I don't blame him,—but I do *her*, the cockatrice! and the great still more, who encouraged him in his extravagance, and then—deserted him."

"A country clergyman," said I, calmly, "should have known the peril of such associates."

"But he was *not* a country clergyman; at least *his* could hardly be called other than a town living; and the friends — the summer friends, — which his various popular qualities collected round him, were persons of the highest rank. His society was sought by more than one member of the royal family. This very circumstance fed his ambitious hopes, and hastened his downfal."

"Not if he was a man of principle."

"He was such at one period—strictly so: but principle, sir, sometimes totters under the pressure of debt and difficulty; and a man's sense of right and wrong fades before the howl of clamorous creditors. But for this, my poor master would never have been so infatuated as to think of buying his way to a bishoprick."

"Buying it?"

"A nobleman's nephew, who had obtained a commission through her means in a 'crack' cavalry regiment, suggested to the rector the policy of *making a friend* of Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke."

"Doubtful policy, I should say."

"Doubtful?" cried the old man, — "it was fatal. The advocacy of this woman was to be secured by gold; and the incumbent of H——, already in difficulties, and beset by a crowd of creditors, was driven to various, and not very becoming expedients to raise the sum which this harpy, in the *first* instance, demanded. He borrowed right and left; and at length, with infinite difficulty, completed the amount. It was one thousand pounds. During the progress of the affair—ah! I little knew my errand: would to God I had! my confiding and generous benefactor should not have been so grossly duped, —it was my duty more than once to wait the leisure of the royal favourite; and I well remember the splendour in which this lively, vain, extravagant, and, after all, not particularly handsome woman, lived. But I recollected her long, long before she had attracted the notice of the Duke of York. I remembered her at Exmouth, when she resided at Manchester House, in those days a noble dwelling, adjoining that belonging to Mr. Russell, the Exeter banker; and when she had neither bishopricks, commissions, nor clerkships in the ordnance, to dispose of to the highest bidder. Sad! sad! that he, who must have known the nature of her claims on the Duke of York, and whose very calling should have made him reject advancement through such a medium, should have ever trusted fame, fortune, character, all, to the keeping of an unscrupulous woman!"

"And was there no friend,—no connection,—none to warn him?"

"He had no confidant! Secrecy the most rigid was imposed upon him; and such was his faith in the favourite's assurances, and such the trust he reposed in her oft-repeated declarations, that to the very first vacancy on the bishop's bench he would, by the Duke of York's influence, inevitably succeed; that instead of having any fears about the future, and prudently curtailing his expenditure, his guests became more numerous, and his mode of living more lavish than ever. It was an agreeable position while the delusion lasted. Much was his society courted; and many were the gay carriages that rattled down to H——ll; and 'a most entertaining, intelligent, well-informed host,' was the description given of the rector by his various, and well-informed guests. All went merrily till the House of Commons smashed him—utterly and irretrievably. Bishoprick, rectory, royal chaplaincy, all vanished. In twelve hours he was a ruined man."

"The House of Commons! There you must be in error. No decision of that house could so affect him?"

"But evidence given at its bar did. There was at that time of day a mischievous, restless being, named Colonel Wardle; and he coupled together, in a very ominous way, the names of the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke. Some truly awkward disclosures were made as to the extent in which the lady had turned to pecuniary account her influence over her royal lover. Among other lamentable exposures was that of the rector's negotiation for a bishoprick; the sum he had paid the lady for her good offices; and the eagerness and pertinacity with which he had urged her to fulfil her promises. All became public; and you know, sir, how furious John Bull is during his periodical fits of morality, and with what determination he clamours for a victim. In truth *a victim he will have.* The floodgates of popular indignation were all open on my unfortunate master. The press denounced him. The bench of bishops cried "fie!" and were immeasurably shocked at him. Worst of all, his creditors cried 'pay,' and closed their ledgers against him. Look where he would, he was a ruined man. Flight was inevitable; and, to avail, it must be *immediate.* Every shilling he could raise in any direction, and from any source, was collected together; and at dusk, alone, and by stealth, he quitted H——ll for ever. His destination in the first instance was Hatchett's Hotel, where he was to sleep; and whence he was to proceed at early dawn the next morning, to a foreign hiding-place. It was an hour full of anguish for one so caressed and followed as he had been; and keen was the self-reproach which at that moment stung him. No marvel, then, that recollection and self-control utterly failed! His purse, containing all that he had in the world,—every facility he possessed for flight,—his sole friend at that crisis, was left, in the hurry and agitation of the moment, in the hackney-coach which brought him to Hatchett's; of this carriage he had not taken the number; nor, in hourly dread of arrest, did he dare to adopt means to ascertain it. He retired to his sleeping-room; but it is imagined that the desperation of his fortunes, and his forlorn position, and his dread of the world's scorn, overpowered his reason. He hung himself during the night! The waiter found him the following morning cold and lifeless. He was suspended from the bed-post; and had been dead some hours! All attempt, therefore, to restore him was hopeless. Said I not rightly, sir, that he was a victim—a victim to a sordid and heartless woman?"

"And the Duke—did he show no feeling?"

"Great—great: but he was himself the dupe of the most finished craft, as was, ere long, admitted by his sworn foes."

"A melancholy close," said I, "to an unusual and unjustifiable speculation!"

"Ay! and one of its most extraordinary features was this,—that with ample opportunities of ascertaining personally from the Duke himself whether the lady's representations were true, and that his Royal Highness had taken, and was taking still, the active part which she alleged, in the rector's advancement, he never adverted to the subject, nor made the slightest inquiry; an omission the more incomprehensible, since after his death it was found he had been thrice warned anonymously of the folly of placing any reliance on the lady's promises. One of these letters, from its style, the hand-

writing, and, above all, from its *positive* tenor, was thought by many to have been penned by the Duke himself. But, be that as it may, the warning was unavailing. Poor fellow! I well remember one of his remarks in his last ministerial effort in H——ll church. He was alluding to the rapidity with which events chased each other, and drove their moral and meaning from man's memory. He divided time into the past, the present, and the future; and contended that true wisdom consisted in *giving up the past to oblivion;* the present to duty; and the future to Providence. 'The past to *oblivion!*' Does he hold to that estimate NOW?"

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE SPECULATOR.

To the man who does not understand high principles, who at best calls them convenient prejudices, there is always one leaf in the book of knowledge shut; there are motives that are unknown to him, there are actions which he cannot comprehend.—G. P. R. JAMES.

"AND now," said I, taking advantage of a pause in the old man's narrative, "let me direct your attention to matters of personal import. You, who have so much to say relative to another, can, doubtless, explain thoroughly your own position: what misdemeanor brings you here?"

"Oh! one quite out of the common course! I am brought here for stealing *my own property!*"

"Don't trifle," said I sternly.

"Nothing further from my intention: nothing more unbecoming my years. I state the simple truth. Nay, sir, do not turn away as if you suspected I was misleading you."

"I more than suspected it: my impression amounts to conviction."

"Then listen; and admit that first impressions constantly require correction. I am confined here on a charge of felony,—purloining, they term it, certain deeds and documents, which deeds and documents *happen to be my own!* and relate to my own property?"

"How so?"

"I am a speculator, and a bold one. I married, six weeks since, an old lady of seventy."

"Man—be serious!"

"Can I be otherwise after an exploit of that nature?" I turned away. "Nay, sir, pray listen; the subject is tempting: but I will *not* be jocular. This marriage, which none could say was *premature*, my friends regarded as insane: myself as politic. The lady, I grant, was somewhat open to remark. She had been in difficulties; was still slightly embarrassed; and her name not altogether new in the Insolvent Court. I own—these points are best admitted in the outset — that her estates lay in the county of *Ayr;* and that her assets were represented by those figures called by mathematicians 'unknown quantities;' still I contend it was a prudent marriage!"

The tone, the look, the gesture with which this avowal was made, were so droll as to divert me from my settled purpose of severely censuring him.

"You see, sir," he continued, "when I made the acquaintance of this ill-advised and unfortunate woman, she was a widow; having a life-interest in the handsome property left by her husband. She

relished change of air, and was much given to locomotion; liked to spend the winter at Bath, and the summer at Southampton; the autumn at Paris, and the spring at Cheltenham. The pastime proved expensive; and so she fell first into the clutches of the Jews; then into the hands of beings infinitely more merciless—London attorneys; and was politely introduced by these latter to the polished courtesies of the Insolvent Court. Thence, after a desperate battle, she made her escape; and found to her cost that she was penniless, or nearly so, her life-income being assigned over to the use and benefit of her creditors. Children, it is true, she had, who were lavish of—their critiques and counsel. The eldest hopeful remarked,—'This comes of your rambling propensities! So much for having a taste for nature! What occasion had you to see a sunset on the Rhine, or the Bay of Naples by moonlight? You should have remained at home; and have taken things for granted. *I* feel for you! Jane feels for you! We all feel for you; and our united advice is—*assistance from us you, of course, do not expect,*—our united and *decided* advice is—keep at home for the rest of your days, and leave foreign sights to foreign people!' What an agreeable announcement! and how consolatory, under the circumstances!"

The bushy eyebrows of the speaker rose; the corners of his mouth fell; his comical eyes rolled round and round; and again I determined to interrupt and chide him; and, as before, the drollery of his aspect rendered my resolution abortive.

"I heard," continued he, "of the poor woman's trouble, and made it my business to look carefully through her late husband's will. It was a long-winded document; but at length I lighted on a clause which would, I saw, damage her enemies, the solicitors—Heaven's blessings on Lord Brougham for his cordial hatred of these vampires!—hopelessly and irretrievably. The old distiller's will gave his locomotion-loving relict the interest of all his property during her life, or, as a subsequent sentence slyly stated, 'till she remarried.' On the occurrence of that certainly somewhat improbable contingency her life-interest ceased, and the property became vested wholly and absolutely in her children! 'Don't you see,' said I, addressing her affectionate offspring, 'the amazing importance of this clause? Marry your mother; marry her forthwith; marry her, I say, at the earliest possible moment, and so get to windward most effectually of these legal blood-suckers.'

"'But who will marry,' was the answer, such an ailing, decrepid, asthmatical old woman?'

"'*I*,' was the reply,—'*I*, on any sunshiny morning she may please to name!'

"The idea was approved; the marriage decided on; and the ceremony performed. The lawyers looked grim, and relaxed, slowly and unwillingly enough, their gripe of the property. But the lady's life-interest was at an end. The property had passed to her children; and her creditors and their law-advisers prayed for patience, and whistled. This deliverance effected, I demanded my share of the spoil, and received for answer that I was a disinterested person, and should look, like all disinterested men, for my reward in heaven. I demurred to so distant a date, and retaliated. Every deed belonging to the property I took into *my most careful custody*. My opponents could neither sell, nor mortgage, nor transfer, nor—what

was worst of all — *receive.* Their better judgment deserted them. They grew furious; and instead of trying one or more of the provisions of the 'conciliation act;' brought a charge of felony against me: and here I am. But it's all moonshine! They can make nothing of it! They thought to intimidate me. Bah! bah! There is some blood in these old veins yet. I'm an honest man, sir: and so I shall prove!"

I had my doubts of this from his own statements; but there was no time to argue the point, and we parted. The assizes came on; and at their close I missed my old acquaintance. To my inquiries for him—

"Oh! the white-headed old gentleman!" replied the gaoler. "I remember him. *He's all right!* He left this morning. He doubled up the lawyers, as he said he should."

"How so? What became of the indictment?"

"No BILL!"

What a candid, clear-complexioned, venerable-looking old *intriguant* he was!

THE WATERS OF BABYLON.

BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.

Psalm cxxxvii.—*Super flumina Babylonis.*

How harsh was that request, which Israel heard,
From scornful lips to aching hearts preferr'd,
When, where Euphrates' waters slowly glide,
Weeping they sat in the sweet eventide.

"Strike the neglected harp, and wake those lays
Your maids were wont 'neath Judah's vines to raise!"
Cruel demand! how may the captive sing?
How shall the mourner touch joy's golden string?

"Our harps hang on the willow's wither'd bough,
Broken is every wire, or tuneless, now;
The songs that peal'd through Salem's holy towers
We must not, cannot, breathe in Gentile bowers!

"City of Solomon, thy pomp has fled;
Thy halls lie desolate, thy princes dead;
And where the glory of our God once shone
There stands a crumbling ruin, void and lone.

"Though doom'd to wander in ungenial climes,
A race of exiles for our fathers' crimes,
Never, whilst through our veins life's current flows
Will we forget, Jerusalem, thy woes!

"How long, O Lord! shall Israel's foes possess
Thy chosen seat, making it wilderness?
How long, a weary remnant sad and lone,
Must Israel's children dwell in lands unknown?

"Our home is distant far; yet Fancy's dream
Seats us again by Jordan's sacred stream
And willowy banks; but ah! they are not nigh,
It is Euphrates' wave that murmurs by!"

So sang a dark-eyed choir of Hebrew maids
Their latest song beneath night's falling shades;
E'en the dark river, pausing, seem'd to hear,
And the pale willows gleam'd with many a tear!

Banks of the Yore.

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

Of all the agreeable, of all the fascinating creatures in existence, none can equal "the real woman of the world." Of all the cold, stiff, and repulsive characters that frequent society, none can vie with "the woman of the world." Opposites may sometimes be true; the contradictory account here given of the same individual is strictly correct. To the rich, to the great, to the influential, the female we describe is the most agreeable companion that ever won golden opinions. To the poor relative, to the fallen friend, or the person above whom she has risen, none can be so haughty, so insulting. Thank Heaven! we seldom find spinsters enlisted in this class, and rarely persons during their first marriage; but in a well-seasoned widowhood, in a state of second connubial bliss, the vampire lady has full scope to play off the knowledge, the intrigue, which debased moments have instilled into her. To trample on those who have served her, to cut those who can no longer pander to her ambition or her pleasure, to spurn her equals, and to make use of her superiors, are the only objects in life which the hackneyed and often-deceived female of this class endeavours to accomplish. The long-cheated gambler frequently ends in becoming a sharper, considering it but fair to retaliate on the less experienced those evils which he himself has endured. On the same principle, the well-worn matron of deeply-acquired knowledge, seeks to deceive those who have already but too often succeeded in misleading her. If you are of a reckless disposition you may encounter a tiger single-handed, and, by a miracle, come off victorious. Avoid, however, a "woman of the world." Satan himself is no match for her.

When a woman of this stamp smiles, be sure that deceit lurks under the seeming good-nature. It is true that she will occasionally, in passing in her carriage, or even in speaking to her servant, thus indulge; these bland looks, however, are meant to show her teeth, half of which are false. If she really and palpably smiles upon you, there is a latent motive, which has called up the look: some scheme is about to be built on your credulity. When she frowns she is less dangerous; you have foiled her, you have thwarted her in some of her plans, you have gained her eternal enmity; so much the better. The open hatred of such a being is far preferable to her hollow, and upas-breathing friendship.

If a widow, she is mild, extremely ready to oblige, anxious to promote the pleasures of "young people," desirous of showing attention to the old and the infirm. Bashful of her own accomplishments, she seems anxious to draw out those of others, warm in her regards, earnest in her advice, and general conversation.

If married, she publicly makes much of her husband, because she knows it raises herself. A tyrant at home, she is all amiability abroad; wedded to an old man, she pretends to be jealous of him, in order to tickle his vanity. Espoused to a young one, she continually affords him a round of pleasure, to prevent his thoughts recurring to the match he has made. Overbearing to her dependant relatives, obsequious to her betters, knowing and alert towards her tradespeople, apparently innocent and simple in general society, the woman of the world has accumulated a nice little sum, amassed what is vulgarly called "a long stocking," in case of her husband's death; for, be it well understood,

this regular church-goer has taken her own reading of the parable of the "unjust steward," and wisely determined to make friends of the "mammon of unrighteousness," in order that worldly friends may receive her into their "habitations."

No circumstance can throw the well-tutored "woman of the world" off her guard. It is true she has her *company* manner and voice, her *domestic* rule and tone; yet so perfectly *au fait* is she, so continually prepared for every event, that I am confident, in case of a fire occurring, or a storm beating in the roof of her house, she would, previously to flying from the premises, secure her jewel-box, throw off her curl-papers, and put on a *leetle* rouge.

These persons, like characters in a masquerade, are often of the amusing sort. The key of their actions, once in your possession, like the manœuvres of a snake, their tortuous movements are an amusing study. They can never seek their object in a direct line; the very act of shaking your hand is with them a subject of speculation. If they have children, they only look upon them as the probable means of future aggrandizement. If they have only step-children, they manage to sow dissension between them and their actual parent, and turn them out of doors. Fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, are all very well as long as they can be of use. When they cease to be so, they are incumbrances, of which the well-visored dame soon manages to get rid.

The great aim of a worldly woman is to assume an easy, good-natured, and friendly manner towards those whom she has long looked down upon and insulted, when she happens to find they can be of use to her. In ten minutes her apparent candour and warm-heartedness have eradicated the sting her former unkindness had inflicted. Again, her dupe believes, and confides in her sincerity, gives up the point which the designing female is anxious to gain, and is once more, this point acquired, treated with scorn by her who was only amiable for a while, in order to effect her purpose.

Avarice is a sure concomitant with a knowledge of the world. The far-seeing female is always preparing for a winter's day. While young and handsome, she can gain much by leading on admirers by artful smiles, and implied encouragement; but well she knows a time must come when these danglers will fall away. To lay up a store against these chances is, consequently, her every-day aim.

It would take too much time to study deeply any question; practical knowledge is all she wants. It is true, she intersperses her conversation with foreign quotations; a few sentences of this kind (thanks to Maunder's "Treasury of Knowledge," and similar works,) are easily acquired. If she is to meet a Baron Rothschild at dinner, she learns from the Morning Post the price of the funds by heart. If she is to sit next to an admiral, she spells over the engagements he has borne a part in, and delights him by her seeming extraordinary knowledge of nautical events. He little dreams that she has acquired all this information from three pages of James's "Naval History." Napier tells her the feats of the generals she is likely to talk to; while the morning journals fill up the rest of her stock of knowledge.

In society she is gay, apparently artless, deferential, and agreeable; at home she is stingy, cross, seemingly fatigued, and slovenly. There are, however, so many classes of this character, that I shall here conclude my paper, only warning you rather to take a serpent to your bosom than make a friend of a "woman of the world."



The House in the Terra



[illegible] street, and that during Lent he must hide in quite a [illegible] petty, though he has a suite of house. In [illegible] (.[illegible] it). You may see his portrait over his bed, covered with [illegible] ribbons and artificial flowers, to typify his devotion [illegible]. Then there are two or three clerks in public offices [illegible]

THE HOUSE IN THE TERRAIN.

A PAINTER'S ADVENTURE IN PARIS.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.

I AM a young English artist—at least, my friends have been telling me so for the last four years. I do not believe I have any claim to the name; because the Royal Academicians have constantly refused to accept my pictures; and they ought to be the best judges. However, after four years' striving to get hung, I gave up the attempt in disgust, and left a country where I was unappreciated for Paris. I had introductions to several fashionable people, as I was assured by those who gave me the letters; but was unable to deliver them, in consequence of my beard being in such an unbecoming state for the first month after I took up my quarters in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, which runs, you know, at right angles to the Rue Vaugirard, parallel with the Luxembourg Gardens. I do not admire a beard, but I found all the artists wore them, and tried by their recommendation to cultivate one, which grew so slowly and irregularly that I was quite unpresentable for a long time, except at the *table d'hôte* of artists, where I dined, at the wine-shop of one Père Moulin in the Rue Cherche Midi. I was introduced to it by a young Englishman, who was painting in Paris; where he found everything an artist requires more within his reach than in England. Atelier, fees, models, canvases, colours, &c., were all cheaper and better than amongst us. He was a great favourite of the young Frenchmen who filled the table at Père Moulin's wine-shop. I am a painter, and must describe minutely. You entered the room where we dined through the shop, whose low counter, well furnished with bottles and glasses, was presided over by Madame Moulin, a good motherly lady, who made capital soup, and had the secret of a *sauté* of kidneys to perfection. Behind the shop are two dark holes; in one of which lives the boy George, with a favourite pig of Moulin's, though the pig is very small, and clean, and when I write this will, no doubt, have been eaten. The other dark hole is the resort of several respectable work-people, who come here to dine, and play at dominoes. Immediately beyond these lies our dining-room. I must say it is rudely furnished. A long table nearly fills it; leaving just room for a row of stump chairs at each side, and a stove at the end. I am also bound to confess that it smells strong of *caporal*, or what answers in France to shag-tobacco. But this we like, and the ladies who visit us occasionally are used to it. The walls are covered with the most extravagant *charges* — I mean caricatures of the different artists who dine here—painted by their most intimate friends. This is the real treasure of the house, valued by Moulin with a sincerity that would put your regular collectors to shame. He figures amongst them himself. If the French Minister of the Interior, who has been negotiating with him for the purchase of this gallery, succeeds in obtaining it, it will be a great thing for the public. Well, so much for our dining-room. Its inmates are all artists, more or less; to be sure we do admit the respectable pharmacien from the other side of the street, and that darling, Père Bisquet, who is quite the wit of the party, though he has a wife at home, he says (though we don't believe it). You may see his portrait over his head, crowned with a wreath of ribbons and artificial flowers, to typify his devotion to the fair sex. Then there are two or three clerks in public offices, capital fellows in

their way, and who can all of them handle a pencil more or less. That stalwart young man, with light hair, is Martial D'Herrison, a native of Dunkerque, and an engineer. He will make his fortune in South America. He wishes to be thought very cynical and wicked, but is at heart a good fellow. His neighbour is my English friend, Armstrong, though his beard is so magnificent, and his head so decidedly French in style. His great Newfoundland dog, Vulcan, is at his feet; and very proud and pleasant he looks. Beyond him do you see that young man, with bushy strong black hair, like a lion's mane, or rather, like the wig or a New Guinea savage, in a red flannel shirt (they call them *varrusses*, and half the artists wear them). His name is Le Breton, and he comes from L'Orient, in Brittany. He just missed the *grand prix* at the French Royal Academy (*The Ecole des Beaux Arts*), and will make a figure in the world. He is as decided as Napoleon, and as strong as a bull, with a fiery temper, and abundance of invention. And on his left sits a giant in body and a lamb in mind, our darling old Chappelier, a *courier de cabinet*, who, when not on the road, does nothing but paint impossible pictures, and whom everybody loves. The not very remarkable-looking person lighting his pipe at the stove is the writer of this paper. There may be half-a-dozen besides, whom I need not describe, as they are not of any importance to my story. Well, I have got my characters before you, though I wish I were working with palette and pencil instead of pen and paper, as I should then be more at home in my work.

I certainly lived a pleasant life in Paris. Painting all day; our merry dinner of thirty sous; our pipes afterwards, with a *petit verre*; and those glorious atelier evenings, when we gathered round the stove in the large barn-like, half-furnished room. I see them now; the huge easels, with their half-covered canvases shoved into corners; the casts and studies that covered the walls; the two or three odd-looking carved chairs; perhaps a lay figure, if not a skeleton, in one corner, and a guitar in another; the pleasant fumes of the caporal in one's nostrils; and through all, the clear voice of Rema and Fifine mingling in sweet treble with D'Herrison's powerful bass, or my friend Armstrong's clear English barytone, that it made one proud of one's country to hear. They certainly were pleasant evenings, ay, and the right sort of evenings for an artist to spend. Many a problem of art was discussed fairly and fearlessly in our conclaves; and the good-hearted little *grisettes*, who were our friends and companions, looked quietly on, smiling at what they did not understand.

One night our meeting at Armstrong's had been prolonged to an unusually late hour. When I tell you that it was Christmas Eve you will not wonder at it. We had had all manner of festivities. A huge plum-pudding purchased at the English confectioner's in the Rue St. Germain, after sore puzzlement of the *grisettes* about the cooking of it, had been discussed, with its accompanying burnt brandy. We, the English of the party, had sung "Rule Britannia" and "God save the King" till we were hoarse; and the Frenchmen, in rivalry, had made the old walls ring again with the "Marseillaise" and "Le Chant du Départ," followed by a general chorus of French and English, men and women, of

"Voilà la vie,
Voilà la vie,
Des Bohémiens Parisiens!"

from the melodrama at the Ambigu, then turning the heads of all Paris. We had grown very riotous towards the small hours, and one of us, who had credit with the *marchand des vins* over the way, had rashly procured half-a-dozen of Beaune (first quality), which again gave rise to a general frying of "*beignets*," discussed with heartiest relish, amidst roars of laughter and snatches of discordant song. In fact, we were as near drunk as one ever allows oneself to be in France, and incurred more than one warning growl from the patrol as we descended the Rue Notre Dame des Champs on our way to the Rue Vaugirard. Here we separated. I and Le Breton, though our roads lay in opposite directions, had got into a hazy but vehement argument about the respective provinces of Art and Nature, and he insisted on accompanying me to the door of my lodgings opposite to the Luxembourg. We arrived there without coming to a satisfactory settlement of the question; and no wonder, seeing that wiser men, and soberer disputan have been unable to decide on the same knotty point.

"We must not part yet," said Le Breton. "If Madame Bourgeoi will let me in, I'll smoke a pipe with you before going to bed."

"Very well," I replied, repeating a ring loud enough to wake the drowsiest *portière* in the quarter. No answer was returned; no *cordon* pulled to give us entrance. My impatient comrade grew tired of standing in the cold; and, let me tell you that a Christmas night in Paris, with the mud two inches deep under your feet, is no joke.

"Let us adjourn to the *Terrain*," exclaimed he at last, pulling me by the arm. "I'll light a fire, and you shall sleep on my sofa."

I was in that happy state when bed is no object, and agreed to his proposal. The *Terrain* to which we were bound was a wide space of enclosed ground, covered with stunted vegetables, and broken up into building sites, encumbered with the usual accompaniments of an increasing quarter, mason's shed, hewn stones, and lime-heaps. The house in which Le Breton lived stood isolated in the centre of this plot, which might be of eight acres in extent, between the Rue Vaugirard and the exterior Boulevard. The house itself resembled a *chalet*; and I cannot tell for what purpose it had been built originally. At present it contained half-a-dozen ateliers, and the apartments occupied by my companion, who was the sole occupant of the building after dark.

"Take care of your shins!" he cried out, as we groped for the doorway, amidst a chaos of *débris* of building materials.

"All right!" I sang out as we entered the porch.

He had lucifers in the entrance-hall, and lighting his candle, showed me the broad, old-fashioned staircase running up to a corridor which extended round two sides of the interior, and communicated with the ateliers and his apartments. By the dim light of his candle, which only half lighted the wide space, the place had a cold, shivery, uncomfortable look, reminding one of the mysterious country-houses into which benighted travellers are ushered in Minerva Press romances, when their carriages break down in wild countries. Le Breton ran up the stairs, and I followed him. His rooms were on the right; a small salon, with a bedroom adjoining, and the atelier facing; so that to enter the latter one had to cross the corridor.

His rooms were more comfortable than I had anticipated from the first sight of the house; and when he had lit his stove, and we gathered in close to the cheerful fire, pipe in mouth, and some right old cog-

nac within reach, I felt fit to face anything in the way of robber, ghost, or argument. I little thought how soon my coolness might be put to the proof. Well, we argued until both of us confessed that we had so thoroughly lost sight of the original question in a fierce controversy about French and English schools of painting, that it was not worth while to try and recover it. Le Breton retired to bed, and I, lugging his old sofa, a regular painter's property, with cover of stamped Utrecht velvet, and quaintly-carved legs, as near to the stove as safety allowed, stretched myself upon it, to sleep as I best might. I watched the stove, the door of which I opened, till the wood ashes, growing fainter and fainter, had almost expired, and then fell asleep. I don't know how long I had slept, when I was startled from my uncertain slumber by a noise at my ear as of one stumbling over something. At first I thought Le Breton might have left his bed, and was on the point of abusing him for awakening me, when a suppressed *sacré*, in a voice of a pitch quite different from my companion's, drove away all the fumes of sleep and cognac, and set me listening, in that sort of cold sweat one feels under such circumstances, my mouth wide open that my breathing might not be heard, but my heart beating so fast and loud, as I fancied that the former precaution seemed useless. An hour appeared to elapse before anything followed the first exclamation. Then I heard in a distinct, slowly enunciated whisper, "To the right, Antoine, and take care of the easel near the door." Then a cautious step along the corridor, hardly audible. The walker evidently wore *chaussons*, or list-slippers. He stopped at the door, and I felt sick with expectation; different, however, from the first vague fear I had experienced on waking.

"Now, *le rife*" (the light), whispered the first voice, and I heard the whiz of a lucifer and saw the muffled light of a dark lantern cautiously let in from the doorway. It was evident that the thieves, for such they clearly were, had not anticipated finding two inmates. The first exclamation of the man in the room was "The devil, there are two of them!"

"I've got my knife," cooly rejoined his companion, and under my half-closed eyelids I saw him produce from his side-pocket one of those rascally-looking spring knives, which though prohibited by the police, are sold in great numbers in Paris. I felt that sort of tingle which accompanies the return of the blood from the heart, and cautiously gathered myself up for a spring, under the heavy cloak which I had drawn over me before going to sleep.

"Look to the sofa, Antoine, while I *délache de bouchon*" (secure the money), said the first ruffian, as he stole on tiptoe towards the commode, which was close to the bed, and in which I knew Le Breton kept his money. The other rascal, a low, ill-looking vagabond, in a blue blouse and trousers of blue cotton, had made but two steps towards me from the door, when I gave a terrific spring from the sofa, shouting at the same moment to Le Breton in a voice that would have waked the seven sleepers. My object was to fling the cloak over the head of my opponent, but unfortunately he was prepared, and by a movement of his arms, before I could reach him, threw it back so as almost to entangle me, at the same time dashing upon me with a storm of oaths and throwing the light of his lantern full in my eyes so as effectually to dazzle me. Before I knew where we were, he was upon me, dealing stabs with his knife, which were intercepted by the

cloak, which, I believed, saved me. As it was, I felt the blood running freely from my neck. At my cry, Le Breton had awakened, but not in time to escape a stunning blow from a short leaded stick, generally carried by the Parisian night robbers in their exploits. But Le Breton, strong as a horse, would, I knew, take twice the killing of an ordinary man, and I felt comparatively easy about him; but about myself, I was effectually prevented from doing any mischief to my adversary by the cloak, which, while it sheltered me, completely hampered my arms. At last, however, I managed to get my arms loose, and grappled with the robber. I am a Westmoreland man, and know a wrestling trick or two, which I hoped would enable me to floor him. He was, however, trained in this *savatte*, and foiled me at this. All I could do was to hold his arms by flinging mine about his body, and this I succeeded in doing though I felt my strength failing me every instant. While thus employed, what was my horror suddenly to see Le Breton spring past me, followed closely by the other robber, striking furiously at him with his short stick! He has fled, thought I, either for safety or assistance, and we shall have to settle our affair alone. There we stood, my opponent striving to release himself from my grasp, I using my strength, now sinking fast from loss of blood, to keep his arms pinned to his sides. Not a sound was to be heard in the room but our heavy breathing and the robber's suppressed curses. I heard a scuffle going on without, but could distinguish nothing clearly. Things might have been thus for three or four minutes, when my assailant, collecting his strength, gave a tremendous heave, which staggered me. He felt my legs giving under me, and redoubled his efforts. A mist came before my eyes; I yielded ground, and down we came, I below, the robber above me. He extricated his arms, and I felt rather than saw the knife raised in his hand. It came down, fortunately, not through, but within an inch of my neck, for I believe the fellow was as exhausted as myself. I shut my eyes and waited for his next blow, sick at heart. Hark! what is that coming up the staircase? It is no man's step! Something leaps into the room, bounding over the lantern. The weight is taken off my chest, and as I rise to my knees, it is to see, by the flickering light, my assailant in the fangs of Vulcan, Armstrong's dog, which, without our knowledge, had followed us from the atelier, and entered the Terrain behind the robbers. The dog had got his man by the throat and would have finished him. As it was, when I called him off, the fellow was bleeding like a pig, and half suffocated: so we changed positions.

The group was rather a picturesque one. Vulcan couchant, his great tail thump thumping on the floor, and his eyes fixed on the prostrate robber, on whose chest I was kneeling, while the lantern, upset, threw strange oblique shadows from everything in the room.

But during this time what had become of Le Breton? I had been in too critical a position to attend to anything but my own affairs, and it was not till he entered the room, completely blown, that I learnt how it had fared with the other robber. My friend had not fled as I had done him the injustice to suspect. By a providential chance, he had that very day been making a study of arms for a picture he was painting, and had hired from one of the curiosity shops of the Quai Voltaire, a number of quaint, but formidable Eastern weapons, which were grouped in his atelier. This had flashed on his recollection during his brief contest, and he had managed, on leaving the room, to

burst open the atelier door by a rush, and arm himself with a yataghan, with which he soon turned the tables upon his opponent. Like a true American, his blood was up; he was in no hurry to give up the affair, and not content with putting the man to flight, had followed him across the Terrain, without thinking of me.

"I thought," he said, when I remonstrated with him, "that an Englishman was a match for any single opponent, especially a Frenchman," he added with a sort of half sneer, for this was a sore point with him.

Well, Le Breton found a cord, and we secured my man, and then sat down, after relighting the stove, to wait for daylight.

I need not add that our captive was speedily introduced to the sergent de ville, and on examination was recognised as a "*reci diviste*," or criminal already convicted, what in the Argot they call a "*cheval de retour*." He is still at Brest, undergoing the pleasures of the *travaux forcés à perpetuité*. In gratitude to Vulcan I painted his portrait, which hangs before me as I write—good dog! If it had not been for you I shouldn't have lived to paint a fresco, even in Westminster Hall, which the Times says is "audacious," and the Herald "ridiculous and exaggerated." I know I think it is the best thing there.

CHARLECOTE HALL, WARWICKSHIRE.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Grey pile, and venerable! Thou
On whom the weight of years
Is deep impress'd; whose hoary brow
Hath traces Time endears.
A proud ancestral home thou art,
A noble heritage;
With glories few could thus impart,
Unchanged from age to age!

My heart grows buoyant as I mark
That place of quiet rest;
Amidst those monarchs of the park
That shade the river's breast.
It is a spot could sorrow seek
Its loneliness to wile,
The cloud upon the soul would break
Beneath its pleasant smile.

The home of poesy! Behold
With what sweet love 'tis fraught,
What varied beauties here unfold,
And lead to pensive thought.
The hart now bounding by appears
Less timid in his mood;
For none doth practise on his fears
In this green solitude.

And Genius breathes with hallow'd spell
Its influence around;
The peasant tales of yore will tell
Of Charlecote's haunted ground.
How he, the mighty Master Mind,
Advent'rous, sought this spot,
And by the slaughter of a hind
First traced his wondrous lot.

That deep recess! It might be there
The midnight prowler stray'd,
And singled from his covert lair
The fawn in yonder glade.
A goodly shot! and, bending low,
It pants with fleeting breath,
While bending o'er with heated brow,
He gives the blow of death.

Why starts the reiver o'er his prey,
Or quails his piercing eye?
A light sheds forth its watchful ray,
And hurried steps draw nigh.
That stalwart form the menials grasp,
With shout and jest obscene,
While round his hands the thong they clasp,
Awed by his threat'ning mien.

The twelve white Lucies! Shallow's badge,
What mirth do they recall?
The justice seated, pent with rage,
In yonder stately hall.
And Shakspere, ready to provoke
His spleen and self-conceit,
With sallies humorsome, or joke
Upon his vent'rous feat.

* * * *

Here, in this woodland wilderness
Doth rise a shrine to Fame,
Where Nature lovingly doth bless
The poet's gifted name!
Where ev'ry object sanctifies
His memory and worth,
And tells how Genius never dies,
But rules for aye on earth!

CANINOLOGY.

Now that the horse rampant has been driven from the heraldic field of England to that of Hanover, and we miss that noble animal's prancing attitude, enlivening the old familiar blazonry of British lions and Irish harps; we have a chance of substituting a beast as truly national. If our cavalry be matchless, our doggery is unequalled; and the latter, in point of antiquity and excellence, carries off the palm. We have every year instances of sums varying from two to four thousand guineas being given for a horse; but it is only lately that we have become acquainted with the value set upon canine aristocracy.

The evidence of Mr. Bishop, the celebrated gun-maker of Bond Street, or rather, representative of the great Birmingham fabricator, Westley Richards, before the Dog-stealing Committee of the House of Commons, should be given entire, as a new chapter, in the next edition of Bewick's Quadrupeds. From it we learn that from thirty to seventy guineas is the price of King Charles's dogs and peculiar Blenheim spaniels, and that pointers and setters of the purest blood frequently fetch fifty guineas. A dog-sick tailor of Soho, (honour be to his canine *penchant!*) is therein chronicled to have refused forty guineas for his pet; the said snip's income, waifs, strays and cabbage included, only averaging eighteen shillings a week; whilst a sham-gold washer in Regent Street gave a hundred and forty guineas for a delicate animal of a peculiarly diminutive General Tom-thumbish stature. Myself cut, a few days since, a bunch of white Syrian grapes, weighing two pounds more than a fair friend's silky pet on my lap whilst I write. The little shaggy morsel is a year old, and only arrived yesterday, a present from the Havannah. Being shy of Mr. Bishop's friends, I omit to say where I live.

English dogs are fast regaining their proper station in society. We rejoice at nature's re-possession of its equilibrium. Our arms are a dog salient regardant, and our motto, "*Dum canimus canemus.*" "Whilst we are canine we will bark." Our dogology is based upon the researches of learned antiquaries, and now that dogs are resuming the character for which they least were celebrated in Britain, we should be disloyal to our crest were we not to add our mite towards confirming this good feeling.

Latin historians tell us that the dogs of Britain were trained by the Gauls, and used in their battles; and so convinced were the Romans of their prowess, that persons were appointed especially to procure and forward them for the combat of the amphitheatre. The poet Gratius, the contemporary of Ovid, in his work on hunting, commends their superior boldness; at the same time he confesses they were far inferior in beauty of form and colour.

> Si non ad speciem, mentiturosque decores
> Protinus; hæc una est catulis jactura Britannis.
> At magnum cum venit opus, promerendaque virtus,
> Et vocat extremo præceps discrimine Mavors,
> Non tunc egregios tantum admirere Molossos.

In the old romance of Sir Triamour, the hound which plays so distinguished a part in revenging his murdered master (the main inci-

dents of which beautiful story have been introduced by Sir Walter Scott in the tale of "The Talisman"), is said to be an "English hound," at least he is designated as such in the dramatic representation of the same romance by Hans Sachs.

The poets of Italy and Spain were aware of the estimation in which they were held: for Tonsille, in his poem "La Balia; or, the Muse," thus alludes to them:—

> Ei cagnuoli, o siano nostri o di Bretagna
> Perchè il valor de padri in lor si servi
> Non den latte assaggiar di strana eagna.

and Garcilaso de la Viega, with much strength of description, in one of his eclogues,

> Come lebrel de Irlanda generoso
> Me el javalì cerdoso y fiero mira,
> Rebatase, sospira, fuerza y rine
> Y apenas le constrine el atadura
> Que el dueno con cordura mos aprieta.

Four English greyhounds were thought by Froissart a most valuable addition to the pack of the most experienced huntsman of his day, Gaston de Foix. Salnove, however, says; "The English dogs are not more clever and do not possess more dexterity than those of France, but they are naturally more obedient and docile;" and a later writer complains that since the introduction of English dogs, and the consequent mixture of the breeds, "Nos beaux chiens antiques se sont évanouis, on n'y connoît plus rien, et il n'en est resté que la curiosité du pelage."

It is not very easy to determine what particular race of dogs is referred to in the extracts above. It would seem those mentioned by Gratius were of the mastiff or bull-dog breed, or probably of that kind which, in the middle ages, were famous under the name of alanus. The Irish greyhound or wolf-dog, in the lines of Garcilaso is well known to our naturalists; and until the present century the race existed; but it is believed a dog of the true breed is not now to be found. This must have been the sort of hound kept by knights for their defence; it would have been impossible for a greyhound of the common kind to have performed what the hound of Sir Triamour is said to have done. The Irish greyhound was used in France in the seventeenth century for hunting the wild boar and wolf.

But it was the common greyhound that was the favourite dog of our fathers: its beauty, activity and grace peculiarly fitted it to be the companion of gallant knights and fair ladies; the hawk, the horse, and the hound were signs of gentle blood; and many a brave cavalier may be seen in our churches reposing his marble limbs on the faithful body of his greyhound. So great was the fondness for this class of dogs, that, about the end of the fourteenth century, the Count de Sacerre founded an order called the order of the greyhound. According to the old writers on the subject, in order to form a perfect dog, the features of several animals, very different in themselves, were necessary. Dame Juliana Barnés, in her book on hunting, thus quaintly sums them up:

> A greyhounde sholde be heeded lyke a snake,
> And neckyed lyke a drake,
> Fotyd lyke a catte,
> Tayllyd lyke a ratte,

Syded lyke a teme,
And chyned lyke a beme.

She then goes on describing how he should be treated year by year, till at last, when grown infirm in the service of his master, and is of no more use in the sports of the field, the merciless old lady thus coolly recommends,

And when he is comyn to that yere,*
Have him to the tannere;
For the beste hounde that ever bytche hadde
At ninth yere he is full badde.

A similar description of a perfect greyhound is in the old French poem on hunting, by Graces de la Bigne, from which, as well as the prose treatise of Gaston Phœbus, much of the lore of the St. Alban's book is derived: it is as follows,—

Museau de luz avoi sans faille,
Arpe de lion, col de cingue,
Encore y avoir autre cique,
Car il avoit oil d'espervier,
Et tout estoit blanc le levrier;
Oreille de serpent avoit,
Qui sur la teste lui gisoit;
Espanle de chevre sauvaige
Coste de biche de bocaige,
Loigne de cerf, queue de rat
Cuise de lievre, pié de chat.

Whether the race of dogs known as alani alauns is still existing it is impossible to say; for though the name is still retained in the Spanish, Italian, and even in the French language, it is used only to denote generally a large dog, a watch or house dog. Perhaps they came originally from European Sarmatia, the inhabitants of which were called Alani. An Italian author of the fourteenth century, quoted by Tyrwhitt, mentions the inhabitants of Milan as particularly attentive in breeding, "Canes alanos altæ staturæ et mirabilis fortitudinis." Gaston Phœbus divides these dogs into three classes, *Allants gentils, Allants vautres*, and *Allants de boucherie*, or those made use of by drovers or butchers.

The varieties of British dogs are many, all too good and useful to need any laudation at the present day; and that they are the best in Europe there can be no doubt; and were a little more attention paid to their breed, especially to that of the larger and more powerful kinds, they would be esteemed at much higher sums than have hitherto been paid for them. Very small, light dogs, like very high-bred horses, are curious, rare, and beautiful, but do small honour to our invigorating climate, which is worthy to produce better things. Many of my smutty neighbours in the collieries hereabouts give half a year's wages for a bull-dog; but what a canine Hercules! What blood and muscle, O ye gods! Dog stealers have, after all, done good service in their generation; they have made us dogmatically determined to protect our kennels; and as the animals are about to become the subjects of a special Act of Parliament, why, as I said before, they are taking their proper place in society.

* The ninth.

ETON SCENES AND ETON MEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR HOOKWELL."

This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day.
COWPER.

The Duke of Wellington; hardiness at Eton; his room, the resort of visitors.—The Duke and the Nelson column.—The Marquis of Douro and Lord Charles Wellesley; their dashing tutor, the Rev. Mr. Wagner, of Brighton.—The Marquis as a swimmer and diver; Lord Charles Wellesley's good humour and marriage.—The Shadwells and Selwyns.—The Vice-Chancellor, his feats at Eton. The Bishop of New Zealand, and the Canon of Ely.—Sir John Leech.—Canning, his love of Eton; a writer in the Microcosm with Lord Henry Spencer, Capel Loft, &c.; a farewell to Eton; Canning's death; Sir T. Lethbridge, George Dawson, and Peel; lines on Sir Robert Peel; the Sons of Canning.—Lord Ashley.—Lord Norreys, his powers of fun and mimicry.—Dr. Keate.—Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D.—Froude, anecdote of—Right Hon. W. Gladstone, his character at Eton.—Sir Stephen Glynne, Bart.

THE first and noblest character of the present age to be mentioned in connection with Eton scenes and Eton men, must be the Duke of Wellington. Wellington was an Eton boy, and if tradition may be credited, a daring and adventurous one. He seems to have been a lad not given to much study and painful research into books, Nature having already placed an original stamp upon him, and presented him with the highly-favoured signet of her own right hand. He who is now familiarly called the "Iron Duke," might well have been in the earlier stages of life yclept the Iron Boy. Instances of the Duke's hardiness, or rather, of young Wellesley's hardiness (as he then simply was) are on record; and among them it is related, that when all the good burgomasters and thrifty tradesmen of Windsor and Eton had retired to rest, young Wellesley on the commencement of a cold winter's night would be proceeding up old icy Father Thames, in a lonely skiff, to the vicinity of Maidenhead bridge, and there, wrapt in single blanket, and watching with single gun, he would be ready by daybreak to get a shot at the wild ducks, or other wild fowl, which were accustomed to congregate under shelter of the eyots, and other harbours of refuge on the Thames.

"Every one to his taste," a fashionable dandy will exclaim; but young Wellesley was no man of fashion, and his tastes were all of the daring and the grand. When we consider the stratagem necessary at a school like Eton to achieve what Wellesley did; perhaps the squeezing through a small window, and traversing frozen roofs of houses; the obtaining clandestinely the gun, and the skiff, and ammunition, with conveyance of his blanket, and the needful prog; and then, the difficulty of an undiscovered return, loaded with booty. Let us think of these things, and then acknowledge in the very boy something that prognosticated the wonderful and unexampled career of the European Duke. The poet Wordsworth, another Wellington in his way, has written truly, that "the child is father of the man." Young Wellesley seems to have been liked in his

generation at Eton, because his feats were admired by the whole school, and very few could dare to be his companions in many a perilous and persevering endeavour in pursuit of a favourite object or pastime.

The room in which he slept is still shewn at Eton, and was the one apportioned to myself for a considerable time. In this room Wellesley, Leith and myself passed many hours in reading Byron, and Scott, and Moore, and other leading authors, and in talking of Wellington, and his connection with it. The boarding-house in which this room may be seen is situated at the upper end of Eton (furthest from Windsor), and was kept in my time by excellent people of the name of Ragueneau; and the large brick house (now coloured, I believe,) immediately beyond was occupied by the Rev. Charles Yonge, my inestimable tutor, who was a most superior man both in the acquirements of mind and disposition. Perhaps the house would best be indicated now by a large elm which adjoined it by the end next to the street, and which, doubtless, is still growing there, while generations of men, like its leaves, have fallen away. If the internal arrangement of this house be still the same, the visitor to Wellington's room must turn short to the right after having ascended the little dark stairs, and then turning to a right-angle again, the door on the left hand will take him into it, and it will be found to be rather a large room, fitted for three beds, and with a window looking out at the front of the house. Here the Woodhouses and myself lodged; and just opposite the door, and across the passage, is a small one-bedded room, which was occupied by my friend Carew, now Sir Walter Palk Carew of the fair fields of Devon.

In my time I used to be interrupted by the intrusion of visitors to see Wellington's room. Perhaps an Eton boy knitting his brows over a copy of Greek iambics, was an uncommon sight to many in search of the rare and wonderful; but this I know, that a passage from Lalla Rookh, or the Lady of the Lake, read in noble tone by my friend Leith, would have erased from their minds all mementos of Badajoz and Waterloo, and sent them packing, with hearts brim full of desires to behold the Vale of Cashmere and Loch Katrine.

Several times I saw the Duke at Eton, for his Grace used to come down to see his boys, the Marquis of Douro and Lord Charles Wellesley. Once he trod severely on my toes in a pastrycook's shop, while he was in the act of eating an ice. The fact was, I had drawn up close behind him, being anxious to ascertain his height in comparison with my own, and on his turning suddenly round, the heel of his boot made its impression on my softer shoe. His Grace begged pardon, and smiled much, and I was glad to make a retreat diverse to the tactics of a Sir John Moore. In later days I have often seen the Duke, especially when riding down to the House of Lords in company with the Duke of Cumberland (a veritable contrast); and the last time that my eyes had the honour of beholding him was at a large meeting in the city, for the purpose of erecting the statue to Nelson. I then stood within two yards of his Grace's person for nearly four hours; and except that he stooped more, and his head was become whiter, I still recognised the eagle eye and hardy features that were so familiar to me at Eton. On this day the Duke was dressed in a blue coat, white trousers, and white waistcoat; and while speaking he kept moving one hand in his trousers'

pocket, while he used the other in aid of his oratory before the citizens of "Lunnun," as he repeatedly pronounced the name of the metropolitan city. The Duke was actually borne into the room, and on to the platform, by the enthusiasm of the people, and the cheers that greeted his speech were unbounded; and well they might be, for indeed it was noble and affecting to hear the greatest military hero of the age speak as he did of the greatest naval leader that this country has ever been called on to love and admire.

The Marquis of Douro and Lord Charles Wellesley lodged in the house of a private tutor when at Eton, the Rev. Mr. Wagner, now vicar of Brighton. Wagner was a dashing-looking fellow, the envy and admiration of Eton boys; and I used to think how I should like to ride as good a horse, carry as handsome a whip, and walk as fast as he was accustomed to do. He was a good and clever man, ever kind, and saying something good-natured to Eton boys, and, doubtless, did his duty by his pupils. Those pupils always dined at the house their father had boarded and lodged at (at Ragueneau's), and we used much to like them. I think Lord Charles Wellesley was the favourite; and though he was deaf, yet he had such a fat, good-natured, smiling face, that every one liked to talk with him. Lord Douro strongly resembled his father, and had the fine Roman nose, but not the eagle eye, or iron look. Yet Douro was a manly fellow, and one of the best swimmers and divers in the school. I believe he and myself were reckoned the best divers, and often used we to jump head foremost from Lion's Leap, or from the Middle Hope, and not come up from the lower waters till we were half way across the broad Thames. I once swam down the weir below bridge, a most perilous and nervous task, but I had never heard of the nerves then. This feat requires great tact, because you are obliged to turn on your back, and allow the stream to take you feet foremost to the head of the fall, and then you are completely thrown over on your front by the fall, and must strike out for dear life, or you will be sucked in by some of the many side eddies, which are so dangerous. There is a man always stationed in a punt during the summer months, to warn persons off; but since he dares not bring his boat in front of the fall, he can only roar out lustily, as he did when I swam down, but cannot prevent the course. Lord Fingal used to be very fond of passing down the weir in a small boat, and this is dangerous also, and could not be accomplished with safety when the river is full.

Next to Lord Douro, the best swimmers were the Selwyns and Shadwells. The brother of the Bishop of New Zealand, now Canon of Ely, was a great walker, and a great swimmer, and always looked healthy and bright beyond most other boys, and, moreover, he was exceedingly clever. But the Shadwells were especially hardy, and would bathe and swim in the coldest winter weather. Indeed, I have seen them swim across the Thames when the ice has been floating down; and I believe Selwyn was a performer in the aqueous and almost gelutic element with them. This hardiness was hereditary in the Shadwells, for their father, the present Vice-Chancellor, was accustomed to do the very same at Eton, and I have heard of his constant bathing, in later days, during the winter months. Once when in London I went into his court purposely to see him, and beheld a very healthy, and seemingly good-natured,

little man, and was rejoiced to see an old Etonian in such a place of dignity. He and Lord Abinger must have been the healthiest, and most *scarlet* looking men among the pale faces and wearied looks of the "called to the bar." Poor Sir John Leach I knew personally; he was my father's friend, and I believe he was the present Vice-Chancellor's predecessor. I have been surprised that no Shadwell has found his way into Parliament, for the lads were all gifted with great memories, and fluent tongues, and would, I should have thought, have liked to discourse ably and largely concerning patriotic things on the arena of St. Stephen's. Wherever they are, may they be doing well, and shewing fruit of the high promise they gave ample signs of at Eton! As to Douro and *Charley* Wellesley, as the latter was familiarly called, their father's renown makes them known and exalted; and a recently past month has revealed Lord Charles Wellesley's marriage in the papers, and the grand banquet at Apsley House, the most brilliant of the season, given for the purpose of introducing the fair lady to the highest portion of the great *beau monde*. Many old Etonians, I observed, from the Duke of Buccleugh downwards, were present,—so that Eton is well represented at head-quarters, as it is also, we may suppose, in every department of this country's honour, wealth, and business.

Canning was an Eton man, and perhaps no son of Alma Mater was ever more attached to Eton, or did more honour to its classic shades. On every public occasion, and often privately, Canning was at Eton. At Montem he was the centre of attraction, and on the fourth of June he always took a seat in one of the boats, armed with the expected gift, a hamper of champagne. I had the honour when I pulled stroke in the Hibernia, of taking both Canning and Huskisson up to Sarley Hall. I recollect that Huskisson was a dark-looking, dark-whiskered man, very affable and good-natured, and talking a good deal, but withal grave, and at times lost in thought. This might be expected in a man who was meditating changes in the whole commercial system of Europe, but of which we happy Eton boys knew nothing.

Wilmot Horton, too, was fond of Eton, and used to come down with Canning and Huskisson, for he had two boys at school. One of them pulled an oar in my boat, and a fine young lad he was, and is at present holding a commission in the guards. There was a peculiar openness and earnestness in young Wilmot Horton's manner, that won him much esteem. But Canning, noble Canning, with his fine forehead and handsome countenance, so intellectual and so refined, he was the idol of Eton boys. Thrice did Canning single me out, and putting his arm within mine, make me take him round the college, the playing-fields, and over the cricket-grounds in the shooting-fields: and I well remember how he called to mind particular points of ground, and especial clumps of trees, or turns of the river, and seemed to ponder on these spots; but would turn from his thoughts to ask me questions about the then present state of the school, what I was reading, what games were played, and the new divisions of time for school-hours and play. I remember his telling me that a public school was "an atmosphere of floating knowledge;" and that if we chose good and clever companions, we must necessarily gain much information from them, as well as from books. Whenever he went up the river with us, he spoke in the same familiar

way, and seemed really happy in his holiday, pointing out the best way of crossing the water by the Brocas clump, as well as at the Hopes, and also which side to take in passing up or down by the Rushes. He always seemed to wish to make us feel ourselves at home with him, and was most amused when we freely bandied conversation one with the other, oftentimes putting in a remark that drew forth a laugh, or gave rise to a still freer observation.

Canning, it was known, was a great originator and writer in the *Microcosm:* indeed, he wrote eleven articles filled with wit and humour. The Smiths, Frere, Lord Henry Spencer, Way, Littlehales, Mellish, and Capel Loft, were his chief coadjutors, and some writers of anonymous articles were never known. Among these latter was the composer of some excellent lines on leaving Eton, and which certainly would bear the impress of being from the original pen of Capel Loft, and are given under his signature of "Etonian." He begins thus:—

Ask ye, companions of my infant years,
Why rise my sighs? why flow my frequent tears?
Ah! know, ere Cynthia shall her orb complete,
I leave, unhappy youth, fair learning's seat;
I leave, dear Eton, thy maternal arms,
These hallowed walls, the Muses' much-loved charms,
To brave the storms, ah! many a storm, I ween,
That hover round life's sad and gloomy scene.
Sadly I go—the truth my tears will tell—
Sadly, dear Eton, take a long farewell.

And then, after saying that he is bidding adieu to peace and innocence, he goes on:—

Yes, it is true, whate'er the world may say,
Within your walls the moral virtues play.

And after addressing the "much-loved trees," and "classic walks," he continues:—

I bid farewell—'tis tyrant time commands,
To seek new walks, and fields, in other lands;
To other lands I go: no more shall meet
The well-known face, no more the friend shall greet:
Yes, dear companions, I shall find but few,
On life's great stage, such candid friends as you.

And he ends with grateful thanks to his kind tutors and instructors:—

Whenever good shall mark my humble way
To you the merit and the thanks I'll pay:
Where'er I go, your memories shall be dear;
I'll love your lessons, and your names revere.
From pleasure's path unwillingly I stray:
The summer past, then comes a winter's day.
Sadly I go—the truth my tears will tell—
Sadly, dear Eton, take a long farewell.

These lines, if really from an unknown Etonian hand, have probably never appeared anywhere but in the *Microcosm;* but if the controversy concerning them lies between Canning and Capel Loft, they certainly bear most evidence of being the production of the latter, who was more of a poet than Canning. At all events they are clearly the production of an Eton boy *at the time of his departure,* and there is a sincerity and gratefulness about them that does credit

to everything connected with Eton, both to her holy shades, her tutorial precepts, and the thoughts and feelings of her scholars.

Alas! in the prime of life and power Canning was called to lie among the dead. A few days before his death I saw him enter the House of Commons as prime minister, and heard him pronounce that petulant "Yes" to Sir Thomas Lethbridge. Peel, George Dawson, and Lethbridge, were then in the full bloom of political Protestantism, and Canning had to endure the constant boring on the Catholic emancipation question of many a stupid country gentleman. He was too sensitive for his station then. The voice of the country was against him; the aristocracy were opposed to such a comparative plebeian; and the petitions of the people were most numerous on behalf of Peel and Peel's opinions. "He," cried Canning, naming some M.P. friend, — "he comes to my office to give me advice. I don't want advice. I want tools—tools—tools." No — he did not need advice; he saw his way clearly; but he could not attain to the end of that way through want of adequate support. Poor Canning! on the last night I saw him, he entered the House, not in full dress, as was the custom for a Prime Minister, but with an olive-coloured great-coat buttoned close up to his throat; his features were sunken and flushed, his eye was haggard, and he spoke hoarsely, and with difficulty. Then his fatal cold was fully upon him. But still, his end was unexpected by the country at large; and his death created an unparalleled sensation. Undoubtedly his end was accelerated by the harassing nature of the opposition to his views — a hard and coarse opposition, backed by such a feeling throughout the country as made the speaker of every word against Canning a sort of sainted hero for the time; for where are Lethbridge and Dawson, *et hoc genus omne*, now? Where is Peel? He is the only great survivor of that day, for his talent could not in any country or clime be sunken for any length of time.

O what a poet, what a giant in the walks of literature was spoiled when Canning loved politics, and became a statesman! Of all his political labours, the only successful one that will go down to posterity will be the Recognition of the Independence of South America; but, oh! what books might he have left behind, a more than second Southey, to instruct and amuse generation upon generation. Canning's son, the present Lord Canning, I knew at Eton; he was both clever and handsome at that time, but I have never seen him since. His eldest son was gifted with a most extraordinary memory, quite to the utter astonishment of his father; and Canning never entirely rallied after the lamentable death of that beloved son. His affecting lines on the sad and sudden bereavement are well known.

In Lord Ashley I always found a zealous friend. I see him now, standing amid a group of upper boys, so superior to all in his bearing and address. While others were joking, taken up with themselves, and idle stories, he always seemed to be looking out for some good to do; and while others only frowned on, or sharply ordered lower boys to meet them as fags on the cricket-ground, he seemed to notice them kindly, and to put in for them a word with others. There was a degree of hauteur in Lord Ashley's appearance; and he appeared as though a representative of an older family than that of Shaftesbury, and also possessed a somewhat martial appear-

ance, but still there were combined with this a mildness and benevolence very diverse to a sort of Chesterfieldian cold courtesy ; and in him there ever was a ready will to contribute heart and soul, as though he really loved it, to the welfare of others. The last time he ever came to Eton (at least, I think so), he travelled inside the coach, and I was on the outside behind. There was a poor woman sitting near me, who was evidently far gone in a decline, and had set out from London for the purer air of that beautiful place, Henley-on-Thames. It came on to rain desperately, and in such a manner as to augur continuance. We changed horses at an inn, and the poor woman moaned piteously, for the doctor had told her that any fresh cold would be fatal. During the silence of the coach stopping Lord Ashley heard her, on which he got out, and came round the coach, and quickly asked me what was the matter. I told him briefly ; and it ended in the noble lord giving up his place inside to the poor woman, and himself taking a seat, amid pouring rain, on the outside. While we were standing in the passage of the inn, just after the woman had got inside, amid a profusion of blessings on Lord Ashley, he said to me, "Well, this is somewhat unpleasant, for I have no great coat with me ;" but immediately sprang forward, as though the deed of kindness was compensation for a good ducking. The guard, however, lent his lordship a very old rough coat on which he sat, and which was in reserve for night-work ; and in this Lord Ashley enveloped himself, and arrived safely at the Crown Inn at Slough, then kept by one Mrs. Harell. On arriving there, Mr. Fuller Maitland, who owned a beautifully situated mansion at Henley-on-Thames, wanted an inside place ; but Lord Ashley quickly marched into the coach-office, and paid for the poor woman's inside seat as far as Henley. Some time afterwards, as I was travelling down in a private barouche with Lord Norreys and Sir John Mordaunt, both Eton boys, I found this identical poor woman had gone to live with an old nurse of Lord Norreys, a very respectable woman, then keeping the Red Lion, that large brick hotel near the bridge. We had great laughter when we saw the old family nurse come forward and hug the little lord, and fairly kiss him many times over before us. Lord Norreys was a most capital mimic, and his imitation of Dr. Keate when speaking to a boy as he flagellated him, was one of the best things that could be witnessed even from a Mathews or a Liston. His lordship had a face that always seemed laughing, and a most amusing, good-hearted little fellow he was ; but sometimes his excellent powers of mimicry got him into scrapes, and then he had such a spirit, that led him to persevere so much the more ; and, verily, I have seen him beaten black and blue by a brute of a bigger boy, and still mimic that very boy to the last.

Lord Ashley soon left the school after my arrival at Eton, but not before his form and features were indelibly stamped on my memory. I dare say he is looking thinner and more wearied now, for formerly he had a fine fresh complexion, and a peculiarly animated and spirited countenance. Of his brothers I have spoken before ; and generous and affectionate brothers they were, and greatly liked and esteemed among their companions.

A great character, educated at Eton, equal to Lord Ashley in benevolence, though without opportunity of doing such great public acts as his lordship can effect as member of the British House of

Commons, is the Rev. Dr. Edward Bouverie Pusey. His followers, doubtless, deem him of infinitely deeper mind and powers of investigation than Lord Ashley, and perhaps this would be the general opinion even of antagonists. Doctor Pusey is a thin, spare man, shewing to all the intenseness of his watchings, fastings, and prayer, —with rather prominent features, surmounted by that high and commanding brow which bespeaks a man that

> "Lives and breathes
> For noble purposes of mind: his heart
> Beats to heroic things of ancient days;
> His eye distinguishes, his soul creates."

In his writings Dr. Pusey is not fervent, and his style is not an easy and pleasant one to casual readers; but in the pulpit his whole soul seems to be in his work, and every one who hears him, however they might differ from him, would be led at once to exclaim, "This man is thoroughly in earnest."

Of Dr. Pusey's theological opinions, that is, of those which are called in question, I would say nothing at all; but it is certain that later than the year 1828 he held very different sentiments to his present ones, being rather tainted with one of the kinds of German theology, and speaking approvingly of the writings of Müller.

There was one of the "Puseyite" school, whom I knew well at Eton, and that was Fronde, whose "Remains" have made such a sensation. He was in the sixth form when I went to Eton, and continued there some time; the sixth form being the highest in the school. In person he was very tall, with high cheek-bones, ruddy complexion, and blue eyes: there was a want of firmness rather in his walk; and seemingly he possessed a thorough taste for literature. He *never* played at foot-ball, hocky, or any of the rude games, neither did he pull in the boats. But he seemed to have a peculiar stamp of friends, among whom was Winthorp, Mackworth Praed, and, I should think the present Lord Stanley, and certainly the Right Hon. W. Gladstone; and he was a contributor to the *Etonian*, being reckoned a youth of very general reading and information, as well as a first-rate classical scholar. His tutor was the Rev. Mr. Knapp, from whom he certainly did not derive his Anglo-Catholic sentiments; these were the results of future reading, travel, and acquaintance with men and their systems. Gladstone was a perfect scholar; and the only lad who afterwards was at all equal to him was Selwyn. They both lived at the same dame's—a house (Shury's) that took very few boarders, and therefore it was the more remarkable that *the two leading men* of Eton should come from under the same roof. The house is situated just opposite to the Christopher Inn. Gladstone was tall, with a particularly clear and tranquil eye, and good complexion: and, indeed, he always went by the name of "handsome Gladstone." I should have thought Gladstone too contemplative and deep in his mind, to have wished to become a statesman, and embroiled in all the pass-away toil of politics; and he, like Fronde, engaged in no rough games, although I think he was a cricketer. I should have set down Gladstone for a second Wordsworth in after-life. Fronde was highly sensitive and imaginative, with a deep current of thought running beneath, and would be likely to take up literary subjects with great ardour, sitting re-

mote from the vulgar things of common life. I am sure he was of a fastidious cast of mind at Eton; and this, I believe, entered into the character of his life. Poor fellow! he died in the flower of his age and faculties; and peace be with him! Gladstone is healthy and hearty, notwithstanding his accident at his old Etonian friend's, Sir Stephen Glynne.

HORACE TO LYDE.

Oh come, Lydè, come to my own Sabine hill,
And we'll list to the foot of the dancing rill;
The privet and wind-flower our couch shall be:
Oh haste, Lydè, haste from the city to me!

Lucullus' gardens are rich and rare,
Every shrub of the east grows there;
Balsam, and nard, and cassia sweet,
And the Syrian palm in his gardens meet.

The psittacus whistles among the trees,
And the monkey swings to the westland breeze,
And the mighty elephant wantons at will.
And the river-horse frisks and drinks his fill.

But, though rich and rare his gardens be,
Mine, though poor, is more meet for thee;
'Tis a turfy bank on Lucretili's slope,
Where the latest violets their eyelids ope.

Digentia's ripple is sweet to hear,
And Philomel charms the tranced ear,
And Phyllis is waiting to crown our board
With apples and nuts from the autumn hoard.

Such is our fare—we ask not for more;
The mighty haunch of Laurentian boar,
Or surmullet large as large can be,
Let them go to Apicius, but not to *thee*.

Phyllis shall cool the Falernian wine
In the running stream, while our brows we twine
With the glossy bayleaf, and the chaste orange flower,
And I'll sing to my love in my chesnut bower.

Lydè, love, Lydè! I long for thee,
Faunus has hastened over the sea;
Maenalus knows his foot again;
I am left alone in my wild domain.

Come, and I'll touch my Latian lyre
With somewhat of old Anacreon's fire;
Thy beautiful eyes my theme shall be,
How can I fail when I sing of *thee*?

I'll show thee where Sylvan sports by day,
And the Naiads glide on their watery way,
And Patula tends the corn with a smile,
And poppy-crowned Ceres looks on the while.

Come, Lydè, leave the haunts of men,
Thou must never quit thy Flaccus agen;
My hyacinth blossoms a spell shall be,
They will charm my Lydè to live with me.

Care was not made for charms like thine;
It has dulled the glance of thy sparkling eyne;
It has dimmed thy roses in haggard Rome;
Come and look bright in my Sabine home!

C. H. L.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN:

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE INCENDIARY.

For time at last sets all things even—
  And if we do but watch the hour,
  There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.   BYRON.

FARMER BAGLEY's premises at Barnholme were in a blaze!

Who the incendiary could be; when, and by what means, he could have fired a farmstead so admirably watched, and never deserted; a farmstead thronged with labourers, and from which the vigilant eye of the stirring owner was rarely absent,—was a puzzle that grievously perplexed the muddy brains of the Barnholme people.

But, be the agent who he might, the fact was indisputable; that none could gainsay. Flames were bursting from the outhouses: and for the *fourth* time! The consternation of the owner, unequivocal as it was, did not preclude his catching as they arose the most pressing exigencies of the moment, and promptly meeting them. Orders were calmly given, and, on the whole, ably carried out. Produce to some amount was burnt; and a valuable team of horses perished; but the dwelling-house and the rick-yard escaped.

But though Farmer Bagley was calm and silent, and apparently resigned, the most racking disquietude wrung his bosom. An enemy, it was clear, he possessed; active, unscrupulous, and implacable. That enemy—if a feeling of security was ever to be his again—he must detect and crush. The entire current of his life was changed. A career of distrust, suspicion, and hostility towards his kind was about to open before him. Hitherto he had been a prosperous man. He had been fortunate in having a most indulgent landlord. He had not a single acre of bad land in his "*take.*" Neither drought nor blight had visited his fields. But on his heart prosperity had done its usual work — it had seared it as to the sorrows or sufferings of those around him.

"Oh, bother their feelings!" was his expression in reference to his dependants: for vain was every attempt to teach this prosperous man that upon the labourer kindness, either of look or language, told. "Bother their feelings! what business, I should like to know, has a poor man with such things as those? His feelings should lie in his potato-garth and pig-stye. If his potato-rigs yield well, and his pig fattens readily, let him bless God, and be thankful: as to his feelings—let him pocket 'em!"

Equally strange was his creed as to labour. He held most pertinaciously that the aged and helpless were useless members of so-

ciety; a bitter "burden on the honest industry" of the producer; and "without any claim to the consideration or protection of the working part of the community, save that which the sentimental foolery of the daily press lent them." He dwelt sonorously on the verse — how aptly can the unfeeling quote Scripture to their purposes!—"He that will not work, neither let him eat." In his view the worn-out man, the decrepid woman, the idiot child, each of these was a *fungus* on the face of society: justice, as well as policy said, —"*Away* with it!"

And yet Farmer Bagley's society was courted by his class: and Farmer Bagley's opinions were received on most subjects with marked respect. No man understood better how to crop land to advantage. No man was a better judge of cattle. No man watched the markets with a more wary eye. And no man knew better how to tickle the fancy, or fix the judgment of a wavering customer. He was a pillar of the agricultural interest. Lord —— consulted him as to "the resources" of an in-coming tenant. The steward took his opinion privately as to the crops of a defaulter. Sir Thomas —— begged he would ride over his grass land, and "say what it was fairly worth per acre;" while the young heiress's man of business would call, and "put it to him confidentially" whether he "was safe" in accepting for the minor a mortgage on a neighbouring farm, the owner of which wanted an immediate advance of money. But with all his aptitude for business, and with all his natural shrewdness, Bagley for once was at fault. Large rewards were offered. Enquiries, through public and private channels, were anxiously instituted —but issued in no result. No intruder, or interloper of any description, had been seen loitering around the ricks. The business of the farm had been going on as usual up to the hour of the fire; and the labourers all concurred in asserting that none but the usual hands had been seen upon the homestead. The neighbouring landowners now interfered; and at their instance London police were brought down to Barnholme. The conclusion these latter very speedily arrived at was remarkable enough. They informed the astonished Mr. Bagley that it was absurd to suppose the property had been fired by any stranger: they were satisfied the act had been committed by some party at work upon the premises!

Against this dictum Mr. Bagley rebelled most stoutly.

"*That* I will never believe," said he, with an ominous frown. "A likely matter, truly! What servant in *my* employment would dream of such a deed—much more dare to execute it? Palaver!—moonshine!—humbug!"

An opportunity was speedily afforded him of reconsidering his opinion. On that day se'nnight an alarm of "fire," for the *fifth* time, was given to the Barnholme household; but to little purpose. No exertion could stay the progress of the devouring element. For six hours it blazed, and roared, and revelled in the destruction it created. It was ample! Homestead, rickyard, barn, stabling,—all were one mass of smouldering ruins. Mr. Bagley was a homeless and well-nigh ruined man.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A RECIPE FOR RICK-BURNING.

Every country is full of blessings given by the hand of God; and in every country are those blessings more or less misused. If every child as he grows up were taught this truth, — taught to reflect how all men may have their share of these blessings who are willing to work for them, there would be no more danger of such woe as we have been contemplating. It would then appear as impious as it really is to call God the author of sufferings which need never happen. Instead of crying to Him for mercy under intolerable misery, all might then bless Him for having placed his children on a fair and fruitful earth, where all may have their fill, and dwell in peace.—MISS MARTINEAU.

SOME wicked wag has said that "a catastrophe in a country village is an indescribable boon to its inhabitants: it ruffles the stagnant surface of their existence, and compels their muddy intellects to receive fresh impressions of men and things around them." Whatever smartness there may be in the satirist's remark — and it has some little truth, mixed up with a strong dash of malignity, — it libelled the feelings of the good people of Abbots'-bury. They regarded, one and all, the destruction of Mr. Bagley's premises in the light of a personal calamity; and bestirred themselves with commendable unanimity to detect the perpetrator. At one stage of the investigation it came out incidentally that on each occasion when the homestead was fired, whether that event occurred late or early in the evening, an old pony named "Chirrup," and a blind bullfinch called "Swell," were off the premises. Those who conducted the inquiry made light of the circumstances; characterized it as "*wholly unimportant*;" and declined to make any minute respecting it. Not so a young springald of an attorney, who on behalf of some insurance office watched the proceedings. He attached weight to the incident; and quietly satisfied himself as to the party who fed the bird, and rode the pony; and when he found that Zachary Theaks, a half-witted labourer on the farm, an orphan, wretchedly poor, and only tolerated for his physical strength, and the gay good-humour with which he would grapple with any amount of toil, was the owner of "Swell," and the special protector of "Chirrup," from that moment did the fledgling attorney bend all his energies to prove that this poor imbecile lad was in a guilty sense cognizant of each fire, if not the actual incendiary.

Never did conclusion appear more improbable! That Theaks, who seemed to have scarcely two ideas; who had lived on the farm from childhood; who was friendless; and dependent for his daily bread on Mr. Bagley's good opinion; that *he* should originate or execute a scheme so frightful in its results to his employer, was a supposition sufficiently unnatural and extravagant. In Attorney Keenwit's brain it had, however, obtained a lodgment; and while he is beating about for evidence to support his case, let us revert to the past, and see what clue it will afford to the perplexities of the present.

* * * * *

The shades of a summer's evening are gathering around Holme Farm. Near its rustic porch stands a florid-looking young man, with angry eye, and consequential air: opposite him may be seen — bare-headed — a meagre, ill-clad, middle-aged labourer, whose

anxious face well accords with his supplicating accents and humble attitude.

"I 've nothing more to say, Tom," said the young man,—he was evidently the employer of the care-worn being who almost crouched at his feet; "the damage was caused by your folly; and you, and no other, shall make it good."

"The traces, sir, were old—very old," returned the other; "worn out, sir, indeed — if you 'll believe me: and Jumper is so fractious and restive in harness that no living man can hold him when he 's in his tantrums."

"Hold him! Say at once, fellow! that you were drunk, and dropped the reins."

"Drunk, sir! Where was the drink to come from? It 's not to be had, sir; it 's not to be had with *my* wages!"

"Ho! ho! insolent, as well as careless!"

"No, sir,—no," interposed the other eagerly; "but when a man's spirit is roused, rash words will follow."

"Then, why prate? You know my meaning? All to be made good by to-morrow evening, thoroughly; mind, no patching! You 'll be more careful another time. Ha! ha! ha! You understand me?"

The poor fellow looked up piteously in his master's face. No word, no gesture of acquiescence escaped him. After a short pause he said, in a low, husky voice, his gaze riveted on his employer's features, as if to watch the effect of this final appeal, — "My wife, sir, and child, are both down in the fever; the doctor says that Zachary isn't likely to get over it."

"Well! that 's your business, not mine. You don't mean to say that wife and child belong to me, do ye?"

A harsh, sneering laugh wound up the sentence, and the speaker turned upon his heel, with the complacent air of one who fancies he has made a hit.

"One favour, sir—one favour!" persisted the saddened dependant, —"the first I 've asked for many years; let Nicol or Gervis drive and litter 'Jumper' for the future. He 's a vicious brute, and more than a match for me."

"Pshaw! nonsense!"

"Master, listen to me this once,—but this once."

"No, Theaks; no servant shall choose his work upon *these* premises. Look after 'Jumper' yourself, as usual."

"Then I can tell the upshot," said the man mournfully; "I shall be found some morning cold and stiff beneath that brute's heels, with my brains scattered from one side of his stall to the other."

"Then your lease will be a long one," remarked Bagley jeeringly: "don't perplex yourself with imagining any such calamity. Kick as 'Jumper' may, no brains will be forthcoming!"

And with this bitter jest the master hastened to his well-plenished board; and the labourer hied to his infected cottage.

But his unfortunate wife did not die. After a long and doubtful contest with disease, she arose from her wretched pallet a helpless, feeble, withered woman, ravenous for food; but incapable of the lightest labour to procure it. Nor did death claim his child. Scanty fare, few comforts, and most irregular medical attendance had been his; but youth, and temperate habits, saved him. The victim was to be found elsewhere.

On Mayday morning the elder Theaks was missing at the farm. He was wanted specially to fetch some sheep from a neighbouring fair; and Mr. Bagley was furious at his non-appearance. An hour passed; and then inquiries were made at his cottage. His wife assured the messenger that the missing man had left his home as usual at daybreak; and expressed her conviction that he would be found busily employed in his master's business on the premises. Doubts of this were expressed; and by the agitated woman's express desire Zachary was sent out forthwith to seek him. The search lasted not long. A foreboding, which the lad could never well explain, led him to the stables. In "Jumper's" stall, deep down in the litter, trampled on, lacerated, crushed, and marred, till his lifeless form had lost all semblance of humanity, lay the unfortunate farm-servant. The party who discovered him was his own child.

Never did an employer appear to less advantage than Bagley during the painful proceedings which necessarily ensued. The jury—an inquest was indispensable—unanimously demanded that "Jumper" should be shot: a condition which the coroner took care should be carried into effect. Not, however, without considerable resistance on the part of Mr. Bagley.

"What!" was the exclamation of the indignant foreman; "is not the sacrifice of *one* valuable life sufficient? Is another human being to perish by the ungovernable fury of this vicious animal?"

"He's valuable to *me*," was the owner's sullen reply.

"Do you consider his services equivalent to the risk of human life?" was the rejoinder.

"How am I to replace him?" said the farmer vehemently.

"Your horse or the labourer; to which do you refer?" said a listening and thoroughly-perplexed juryman.

"Oh!" was the answer,—an answer long and bitterly remembered,—"a labourer I can replace any hour of the day; such cattle are plenty as blackberries; but for a fast trotter like 'Jumper' I may search the world over!"

"*Life!* sir,—LIFE! weigh that, and recal your statements," observed the foreman: "they are at *this time* indecent."

"Indecent! what do you mean? That horse cost me, first and last, five-and-forty guineas; and it's a d—d shame, because that fool Theaks got between his legs that I'm called upon to shoot him!"

A howl of execration greeted this obnoxious statement; nor ceased till Bagley angrily quitted the apartment.

But from one result of this burst of public feeling, Bagley, with all his hardihood, could not escape,—sullenly and angrily as he bent to it. He was told on all sides that the father having died in his service, he was bound by every consideration of mercy and justice to find employment for the son.

"I expected to hear as much!" was the reply. A bitter oath followed. "Well! let him come! The farm will be a hospital for idiots presently."

Poor Zachary! such was his bidding to a homestead watered with his father's blood! Scanty fare, sneers, reproaches, open dissatisfaction, and not infrequent blows, accompanied him throughout his day of toil. But on him they made apparently little or no impression. From the hour he lighted on his father's mangled remains his intellects seemed shaken. There was the childish smile, and the va-

cant eye, and the wandering gaze, each and all indicative of "reason faltering in her seat." But he was cheered with no pity. Why should he? He was "a hewer of wood, and a drawer of water"—no more! Harmless, silent, and uncomplaining, he fulfilled the daily task imposed upon him: but all the life, and buoyancy, and daring spirit of youth were fled. His heritage was—toil. On one point he was sensitive—nobly so—the disastrous position of his mother. The constancy, devotedness, and self-denial with which poor Feeble-mind ministered to her wants would have reflected honour on the highest order of intellect. The best of his food,—his weekly wages *entire*,—any chance gratuity that he might have received,—a showy flower,—fresh fruit,—all were carried to the bedside of his suffering parent. And all were unavailing. She became completely helpless; could not move without assistance; a nurse was indispensable; and this latter appendage involved an application to the parish. Reluctantly was it made; but its necessity was unquestionable.

Once more did Mr. Bagley sustain a principal character. "What!" was his remark when the application was mooted,—"what, relieve Tom Theak's widow! Relieve a woman *who lives in her own house*? They had better relieve ME! *I* want it quite as much."

It was observed to him, in reply, that what he called "a house" was in reality a mud cottage, built by the poor woman's late husband upon a corner of the waste; reared with his own hands; had not a perch of land attached to it; and was, in fact, as rude and humble a dwelling as could shelter a human being from the blasts of winter.

"Be it what it may," returned Bagley, "I claim it for the parish the moment she receives pecuniary assistance. Thenceforth it is ours."

A gentler spirit present recalled to him the excellent character borne by Theaks, the deceased husband; that he had never on any occasion been burdensome to the parish; that the honesty and industry of both husband and wife had been matter of general notoriety. "The poor creature," concluded the speaker, *must* and *shall* be relieved: it is inhuman to debate it."

"Did I say she was *not* to be relieved?" asked Bagley sharply. "Give her relief, if so it please you, but not where she is: *that* house she quits!"

"She will quit existence altogether ere many weeks are over. Why harass an unfortunate and suffering woman?"

"Why harass an unfortunate and overburdened parish?" was the rejoinder. "Relieve her by all means; *but remove her!*"

The party interested, who had risen from her bed to learn the decision of the "assembled gentlemen," begged they would "deal mercifully by her petition, and let her die where she was." She would "fain close her eyes where she had lived so many years; in the home which she considered her own; and which she and her husband had *without assistance* reared. She entreated—she implored them to heed her request."

Mr. Bagley was inexorable. His decision was in substance this. If she wanted parish assistance she should have it; but it should be afforded in a proper and authorised form. The workhouse was the place for parties circumstanced as she was. She would then have

every care, and every medical attendance and assistance which she required. The cottage the parish would see to. That was *their* duty; and he would answer for its due performance.

The poor creature wept, and intreated, and prayed; grew almost frantic when she found no impression was to be made on the hard hearts around her; said some things in her mental agony which were cutting, because perfectly true; and some things that were foolish, because irrelevant and unavailing. The patience of the meeting being exhausted, she was desired to withdraw.

Mr. Bagley triumphed.

Widow Theaks relinquished her cottage. But her tormentor might, without much "violation of law," have permitted her to occupy it to the last. She was an inmate of the workhouse somewhere about six-and-thirty hours. One of the nurses found her dead in her bed the morning but one succeeding her arrival.

The anguish endured by the poor imbecile during the time his mother's removal was agitated, determined on, and effected, was visible enough. He performed, as usual, his daily task; and, as usual, in silence. To none did he make complaint. From none did he seek redress. But moans deep, sad, and frequent, attested the conflict he was then undergoing; and from his food, eagerly devoured at other times, he now turned with loathing.

His employer observed the change, and, as a matter of course, rowed him.

"Zachary! what's amiss? Is the meal-hour too early; or the dinner itself not to your taste?"

"*Heart* won't eat!" was the idiot's reply.

"Burn the fellow! He has more feeling than I thought for. But it's misplaced. It's his duty to feel for none but his master."

Oh, rare conclusion!

But to others the most inexplicable part of Zachary's conduct was the manner in which he received tidings of his mother's death. The first shock over, he became marvellously cheerful. By some strange, and to the byestanders inconceivable, process, his mind seemed relieved, thoroughly stayed, and satisfied. The moaning ceased; his countenance cleared; and he ate as usual.

"D—n the fellow!" cried Mr. Bagley; "he has no feeling at all. He cares no more about his dead mother than I do."

Three weeks after this conversation the blaze was seen of the *first* fire upon the farm; and within ten days after the *last*, Zachary was an inmate of the county gaol, charged with the crime of arson; and awaiting his trial at the impending assizes. They were to be held within a fortnight; and little opportunity was thus afforded me of obtaining an insight into the prisoner's fears or feelings. Had the interval been longer, my impressions would probably have been as inconclusive; for never was there a mind which more completely baffled the efforts of him who would master it. He listened calmly, and with interest, to the spiritual instruction afforded him; admitted nothing; denied nothing; but, if reference was made to his imputed share in the recent fires, met it with the shrewd remark:—

"I am fatherless and motherless; have no home, and no friends; I must eat, and I must drink; then *whoy* should I destroy my only shelter upon this earth?"

His trial came on; and certainly no effort was spared by the pro-

secutor to convict him. The case was carefully got up: and to guard against surprise, Bagley himself sat by the leading counsel to prime him with minor details; to explain the position of the rick-yard; to point out its proximity to the house; and its rambling, narrow, and tortuous access. In fact, it was scarcely possible for any party to gain admittance into the stackyard without passing close to the house, and coming under the observation of one or more of its inmates. Hence it was inferred that the fires in question were kindled by no stranger, but by some individual well acquainted with the premises. That that individual was Zachary the prosecuting counsel said he should be able to establish but too clearly and decisively.

The points most insisted on against the prisoner were his attachment to "Chirrup" and "Swell;" the daily care bestowed upon them — ah! the heart, however crushed and degraded, must have some object to cling to!—and the artful manner in which both bird and beast had been withdrawn from the farmstead a few hours previous to the outbreak of each fire, and placed beyond the reach of injury. To this fact was added another, the discovery, in a curiously contrived crevice of the loft where the prisoner slept, of some combustible materials, which, it was ascertained, would ignite upon the slightest friction. These were circumstances confessedly pregnant with suspicion; and their unfavourable effect was deepened by the additional fact, deliberately sworn to by two credible witnesses, that on the evening of the last fire, when the roof of the dwelling-house fell in, and the total demolition of the farm-buildings became inevitable, Zachary was overheard to exclaim, with joyful emphasis —"Quits at last!"

Evidence substantiated, more or less, each of these points. The counsel for the prosecution then bowed, and said, "That was his case:" and the judge called upon Zachary for his defence. He, with the most awkward, clumsy, idiotic gestures, which human being could exhibit under evident excitement, begged the judge to call his master back, put him again into the witness-box, and question him to this effect:—

Whether he (the prisoner) had not always "*sarved*" him as an honest and faithful "*sarvant?*" Whether he had ever given him any cause for suspicion in the house, field, or farm? Whether he had ever used any threatening or abusive language to his master, treat him how that master would?

All which questions were answered most satisfactorily for Zachary.

"Feeble-mind" then blurted out, with indescribable contortions, and the same silly, boorish, mindless smile, that "Farmer Bagley's farmstead was his "*whoame;*" that he had "never had words" with his master, nor "given him a sarcy answer in all his life;" that he had "no other *pleace* to get to:" and then he looked up at the jury with a gay, good-humoured glance, and asked whether "it was at all a *loikely* thing that he should go for to burn down the '*pleace*' where he got his bread? That was all he had to say about it!"

The judge, who had watched him keenly while speaking, inquired if he "could read?"—"No."—"Write?"—"No."—"Could he say the Lord's prayer?"—"No."—"Could he say any prayer whatever?" —"*Iss:*" and at a railroad pace Zachary delivered himself of the Apostle's creed! The judge looked immeasurably shocked, and

commenced his charge. It was a glorious opportunity for him to school the clergy. He had been bred a Dissenter, and was never considered, at any period of his career, a fast friend of the Church. At all events, he seized with avidity any opening for lecturing her ministers; and this was too favourable an opportunity to let slip. He began in right earnest; talked of the distressing spectacle then before them; insisted on the paramount necessity of educating all classes of the community; and expressed his fears that much and grievously that duty was overlooked by the clergy.

As if, by the way, the clergy had nothing else to do; had neither the sick to visit, nor the dead to bury, nor infants to baptize, nor adults to marry, nor the aged to console, nor the vicious to reprove; nothing, in fact, upon this earth to do; nothing which could possibly prevent their spending their entire morning in a national school six days out of the seven throughout their natural life!

The judge, in fact, like some other high official personages, was "education mad!"

"*Teach* the people!" was his text. But in his homily no mention was made of the much-forgotten truth, that if the poor are to be made contented they must be FED as well as *taught*; that if a people are to be rendered happy, their backs must be clothed, and their hunger relieved, as well as their capacity cultivated. These considerations, "of the earth, earthy," Judge —— overlooked. He soared above them. Nay, so earnest was his lordship, that it seemed doubtful at one time whether he did not meditate charging the burning of Farmer Bagley's premises upon the indisposition of the clergy *personally* to superintend the working of national schools! But of this conclusion he stopped short. He then adverted to the evidence, and summed up unquestionably in favour of the prisoner. He put it to the jury more than once whether they could convict on mere circumstantial evidence "a being like that before them, so palpably deficient in intellect"—("He's not so simple as he looks!" murmured Bagley apprehensively;)—"so debased,—and so grossly ignorant."

The jury looked heated, hungry, and tired; turned round for a few moments in their box; and then, through their foreman, pronounced a verdict of ACQUITTAL.

Mr. Bagley looked aghast.

Zachary bowed grotesquely to the court, and disappeared. His comment on the entire proceeding was equivocal enough: "Maaster I hope is quite satisfied; I am!"

Many months after I had been relieved of the duties of my official situation,—that, I believe, is the received mode of expressing it,—I went over to Paris, and thence to St. Cloud. During an early walk before breakfast I was overtaken by a groom, somewhat conspicuously dressed, in charge of a splendid English hunter. The symmetry of the animal was so perfect, and his action so noble, that, as he passed and repassed me, I paused for the purpose of further and more leisurely observation. The man seemed proud of his charge, and pleased with the admiration which the hunter excited. Curiosity induced me to accost him, and inquire the name of the owner. The groom started at the sound of my voice, eyed me fixedly for a few moments, and then hurried off at a brisk pace, apparently annoyed and disconcerted.

"Now," thought I, "if we had ever met before, I should say that that fellow has reasons of his own for wishing to shy me."

Averse to be baffled in my object, I addressed the same inquiry to a venerable personage,—from his dress, one who favoured the *ancien régime*,—who was loitering near the spot.

The old gentleman looked up with a cynical air, and snappishly answered,

"The groom belongs—at least so I gather from his dress—to the son and heir of *Iscariot the Second*."

I was fairly gravelled, and begged, with due humility, for an explanation.

"If you studied Scripture," was the reply, seasoned with considerable acerbity of manner, "you would be well aware that Iscariot the *first* betrayed his Master; Iscariot the *second* followed in his wake. To an utter stranger it would be imprudent, sir, to explain myself further."

A bow, a shrug, a grimace followed, and the old gentleman mended his pace, and pursued his travels.

"And this is France!" thought I. "What a particularly agreeable, courteous, communicative set of people!"

Feeling, and looking I dare say, fairly bothered, an artizan accosted me, and, touching his cap, said, with great *bonhommie*, "Monsieur seems embarrassed:—is there any information I can afford him?"

I repeated my question.

"That party holds some appointment of trust in the ménage of the Duc d'Orleans. English, doubtless, from his features,—so much the better for him! Louis Philippe, and all the reigning family,"—a bitter sneer intimated his strong affection for the dynasty,—"are peculiarly partial to the English people."

I doubted this; for I had reason to know that the wary usurper—the "Fox of the Family," as Talleyrand happily termed him—had, in more than one instance, met with contemptuous silence, or repulsed with superlative ingratitude, the representations of those who reminded him how, to their cost, they had served and aided *his race*, when in exile in England.

His attachment, therefore, to English people I viewed as somewhat apocryphal; unless, indeed, it were based upon the convenient principle, "In SORROW succour us, *in prosperity forget us!*"

My reverie would have lasted longer, but was closed by the significant summary, softly whispered by my companion, "Take courage, sir; we shall have the WHITE PLUME amongst us ere long!"

My sojourn at St. Cloud was nearing its close, and, amid the innumerable trains of thought which a foreign land suggests, the hunter, groom, and Carlist were forgotten, when, on the last morning of my stay, I encountered the hunting *cortège* of the French heir-apparent. Two of his younger brothers were with him, the Ducs d'Aumale and Montpensier. As a whole, the group was brilliant. In the rear, upon a spirited horse, which he managed with consummate skill, sat the English groom. Two turfmen—county York, in dark green cutaway coats, their country, calling, and accent alike undeniable—stood a little apart, and criticised him.

I listened,—why or wherefore I can scarcely say,—but such was the fact.

"That fellow sticks well to his saddle, eh, Tom?" said one.

"No Frenchman upon earth ever taught him that seat," rejoined the other.

"Right, sir, right!" cried a third, a byestander, supplying, uninvited, his quota to the discussion. "Cary is English-born. The Duke *vallies* him greatly—well he may!—he's *invallible* in a stable. Very fond of horses; though why he should be seems wonderful, considering as how his own father was killed by one."

"How so?"

"The beast was vicious — kicked him flat down in the stall, and then trampled him to death. I've heard Cary tell the tale scores of times."

"From what county did he come?" said I, with as much indifference as I could assume.

"Can't say; but let his former service lie where it would, he'd over him a cruel master—cruel to him—and cruel to an ailing, bedridden mother he had: whom, poor soul! his master drove from her cottage a couple of days or so before she died. But he had a taste of sorrow himself at last; and Cary lived to see it. His ricks *happened* to catch fire! And so did his barn! And so did his house! And he experienced what it was to be turned out—homeless and houseless upon the wide world — as Cary's bedridden mother had done; *and he liked it as little!* You should hear Cary tell the story. It's a rare tale to listen to: and gives a wholesome warning to the grasping and the cruel; of whom I think there is more than a sprinkling in all countries."

I hurried homeward.

Who "Cary" was; where this fire had happened; and *why*, I had my suspicions: and so, probably, has the reader.

SING AND BE MERRY.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Away with Old Care, as a troublesome guest,
That shades us with sorrow, and takes from our rest;
Let him seek for his dupes in a region elsewhere,
So the gloom of his brow be estranged from us here.
Then sing and be merry! for life is a dream,
The brightest when view'd in the vine's ruddy beam;
And cheer'd be each heart with the ray that it gives,
For it dims not with age, and misfortune survives;
A friend that with constancy clings to our side,
Then sing and be merry, whatever betide!

The sages will tell us that life has no charm,
That hope is delusive, and love cannot warm!
The cold-hearted creatures! they never have proved
How sweetly consoling it is to be loved.
Then sing and be merry! let sad ones be gay,
'Tis night that endeareth the glory of day.
So clouds when they fall will oft melt in a smile,
And the path they o'ershadow'd, with blessings beguile.
Raise high the cup! 'Tis the emblem of song;
Let it still be our burden as Time rolls along,
For, firm in its friendship it clings to our side;
Then sing and be merry, whatever betide!

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

Of private secretaries there are two species; the one, a piece of mechanism in the hands of an expert officer; the other, endowed with grace, wisdom, and understanding, an invisible intelligence, actuating the measures of some nonentity of gentle blood thrust forward in public life upon the pedestal of high connexion.

Among the callings for which a legible hand and decent orthography are supposed to constitute the necessary qualifications, that of the private secretary is the most speculative and least plebeian. The clerk, the usher, are gents or snobs; the private secretary is an esquire and a gentleman. In former times, indeed, none but statesmen or ambassadors pretended to retain such onerous appendages in their households; and to be even the tag-rag or bobtail of a plenipo' or a cabinet-minister, afforded a fairer opening for "a genteel youth," than to be a clerk in the Treasury or at Child's. But now-a-days every rich man who cannot spell, every itinerant actor, every manager of a theatre, has his private secretary, and the vocation has consequently forfeited caste. If you send to order the dancing-dogs or galanti-show to amuse your nursery, you will receive an answer to your verbal message, indited by Signore Katterfelto's private secretary; while most of the marchionesses and countesses, who constitute what is called by the newspapers "the *leaders* of ton," (as though fashionable life were a *drag!*) entertain some hanger-on, some elderly Miss of good education, who answers their Almack's notes, and enacts the part of honorary secretary.

The province of the first description of private secretary to which we have adverted, the mere pen in the hand of an expert official, is to indite circulars under dictation, or letters marked "private and confidential," though containing no sort of information susceptible of being divulged; answers to petitions or requests, which convey neither negative nor affirmative,—wordy phrases, intended to engender hope, but which when analyzed are found to contain neither pledge nor promise. A well-trained ministerial secretary will string you together plausible sentences, as boys the empty shells of bird's-eggs,—fair and specious-looking things, filled with innutritious air, and signifying nothing!

Generally speaking, your *very* great man selects for his private secretary some honourable nephew or cousin, partly on the grounds of the Antiquary's adage that "We give our ain fish-guts to our ain sea-mews;" and partly for the better assurance of his zeal and trustworthiness, the two noble kinsmen necessarily hanging together, or hanging separately. But the *active* public man of business, the minister who is not too fine a gentleman to give audience in the first person singular, who wants no showy substitute to bow out the intrusions of faithful public servants bringing grievances to be redressed, or claims to be examined,—usually attaches to himself some intelligent young fellow, with competent knowledge of the law and the world, and the spirit to point out a blunder to his employer, as well as

the νους to detect it. To such a man a private secretaryship is a secure stepping-stone to preferment. Brought into collision with the most eminent men of the day, not alone do his faculties become brightened, but he enjoys rare opportunities for their development and exhibition. If clever by nature, it will be his own fault if he do not pass for fifty times cleverer. By modestly keeping in the background while his principal is perpetrating blunders, and afterwards stepping forward adroitly to his extrication, he appears to confer serious obligations, while his opportunities of lavishing minor favours on less-important people, are beyond computation, though not beyond reward. As the lord commended the unjust steward, the lords of the Treasury are pretty sure to be humbugged into advancing the unjust private secretary to a cabinet minister.

Certain it is that these privileged individuals, when *really* of a description to be trusted, — *i. e.* when either honourable cousins or nephews, or approved dirty dogs, — become as rich in unsatisfactory secrets as a confessional or a pawnbroker's books. If the chancellor be the keeper of the King's conscience, *they* hold the tariff of the ministers. Newspaper writers, and getters-up of political memoirs, are fond of talking of "the influence behind the throne," or "backstairs interposition;" meaning, when the sovereign is a young man, his ladies of the bed-chamber, when a young woman, *her* ladies of the bedchamber. The private secretary constitutes the influence behind the throne, and backstairs prompter of the premier; enjoying opportunities of playing upon the feelings of even the most upright and inflexible of ministers; and Cato himself might have been influenced under certain circumstances by his favourite amanuensis. There are moments of fatigue, exhaustion, indigestion, impatience, — moments when, smarting under a royal reprimand, when attenuated by long fasting, or gorged with turtle and lime-punch, when the strongest ministerial mind becomes most unstatesmanlikely enfeebled. At such times steals in the private secretary, sole spectator and sole auditor of the bedrivelment of his patron; and, like the enemy who intruded into the orchard of the sleeping Hamlet,

> "Pours into the porches of his ears
> A lep'rous distilment."

On the morrow, or on restoration to himself, who is the wiser for the fact that the minister has been made a fool of? The deed is done! During his fit of weakness he has imbibed an ineffaceable prejudice or erroneous impression. False opinions have taken root in his mind. He displaces the centurion, of whom the private secretary spake reprobatively over-night; and when the pale petitioner, who is to have an audience of him at noon, opens his arduous suit, the unhappy victim finds that his case is prejudged.

On the other hand, if, after an extra glass or two of burgundy, or a royal audience of a conciliatory nature, or the perusal of a leading article in a leading government paper, laudatory, and not *over*-laudatory of his measures, the minister leaves open the gate of his heart to the advances of his sub, nothing so easy as to seize the occasion for naming names, and recording services of the individuals whom the private secretary delighteth to honour. Such golden moments are

readily turned to account; and the great man conceives himself to be performing a rigid act of public justice, when, in fact, played upon like a flute by the cunning artist who hath found out his stops. The deserving, though obscure individual whom he glories on having snatched into the sunshine of preferment, is no other than the stupid school-chum of his private secretary!

Some patrons, whether ministerial, financial, or mercantile men, are careful to employ the hand of a private secretary only in their most moral and translucent transactions. Others keep them precisely for the management of those equivocal negociations, in which they do not choose to commit themselves, or act as principal. If they cannot afford to keep a conscience, they keep in its place a private secretary to relieve them of their scruples. The minister who has an enormous falsehood to perpetrate, is pretty sure to do the deed of darkness vicariously by the hands of a secretary; and after the fulfilment of such duties, it is astonishing the increase of consequence assumed by the mender of pens,—as though he prided himself on having officiated as a sheet of blotting-paper to the character of his employer.

The office of private secretary, by the way, appears to exercise considerable influence over the human nature and constitution. Well do we remember a certain idle schoolfellow of ours, one Frank Grosvenor by name, remarkable at Eton only for his duncehood; a frank-hearted chap, as much in favour with his fellow-idlers as in disrepute among the dons.

Five years afterwards, occasional glimpses of Frank in the brush-room at the opera, or lounging along Pall-Mall in the dog-days, exhibited him in the character of a junior clerk in the Treasury,—idle as ever, listless as ever, ignorant as ever, but still the same pleasant give-and-take sort of companion, a bubble on the London stream, likely to evaporate at any hour or moment, and leave not a trace behind. At that period of his life Frank was at any man's service, willing to talk, walk, or dine with all and sundry. Not but that he was discriminating enough to dine oftenest where the viands and company were of a daintier description; and though a lounger in half the houses of the West-End, was most assiduous in those having opera-tickets to give away, or a country-seat to ensure him a little pheasant-shooting in the autumn. With all, however, he was the same open-hearted, or rather free-spoken rattle; the rashest and most indiscreet of chatterboxes, whom no one trusted with a secret, seeing that he made no secret of his own.

That such an individual could aspire to the character of a secretary, seemed absolute perversion of the title; and when, on a sudden change of ministry, the government papers announced that Francis Grosvenor, Esq. had been nominated to the office of private secretary by the noble lord at the head of the —— department, we agreed, one and all, who had known him at Eton or since, that it could not be *our* Frank. It was not till on seeking him at his Treasury desk a few weeks afterwards, we found a still idler fellow than himself warming his nether-man on the hearth-rug, which he had been accustomed to monopolize four hours in the day for eight months in the year, that we granted our credence to the singular promotion of our quondam friend.

How had it been achieved? There was nothing "private or confi-

dential" about Frank; nay, not so much as a legible hand-writing in him towards the making of a private secretary; and we were finally forced to admit, on the assurance of his former comrades, that Frank Grosvenor must have been promoted into Francis Grosvenor and the Red Book, in consideration of his skill in being beaten every night at chess by the noble lord at the head of the —— department, during a snowy Christmas, when they were spending the holidays together at Guzzlinton Park.

Eager to shake him congratulation-wise by the hand, we soon afterwards called at his lodgings; but he was no more to be found there than in his old quarters at the Treasury. On week-days, this was accountable enough; but his ready adoption of the official habit of rushing out of town on Sundays, appeared at least premature. Even from the Opera, our former place of rendezvous, he had disappeared,—that is, disappeared from the pit into the rear of certain boxes connected with ministerial life: and instead of shewing his nose in the crush-room, he was now only seen by glimpses, hurrying down stairs, during the last scene of the ballet, the great lady of some great lord, shuddering at the mere possibility of not escaping into her carriage before the circulation of the vulgar throng.

When at length we *did* meet, plain was it to be seen that the transformation of Frank into Francis was not the only one my old schoolfellow had undergone. Instead of the sprawling grasp of former days, given with the right hand or the left, as juxtaposition favoured the uncalculated movement, he now advanced his hand perpendicularly, collected into the form of a fish-slice, so as to render a friendly pressure impossible, nor did his brow unbend or his mouth relax as of old into a spontaneous greeting. On the contrary, his lips appeared as if closed, like a despatch-box, by a spring lock; and his glance was as frozen as the Guzzlinton lake during the time he used to play chess, or rather be played upon at chess, by his new patron.

Still, the metamorphosis might be purely extrinsic. Frank and ourselves had *too* often heard the chimes together at midnight, to admit of his becoming Francis for *us* as readily as for the rest of the world; and nothing would have been easier than to overturn the pedestal of dignity on which he seemed disposed to establish himself. Compulsory familiarity, however, was not what we wanted. A man may be bullied into civility; but becomes an enemy for life to the individual who forces himself on reluctant acknowledgment as a friend. It was a small sacrifice to accept the degree of intimacy the new Secretary chose to assign, and thus perfect our study and contemplation of his character and motives.

At the close of six months, accordingly, we had come to be familiarly admitted into the private room of the Private Secretary—thoroughly behind the scenes, so as to examine at leisure the very pulleys and levers by which the machinery was worked; so that, while the vulgar throng without was envying the easy and brilliant destinies of Frank, his influential position—his dinners with the political world, and balls with the gay—we had occasion to behold the reverse of the tapestry by witnessing his toils and labours in a thankless vocation; the affronts he was forced to swallow; the vigils he was obliged to keep; the engagements he was compelled to forego. Rather would we have been a dog and bay the moon, than such a Private Secretary!

It is true that, on the other hand, we saw him assume at certain hours his official consequence, saying to this man "Do!" and he did it; to the other messenger, "Go!" and he went. We watched him mask his visage with that blank and inexpressive vacuity, which an able diplomatist is careful to assume as a vizard when in contact with intriguing or inquisitive persons. We heard him deny in terms that sounded like assent; and accept, in phrase that sounded like denial. We have known him reply to, or rather parry with specious and inconclusive generalities, a letter, the contents of which he pretended to have scrupulously examined, but which we knew, from ocular investigation, lay with an unbroken seal within his desk. We used to see him deprecate with bows and congés the wrath of some great man, to whom it was his patron's pleasure to be invisible; or silence, by the coldness and calmness of his reserve, the vituperation of little men to whom he was deputed to convey an open sentence of exclusion.

It was amazing in how short a period he had acquired all these mysteries of the calling; how spontaneously and familiarly he became acquainted with all the myrmidons of the press; how he carried in his pocket the keys of their consciences, and how thoroughly he understood to which of them to delegate the charge of such and such a question; to which to apply when it was necessary for the truth to be spoken; to which, when it was judged desirable to throw dust in the staring eyes of the public. Some editor or other was sure to be either seated authoritatively in the arm-chair of honour of his cabinet, or skulking on his back-stairs. A portion of these were there to pump the Private Secretary, a portion to be pumped. Some it was his business to cram with false intelligence; while from others he spared no pains to extract the truth. With one or two he was courteous even to courtliness; with three or four, coarse almost to brutality.

The whole correspondence of his principal appeared to pass through his hands; though it is likely enough that, while he fancied himself in possession of all his official and even ex-official secrets, the specimens which he showed me in attestation of the confidence reposed in him, were by no means those which his patron held nearest to his heart. Nevertheless, the little gilt and perfumed billets concerning which Frank—I beg his pardon,—Francis Grosvenor, used to consult me while framing a suitable reply, were such as any other man than a minister might have held dear and accounted sacred. Such touching little appeals, in French, English, and Italian! such entreaties for an audience, which the gentle dears were careful not to call a rendezvous! such injunctions to discretion! such adjurations to despatch! Some asking for a secretaryship of legation for a husband, brother, or lover; some simply for a ten pound note for themselves; some imploring for intercession with the Lord Chamberlain for invitations to the royal balls; some demanding as a right the notice of the Court; above all, not a few offering equivalents, and such curious equivalents! trafficking for coronets, ribands, mitres, baronetcies, lord-lieutenancies, and commissions with the coin-current of votes in both their Houses, and the tenderest interests of the heart! Not a few were eloquent in reproaches for former benefits forgot; such as "*my* lord, who hâs so zealously supported your administration, to be over-

looked when you have had three garters at your disposal within the last six months!" or, "I must say it reflects little honour on the justice and equity of governments when such services as those of my poor dear Sir Peter, who has not missed a division for the last twenty years, are passed over in the creation of a batch of peers, which includes such individuals as Sir Rumbleberry Cram, and Mr. Swellington Swellington, of Swellington! But of this your lordship will hear elsewhere!" More touching still, such little reproaches as "*You*, YOU for whom I have sacrificed, if not my own self-esteem, at least the good opinion of the world (for you well know all that was inferred from your constant visits to our house at Brighton in the winter of 1818!); *you* to refuse me so trifling a favour as the place of tide-waiter for the son of my brother, that pains-taking, devoted servant, whom you cannot but remember waiting upon you at a period so dangerously important to my "domestic happiness!"

That such notes were placed, though marked "private and confidential," in the hands of the Secretary to be answered, did not much surprise me. I was only sorry that similar appeals, with reminders of more recent kindnesses, were not equally at his disposal. There is immense instruction in the "private and confidential" billets-doux correspondence of a cabinet ministry! So satisfied is the world of his dispositions for intrigue, that even in the most trivial matters he is beset by machinations and cabals. The Countess of —— does not so much as invite him to dinner, without pre-assuring herself by a mysterious missive whom he will be best pleased to meet at her table; whether it suit his will and pleasure to take out the young Marchioness of Z——, and whether he have any objection to her including in her invitations the young and promising Member for Pushimfield! The poor man's not allowed to stir a step or eat a cutlet, but there are decoys and pitfalls in ambush around him. Against these, one of his surest defences is his Private Secretary.

One day, having an idle hour on our hands, somewhat nearer to meridian than it is our custom to be met with on the pavé, we took Francis Grosvenor, Esq. by surprise by an early visit, and were not a little amused to find him busy with scissors and paste; *not* making pincushions for a charity bazaar for New Zealand missionaries, but evidently caught in the toils of authorship. Instantly thrusting his paraphernalia into a drawer with a most unsecretary-like blush, he denied the hard impeachment. But one bird's eye view of the state of the case had been taken. Even then we knew somewhat of the mechanism of book-making, and were satisfied that the manufactory had gained a supernumerary workman.

Luckily for Frank he was enabled to set at nought our officious cross questioning, by the arrival of the heads of a country church-building deputation; who came to settle their hour of audience, and send up, in presence of the Secretary, such a pilot-balloon as might fore-arm and forewarn his patron of the object of their mission. For it is seldom the policy of deputations to take the head of a department by surprise. It sounds better in the country to have had their answer delivered to them in good round periods. A crabbed sentence or two, interlarded with ministerial oaths, constitutes a slight thrown upon themselves and their mission.

After remaining an auditor of this gratuitous interview, just long

enough to admire the skill with which Grosvenor contrived to enhance the ministerial dignity by consulting his note-book as to hours and audiences, (incidentally citing between his teeth appointments with the Chancellor and the Archbishop of Canterbury, princes of the blood, and presidents of academies,) and the still greater art with which by a word or two thrown out on the question of the objects of the deputation, he gave them to understand that, in the audience they solicited, it would be unanswerably demonstrated to them that two and two make five,—we thought it decent to withdraw.

A short time afterwards the town rang with the merits of a new political pamphlet on a popular question, which was pretty generally attributed to the noble ministerial patron of Frank Grosvenor. The clubs and coteries pronounced it to be an able and luminous performance. The dinner-tables of the West-End went into paroxysms of applause, and for a week, even the entrechats of the favourite danseuse were overlooked. The reviews, indeed, particularly those opposed to the policy of government, ventured to discover, like Talleyrand of his friend's maiden speech, that it contained many good and new things; the good things were not new, or the new things good. They even presumed to point out the origin of its statistics in certain obscure pamphlets—the origin of its ethics in certain visitation sermons—the origin of its arguments in the parliamentary debates of a preceding session. That these were skilfully put together they did not deny—*too* skilfully, they apprehended for the inexperienced and aristocratic hand of the noble head of the —— department. In short, they insisted upon it that some "influence behind the throne" (or desk) had presided over the concoction.

The next time we called upon Frank Grosvenor, (on second thoughts, upon this occasion he saw fit for the first time to return our numerous visits and call upon ourself,) he avowed himself indignant at the disparaging view taken by the public of the capacity of his noble patron. He assured us, and hinted a wish we would assure others, that his lordship was a man generally underrated—a man who had distinguished himself at college, and would have equally distinguished himself in Parliament, had not the malice of the fates placed him in precisely that one of the two Houses where his peculiar line of abilities was comparatively unavailable. In short, every word uttered by the devoted Private Secretary tended to prove that his lordship was the only man in England capable of the authorship of the capital pamphlet of which six thousand had been really sold, and to the last edition of which, "fifteenth thousand" was prefixed by way of advertisement.

It was no business of ours. Whether his lordship wrote the pamphlet, or the leading articles that praised it, or the advertisements that puffed, was to us a matter of complete indifference. Nevertheless, since the Private Secretary of an author cannot be supposed to be equally susceptible concerning the merits of a work as the author *in propriâ personâ*, we took occasion, seeing that Frank was in so communicative a vein, to discuss the subject-matter of the pamphlet—to differ from its political views, and play upon its literary pretensions. Then, indeed, had we occasion to admire the blind and devoted adherency of the Secretary! A high-pressure engine could

scarcely have burst with a more alarming explosion. He "begged leave to differ from us entirely;" which means that he differed from us *toto cœlo* without leave given or taken. From the sucking-dove eloquence of Private Secretaryship he had suddenly thundered into a Boanerges!

As we said before, we cared very little either for the pamphlet or its authorship; and when Grosvenor quitted the room, contented ourself with self-gratulation that his morning visits were septennial concessions. We could not, however, help recalling to mind the self-command and gentleness of speech with which we had formerly seen him dismiss the intrusions of certain poor relations of his own into his office at the Treasury, (who came to sponge upon him for government stationery,) compared with this vehement outbreak. He appeared to have gained wonderfully in lungs and lost fearfully in temper since his transformation into a Secretary.

Six months afterwards the Gazette announced his promotion to a colonial appointment of weight and responsibility; and for many following weeks, government paragraphs prated of his audiences with the Colonial Secretary, and the despatch with which a government packet had been put in preparation for his departure for his seat of government. On his presentation to kiss hands and take leave of the august face of majesty, he underwent knighthood; and lo! the name of "Sir Francis Grosvenor" became inscribed in the category among the public men, upon whose comings and goings it is the delight of the newspapers to expatiate.

From that period I heard nothing of His Excellency, save when, every couple of months or so, the "organs of government" announced that despatches had been received from him at the Colonial Office; and once, when a florid article in the Quarterly Review, anent the state and prospects of the obscure island submitted to his legislation, adverted incidentally to the wondrous improvements to which his brief legislation had given rise, in prose not to be mistaken as first cousin in style and diction to the renowned pamphlet concerning which we had presumed to differ from the incipient knight. Prosperity seemed to have laid him asleep. He was like a gorged boa constrictor. We felt assured that, in ten years' time, Sir Francis would come back with a liver complaint and claims to a pension — marry the daughter of some Scottish earl — get into Parliament and the Carlton, and subside into a pursy, prosy middle-aged gentleman; converting, perhaps, his knighthood into his baronetcy in the crush of some coronation batch.

But ministries, like captains, are casual things; and so it fell out that the patron of Sir Francis and his colleagues were among the breakages of the day—swept from the surface of official life by one of the whirlwinds that occasionally arise in even the best regulated kingdoms. Other patrons emitted prose and preferment in their place —which knew them no longer. In the course of the session following their downfall, among their protégés chosen out to become marks for parliamentary pecking, in proof of the corruption and incompetency of their administration, was the luckless Sir Francis Grosvenor. A crack speech, got up for the especial purpose, pointed out his seat of government as the head-quarters of jobbery and abuse. The absent are always in the wrong—the feeble have no friends. Unluckily the

Ex-secretary had a few, of the kind which wise men pray to be delivered from! His former patron took up his cudgels precisely in the style to bring down upon both the severest retaliation. Sir Francis Grosvenor was recalled. Sir Francis Grosvenor had to answer for himself in pamphlets and petitions — too happy to escape the bar of the House. It was in vain he appealed to the party whose patronage had hatched him into existence. Of that existence they affected to be scarcely cognizant. "Who was this Sir Francis Grosvenor? Oh yes! they recollected. Formerly Private Secretary to their friend the Marquis; a useful young man enough, whose services government had liberally rewarded. Pity that he should have been placed in a situation to which his abilities and experience were unequal! Sir Francis Grosvenor had committed their party—and of Sir Francis Grosvenor, consequently, for his sake and their own, for the future, the less said the better."

"From the party quoad party I could have borne all this," observed my old schoolfellow, when, with a shaking hand and jaundiced complexion, he sat beside me, telling me his doleful story; "but that man, whom I so diligently served, and who swore he would peril soul and body to serve me in return! That man, whose official blunders I screened—whose speeches I made—whose pamphlet I wrote! Ah! Allspy, my dear fellow! little do you conjecture the severe labour and dirty work that enters into the duties of a Private Secretary."

VESPER THOUGHTS.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

NIGHT shades again the tranquil sky,
The holy stars keep watch on high,
The winds are soften'd to a sigh,
And calmly now
The wearied spirit seeks repose,
The grieving heart forgets its woes,
And gentle sleep enfoldeth those
Of toilsome brow!

The solitary taper's light,
Companion of my wakeful night,
Alone shines forth, the beacon bright
Of vigil hours;
When dreams come flitting, sweetly fair,
Of Paradise, and loved ones there,
Beyond the range of mortal care
In fadeless bow'rs.

The young, the beautiful I knew,
Who smiles around my pathway threw,
But soon departed like the dew
Of summer even!
A blessed host, that seem'd to win
The passions from their bent of sin,
And lead the soul thus pure within
The way to Heaven!

And thou, meek glory! that dost shine
With lustre more intense, divine,
Than sister orbs that circle thine
With radiance pale;
If thou art one whom Time endears,
Still fondly through this vale of years,
Though mourn'd, alas! with many tears,
I bid thee hail!

Thou wert my earliest, best beloved,
The noblest heart that friendship proved,
The gentlest that affection moved,
The silv'ry voiced;
That charm'd me with its witching tone,
That whisper'd joy when hope had flown,
And breathed a language all its own,
That oft rejoiced.

Gone, gone for ever! still 'tis good
To deem that thus, in pitying mood,
Thou watchest o'er our solitude
In yonder sphere!
Inspiring thoughts that we shall be
Partakers of its joy with thee,
From all the mortal anguish free
That meets us here!

Oh! land all sorrowless and pure,
From all that wrecks the soul secure,
Where confidence alone is sure,
Home of the blest!
Fain would we seek thee, and forget
The thorns that now our path beset,
And, undisturb'd by one regret,
Calm would we rest!

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON LIFE.

BY J. FISHER MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF LONDON."

CHAPTER XXVII.

SAVINGS' BANKS.

My blessings on the man who invented *prudence;* it wraps us all over, like a cloak.—SANCHO PANZA.

"WHAT trade are you?" inquired the clerk of the Savings' Bank at Clerkenwell, as I tendered my first deposit of four pounds *four*—my publisher paid *guineas,* —he was a gentleman, and knew what was what.

"An author—literary man," was my reply.

"Author — literary man!" echoed the clerk, looking at me, and remarking, "Poor devil!" I don't mean to assert that the clerk uttered the words, for, in truth, he did not speak; but he *looked* the observation; his *face* silently, expressively, and contemptuously said "Poor devil!"

The clerk, taking my bank-book with him, walked off to another clerk, whispering him; the second clerk looked at me, then at the first clerk; then the two clerks laughed. I beg pardon, they did not laugh, they sniggled: laughter is an honest, cheerful exercise, in use with men; sniggling is a convulsion of underbred jackanapes, and clerks in office; the laughter of the clerks of Clerkenwell savings' bank was the laughter of contempt.

When it came to my turn to appear at the desk of the manager, to receive my bank-book with his initials, that functionary, taking off a pair of gold-mounted spectacles, and looking me very hard in the face,—probably to see what an author was like,—observed,

"My friend, this bank is intended for the deposits of working-people."

"My friend," replied I, in the self-same tone, "this is the bank for me,—*I* am a working person."

"Sir," said the manager sharply, "I repeat, this institution is not intended for educated persons."

"Sir," said I, "you should never reproach a man with his misfortunes. If I had not been an author, I had not been poor; if I had employed one-tenth of the time, industry, and thought upon trade, that I have dissipated in the pursuit of learning, instead of keeping an account here, I should have kept it at the Bank of England — that's all!"

"Well, sir," replied the manager in a more softened tone, "I merely wished to intimate that savings' banks are exclusively devoted to the uses of labourers, servants, mechanics, and the working people."

"Well, sir; and where is the difference between them and me? Is economy a virtue in a hodman, and a vice in an author? Or, if there is any distinction between us, is it not in my favour, who, while others earn their bread with the sweat of their brow, earn mine by the sweat of my *brain?*"

The manager wiped his gold-mounted spectacles, and put them on his nose, saying,

"There's your book, get it checked; we take the deposit."

A third clerk, while checking off the initials of the manager, entertained me with whistling a few bars between his teeth of that popular and justly-celebrated air, "*The Literary Dustman.*"

"The devil!" exclaimed I, quitting the office. "Even a savings' bank clerk, with fifty pounds a year, has a fling at our profession. All the world laughs at us."

I walked on, in a brown study.

"Never mind," said I, recovering my spirits, "if I am laughed at, it is not because I am an author, but because I am poor; authors are not alone laughed at; actors, artists, barristers, even clergymen, the polite world has a fling at, if they are also poor. We are poor; all the world laughs at us; let us be rich, and laugh at all the world."

I walked pleasantly home, stepping out to the tune of "*The Literary Dustman.*"

Now, my reason for frequenting the savings' banks when I had any savings, was this:—

A philosopher of the name of Black discovered that there exists in certain bodies, substances, or entities, an insensible warmth, or concealed caloric, which not being affected by the thermometers of Fahrenheit or Reaumur, or by the pyrometer of Wedgewood, or any other apparatus for noting degrees of heat, is yet developed and made to come out very sensibly by certain affinities, called chemical. Now, there is no doubt about this; for, taking a bit of burnt lime in your hand, you will feel that it is not as hot as the utilitarian end of your poker; but, if you put it in a mug, pouring some water over it, and stirring it with your finger, you will soon be informed, by more than one of your senses, that the compound is infernally hot; and when you take your finger, as black as a coal, out of the mug, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that it has been roasted by the evolution of what Philosopher Black discovered, and called "*latent heat.*"

Ready money has been long known to possess this latent or concealed heat in great quantity; long before the time of Black it was ascertained that money burned a hole in many a man's pocket, as well as in mine. In a paper read before the ACIDULOUS ASSOCIATION, it was attempted to be proved that Black was indebted for his discovery to the knowledge of this popular fact, which he applied to chemical science. Be this as it may, I never had a penny in my pocket that did not in the course of ten minutes get so intolerably hot that I was obliged to rush into a tailor's, tobacconists, picture-dealers, book-shop, or tavern, according as one or other happened to be at hand, and empty my pockets on the counter. You would hardly believe how much I saved this way in pocket linings.

Upon one occasion, in particular, walking from Mr. Bentley's in New Burlington Street, to the Royal Exchange, with last month's money in my left-hand breeches-pocket, I was nearly burned alive. Stopping under the Quadrant to look at a cut velvet waistcoat in one of the shops, I felt an unpleasant warmth about the left hip-joint, and putting my hand into my moneyed pocket, I felt the coin getting sensibly warm: changing it into the right-hand receptacle, I

succeeded in getting as far as a jeweller's in Pall Mall, where rings, pins, and trinkets are displayed in the windows; here the latent heat was sensibly evolved in the other pocket. Jumping into an omnibus, the jolting dispersed somewhat of the caloric of my cash; but, on being set down opposite Birch's at Cornhill, the metal entered into a sympathetic combination with that establishment, which in an instant raised my metallic substances to unendurable intensity of heat.

I had often heard of turtle-soup. Often had I read in the daily papers the Lord Mayor's bill of fare, worthily headed with innumerable tureens of turtle, with punch, of course, to follow. Turtle was associated in my mind with aldermanic glory; it was the food, I thought, of men fat of this world's wealth; *millionaires*, mayors, and civic guests of note had devoured the luscious diet. Mystic, ambidexter viand, thou fish at once and flesh, with no base-born flavour of rank red-herring, I will taste thee! yes, thou civic dainty, I will kiss thy gelatinous lips! thy flavour will I set above my vulgar herd of esculent ideas in the culinary corner of my brain; the taste acidulous of butter-milk, beverage of my youth, will I depose in favour of imperial punch, and from the tablets of my brain will I henceforward raze the remembrance of beefsteaks and tug-mutton in favour of thee, turtle, right-worshipful, aldermanic dish; to thy remembrance shall I henceforth be constant evermore; as turtle-dove to turtle, I to thee!

The simplicity of the great temples of gormandizing in the metropolis,—I mean, of course, the CITY,—is exceedingly gratifying to the man of taste. Let West-End dining-rooms, Haymarket supper-houses, and "dead meal" shops boast their carpeted floors, cushioned seats, and mirrored walls, as a set-off to their thin soups, stale fishes, and *besteamed* roast meats; give me the saw-dust floor, the bare bench, the naked walls, the turtle, venison, and oyster-pies of Birch's. You enter the shop of Colonel Pattypan, as the profane termed the gallant alderman, whose name still lives immortal in Cornhill; there is no show, no set-out of coloured comfits, or stale confectionery; on the counter reposes, patiently, and with the resignation of a martyr awaiting execution, the royal turtle, monarch of the cargo; he weighs — we are ashamed to say how much he weighs;

"He lies like a warrior taking his rest,
With his tortoise shell around him."

You pass through the kitchen; beautiful are the coppers, the red-brick ovens, the hot plates; none of your back-kitchens, shoved away in the rear of the house, as if unworthy of sight or smell. Birch's kitchen stands next to his shop in position, as in fame.

Then, the soup-room; no nonsense; no gilding on the gingerbread; clean, scrupulously clean, neat but not gaudy, are all the appointments of the turtle-room; glasses of fair water, and plates of toasted crusts, with white table-cloths, are all you see before you. That gurgling noise in the dark corner beyond the skylight expresses the enjoyment of a fat old gentleman over his plate of soup; and the slight accidental hiccup behind the door, from the lady with the ermine muff and tippet, is the result of a mistake on the part of our waiter, in making the second glass of punch a *leetel* stiffish, or so.

I like to know the price of a folly beforehand; though the money in my pocket, as I sat in Birch's soup-room, was nearly at a white heat, I could not resist asking the price of a plate of soup.

"Three-and-sixpence."

"Punch?"

"One-and-sixpence."

I dashed through the kitchen, and out of shop-door, like a flash of lightning.

If there is one sensuality more groveling than another, it is going to a solitary place to cram a crown down your throat (besides sixpence to the waiter) to gratify mere gluttony of the lowest appetite, without hunger, the welcome of a friend, or any other excuse to sanction an expense which Nature does not demand, and in which sociality has no share. The *gourmand*, or belly-god, has not even the poor excuse of good-fellowship, which pleads apology for nocturnal orgies; no good song, no happy jest, no "feast of reason, or flow of soul" pleads for his excesses; he retires, like a beast, to gloat over his prey; and when he is stuffed to the throat, finds refuge in sleep from the horrors of repletion.

And this sin of gluttony, thought I, was I within a hair's-breadth of committing, of mere wantonness, while thousands of God's creatures in this wilderness are wanting needful food.

Without very well knowing where I was going, my stomach, wiser than I, was gradually impelling me to the leg-of-beef shop—it was near dinner-time—on Holborn Hill.

There!—I told you so!

Among the poor destitute youths who stood before the window, as usual, feasting their eyes upon the ruddy shins of beef and long French rolls in Mr. A-la-Mode's window, was one who, methought, looked hungrier, if possible, than the rest. He appeared a decent lad, and as he stood close to the window, with his back slightly bent, and his hands pressed against his spine, nothing but an empty stomach and thin pair of trousers between, my bowels yearned for him as well as for dinner, and I could not help beckoning the poor devil into the leg-of-beef shop.

"Two plates of soup, Mr. A-la-Mode, if you please, two potatoes, two breads, and *one* salad."

In society we must not confound ranks and stations; the line between superiors and inferiors may be drawn fine as you will, but it must be drawn somewhere. *I* drew it with the salad.

"If I had a spoon," said the hungry lad, for the landlord had forgotten to give him one, "I could manage better."

"Don't steal it," said the landlord, throwing a pewter spoon upon the table.

"If I was brought up to steal spoons," retorted the lad, "I should not have been necessitated to go without a dinner."

In London poverty appears to greater disadvantage than in any other place I have ever seen: elsewhere men of the world are content to shun it; here, the meanest of mankind delights to have a fling at it. Elsewhere it is a misfortune, here it seems to partake of the atrocity of crime.

Pleased with the spirit of the esurient youth, and not over-delighted with the taunt of the landlord, I ordered all the other boys into the shop, for my money was still quite too hot.

"Never mind the expense," said I; "five shillings will cover the cost, and I shall save sixpence for the waiter."

Whether leg-of-beef soup is as delicious as turtle, or not, it is not for me to say; it is good enough for an author, at any rate; and although the company on the occasion in question, was not what might be considered select, yet we enjoyed ourselves,—especially the young gentlemen in waiting at the window,—very heartily.

When the bill came to be paid, there were fifteen-pence saved out of the jaws of the turtle, and as three-pence a night is the rate of my young friends' family hotel — to which in due course we shall conduct the patient reader—this was just a night's lodging a-piece.

We parted very good friends, and I had got as far as Holborn Bars, when a voice, apparently addressing me, inquired,

"You wouldn't have a job for a poor fellow?"

It was my friend, the hungry youth,—one of the hungry youths, I should have said, who, provident of the future, thought he might as well see if anything more could be made of your humble servant, or whether his gratitude should cease with his digestion.

"You wouldn't have a job for a poor fellow?"

If there is one thing more provoking than another, it is when the will to do a good turn is frozen in the heart for want of the means to do it. The man in trade—every man who, instead of employing his life in the ungracious task of *pleasing* the public, turns his talent to account in *serving* them, has many opportunities afforded him of doing practical, enduring good. His workshop, his warehouse, his place of business, is a school of industry and conduct, in which he can employ the former, promote and reward the latter; serving at the same time the interest of others and his own.

But the professional man is a solitary struggler; he works with the machinery of his brain, which permits of no assisting hand; he is his own governor, foreman, operative; his labour can employ no meaner help than his own; in solitude and isolation the weary hand must trace the product of the weary head. He cannot, like the merchant, delegate his credit and his name, and continue to receive the fruits of labour after he has ceased to toil; nor, like the operative, can he superintend the execution of that work by other hands, which his skill has enabled him to employ himself, to more advantage than in doing with his own. Through life the professional man is a labourer; he receives wages but while he toils; he can assist few, and reward none.

But, notwithstanding, the poorest man has the will to do a good turn; I had more; for I boasted a straw mattress, an old great-coat, and an empty garret next to my own. The hungry youth was, as I have said, a respectable-looking lad; he had a good character from the parson of his parish; he was in distress, and I had nothing that he could conveniently steal.

His profession was, taking down and putting up shutters of West-End shops. While wandering, penniless, and destitute about town, he had observed the porters, to whose care this honourable employment is committed, sometimes lazy, but more frequently drunk; and lending a hand, with that alacrity indicative of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, he was often permitted to become an *amateur*, and to assist gratuitously in taking down and putting up the eyelids of sundry shops.

At first, he informed me, he used to be saluted with divers kicks for his interference; then he was allowed to do the work for nothing, and in the fulness of time got promoted to the dregs of the pot of beer, which, while he was working, the professional gentlemen were drinking. Still, like an Englishman or Scotchman, he persevered in making himself generally useful, taking present kicks as earnest of future halfpence.

He never abused the liberty afforded him of the straw-mattress, great-coat, and garret; and the first shilling he got for cleaning my shoes—a necessary task, which, when practicable, I confess I like to execute by deputy—was laid out in a very proper manner.

I was sitting in my room, smoking my pipe as usual, and engaged in my customary evening recreation of wondering whether my next contribution would be inserted,—a speculation which, as it involved the question of thirty days' victuals and rent, was necessarily of, to me, absorbing interest, when my friend, having announced his wish by a preliminary tap, walked into the attic. In one hand he carried a farthing candle and a slate, in the other some paper and an ink-bottle; a farthing pen was stuck behind his ear.

"Perhaps," said he, "you would not mind setting me a copy."

If there is one thing in this world that more than another does a man's heart good, it is to see a fellow man stung with the noble wish to rise above his poverty, and to make his way in the world by putting his talent to good account. Wherever you see such a man, you see him already independent in the spirit, and in a fair way to become so in the flesh; wherever, on the contrary, you see a man content in ignorance, satisfied to let his mind lie fallow, and exulting in the sleep of that reason with which God has made him great, you behold a brute and a barbarian, whose race intelligence and progress will push from the face of the earth.

When I had taught my friend to write — and, to do him justice, he was not slow to learn, for when I came home at the small hours, as was frequently the case, I used to find him with his copy placed upon his knees, the farthing candle glimmering duskily by his side— and when, by teaching him arithmetic, I had myself progressed upon his slate as far as vulgar fractions, my friend took his leave, to assume permanent command over the shutters of a leading West-End house.

I always admired the shawl-shops. There is an oriental gorgeousness about their drapery, a brilliant colouring in the windows, a richness and repose in the pillared hall, the rosewood tables, the porcelain vases, the crystal chandeliers, that remind me of the description of the divan of the caliphs; it was like an introduction to high life, and I often used to amuse myself with the imagination that Devonshire House on a *gala* night might resemble Swan and Edgar's.

Absorbed in this agreeable imagination, I was one Saturday night standing before the door, as usual — I do not mean the door of Devonshire House, but the more hospitable portals of Swan and Edgar, when a tap on the shoulder disturbed my reverie. The tapper was a genteel youth, in a well-brushed suit of black, with white *choker*; nor was it until he had announced himself by name, did I recollect the hero of the leg-of-beef shop — my *quondam* hungry youth. He now enjoyed the responsible office of one of the light porters of that

extensive concern; and having just then been paid his week's wages, informed me that he was on his way to the savings' bank, to put, as he said, what he could spare out of harm's way.

"I will go to the savings' bank with you," said I; and the light porter and heavy *littérateur* walked off together.

If any of our readers does me the honour to recollect my description of a gin-shop in London, he will save me a long description by just imagining the customers of the savings' bank, the *antipodes* of the frequenters of the gin-shop.

Good sense and well-doing have their physiognomies, as well as folly and crime, the habits of the mind impress themselves with an indefinable but evident force upon the human face: perhaps the eye is the chief index, but there are lights and shadows playing over the features, which let you into a good deal of the moral character.

The physiognomy of the people in waiting at the savings' bank was that indicative of self-control, and its natural consequence, self-respect; for not more certainly is the erect carriage and manly bearing of the soldier produced by self-denying postures and attitudes of constraint, than is a prudent carriage in life the result of moral self-denial and constraint of the passions.

The people at the savings' bank had clear open countenances, with colour in their cheeks; their clothes were homely, warm, and well put on; they were emphatically what I should call respectable people, though I doubt if any one present—except perhaps the milkman, kept a gig.

There was an Irish hodman from St. Giles's, with something like the *débris* of a hat under his arm, blundering from counter to counter with five shillings in his paw, poking it always into the wrong place, and eternally praying God to bless their honours. What he was blessing for, or who were their honours, I could not make out, but I have always observed these people thankful for small mercies.

There was a Welch milkmaid depositing six sovereigns, the savings of half a year's hard work; she took the money from her bosom, where it was concealed in a little bag; two were returned her, being light; weighing them as it were in her hand, and looking at them, said, with a cheerful laugh, "Master shouldn't have given me light money, for sure he always gave me the heaviest work."

An aged man and woman tottered into the office, mutually supporting each other. Time, which had bowed their heads nearer earth, and made their feeble limbs tremble under them, had had no power over the strong affections that knit them in their age together. They had come with the accumulated hoard of years—some thirty pounds, with which to provide, as they told the manager, for their decent burial.

"We have lived without the parish," said the old couple in a breath, "and we hope to die without them."

Right-hearted feeling to live independent, and to die so too. True English principle, which has done more to raise them to their wondrous height than coals, or steam, or all their inventions put together.

"In whose name shall I enter this money?" inquired the clerk.

"Better let it be the old man's," replied the wife, her aged eyes bent in tenderness upon her tottering helpmate.

"Put it in *her* name, sir," interrupted the old man, "she can guide it better, when I'm gone."

"God forbid that I should live to see the day!" exclaimed the woman.

When this little contention had lasted some time, both exclaimed, "Couldn't you please to put both our names in it?"

It was as if they had asked to die, as they had lived, together.

LIVING IN LONDON.

WHEN, from the airy height of this very celestial abode—garret to my readers and familiars, but *chambers* to the rest of the world, I look down over the skylight edge upon the toiling, struggling mass of men below; when I reflect that all this *hubble-bubble*, these noises which confuse my brain, and put to flight my gathered notions—but which I request the reader to set down to errors of the press—all this buying, selling, cheating, bargaining arise from the same necessity that stimulates, from month to month, my worn-out pen, namely, a little food to coax the tenant soul to stay awhile within this beggarly lodging, the tenement body; a little covering, a little firing, a shelter from the jarring elements of nature, I cannot help thinking, as I draw in my head, let the skylight gradually down, what a poor, paltry, pitiful, pronged animal is man! How much more fortunate are the lower animals! Once, straying as far as Turnham Green, I saw a flock of goslins. If, reader, you are a family man, I mean no offence. A suit had they of softest, warmest down, coloured like the facings of the Fifth Regiment of Foot, or, if you like it better, the hue of liveliest limestone; proud were they, and well they might be; from no charity-school did they receive their investiture; no badge displayed the ostentation of charity that covereth the naked; to NATURE, great Lady Bountiful, were they alone indebted! she, who endues both goslin and goose with befitting *toggery*, nor leaves, in the evening of his days, even the old gander naked to the elements.

Let no man take umbrage if, on the same occasion, it was my hap to see an ass. Not MOSES and SON could have provided him with a stouter coat of beaver, nor could the mathematical cutters have fitted him tighter to the skin. Yet this handsome "rig-out" did Neddy get for nothing; not even *promising* to pay; comfortably clothed came he into the world, and with a good suit goeth he out of it. Nay, in the course of his career, two suits doth he get in annual succession, no stipulations made even for the old ones to be returned!

A snail, moreover, saw I in a comfortable house, for which he paid neither rent nor taxes.

Man—man, why are ye not kind to your fellow, as is Nature to donkeys, snails, and goslins? why does the heart daily bleed to behold men houseless, women hungry, children naked, desperately striving to obtain that which is bestowed upon the unreasoning creatures of the earth; striving, alas! and striving frequently in vain?

We, poor unfurred, unfeathered wretches that we are! have many hard necessities imposed upon our artificial lot. Clothes must we provide, decent, presentable, fashionable, according to our station; food must we procure of some sort, from the potato—procreative weed—to the best of white bread, as our means will permit; lodging must we have, area, attic, front parlour, two-pair back, else shall we be dealt with as vagrants "with the utmost rigour of the law." These are the poor ambitions of nearly all mankind; to these ends

are our muscles strained, our faculties nerved to the utmost; these send the mariner over stormiest seas, call up the labourer before day, keep the serving-girl to her irksome task from early morning far into the night; and bind fifty thousand of the population of luxurious London to labour fifteen hours out of twenty-four.

The necessity of living first redeemed the earth from utter barrenness and desolation; man said, "I must have wherewithal to eat," and forthwith makes him a bow and arrow, a net, and a snare; as the wild creatures of the earth diminished before him, and his own numbers increased, he followed from place to place his flocks and herds. Growing tired of *all* mutton, he scatters on the earth a few ears of wild corn, and in the fulness of time and Corn Laws, behold him rejoicing in the luxury of a tenpenny loaf.

If standing idly by, with your hands in your pockets, like a philosopher or crocodile, you ask the meaning of all this pother, "We must live," says one, "We can't starve," cries another; "Large small family," observes a third; "Old woman and the kids," apologizes a fourth; there they are, toiling and moiling, and all for a morsel of something to eat, a shelter from the weather, and a rag to cover them.
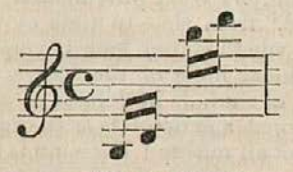
I do not now speak of the fraction of humanity—no happier than the rest—who are permitted to look idly on at the common lot of labour; but is not this necessity of living, the history in brief of the world, a short account of the rise and progress of civilization?

RAGGED LIVINGS.

"How do you get your living?"
"Best way I can."

Mornings at Bow Street.

Of the various sounds that greet the sleepless stranger in the course of a London morning, that of water-cresses is usually the earliest and shrillest. For years the same poor thinly-clad woman (there is nothing in nature, art, or tragedy more pitiful than the bemottled limbs of woman half exposed, half hid by a ragged petticoat) used to rouse us from our slumbers by the same unvaried cuckoo cry of "cresses."



Wa-ter cress-es!

Often, in a bitter cold morning, while we hugged the blankets, trembling to put our experimental leg into the Polar air, would the cry of this poor creature start us from our nest, with shame that we should have felt cold, while she, poor soul, went shivering through the streets, her cry of "cresses" thin and shrill, as if it were frozen in her throat. Charity she never asked, nor seemed to need, though much she needed it. Her apron held such bits and scraps as the good-natured chose to spare, and her eye told you she thanked you. Cold,

and poverty, and hardship have done their work upon her; she is gone, and her cry, which to us was as familiar as the cuckoo, is heard no more.

As we sit at breakfast, a girl announces "A reel of white sewing-cotton, a packet of Whitechapel needles, and a song-book, all for a half-penny." To her succeeds a gentleman with iron lungs, "Only a penny, six useful articles for a penny; a memorandum-book containing sixteen ruled pages, an almanac, and a ready-reckoner, a packet of wafers, a sheet of the best letter paper, and a ruler, only one penny."

Next follow the refuse-merchants of Covent Garden with the sweepings of the carts of the market-gardeners; one cries "Radishes, a market-handful for a halfpenny;" another screams "Who'll have my last three penn'orth of in-ions;" then comes the itinerant fishmonger, fresh from Billingsgate, with the unsold trash of yesterday's market.

Just as we sit down to our day's work—and if are now and then stupid, unintelligible, or downright nonsensical, you will make allowance and have mercy—comes the everlasting Savoyard with his eternal hurdy-gurdy, a blind fiddler, and that the vocal may not lag behind the instrumental music, a gentleman, who sells songs, in a very "*forte*" tone by measure: "Three *yards* of songs, sentimental, comic, fashionable, sufficient for this month and a great deal of the next:" *Shivery Shaky—Hearts of Oak—Alonzo the Brave—He was such a nice young man—The Misletoe Bough—Oh! Woodman, spare that Tree—I' m ninety-five—Oh! dont I love my Mother!*"

When these are with difficulty driven off, comes Isaac—his croak "Old Clo'! Old Clo'!" heralding his advent; to him succeeds in long succession the thousand beggars, unfortunates, impostors, and really destitute creatures who seek relief begging from door to door.

In a country place, one passes these people by, as essential links in the nice gradation from rich to poor; but in London the contrast is startling between overwhelming wealth and most abject misery. In splendid London these poor outcasts of mankind seem more particularly misplaced; we wonder what business they have here.

How they get through the day; to what den they retire for the night; whether the sense of impending want oppresses them with continual mental pain; by what providential care the "noble rage of hunger is appeased," from time to time by timely benevolence or casual employment; whether they look beyond the dark and dreary present, or have rational hope of the future, are speculations that have often employed our minds in default of other avocations.

Yet—poor, and ragged, and desolate as they appear, these wretched creatures' lives are not all misery; the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb; their life has something of the charm of adventure, and a prosperous day of match or ballad selling is followed by an evening of what to them is enjoyment.

Upon one occasion we accompanied a gentleman in the lucifer and congreve line home to supper. We have a particular old coat, fustian trousers, and affecting hat, which we don for these select parties, and pass muster very tolerably with the help of chin unshaven, and dirty hands, as a "Needy," or "cove down on his luck." The hotel was situate in a court within a court of Drury Lane; there were five small houses in the alley, all belonging to the same pro-

prietor, and forming part of the same establishment. Two of the houses were laid out in single beds, for the better class of visitors; by which we must be understood delicately to allude to begging-letter writers, the lower class of impostors, and swindlers, and the inferior tribes of area sneaks, and pickpockets. The department—which we may properly designate as the private or family hotel, furnished beds at four-pence a-night, with "Sundays out," or two shillings per week, with the usual accommodation.

The sheets and bedding are coarse but tolerably clean, and the accommodation no worse than is to be found in many sixpenny lodging-houses in the country.

The two next houses were adapted to a threepenny standard, and the remaining mansion was laid down in a crop of tolerable straw, for those customers whose means were limited to a penny, or who were suspected of an inclination for a night's lodging without any means at all.

For the common use of all the guests, the lower rooms of the two middle, or threepenny houses, were knocked into a tolerably spacious coffee-room; the walls ingeniously papered with ballads, and the ceilings fantastically ornamented in *arabesque*, with waving lines executed in a masterly style in smoke of candle. A capital fire—fire in these hotels is three parts of the accommodation—blazed at both ends of the apartment; and near lay the common saucepan, gridiron, and frying-pan of the establishment.

Our friend the lucifer-merchant entered without observation, but we were not permitted to escape in the same unostentatious manner: something of the policeman in disguise may have lurked about us; and it was not till we had reassured the company by announcing our profession, as a *jigger* (or manufacturer of illicit spirits), that we were received with the usual welcome of these hostelries, an invitation to "stand treat."

It is not safe to be suspected of being "flush" of money in these parts. We accordingly preferred stripping off our waistcoat for the "*spout*," with an alacrity that shewed at once our desire to drink and oblige the company. With this, a young gentleman, incurably lame from white swelling of the knee, was despatched as being swiftest of foot, and speedily returning with a gallon of beer, a quartern of gin, and "the ticket," we were disposed to be as merry as our unfortunate circumstances permitted.

Of the company we can say but little, and that little not very good. A group of well-dressed young gentlemen from the four-penny "ken" monopolized the upper end of the apartment, looking with great contempt upon the more ragged frequenters of the room, who, however, were not backward in reciprocating their aversion for those "conveyancers" of the swell-mob. We had, at our less exclusive end of the house, a young gentleman in the epileptic line, who made a good thing of it, and reciprocated our treat with unhesitating hospitality; his secret lay in a composition, which he introduced into his nostrils, and which, when he fell heavily on the pavement, on the approach of kindly-hearted looking ladies, or elderly benevolent gentlemen, appearing in the unequivocal shape of a bloody-nose, was an almost certain passport, through the heart, to the pocket. We had a street-conjurer, who performed divers tricks upon cards to admiration, but at this time got a living by selling a toy called

"bandalore," which he exhibited for our entertainment, acquainting us at the same time that this curious instrument was invented especially for the amusement of King George the Fourth.

We had a very knowing fellow, whose profession was that of a fool; he wore a military uniform, with worsted epaulets, trowsers with a red stripe, and a cocked hat and feather, broadside, on his head. This gentleman had seen much life, possessed a fund of anecdote, and seemed the life and soul of the society.

Two gentlemen "*griddlers*," or itinerant psalm-singers, favoured us with their experiences upon circuit. In your life you never saw a brace of such sanctimonious-looking rascals; they had doffed the professional whine and snuffle with which, in the course of the day, they had essayed about Hackney or Clapham Rise: for they confined themselves strictly to dissenting neighbourhoods, the sympathies of the godly; but still retained the dusky suit, the cropped and shaven head and face. Merrier rascals could not be found, though the tone of their conversation, in a moral point of view, was by no manner of means unobjectionable. However, we could not look upon them with the proper intensity of dislike, knowing what splendid examples were afforded them of hypocrisy in loftier spheres.

We also had a brace of "*shally-coves*," or shipwrecked sailors who had never seen the sea. There was a distressed Pole, born in Silver court, Golden lane, who spoke excellent French, and had served at the battle of Warsaw. The rest of the company chose to preserve a strict incognito, though there can be no doubt they were persons of the first importance—to themselves.

We had for supper—Lucifer and I—very choice "fagots" from the nearest cook-shop; "small Germans," and a "polony" a-piece, with a kidney-pudding and baked "'taturs" fresh from the pieman at the corner. The military gentleman—or Captain, as he was familiarly called, sported a pork-chop and a pot of beer; the "*shally coves*" rejoiced in bread, cheese, and onions; but the grand resource of the majority was the baked 'tatur and kidney pudding.

Some there were who appeared not to be in funds; but they wanted nothing, for all that: there was no ceremony; everybody asked everybody "Will you have a bit of mine?" and everybody who wanted it, made no ceremony of saying, "Thank you, if you have it to spare."

When supper was over, we formed a wide circle round one of the fires; the gentleman of the white swelling jumped Jim Crow, and he of the epilepsy rehearsed his "point" in the falling sickness. The Captain entertained us with a history of his adventures in the West, as a *soi-disant* soldier of the Anglo-Spanish Legion. The distressed Pole sat down to write a begging-letter for one of the "shally-coves," who had been shipwrecked off the Isles of Scilly, and was then making his way home to a widowed mother in any part of England. The "griddlers" sang songs of a highly questionable character. The street-conjurer and the gentlemen of the swell-mob played at cards; and the lucifer-man deplored the competition in the congreve line, and hinted to me that he should be glad to try his hand at the "jiggering" department.

Enough of these unhappy people.

The intensity of *honest*, humble industry in London is astonishing to those who have not seen what an artificial stimulus human labour

can derive from high wages. One could hardly believe that the coal-whippers, and labourers about the docks, could get through their amount of daily work, if we did not know what men will undergo when paid in proportion to their labour. But it is melancholy, at the same time, to reflect, that the daily necessities of life occupy the entire time of these poor creatures; that they have no leisure to stand erect, or time to reflect, educate their minds, or improve their condition; the public-house receives them in the short intervals of their toil, for their toil is such that they can only be supported by an artificial excitement, in the shape of deep draughts of beer; at night they retire to their poor homes, and forget themselves in sleep till morning calls them to a recurrence of their laborious life.

The labouring man in London, as throughout England, is neither more nor less than the human machine of the capitalist.

There is no class of men in London who might live more comfortably than mechanics. Indeed, they do live comfortably, as far as comfort is composed in the essentials of eating and drinking, but not in as far as it is promoted by the higher qualities of information, beyond the sphere of their particular employment. We speak, of course, of the mass of London artizans; for nowhere will you find more intelligent, truly respectable men than many of the men who are also most skilful at their trade; but you do find vast numbers who are intelligent at their trade, and unintelligent in everything else. The passion for the public-house—which is only a passion, in default of more rational excitement, is a serious injury to this class of men; nor could the philanthropist devise a better means of withdrawing them from this demoralizing, and too often fatal habit of resorting to the public-house, than that of literary and mechanics' institutes.

These are, unhappily, few and far between: this benefit can reach only a very small class of the working men of the metropolis; what is to be done, must be done by the men themselves; a mutual instruction society, and a book-club is surely easy of accomplishment to those who have benefit societies and burial societies, and to whom the organization of means of mutual help have been for a long time familiar. Why should they not organize mutual societies for the exchange of rational information and useful enjoyment; and by so doing, gradually withdraw themselves from that curse to thousands, the contaminating influence, the selfish enjoyment of the public-house?

We wish capital, now so superabundant, could be directed towards the improvement of the dwellings of the working-classes. With how many comforts, how many decencies, how many virtues, a clean, well-ventilated dwelling is associated, nobody needs to be informed; such is to a family, what personal cleanliness is to an individual,—a means of health, recreation, rest, and enjoyment. Nor is it unimportant in a moral sense,

> "For with the body's purity, the mind
> Acquires a secret, sympathetic aid."

If your business leads you to the dwelling of an artizan—one of the great race whose hands make our wealth, our luxuries, our comforts,—where are you likely to find him? In a guttery back street, or stench-abounding alley, you climb a filthy stair; and in a close

unventilated room—parlour, kitchen and all, you find the entire family huddled together, for cooking, eating, and sleeping. All the air admitted is through the key-hole, or the broken pane of a window that will neither open nor shut. Neatness is impossible, and with the best housewife, her task is the pursuit of cleanliness under difficulties; for how can cleanliness be attained where its first elements, air and water, are with difficulty attainable? The husband, driven away by the noise, the stench, and the discomfort of his little place, which *ought* to be his home, is probably at the public-house; the children are in the gutter, and the wife in suds, straw, or saucepans.

The dilapidated habitations of the rich, abandoned by their advance in the comforts and decencies of life, degenerate into abodes of the poor. There is no such thing thought of, with all our thinking, of providing the poor with habitations fitted to their wants or means, unless they become chargeable to us as paupers; then, indeed, an Elizabethan palace rises proudly from some dry and salubrious site; commissioners with a thousand a-year see that it is provided with baths, infirmaries, and every necessary of health; Dr. Reid devises plans for its ventilation; artesian wells are sunk to supply the paupers with water; the best of clothing, and food, and everything else is advertised for.

But, unless a man is either wealthy or a pauper, no care is taken to give him a decent abode; humble industry may hide its head where it can; as long as it is in working order, we take no heed of it; but the minute it is demoralized, or depauperized, we have the most elegant model-prisons to correct it, and the most beautiful union workhouses to lock it up in!

If a poor working-man cannot afford to pay twenty pounds a-year, it is impossible for him to get a comfortable home; and then, it will be in the outskirts, at a distance from his business, where builders can afford to cover an acre of ground with decent cottages; but no man thinks of making his fortune by building in the heart of London, decent cottages, one on the top of another.

THE MARINER'S REST.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Down, down in the deep let the mariner sleep,
When his voyage of life is ended;
He cares not to rest in the earth's warm breast,
Let his manes with the wave be blended:
For there was his home, and the crested foam,
That long hath gallantly bore him,
Will shelter him now, while, murmuring low,
With the winds, a requiem o'er him!

And there doth he rest, in his shrouded nest,
Unconscious of all above him;
The battle may wage, or the tempest rage,
But the sounds no longer move him!
On his coral bed, with the sea-weed spread,
He lies till the great Awaking
Shall stir old ocean, in wild commotion,
And the mariner's trance be breaking.

THE PRACTICAL JOKE.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

Poor Aylmer, whose premature old age, and grave manner, have evidently been brought on by deep sorrow, was once the merriest fellow in the Bengal army. Alive to every species of fun, ready to join in every amusement, he was the acknowledged leader of all the high spirits of the Presidency. A practical joke, however, was the cause of his present woe-begone appearance; the consequences of a moment's hilarity have embittered for ever his future years. I will relate the circumstances in a few words.

A grand dinner had been given by the mess to Colonel Green on his departure for England, and, as is usual on such occasions, we had drunk deeply. Hodgson's pale ale, and Carbonelle's claret had done their best to upset us, but not a man had yielded to their powers. Midnight had struck; its chimes had been unheeded. Our honoured guest had departed, yet no one thought of moving. We sat, in the spirit of true good-fellowship, talking over the merits of our late commander. There are some men, however, who get naturally cross as they imbibe too much wine. Others, though wound up to the highest pitch of good-nature, will become so sensitive as to imagine the slightest contradiction to be a grave offence, an attack upon their honour.

On the night in question, Tom Townley, my best, my most valued friend, got into a foolish argument with James Sewell about the spelling of the word "wagon" or "waggon." The dispute was so laughable, that, instead of sending for a dictionary, and deciding the question, on which the parties had made heavy bets, we foolishly fomented the drunken quarrel, to enjoy the fun, imagining that in the morning both gentlemen would have forgotten their dispute. We must have been worse, however, than madmen thus to suffer two brother-officers, heated by wine, to proceed in their argument. The consequences were obvious. In a moment of irritation, wholly unconscious of what he was doing, Townley struck Sewell, who, starting up, demanded instant satisfaction for the insult he had received. We now too late perceived our error, and the more sensible portion of the company proposed instantly to break up, and endeavour in the morning to arrange matters. It is true, a blow is an insult not to be got over; such an offence demands blood as an expiation. But there are cases, and we hoped the present one was of the number, where the unconsciousness of the parties might justify the affair being made up, and the old hands therefore advised a forcible abduction of the belligerents, who still, however, kept calling out for pistols.

To this moment I cannot account for my feelings on this occasion. I could not help desiring to push the fun, as I called it, still further, and therefore not only sided with Sewell, when he declared he *ought* to have instant satisfaction, but actually went off and brought the weapons they desired. The sight of these made them still more clamorous for an immediate encounter. Fools were, alas! found to back up my opinion, and in a very few minutes the majority of our

officers having withdrawn in disgust, our two friends were placed opposite each other in the long gallery, which was from one end to the other of the right wing of the barracks of Fort William. Twelve paces only divided them, and the mock seconds stood ready. The parties were about to fire, when, with the proverbial cunning of drunkenness, one of them found out that there was no ball in his pistol. We now began to see that our joke was rather a serious one, and endeavoured to separate the duellists. But, alas! it was too late. "They were there to fight," they said, "and fight they would." Finding them thus obstinate, I slipped back into the mess-room, and, taking up some new bread, soon rolled up some pellets the size of pistol-balls, which blackening, I hastened back with, and, winking to my companions, proceeded to put them into the pistols. Highly delighted at my stratagem, proud of my ingenuity, I stepped back, and, laughing inwardly at the trick I had played them, gave the word "Fire." Townley fell. I, of course, supposed he had done so from mere agitation, and, with a grin on my countenance, ran up to raise him. Imagine my horror (my blood runs cold even now while I relate) when I beheld the life-stream pouring forth in a warm current from his side. Sewell, sobered by the misfortune of his friend, also rushed forward. Every eye was fixed on me, as if I had been the murderer; and indeed I really felt that I was.

"I thought you told me they were *sham* balls?" reproachfully demanded Somerset. "You said they were mere bread pellets."

"Good God, sir! what have you done?" demanded another.

My conscience accused me louder than all. That poor Townley was wounded severely was now but too evident.

"Run for the surgeon," cried I, half distracted, "and I'll endeavour to staunch the wound till he comes."

In another moment every one was off, and I was left alone with my victim; for to this instant I look upon myself, though unintentionally, yet actually as his assassin. I attempted to plug the wound; it bled faster and faster. I held my hand to it; the deluging blood was too strong to be thus stopped. Poor Townley had not spoken, but his cheek had assumed a livid hue, and his head, as it lay on my shoulder, became a heavy weight. I called loudly for help, but no one came; I screamed, but no one heard me. For an instant the sufferer opened his eyes, and looked up. "God bless you, Aylmer," lowly muttered he. Then closing his eyes, he seemed to sink into a tranquil sleep. Presently I saw lights approaching; a crowd came running forward, in advance of whom rushed the doctor. He took him from my arms, and uttered, to my recollection, but a single sentence. "It is all over. Sewell, you had better be off instantly."

I heard no more. For six months, I am told, I was confined to my bed with a brain fever. At the end of that time, incapable of the fatigue of serving, I returned to Europe. Here I wander, a living beacon to deter others from indulging in the senseless license of a practical joke.

ANECDOTES OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RIFLEMAN HARRIS.

EDITED BY HENRY CURLING.

THE FIELD OF VIMIERO.

After I had shot the French light infantry man, as described in my last, and quenched my thirst from his calibash, finding he was quite dead, I proceeded to search him. Whilst I turned him about, in the endeavour at finding the booty I felt pretty certain he had gathered from the slain, an officer of the sixtieth approached, and accosted me.

"What! looking for money, my lad," said he, "eh?"

"I am, sir," I answered; "but I cannot discover where this fellow has hid his hoard."

"You knocked him over, my man," he said, "in good style, and deserve something for the shot. Here," he continued, stooping down, and feeling in the lining of the Frenchman's coat, "this is the place where these rascals generally carry their coin. Rip up the lining of his coat, and then search in his stock. I know them better than you seem to do."

Thanking the officer for his courtesy, I proceeded to cut open the lining of his jacket with my sword-bayonet, and was quickly rewarded for my labour by finding a yellow silk purse, wrapped up in an old black silk handkerchief. The purse contained several doubloons, three or four napoleons, and a few dollars. Whilst I was counting the money, the value of which, except the dollars, I did not then know, I heard the bugle of the rifles sound out the assembly, so I touched my cap to the officer, and returned towards them.

The men were standing at ease, with the officers in front. As I approached them, Major Travers, who was in command of the four companies, called me to him.

"What have you got there, sir?" he said. "Show me."

I handed him the purse, expecting a reprimand for my pains. He, however, only laughed as he examined it, and turning, showed it to his brother-officer.

"You did that well, Harris," he said, "and I am sorry the purse is not better filled. Fall in." In saying this, he handed me back the purse, and I joined my company. Soon afterwards, the roll being called, we were all ordered to lie down and gain a little rest after our day's work.

We lay as we had stood enranked upon the field, and in a few minutes, I dare say, one half of that green line, overwearied with their exertions, were asleep upon the ground they had so short a time before been fighting on. After we had lain for some little time, I saw several men strolling about the field, so I again quietly rose, with one or two others of the rifles, and once more looked about me, to see what I could pick up amongst the slain.

I had rambled some distance, when I saw a French officer running towards me with all his might, pursued by at least half a dozen horse-

men. The Frenchman was a tall, handsome-looking man, dressed in a blue uniform; he ran swiftly as a wild Indian, turning and doubling like a hare. I held up my hand, and called to his pursuers not to hurt him. One of the horsemen, however, cut him down with a desperate blow, when close beside me, and the rest wheeling round, they leaned from their saddles, and passed their swords through his body.

I am sorry to say there was an English dragoon amongst these scoundrels; the rest, by their dress, I judged to be Portuguese cavalry. Whether the Frenchman thus slaughtered was a prisoner trying to escape, or what was the cause of this cold-blooded piece of cruelty, I know not, as the horsemen immediately galloped off without a word of explanation; and, feeling quite disgusted with the scene I had witnessed, I returned to my comrades, and again throwing myself down, was soon fast asleep as any there.

I might have slept perhaps half an hour, when, the bugles again sounding, we all started to our feet, and were soon afterwards marched off to form the picquets. Towards evening I was posted upon a rising ground, amongst a clump of tall trees. There seemed to have been a sharp skirmish here, as three Frenchmen were laying dead amongst the long grass upon the spot where I was standing. As I threw my rifle to my shoulder, and walked past them on my beat, I observed they had been plundered, and their haversacks having been torn off, some of the contents were scattered about. Among other things, a small quantity of biscuit lay at my feet.

War is a sad blunter of the feelings, I have often thought since those days. The contemplation of three ghastly bodies in this lonely spot failed then in making the slightest impression upon me. The sight had become, even in the short time I had been engaged in the trade, but too familiar. The biscuits, however, which lay in my path I thought a blessed windfall, and, stooping, I gathered them up, scraped off the blood with which they were sprinkled with my bayonet, and ate them ravenously.

As I stood at the edge of the little plantation, and looked over to the enemies' side, I observed a large body of their cavalry drawn up. I love to call to mind the most trivial circumstances which I observed whilst in the Peninsula, and I remember many things, of small importance in themselves, and, indeed, hardly remarked at the time, as forcibly as if they had been branded into my memory. I recollect keeping a very sharp look-out at the French cavalry on that evening, for I thought them rather too near my post; and, whilst I stood beneath one of the tall trees and watched them, it commenced raining, and they were ordered to cloak up.

General Kellerman and his trumpets at this moment returned to the French side; and soon afterwards, the picquets being withdrawn, I was relieved from my post, and marched off to join my company. A truce, I now found, had been concluded, and we lay down to rest for the night. Next day was devoted to the duty of burying the dead, and assisting the wounded, carrying the latter off the field into a churchyard near Vimiero.

THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

The scene in this churchyard was somewhat singular. Two long tables had been procured from some houses near, and were placed end

to end amongst the graves, and upon them were laid the men whose limbs it was found necessary to amputate. Both French and English were constantly lifted on and off these tables. As soon as the operation was performed upon one lot, they were carried off, and those in waiting hoisted up: the surgeons with their sleeves turned up, and their hands and arms covered with blood, looking like butchers in the shambles. I saw as I passed at least twenty legs lying on the ground, many of them being clothed in the long black gaiters then worn by the infantry of the line. The surgeons had plenty of work on hand that day, and not having time to take off the clothes of the wounded, they merely ripped the seams and turned the cloth back, proceeding with the operation as fast as they could.

Many of the wounded came straggling into this churchyard in search of assistance, by themselves. I saw one man, faint with loss of blood, staggering along, and turned to assist him. He was severely wounded in the head, his face being completely incrusted with the blood which had flowed during the night, and had now stopped. One eyeball was knocked out of the socket, and hung down upon his cheek.

Another man I observed who had been brought in, and propped against a grave-mound. He seemed very badly hurt. The men who had carried him into the churchyard, had placed his cap filled with fragments of biscuit close beside his head, and as he lay he occasionally turned his mouth towards it, got hold of a piece of biscuit, and munched it.

As I was about to leave the churchyard, Dr. Ridgeway, one of the surgeons, called me back, to assist in holding a man, he was endeavouring to operate upon.

"Come and help me with this man," he said, "or I shall be all day cutting a ball out of his shoulder."

The patient's name was Doubter, an Irishman. He disliked the doctor's efforts, and writhed and twisted so much during the operation that it was with difficulty Dr. Ridgeway could perform it. He found it necessary to cut very deep, and Doubter made a terrible outcry at every fresh incision.

"Oh, doctor dear!" he said, "it's murdering me you are! Blood-an 'ounds! I shall die!—I shall die! For the love of the Lord don't cut me all to pieces!"

Doubter was not altogether wrong; for, although he survived the operation, he died shortly afterwards from the effects of his wounds. After I was dismissed by the doctor, I gladly left the churchyard, and returning to the hill where the rifles were bivouacked, was soon afterwards ordered by Captain Leech to get my shoe-making implements from my pack, and commence work upon the men's waist-belts, many of which had been much torn during the action, and I continued to be so employed as long as there was light enough to see by, after which I lay down amongst them to rest.

We lay that night upon the hill side, many of the men breaking boughs from the trees at hand, in order to make a slight cover for their heads; the tents not being then with us.

I remember it was intensely cold during that night. So much so that I could not sleep, but lay with my feet drawn up, as if I had a fit of the cramp. I was indeed compelled more than once during the night to get up and run about, in order to put warmth into my benumbed limbs.

THE MARCH TO SPAIN.

THREE days' march brought us without the walls of Lisbon, where we halted, and, the tents soon after coming up, were encamped. The second day after our arrival, as I was lying in my tent, Captain Leech and Lieutenant Cox entering it, desired me to rise and follow them. We took the way towards the town, and wandered about the streets for some time. Both these officers were good-looking men, and, in their rifle uniform, with the pelisse hanging from one shoulder, and hessian-boots then worn, cut a dash, I thought, in the streets of Lisbon. There were no other English that I could observe in the town this day; and, what with the glances of the black-eyed lasses from the windows, and the sulky scowl of the French sentinels as we passed, I thought we caused quite a sensation in the place. Indeed I believe we were the first men that entered Lisbon after the arrival of the army without its walls.

After some little time had been spent in looking about us, the officers spied an hotel, and entering it, walked up stairs. I myself entered a sort of taproom below, and found myself in the midst of a large assemblage of French soldiers, many of whom were wounded, some with their arms hanging in scarfs, and others bandaged about the head and face. In short, one half of them appeared to carry tokens of our bullets of a few days before.

At first they appeared inclined to be civil to me, although my appearance amongst them caused rather a sensation, I observed, and three or four rose from their seats, and with all the swagger of Frenchmen strutted up, and offered to drink with me. I was young then, and full of the natural animosity against the enemy so prevalent with John Bull. I hated the French with a deadly hatred, and refused to drink with them, shewing by my discourteous manner the feelings I entertained; so they turned off, with a "*Sacré!*" and a "*Bah!*" and, reseating themselves, commenced talking at an amazing rate all at once, and no man listening to his fellow.

Although I could not comprehend a word of the language they uttered, I could pretty well make out that I myself was the subject of the noise around me. My discourteous manners had offended them, and they seemed to be working themselves up into a violent rage. One fellow, in particular, wearing an immense pair of moustachios, and his coat loosely thrown over his shoulders, his arm being wounded, and in a sling, rose up, and attempted to harangue the company. He pointed to the pouch at my waist, which contained my bullets, then to my rifle, and then to his own wounded arm, and I began to suspect that I should probably get more than I had bargained for on entering the house, unless I speedily managed to remove myself out of it, when, luckily, Lieutenant Cox and Captain Leech entered the room in search of me. They saw at a glance the state of affairs, and instantly ordered me to quit the room, themselves covering my retreat.

"Better take care, Harris," said the captain, "how you get amongst such a party as that again. You do not understand their language; I do: they meant mischief."

After progressing through various streets, buying leather and implements for mending our shoes, the two officers desired me again to await them in the street, and entered a shop close at hand. The day was

hot, and a wine-house being directly opposite me, after waiting some time, I crossed over, and, going in, called for a cup of wine. Here I again found myself in the midst of a large assemblage of French soldiers, and once more an object of curiosity and dislike. However, I paid for my wine, and drank it, regardless of the clamour my intrusion had again called forth. The host, however, seemed to understand his guests better than I did, and evidently anticipated mischief. After in vain trying to make me understand him, he suddenly jumped from behind his bar, and seizing me by the shoulder without ceremony, thrust me into the street. I found the two officers looking anxiously for me when I got out, and not quite easy at my disappearance. I however excused myself by pleading the heat of the day, and my anxiety to taste the good wines of Lisbon, and together we left the town, with our purchases, and reached the camp.

Next morning Captain Leech again entered my tent, and desired me to pick out three good workmen from the company, take them into the town, and seek out a shoemaker's shop as near the camp as possible.

"You must get leave to work in the first shop you can find," he said, "as we have a long march before us, and many of the men without shoes to their feet."

Accordingly, we carried with us three small sacks filled with old boots and shoes, and entering Lisbon, went into the first shoemaker's shop we saw. Here I endeavoured in vain to make myself understood for some time. There was a master shoemaker at work and three men. They did not seem to like our intrusion, and looked very sulky, asking us various questions, which I could not understand; the only words I could at all comprehend being "Bonos Irelandos, Brutu Englisa." I thought, considering we had come so far to fight their battles for them, that this was the north side of civil; so I signed to the men, and, by way of explanation of our wishes, and in order to cut the matter short, they emptied the three sacksful of boots and shoes upon the floor. We now explained what we would be at; the boots and shoes of the rifles spoke for themselves, and, seating ourselves, we commenced work forthwith.

In this way we continued employed whilst the army lay near Lisbon, every morning coming in to work, and returning to the camp every night to sleep.

After we had been there several days, our landlord's family had the curiosity to come occasionally and take a peep at us. My companions were noisy, good-tempered, jolly fellows, and usually sang all the time they hammered and strapped. The mistress of the house, seeing I was the head man, occasionally came and sat down beside me as I worked, bringing her daughter, a very handsome dark-eyed Spanish girl, and as a matter of course I fell in love.

We soon became better acquainted, and the mother one evening, after having sat and chattered to me, serving me with wine, and other good things, on my rising to leave the shop, made a signal for me to follow her. She had managed to pick up a little English, and I knew a few words of the Spanish language, so that we could pretty well comprehend each other's meaning; and, after leading me into their sitting-room, she brought her handsome daughter, and, without more circumstance, offered her to me for a wife. The offer was a tempting one; but the conditions of the marriage made it impossible for me to

comply, since I was to change my religion, and desert my colours. The old dame proposed to conceal me effectually when the army marched; after which I was to live like a gentleman, with the handsome Maria for a wife.

It was hard to refuse so tempting an offer, with the pretty Maria endeavouring to back her mother's proposal. I, however, made them understand that nothing would tempt me to desert; and, promising to try and get my discharge when I returned to England, protested I would then return and marry Maria.

Soon after this the army marched for Spain; the rifles paraded in the very street where the shop I had so long worked at was situated, and I saw Maria at the window. As our bugles struck up, she waved her handkerchief; I returned the salute, and in half an hour I had forgotten all about her. So much for a soldier's love. Our marches were now long and fatiguing. I do not know how many miles we traversed ere we reached Almeida, which I was told was the last town in Portugal: some of my companions said we had come five hundred miles since we left Lisbon.

We now passed to the left, I remember, and bade adieu to Portugal for ever. We had fought and conquered, and felt elated accordingly. Spain was before us, and every man in the rifles seemed only anxious to get a rap at the drop again. On and on we toiled, till we reached Salamanca. I love to remember the appearance of that army, as we moved along at this time. It was a glorious sight to see our colours spread in these folds, I thought. The men seemed invincible; nothing, I thought, could have beaten them. We had some of as desperate fellows in the rifles alone as had ever toiled under the burning sun of an enemy's country in any age; but I lived to see hardship and toil lay hundreds of them low, before a few weeks were over our heads. At Salamanca we stayed seven or eight days, and during this time the shoemakers were again wanted, and I worked with my men incessantly during this short halt.

Our marches were now still more arduous; fourteen leagues a-day, I have heard the men say, we accomplished before we halted; and many of us were found out, and floored in the road. It became every one for himself. The load we carried was too great, and we staggered on, looking neither to the right nor the left. If a man dropped, he found it no easy matter to get up again, unless his companion assisted him, and many died of fatigue. As for myself, I was nearly floored by this march; and, on reaching a town one night, which I think was called Ramora, I fell at the entrance of the first street we came to; the sight left my eyes, my brain reeled, and I came down like a dead man. When I recovered my senses, I remember that I crawled into a door I found open, and, being too ill to rise, lay for some time in the passage unregarded by the inhabitants.

FIRST SIGHT OF THE FRENCH.—A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

In the year 1808, whilst quartered at Hythe, in Kent, four companies of the second battalion of the rifles were ordered to Portugal. In that year I first saw the French.

We sailed from the Downs with about twenty thousand men, and arriving at Cork, lay in the Cove for five or six weeks. The rifles alone were disembarked during this time, for the purpose of being well

drilled, and inured to skirmishing. We landed every morning, and were embarked again every night.

At the expiration of the time I have mentioned, the expedition sailed for Portugal, and landed at Mondego. The rifles were pushed forwards in advance immediately, and soon began to find out the toil and exertion of carrying our knapsacks, under a burning sun. For my part, I often wonder now how I could carry the quantity of things with which I was laden. The pack, the great-coat, the blanket, camp-kettle, haversack, containing leather for repairing shoes, together with hammer and tools, mixed up with ship-biscuit and beef for three days; add to all this, my hatchet, rifle, and seventy or eighty rounds of ball, were no slight weight for a man of five feet eight to walk under.

We marched till it was nearly dark, and then halted for the night. I myself was immediately posted sentinel between two hedges, and in a short time General Fane came up, and himself cautioned me to be alert.

"Remember, sentinel," he said, "that we are now near an active enemy; therefore be careful here, and mind what you are about."

It was on the 15th of August when we first came up with the French, and their skirmishers immediately commenced operations by raining a shower of balls upon us as we advanced, which we immediately returned.

The first man that was hit was Lieutenant Bunbury; he fell pierced through the head with a musket-ball, and died almost immediately. I thought I had never heard such a tremendous noise as the firing made on this occasion, and the men on both sides of me, I could occasionally observe, were falling fast. Being overmatched, we retired to a rising-ground, or hillock, in our rear, and formed there all round its summit, standing three deep, the front rank kneeling. In this position we remained all night, expecting the whole host upon us every moment. At day-break, however, we received instructions to fall back as quickly as possible upon the main body. Having done so, we now lay down for a few hours' rest, and then again advanced to feel for the enemy.

On the 17th, being still in front, we again came up with the French, and I remember observing the pleasing effect afforded by the sun's rays glancing upon their arms, as they formed in order of battle to receive us. Moving on in extended order, under whatever cover the nature of the ground afforded, together with some companies of the sixtieth, we began a sharp fire upon them; and thus commenced the battle of Roliça.

I do not pretend to give a description of this, or any other battle I have been present at. All I can do is, to tell those things which happened immediately around me, and that, I think, is as much as a private soldier can be expected to do.

Soon afterwards the firing commenced, and we had advanced pretty close upon the enemy. Taking advantage of whatever cover I could find, I threw myself down behind a small bank, where I lay so secure, that, although the Frenchmen's bullets fell pretty thickly around, I was enabled to knock several over without being dislodged; in fact, I fired away every round I had in my pouch whilst lying on this spot.

At length, after a sharp contest, we forced them to give ground, and, following them up, drove them from their position in the heights,

and hung upon their skirts till they made another stand, and then the game began again.

The rifles, indeed, fought well this day, and we lost many men. They seemed in high spirits, and delighted at having driven the enemy before them. Joseph Cochan was by my side loading and firing very industriously about this period of the day. Thirsting with heat and action, he lifted his canteen to his mouth; "Here's to you, old boy," he said, as he took a pull at its contents. As he did so a bullet went through the canteen, and perforating his brain, killed him in a moment. Another man fell close to him almost immediately: he was struck by a ball in the thigh.

Indeed we caught it severely just here, and the old iron was also playing its part amongst our poor fellows very merrily. I saw a man named Symmonds struck full in the face by a round-shot, and come to the ground a headless trunk. Meanwhile many large balls bounded along the ground amongst us so deliberately that we could occasionally evade them without difficulty. I could relate many more of the casualties I witnessed on this day, but the above will suffice. When the roll was called after the battle, the females who missed their husbands came along the front of the line to inquire of the survivors whether they knew anything about them. Amongst other names I heard that of Cochan called in a female voice, without being replied to.

The name struck me, and I observed the poor woman who had called the name; she stood sobbing before us, and apparently afraid to make further inquiries about her husband. No man had answered to the name, or had any account to give of his fate. I myself had observed him fall, as related before, whilst drinking from his canteen; but as I looked at the poor sobbing creature before me I felt unable to tell her of his death. At length Captain Leech observed her, and called out to the company,

"Does any man here know what has happened to Cochan? If so, let him speak out at once."

Upon this order I immediately related what I had seen, and told the manner of his death. After awhile Mrs. Cochan appeared anxious to seek the spot where her husband fell, and in the hope of still finding him alive, asked me to accompany her over the field. She hoped, notwithstanding what I had told her, to find him yet alive.

"Do you think you can find it?" said Captain Leech, upon being referred to.

I told him I was sure I could, as I had remarked many places whilst looking for cover during the skirmishing.

"Go then," said the captain, "and shew the poor woman the spot, as she seems so desirous of finding the body."

I accordingly took my way over the ground we had fought upon, she following and sobbing after me, and, quickly reaching the spot where her husband's body lay, pointed it out to her.

She now soon discovered all her hopes were in vain; she embraced a stiffened corpse, and after arising and standing contemplating his disfigured face for some minutes, with hands clasped, and tears streaming down her cheeks, she took a prayer-book from her pocket, and kneeling down, repeated the service for the dead over the body. When she had finished she appeared a good deal comforted, and I took the opportunity of beckoning to a pioneer I saw near with some other men, and together we dug a hole, and quickly buried the body. Mrs. Cochan

then returned with me to the company to which her husband had been attached, and laid herself down upon the heath near us. She lay, I remember, amongst some other females, who were in the same distressing circumstances with herself, with the sky for her canopy, and a turf for her pillow, for we had no tents with us. Poor woman! I pitied her much; but there was no remedy. If she had been a duchess she must have fared the same. She was a handsome woman, I remember, and the circumstance of my having seen her husband fall, and accompanied her to find his body, begot a sort of intimacy between us. The company to which Cochan had belonged, bereaved as she was, was now her home, and she marched and took equal fortune with us to Vimiero. She hovered about us during that battle, and then went with us to Lisbon, where she succeeded in procuring a passage to England. Such was my first acquaintance with Mrs. Cochan. The circumstances of our intimacy were singular, and an attachment grew between us during the short time we remained together. What little attention I could pay her during the hardships of the march I did, and I also offered on the first opportunity to marry her. "She had, however, received too great a shock on the occasion of her husband's death ever to think of another soldier," she said; she therefore thanked me for my good feeling towards her, but declined my offer, and left us soon afterwards for England.

It was on the 21st of August that we commenced fighting the battle of Vimiero. I have already related one or two anecdotes of this engagement, but have still a few things to mention.

The French came down upon us in column, and the riflemen immediately commenced a sharp fire upon them from whatever cover they could get a shelter behind, whilst our cannon played upon them from our rear. I saw regular lanes torn through their ranks as they advanced, which were immediately closed up again as they marched steadily on. Whenever we saw a round shot thus go through the mass we raised a shout of delight.

One of our corporals, named Murphy, was the first man in the rifles who was hit that morning, and I remember more particularly remarking the circumstance from his apparently having a presentiment of his fate before the battle began. He was usually an active fellow, and up to this time had shown himself a good and brave soldier, but on this morning he seemed unequal to his duty. General Fane and Major Travers were standing together at an early part of this day. The general had a spy-glass in his hand, and for some time looked anxiously at the enemy. Suddenly he gave the word to fall in, and immediately all was bustle amongst us. The Honourable Captain Packenham spoke very sharply to Murphy, who appeared quite dejected and out of spirits, I observed. He had a presentiment of death, which is by no means an uncommon circumstance, and I have observed it once or twice since this battle.

Others besides myself noticed Murphy on this morning, and, as we had reason to know he was not ordinarily deficient in courage, the circumstance was talked of after the battle was over. He was the first man shot that day.

THE SECRET CABINET;

OR, DON'T DISBELIEVE IN DREAMS.

BY J. B. O'MEARA.

Thump! thump! thump! came at the door of my bed-room. "What, ho! not awake yet! arouse thee, most somnolent of the seven sleepers! Get up, man, or by my faith, without further parley, I will crack my own panel and thy pate."

Such was the salutation which awoke me one lovely morning in September, many years since, from a heavy slumber at Oakville Abbey, the residence of my old schoolfellow, Colonel Mortimer.

We had lost sight of one another, through the diversities of our pursuits, for many a long and weary year; and it was mere accident that threw me into his company at Brighton at the latter end of the summer, which place he was on the point of leaving with his wife—a very delightful woman—for his residence in Herefordshire, to which I received an invite for the autumn to talk over old times.

"Thump! thump!" again; I rubbed my eyes.

As usual, the *last man* at the breakfast table at a country mansion is invariably the target for every shaft right and left; and I had to undergo plenty of quizzing from the ladies, about my *pleasant dreams*, &c. &c.

"Well!" said I, "ladies, I plead guilty to a *dream*, a *very odd* dream, as the reason for my late attendance."

"Oh dear! do let us hear it," chorused the petticoats.

On looking round the table at their anxious faces, I saw a strange sudden glance, half-smiling, half-melancholy rapidly exchanged between the silent Colonel and his lady; not conscious of the cause, but quickly divining there was something more meant than met the eye, I answered, "Oh! the chaotic nonsense of our slumbering fancies is not fit for the sober consciousness of the morning. I feel ashamed almost to have mentioned my dream. Who believes in dreams now a-days?"

An attempt on the part of a Miss Simpeton to advocate the importance of dreams was met fortunately by Mrs. Mortimer (who was near her confinement) retiring, followed by the ladies, leaving Mortimer and me alone; who proposed a ride, and half an hour found us in the saddle.

The glorious breeze of the cheering morn freshened up ourselves and our good steeds, and we careered along the lovely country skirting the "whispering Wye," merely exchanging a few words of remark upon the glorious prospects which ever and anon broke upon us.

Coming to a hill, which, to give breath to our horses, we "slowly did surmount on foot," Colonel Mortimer exclaimed, "Did you really have a very *odd* dream last night?" I laughed in his face, and said, "What if I had? such things are not worth thinking of."

"Humph!" he said, with a gravity that called corresponding seriousness into my countenance; "perhaps they *are sometimes* worth thinking of! *I* at least have good reason to believe so."

The exchange of looks between the Colonel and his wife here flashed upon me, and I could not help remarking, "Are you as serious as you look upon the subject?"

"Perfectly; and if not impertinent, might I ask you, what was the subject of yours? It is not mere curiosity that induces the request, as I promise to convince you!"

"Frankly; but permit me first to enquire the reason of your keeping a green silk curtain before what appears to be a cabinet picture in your study, which when you showed me over the abbey on my arrival, I could not help noticing, but which delicacy of course prevented me from then making an enquiry about?"

He looked at me very fixedly, and said, "Was *that* the subject of your dream?"

"It was. The mystery of concealment of the picture somehow or other stole into my brain after I had retired to bed, and a thousand fantastical ideas flitted across it; one, however, took deeper impression than any other, that it was the representation of *a suicide*, and so awfully depicted that you did not deem it a fit subject for your gallery, though as a gem of art you prized it."

"*A suicide!*" he exclaimed laughing; "no, no, my dear fellow, I'll relieve you on that score—it depicts nothing of the kind; though odd enough you should dream of *that* cabinet, for the picture it contains formed the subject, many years ago, of a curious dream. To-night we will spend a quiet hour in the study after the ladies have retired, and then, old friend, I will a strange tale unfold, containing the history of that cabinet, which, if it does not give you faith *in dreams*, at all events will go no small way to shake your opinion of their *absurdity*."

We had a glorious gallop, and after discussing an excellent dinner, and passing a delightful evening, the ladies left us.

It was a beautiful autumn night, and while the Colonel rose to ring the bell for the servant to light the lamps in the study and prepare it for us, I went to gaze on the soft radiance shed by the moon on the beauteous landscape from the drawing-room bay-window. On the lawn which spread before it methought I saw a human figure with something bulky in the arms, but which immediately on my appearance receded into the shade of the adjacent trees.

"Some assignation," thought I, and obeyed the Colonel's summons to attend him in the study.

COLONEL MORTIMER'S TALE.

"Fourteen years since, while waiting for active service, under both Mars and Venus, I was passing a week at Brighton, in a boarding-house whereat were domiciled for the nonce my fair cousin Matilda Pemberton and her aunt Mrs. Bloomington, a wealthy widow from whom Tilly had great expectations. There I was, watching every gazette, ordinary and extraordinary, and every glance that shot from the sparkling eyes of my fair and lovely coz. Tilly, however, could never be induced to be serious, and talked of anything and everything but the point I wished to bring her to, until my fire began to slacken, and what was once as fierce a passion as ever raged in breast of an ensign, thinking only of making love and war, was rapidly cooling down to indifference.

"One morning, after leaving the old lady and my coz shopping, I sauntered along the East Cliff. I had scarcely reached half-way, and was in the act of passing one of the streets, I forget the name, which ran into it, when to my horror I saw an open phaeton contain-

ing an aged gentleman and a young lady, in a state of fearful terror, tearing along at a tremendous pace in the direction of the cliff, the driver having lost all command over the horse. At that time there existed at the spot no other protection than the useless bulwark of a paltry wooden fence. In a word, had he pursued his course, instant and horrible destruction must have befallen all. My surprise and horror were so sudden, that almost without thought I made a mad but resolute rush and dashed at the animal's head, and by the force of a sudden and vigorous check, fortunately brought him down. Bystanders rushed to assist, and, though severely shaken myself, fortunately all escaped unhurt.

"The old gentleman, as you may imagine, was profuse in his gratitude: the young lady, his daughter, on being lifted from the vehicle, through her paleness bestowed on me one blushing glance of gratitude, and the public were by no means niggard of their approbation. Mr. Molasses, that was his name, and I exchanged cards, and if well enough, requested my company next day to dinner, as the commencement of an acquaintance, he was pleased to say, he hoped might endure through life. As I walked back to my domicile to change my dress, somewhat disarranged, I was no small 'lion.' At the dinner table coz Tilly tried to make herself extra-amiable; and the next morning, the paper heralded my achievement in glowing terms. Every one *of course* settled it that the great heiress and only child of the wealthy Molasses could not refuse *her hand* to the gallant young officer who by the use of his *own* had saved her life.

"Well! I dined with Mr. Molasses and daughter, a select party, and was *fêted* like a prince. Selina was a very pretty girl. She exhibited during the evening so many little graceful and touching displays of gratitude which a woman can alone bestow, that I was fairly nonplussed. All things must have an end; so my visit, which I was warmly, by father and daughter, pressed to repeat. That night, my dear fellow, what with turtle, and toasting, cold punch, old port, champaigne, curaçoa, and I hardly know what, added to the excitement consequent upon my visit, I went to bed rather the worse for my exertions of every kind, and was (like you to-day) rather late at the breakfast parade, and, like you, my dear fellow, also, it was caused by a strange, but not so horrible a *dream* as yours."

"Curious enough," said I; "but, Mortimer, pardon my interruption, don't you feel it very cold? I hope the window is shut."

We turned to the window at the end of the study; it was long and narrow, and the curtains were drawn close before it.

"O yes!" he said; "old Johnson, who alone attends in this room, my steward, who is rheumatic, would never have a window open if he could help it; and see! the curtains are down—fill another glass."

I complied, and he continued:—"At breakfast I was assailed by all kinds of raillery for my absence, and most unsparingly joked upon the conquest Miss Molasses had made of my heart. I frankly told them I had had a very funny dream. At hearing which, of course *omnes* demanded I should out with it.

"'Well, I will, whether you laugh at it or not: here it is, most absurd I grant.' They all burst out into a loud fit of laughter, with the exception of a young lady, who, by the way, I must mention, was one of the boarders, a quiet, unassuming, but evidently rather

careworn young lady: there was something, however, about her demeanour so quiet and ladylike, that formed, as I could not help thinking, a strong contrast to the hoydenish ebullitions of my more brilliant coz. Whenever she spoke, her language and ideas were of the purest and most intellectual order, and no greater pleasure had I ever than when I could manage a *tête-à-tête*. It appeared to me she belonged to one of that ill-used class of society who undergo the soul-degrading drudgery of governess in a family — but enough. Miss Jones left the room when the laughing began, I suppose, not deeming it at all delicate for her to stop while I told my coz and her aunt my dream.

"'Well! tell us what you dreamt, Charles,' said Tilly. 'I am glad that melancholy girl, Miss Jones, is gone.'

"'Why, I dreamt, that while sitting in this room, I received a small package, which, on opening, I found to contain the miniature of a young lady of attractive features, a 'Forget-me-not' ring, and more curious still, the miniature bore the initials S. M.'

"Again they all burst out into a tremendous laugh.

"'Why, the thing is clear enough,' said aunt Bloomington. 'S. M.! the very initials of Selina Molasses, I declare! no wonder at your dream, ha! ha! ha!'

"My fair coz, who was getting rather flushed in the face, and not looking particularly pleasant about the eyes, remarked, 'Oh! of course, 'none but the brave deserve the fair;' and no doubt my heroic cousin, Charles Mortimer, will wed in due time Selina Molasses! Molasses! humph! happiness to your *sweets*, Charles!'

"'Upon my soul,' said I, 'I know that I shall hardly be believed, but I swear—that is, I mean to say—I don't think I ever dreamt at all about Selina Molasses! I say so solemnly and earnestly, laugh as you will.' But of course they would not have it, so after enduring a round of *badinage* for some time, I took my hat and wished them good morning. As I strolled along the Steyne, in rather a musing mood, intending to leave my card at the proper hour at the Molasses's, whose carriage should I see but theirs standing at the door of a fashionable portrait-painter! I, mechanically, as it were, walked in that direction, and arrived just at the moment Miss Molasses was leaving the house, which afforded me the opportunity of making my bow and handing her into the carriage. In the few words that passed, I thought I perceived a considerable degree of confusion in her countenance, but I received from her eyes and lips very condescending looks and language. This was not unnoticed by the loungers, and I was therefore not at all surprised, on my return to dinner, to find the rencontre the subject of conversation, and the certainty of my marriage booked.

"'Only think of the portrait-painter, eh! of her being with the *miniateur*,' said aunt Bloomington, with a very significant look at Mrs. Smiler, the landlady, who said, 'Very suspicious,' and left the room. During dinner, the joke still reigned against me—every one having something to say *but* Miss Jones, who left in the middle of the repast, pleading indisposition.

"While we were at our dessert, the servant brought in a package, and handed it to me. 'I vow,' said coz Till, 'but your dream is out—do open it, let us see.' I *did;* and what was my astonishment to find, positively the realization of my *dream!* There *was* a minia-

ture of a very pretty girl, with the initials S. M., and a '*Forget-me-not*' ring."

"Gad! curious enough," said I. At this moment of his narrative I could have sworn I heard a faint cry. "Hark, Mortimer! Stop! did not you hear a woman cry just now?"

"No," said he:—"nonsense, man! we are far removed from their quarters."

"Well, go on."

"To detail their astonishment, and their assertion that it must be nothing more nor less than a *gage d'amour* from Miss Molasses, is unnecessary; but, though rather staggered, I admit I was rather sceptical of the truth; so huddling the package into my pocket, I determined to seek Molasses and get at the fact. My endeavour to leave was strongly resisted by my coz, which only served to increase my doubt and wretchedness. Shaking her off, I lost no time in making for the house of Molasses—found he was at home, and sent in my card. Requesting to see him alone, I introduced, as well as I was able (but very frankly) the object of my visit. I placed the miniature and ring in his hand, respectfully requested him, as the most proper person, to ascertain from his daughter, without reference to me, whether she had any knowledge of them. With an air of no small astonishment, he thanked me for my candour, and with great courtesy complied, and returned with the assurance, which he said he imperatively required to be made with truth, '*that she had not the slightest knowledge of either miniature or ring!* and,' added he, 'Selina has never deceived me in her life!' I gave him my warmest thanks, and explained to him the circumstances, adding, 'I see now, or you must, sir, it is an absurd, but not less malicious hoax.' Requesting he would maintain silence on the subject, I hastily retired, very much annoyed indeed, but wondering more.

"On my arrival at Mrs. Smiler's, I determined to probe the affair to the bottom. I retired to my room, declining to take tea with the circle. I found on my table a note from Matilda, asking 'very humble pardon, and stating, that it was an innocent hoax in which she and Mrs. Bloomington were alone concerned, and was caused solely by *my dream*. The portrait,' she said, 'was that of a younger sister of her aunt, long since dead, a Mrs. Murray, named Sarah—accounting for the initials; and that the ring was one of her aunt's set.' She earnestly implored forgiveness and forgetfulness on the subject, begged of all things I would not make it public in the house. She completely exonerated Miss Jones and Mrs. Smiler, and *most particularly requested me not to mention it to the former* lady, and to send the package back immediately.

"I confess I felt so much disgusted that I determined upon not subjecting myself to any further mortification, as I made sure that 'the fun' was known to the landlady, and, known to her, would soon be town-talk. So I determined upon packing off, and took my place in the early coach for London next morning. Returning, I wrote a long deprecatory letter to my cousin, which I made up my mind she should receive, together with the articles, after I had left. The last thing was to square my account with Mrs. Smiler, who promised to send a stamped receipt in the morning. All these matters being arranged, I turned in, and 'enjoyed' a very *un*comfortable snooze.

"Early in the morning, according to my orders, I was called, and just as I had completed my toilet, the servant knocked at my door, and presented a note from Mrs. Smiler, enclosing, as I supposed, the receipt for my account. On opening it, and before I could stop myself, I read the following:

"'Mrs. Smiler presents her compliments to Miss Jones, and begs to say, that she expects the board and lodging money due to be paid without further delay. Mrs. S.'s system is to have a weekly settlement, and as Miss Jones does not seem to have *any probability* of hearing from her aunt in London, the sooner perhaps she takes steps to arrange with Mrs. Smiler, and leaves her house for *her aunt's*, the better. The sum due is £5 10s.'

"This was sent me through the landlady's mistake, by inserting the wrong notes in the envelopes, as it was clearly enough directed to me, and of course my receipt had been enclosed to poor Miss Jones; but I confess the perusal of this unfeeling letter very much excited me, particularly when I brought to my mind who was the subject of it. I was always, my dear Jack, a fellow of impulse—now, truth to tell, my only feeling for Miss Jones was unmixed pity. I respected her always, her conduct commanded it; here I found her by accident, a poor young creature struggling with the world—an unfortunate young lady subject to the coarse insult of an unfeeling, rapacious, Brighton lodging-house keeper. To open my pocket-book, and take a ten pound note, the half of my cash, and enclose it in the note just read, was the work of a moment; and, ringing for the servant, I asked to speak for a minute with Miss Jones.

"'The lady has just sent the same message to you, sir,' said the servant; 'she says there is some mistake about the notes from my mistress.'

"Taking the package to be delivered to my coz, and the letter in my hand, I dashed into the drawing-room; and there sat, pale as ashes, poor Miss Jones. She had just returned from a very early walk, and was of course *en déshabille.* Without waiting for her to speak, I said, 'I believe our *kind* friend, Mrs. Smiler, has made a mistake—now don't speak—thank God *she has*;' and I took her hand, and pressing her epistle, with its enclosure into it, shook it warmly. She became violently agitated. 'Allow me, Miss Jones,' said I, 'to request you will be kind enough to give this package and letter to my cousin Matilda.' She faltered out a 'most happy,' but looked somehow or other, Jack, most *unhappy.* I don't know how it is *with you*, but I suppose we have much the same temperament; but I never see a woman agitated but I feel a desperate anxiety to alleviate her miseries by a kiss. This I did to Miss Jones, and hastily left the room, bidding her 'good bye,' to which she feebly replied.

"I went to the coach-office, and while they were horsing and loading, penned the following note:

"'Pardon me for what I have done—never think of repayment until we meet again; should such an occurrence never happen, I most heartily wish you every happiness, and that your virtues and accomplishments may meet with their deserved reward.'

"To this I put no name, and giving a porter sixpence to take it, jumped on the coach.

"'Well!' quoth I to myself, as we rattled along, the morning

breeze invigorating my cheek, as the last event had my heart, 'old fellow! if you have missed your chance of a *rich* lady, you have had the satisfaction of serving a *poor* one.'

"I found, upon my arrival in town, that I was appointed to the —th, under *immediate orders* (pleasant, eh?) to replace the —th, at Jamaica, who, having adopted the tea and coffee slip-slop system, instead of port and bottled porter, had died off like rotten sheep. As you may imagine, I had no time to lose. What with writing letters to friends (I wrote a very *sugary* one indeed to Selina), making the thousand-and-one arrangements in out-fitting, and all the eternal etceteras, ten days found me at the *depôt* at Cork.

"What happened in the wearisome twelve years I passed under a tropical sun is immaterial now."

"D—n me! Mortimer," said I, starting up, "but I'll swear I heard *a groan*."

"Pooh! nonsense, man! You are full of your whimsies and fancies; you can't get that dream out of your head. Fill your glass—that's right.—Suffice it to say, that I went out an ensign, and returned senior major; you know my rank now. I had two attacks of the yellow fever, but it fortunately failed to floor me; and I had a nurse too—poor affectionate creature!"

Here the Colonel heaved a deep sigh, and was for some moments silent. During this silence, methought, while I puffed my cigar, I heard his *sigh* most distinctly responded to; but not wishing to disturb his reverie, and really thinking it must be mere fancy, I made no remark.

"I came home with a shattered constitution; but my native air did wonders, and Cheltenham the rest.

"I had hardly been a fortnight at that gay resort, when one morning, taking 'my constitutional,' as it is termed, after leaving the Spa, I met in the promenade a lady, whose earnest gaze attracted me: our eyes met, and the mutual glance could not be mistaken. I knew the face, but—where was it? She rapidly moved on to a small, but elegant phaeton, drawn by a pair of exquisitely handsome ponies, and drove quickly off. I strained my gaze after the vehicle; but even the livery was unknown, as was the lady's name, though I felt assured that I had seen her before; but alas! twelve years' absence, Jack, makes a woeful inroad upon one's memory.

"'Pray, sir,' said I, addressing one of those gentlemen who know (or profess to know) every body at every fashionable watering place, '*who is* that lady?' pointing to the vehicle in which she sat.

"'Bless my soul! Major Mortimer,' (he *knew* me, 'twas clear), '*not* to know her, does, as the poet says, argue yourself unknown; that is Miss Mol—Mor—Mol—bless my soul! how stupid of me!—I really quite forget the name *just* now—but she's the great heiress, and one of the most estimable of ladies, and most honoured and beloved in Cheltenham.'

"'Mol—Mor—Mol,' thought I; 'great heiress? who the devil can she be? a Miss, too!' Well! I bothered myself with thinking and thinking, until I gave it up; yet the countenance was firmly fixed in my mind. I went home after half an hour's ramble, and, to my surprise, who should I find in the hall, waiting my arrival, but a servant dressed in the *very livery* of the lady of the phaeton!

"'Major Mortimer, I presume, sir,' said he.—I bowed, and he re-

spectfully handed me a *petit billet,* in which the following was written in a *very* tremulous hand:

"'If Major Mortimer will condescend to honour *one* he *knew,* and *served,* and *saved* at Brighton, previous to his departure for the West Indies *twelve years* since, with the pleasure of an interview, the bearer has instructions to await his convenience to convey him to her house.'

"'Oh! ho!' said I, 'the murder's out. Miss Molasses, by Jove! the rich heiress! Selina Molasses still a Miss, too!' So I sent word down to the servant to wait, and I dressed myself to look as well as a yellow-visaged, tropic-tanned fellow not turned forty, might. In a few minutes, I was whirled along in an elegant chariot (not the phaeton) to a very pretty villa outside the town, and in less than a quarter of an hour, found myself admiring the elegant arrangements of one of the most tasteful and *recherché* drawing-rooms eye ever beheld.

"At length, a gentle hand opened the door; and now for the encounter full of smiles! I bowed so *profoundly,* that when I raised my eyes towards the lady, my sudden start must have looked quite stagefied. Good heavens! who did I behold on the sofa, dissolved in tears?"

"Miss Molasses," said I, "of course!"

"No, Jack! Miss Jones!—there she sat, dressed in the *very same humble morning* costume she had on when I last beheld her at Brighton! Every recollection rushed upon me with the vividness of lightning—to seat myself beside her—you know my impulse—and tenderly take her hand in mind,—to cover it with unresisting kisses —to feel my warm pressure as warmly returned."

"Do you keep a dog in the room?" said I, fidgeting; "for, upon my soul, there is some one here, I'll swear."

"Nonsense!" said Mortimer; "don't interrupt me. Well, well, you seem fidgety, so I'll be brief.—There is no necessity to recount the hours of rapture to you that we passed; it is sufficient to say, that quick as time and fleet horses would allow, the rich heiress, Miss *Morgan*—"

"Miss who? I thought you said *Jones!*"

"So she *once* was; but 'twas changed to *Morgan,* for reasons presently,—was the bride of your humble servant.

"Humph!" I replied, "you've been a very lucky fellow, Mortimer. So Miss Jones, while you had the *yellow* fever abroad, was nursing for *twelve* long years the *scarlet* one for you at home, eh? But what about the cabinet?"

"Spare me a little longer.—After we had solemnized our nuptials at Gretna, previous to our more formal union in England, and were spending the honeymoon, our conversation often recurred to our Brighton days, and the following is a brief abstract of the events.

"The morning we parted she was most wretched, for it appears, although I was quite unconscious of it, she deeply loved me, but never told her love. Her expectations rested upon a rich aunt an old maid, who treated her very cruelly. She had not a penny to satisfy the demands of Mrs. Smiler on that morning; and what was worse, on seeking for some loved token-trinkets, to endeavour to raise some money temporarily, she found her desk had been opened. and the articles abstracted!

"'Gracious Heaven!' said I, 'can it be possible? What infamy! The miniature and the ring *your's*, and taken to delude *me* by my cousin Matilda!—infamous! infamous!'

"'It is all—all passed, and long ago forgiven,' said the angel.

"'Did *you* deliver the package that contained them?' said I.

"'Yes! and, covered with the deepest confusion, she, to my irrepressible surprise, handed me your letter, and on her knees implored my forgiveness. It was an innocent fraud to speak of; but to me, in my heart-broken state of mind, and distressed condition, friendless, and forsaken by all but *one* [she threw herself weeping into my arms.]—The miniature was the picture of my married sister, who died [and here she gave a shudder] in giving birth to her only son; she was like me, but much lovelier. The ring was her dying gift—her name was Sophia Masters; and I believe that Mrs. Smiler, the landlady, having seen them in my possession, suggested the plan to obtain them, the initials so curiously being the same, S. M., to practise the fraud upon you.'

"'There is no fraud now, at least,' said I; 'my dream has come true; I *have married* the owner of the *miniature* and the *ring*, and who was and is S. M.'

"''Tis curious, indeed,' said my dear *Susan;* 'but let me go on. The very morning when you left, I determined to await the arrival of the post for the expected succour from my aunt, so long and so unaccountably delayed, with the firm intention of returning your kind gift through your cousin, was I in funds; but your note from the coach-office, which I have ever worn next my heart, changed my mind. *That* post—oh! would that you had waited for it!—brought me a communication from my aunt's solicitor, stating that she had suddenly died, and that about an hour before her decease, after lying tranquil for some time previously, she repeatedly reproached herself for her conduct towards me, in the perfect possession of her senses, by a codicil revoked her will, leaving me her sole legatee and heiress to fifty thousand pounds in the funds. What with the revulsion of fortune, the *loss of you*, and a thousand conflicting sensations, I became seriously ill; but under the kind care and attention of Dr. T—, in about a week I was enabled to return to town to attend the obsequies of my deceased aunt, and take possession of my fortune, and, according to the will, the name of 'Morgan,' which was that of my aunt. I did so, determined never to surrender it but to *one*—my lost, but now *won*—my loved—my long-loved Mortimer. Heaven has vouchsafed to hear my prayer, and to consummate my happiness!'"

I here gave a loud yawn.

"Ah! it's very affecting, my dear Colonel, and romantic; but what about the mysterious cabinet? come, its past one o'clock, and I am, begging your pardon, hardly able to keep my eyes open."

"You recollect I enclosed her a bank note for ten pounds;—it may be whim or what *you* please to call it, *but she never parted with that note*, strictly interpreting my letter 'never to repay IT but when we *met;*' so she had it framed and placed in a cabinet made for the purpose—the one you see before you. One day at an exhibition she saw a portrait strongly resembling me, and had one copied which even bore a still stronger resemblance, and with her own placed them in the *same cabinet*—here they are."

We both stood up—he touched a spring, and the curtain flew back.

We looked, and there certainly was the bank note, as described. There, too, underneath, was Mortimer's portrait; but in place of that of his lady, was the portrait of a very beautiful Spanish girl, with an infant boy in her arms, the very image of the Colonel. Underneath were the words in gold "*Maraquita*."

"Mysterious Powers!" cried Mortimer, his whole frame convulsed with agitation, and his visage turning ghastly pale; "by what agency came this change? can it be true?" and he snatched it from the cabinet, and gazed upon it with quivering eye and trembling hand. "'Tis Maraquita! and my little Carlos; but how came it here? can it be possible?—yes! yes! it must have been *her* act. You say, my friend, you heard noises during the evening; let us search."

Taking the lamp, I held Mortimer's arm, but it was almost palsied, to prevent his falling. I led him to a chair wherein he sank, covering his face with his hands.

I turned, and with the flickering light of the almost extinguished lamp, went to the window which led to the lawn. I felt the night air blowing chilly, the glass window door was open. I rushed on the lawn, but casting my eyes around, I saw no one, as the moon shed her beams on the sward. Returning, I carefully bolted the door and placed the shutters fast, and searched the room without effect: rousing Mortimer, who seemed sunk in thought, I stated the fruitlessness of further search at so late an hour, and ventured on an inquiry as to the mysterious "*Maraquita*." Looking at me steadfastly, he said, "Of Maraquita, my friend, we will speak anon. She lived with me in Jamaica, and bore me that child," pointing to the portrait. "A mysterious communication, I some few days since received, is now accounted for, stating she was in England, and in this neighbourhood. It is evident she is, and has gained, by some means or another, entrance, not only to this house, but to this room, and to the secret cabinet. Ha!" said he; "last night—by heavens, it rushes on me!—last night *I thought*, while sitting here and gazing, as is my wont sometimes, on the token of earlier days, ere I seek my bed, *I thought* I heard sounds similar to those you fancied. *She must* have been here *and exchanged the portraits*, and obtained easy entrance by the agency of yon door. A lady in black, too, was, I heard, inquiring for me at the lodge to-day, and obtained permission to walk in the grounds. We will search instantly."

"Not so, Mortimer! not so! It would be useless; consider Mrs. Mortimer's condition—your absence—it is now past two—and agitated appearance, if you deny yourself your night's repose, will seriously alarm her—to-morrow at morn I will accompany you." He after some time assented, and after locking the portrait in his private desk, we parted.

I tried to sleep, but could not, and after enduring two hours or so, in attempted slumber, and urged by an intense curiosity, at the grey dawn I walked in the grounds. I had been out, I suppose, about half an hour, when I took the direction of an avenue which led to the banks of the Wye. I could hardly account for it, but a fearful apprehension seemed to cover my mind, which was engrossed with the mysterious Spanish girl, when I gazed on the dark stream, as yet

unsparkling in the sunbeam, stealing mournfully, and silently, and swiftly along its romantic and thickly-wooded banks. On a sudden, the sound of voices on the water struck upon my ear, and immediately after, a boat, containing two fishermen, appeared, who were rowing hard against a strong current, that set round a winding in the river. In a short time, they saw me on the bank, and crossed the stream, making signs, and speaking in a language unknown—in Welch; it was evident they wished me to await their arrival. They soon made the shore, and pointing in the direction of a little village on the opposite bank, endeavoured to make me understand they wished me to go with them. A mysterious impulse led me to immediate assent, and in a few minutes, the swift and favouring current brought us to the landing-place of the village of C—. A crowd had collected around the door of the small inn with awe-struck visages. On entering to ascertain the cause, what was my horror at perceiving the lifeless form of a young female, found floating in the river. One look at the face—the glance was enough—the features, though newly known, now indelibly impressed!—'twas hers of the CABINET PICTURE, MARAQUITA! It shot through my brain!

My dream of the SUICIDE *was realized.*

I have little more to tell. The luckless Spanish girl was buried with all due respect, in a picturesque and sequestered spot, by the Colonel. A letter which he found behind the portrait, alas! too late, stated her fatal resolve: the rest of the contents he never, even to me, alluded to. Oakville was as soon as possible disposed of. Mortimer, on whom the grave has closed, was ever an altered man, and his death was speedily followed by that of her with whom originated the SECRET CABINET.

J. B. O'M.

THE POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION;

OR, LIKE MASTER LIKE MAN.

AN INFERNAL *STORY.*

Che tu mi segni, ed io saro tua guida,
E trarrotti di qui per luogo eterno,
O'v udirai le disperate strida.
DANTE *Inferno*, Canto I.

AMONGST the musty sentences oracular
(Famed for their truth and laconism)
Which decorate our tough old tongue vernacular,
There is a certain aphorism
Which tells us that " A mendicant,
When raised from the pedestrian level,"
(As if resolved to fly from want,)
" Will spur his palfrey to the devil:"
An adage which, from dearth of skill,
I 'm now preparing to fulfil:
For, finding, spite of all my pains,
Just at this juncture, that my brains
Of mundane themes for doggerel strains
Are somewhat scanty;
Urged by a potent, self-wrought spell,
I bid terrestrial scenes farewell;
Mount Pegasus, and post to—(well,
I 'll spare the rhyme, lest it should shock the ladies,
And Grecify the *low* expression) Hades,
Like Father Dante.

Nor will the world, I trust, refuse
Implicit credence to my muse;
For, when the witty Florentine
Described, in poesy " divine,"
His journey to th' infernal regions;
His gossip with Abaddon's legions;
The varied miseries which whelm
Poor wretches in the gloomy realm,

And whom he met there ;
His downward trip was ta'en for granted :
No *route* or *carte du pays* was wanted :
And not a human being cared
Whether, in real truth, the bard
Contrived to get there.
If, then, the tales which Alighieri
Brought from th' abyss
Excite in readers' minds no query,
Wherefore should this ?

I hope this little introduction
Will not produce unkind construction :
For, *entre nous*, I shrewdly thought
That, as my anecdote is brought
From so profound and dark a source,
The reader would expect, of course,
Some explanation prefatory,
To claim his sufferance, before I
Could venture to relate the story.

But, to begin.—There lived of late
A certain wight,
John Dubson hight :
A yeoman, who, from mean estate,
Dame Fortune's slippery hill had scaled,
Nor e'er had in his footing fail'd :
In fact, the wheel-borne, sand-blind elf,
Had bless'd him with such store of pelf,
That not a squire
In all the shire,
When aught was to be sold, could hope,
In bargaining, with him to cope :
And many a mother, when she press'd
Her daughter to her anxious breast,
And view'd his petted, *only son*,
Whose boyhood's race was nearly run,
Breathed a fond, fervent wish that she might catch
For her dear offspring such a splendid match.

At length, just when his hopeful heir
The name of minor ceased to bear ;
And, to *his sire's* delight, had grown
A brawny boor of thirteen stone :
When, chuckling in his sleeve, he found
His wealth on every side abound ;
His wide-spread lands, well fenced and till'd ;
His coffers nigh to bursting fill'd ;
His cellars cramm'd with choicest wine ;
His meadows stock'd with sheep and kine ;
His mews with every breed of horse
Known on the road, or field, or course,
And deck'd with carriages so gay,
They might have graced a Lord Mayor's day ;
His warm conservatories lined
With flowers and fruits of every kind,
And shrubs, and trees of choicest mark ;
His thick preserves and spacious park,
With game and ven'son well supplied ;
Swoln with repletion, gout, and pride,
He died !

Scarce had his vital spirit flitted
To confines for its nature fitted,
When Roger Thong, his lusty charioteer,
Dropp'd, like a sacrifice, to grace his bier.
Full thirty years he 'd held his driving station
Without reproach,
And merely changed his whip by elevation
From plough to coach ;
Ne'er envying his master's growing treasures ;
But sharing all his griefs and *all his pleasures*.

Not only during life, with firm attachment,
He clung to him, and *those he held most dear* ;
But, at the moment of his dissolution
Proved that his love had known no diminution ;
Not even tarrying to behold his hatchment,
Or o'er his corpse to drop a pitying tear ;
But, when the farmer from the world retired,
He, too, expired !

What caused the portly coachman's death
None knew ; for so it chanced, his breath,
Without a moment's warning, fail'd him ;
Nor gave him time to tell what ail'd him.
'Tis true, the neighbours all supposed
That when his patron's eyes were closed,
His sorrow would admit no cure ;
His gentle heart could not endure
Such dire disasters.
Be this, however, as it may ;
When disencumber'd of its clay,
His soul was book'd for Charon's wherry,
And wafted o'er the Stygian ferry,
To join his master's.

Soon as, within the realms of night,
The coachman's met the yeoman's sprite,
Each guilty elf with conscious shame was stung,
And on each faltering, incorporeal tongue,
A half-suppress inquiry trembling hung ;
So anxious each to know by what event
The other was to Pandemonium sent.

At length the master-spirit broke
The ice, and gravely thus bespoke,

With quivering lip,
The spectred whip :—
"Roger, attend, while I relate
What doom'd me to this hopeless fate !
But first your memory I must task,
With me to trace
Act, time, and place,
Ere we were stript of the corporeal mask.

Doubtless you recollect full well
When first my wealth began to swell,
What festive transports fill'd my house
When first I graced it with a spouse.
You also know that many a bitter sigh
Escaped my breast, and many a tear my eye,
When Fortune, deaf to every prayer,
Refused to bless me with an heir:
But, above all,
You must recal
That happiest moment of my life,
When, after years
Of doubts and fears,
Blest by indulgent Heaven, my wife
Fulfill'd the views which made us one
And crown'd my wishes with *a son !*
Not even yet
Can I forget
With what ecstatic glee and pride
The bouncing urchin first I eyed ;
Yet this same boy,
My earthly joy,
Became the innocent occasion
Of his poor father's condemnation.
To hoard up wealth, for *his* enjoyment,
I fondly cherish'd the employment
Of every base, dishonest wile,
Each wight less crafty to beguile :
Nay, when no other means were left,
Unblushingly I 've stoop'd to theft :
In short, to tell each several way
In which I sinn'd,
To raise the wind,
Would occupy a summer day.
Let it suffice
That in a trice,
Whilst I was heaping plum on plum,
Unconscious that my time was come,
Omniscient Heaven, enraged at my career,
Gave that voracious cormorant, Death,
A draft, at sight, upon my breath,
And, to requite my vices, sent me here!

But, honest Hodge, it much amazes
My soul to find *you* 'midst these blazes :
You, who, in all our mortal time,
I ne'er knew guilty of a crime !
Pray, what might be
Th' iniquity
Which at your earthly sojourn's close
Makes you companion of my woes ?"

"Oh, sir," quoth Roger, "if a ghost could blush,
Shame and remorse my conscious cheek would flush ;
For *my* transgressions, like your own,
Were vastly numerous, though unknown :
Yet, 'tween ourselves, *my* peccadilloes,
Placed 'gainst *your* faults, were mere abortions,—
Less, in their relative proportions,
Than osier-wands to full-grown willows.
It must, however, be confest
That *one offence*
By far exceeded all the rest ;
And, only thence,
With rueful certainty, I date
My present miserable fate.
Oh listen, sir, to the relation,
And grant me your commiseration !"

DUBSON.

Proceed, then, shade of my ex-faithful Roger,
And you shall find
Your master's mind
As friendly now as when on earth a lodger.

ROGER.

The sin with which my soul is tainted
I almost shudder at revealing ;
Yet you so glowingly have painted
The fondness of parental feeling
That, to a spirit of your tender bearing,
Haply my guilt may not appear so glaring.
Know then, that, ere my thread of life had run
Full thirty years, *I* had an ONLY SON.
'Tis true, I used nor craft nor stealth,
Nor neighbours of their goods beguiled,
Like you, to gain him store of wealth ;
Nor was such kindness of me needed,
For *he* to great estates succeeded ;
Yet 'twas my bane ; for that same child
Owed his existence to the heinous crime
Which doom'd his parent to this horrid clime.

DUBSON.

You !—you possess'd a son ! Alas, poor groom !
Sincerely I compassionate your doom ;
For well I know what 'tis to be removed
From the dear offspring whom we long have loved :
And yet 'tis strange that, while on earth
Together in the flesh we tarried,
I heard not of this urchin's birth,
Nor ever knew you had been married ;
Then, further still your confidence to share,
Pray tell me, Hodge, *who was your son?*

ROGER.

YOUR HEIR !

THE GATES OF DEATH.

A REVELATION OF THE HORRORS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

BY BAYLE ST. JOHN.

The following was the story told me by a veteran when I last visited the Hospital of Invalids at Paris:—

Before I was reduced to my present helpless state I was a common soldier, exercising even then no more influence on the affairs of my country than could be expected from the strength of a single pair of arms, and the courage that burned in the breast of one among a multitude directed towards the same end. I was thirty-five years of age when I shouldered my musket, and left Paris to join the fatal expedition against Russia in 1812. I endured, in common with the rest of the army, the extreme privations of the march; and shared in the sadness and discouragement which prevailed when, after crossing the Niemen, we plunged into the sombre forests beyond, and began to traverse a country where we were without a friend, and, what was equally unfortunate, without an enemy. I shared in the eagerness of the army for a battle; and its sorrow, when our hopes were day by day disappointed. At length, when the time did arrive (7th September), it had been so long deferred that it was with some difficulty the Emperor's proclamation roused in our breasts the martial ardour which had become necessary to support our jaded bodies during the fatigues of a conflict. The first burst of artillery, however, and the smell of powder, effectually roused me. Austerlitz, Friedland, Jena, with their glorious recollections, burst upon my fancy; and placing victory before me as the goal, I swept down, with my regiment, the 106th, to the attack of the village of Borodino, against which we were pushed forward from the left of the *grande armée*, under Prince Eugène. The sun, which had risen behind the Russian lines, and glistened on the hundred thousand bayonets that bristled on the crest of the vast semicircle of heights they occupied, was soon obscured by the sulphureous vapours which, gushing from the mouths of great gun, culverin, and musket, soon dispersed in the air, and hung suspended over our heads. Each soldier's observation was now limited to what occurred within a few yards of him. We fought, bled, died, unmarked amidst the obscurity and uproar. But the object was gained. The enemy was expelled from the village at the point of the bayonet; and, had the orders we received been obeyed, the miseries I afterwards endured might never have befallen me. Instead, however, of breaking down the bridge, as had been commanded, and waiting the result of Poniatowsky's operations on the right, we pushed across the Kalougha, and began driving the enemy along the high-road towards Gorcka. I was advancing with my company obliquely up the steepest portion of the height, a little to the right of the road, under a tremendous fire from a whole series of batteries and fortified redoubts, when I was struck in several places, and fell.

The various fortunes of the army in general, and of the division

to which I was attached in particular, from morning until evening, I shall not relate. I know nothing of them from personal experience. All I can remember is, that I did not remain perfectly insensible during the contest. I seemed, indeed, in a kind of horrible slumber, in which, when most unaware of what was passing around me, my diseased imagination supplied the place of sense, and called up before me visions of my past life, recollections of my past sufferings, mingled with vivid pictures of past enjoyments. I was occasionally roused, however, to an imperfect enjoyment of consciousness, in which disturbed images of surrounding objects found their way to my brain. A confused and irregular uproar, which seemed to announce the destruction of Nature's fabric, swept through the portals of sense; it was at times a perfect hurricane of sound, which, effacing every other impression on my mind, threw me into a state of bewilderment and semi-insensibility which it is impossible to describe.

Such being my position, it was, of course, impossible for me to have any notion of the flight of time. I can well remember, however, the delicious sensations preceding my restoration to consciousness and misery. They were caused by a shower of rain, which fell towards the evening, and seemed to be a vain effort of Nature to wash away the blood that had been spilt that day. This refreshing boon from the clouds restored me to my senses. A complete silence had succeeded the horrible clamour of the battle. I was lying on my back on a heap of dead bodies, with my face turned from Gorcka, so that without moving I could behold the position which the French army had occupied in the morning; and the village of Borodino at my feet, through which the Kalougha ran in a northerly direction, to join at no great distance the muddy waters of the Moskowa. The irregular ground was strewed with bodies, helmets, swords, muskets, standards stained with blood, drums, broken gun-carriages; and cut up by the hoofs of innumerable horses. Whether the gathering obscurity deceived me, or that this part of the field was in reality deserted, I could discern no sign of life. All was cold and comfortless. A vast sombre forest seemed to encircle the horizon, and to have swallowed up whatever had been spared during the struggle which had lately taken place. The sky was charged with clouds, evidently attracted by the vapours which had arisen from the battle-field, and now shedding upon it a fine penetrating rain. I scarcely doubted that my friends had gained the victory, and, feeling no pain in any part of my body, flattered myself that if I was not soon able to rise and join them, I should, at least, be discovered next morning, and sent back to the vast convent of Kolotskoi, two days' march from thence, where an hospital had been established.

When I look back upon my own conduct at this distance of time, I cannot help being astonished at the *sang froid* with which I regarded my position, and the confidence with which I looked forward to the future. Yet this may find credence with many. Few, however, will believe that up to that moment I was totally unaware that I had been rendered a cripple for life, both my legs having been shattered, and almost torn from my body by a cannon-ball. I was also wounded in several places about my breast and my head; a musket-bullet had ploughed a furrow in my forehead, and a bayonet had laid open

my side. In this state was I foolish enough to feel certain of life. When, however, by raising myself on my elbow, I discovered, both by examination, and the pain which the exertion caused to shoot through my whole frame, what immense injuries I had received, a sudden revulsion of feeling took place. With the same rashness that had caused me to indulge in unqualified hope, I flew to the other extremity of despair, and felt about for some weapon with which I might terminate my sufferings. But the weakness of my body, caused by loss of blood, baffled me; and after a short interval I began to consider, with some degree of calmness, my chances of preservation. The result I arrived at was not very encouraging. I saw all the difficulties and dangers which surrounded me; but, guided by the primitive instincts of nature, resolved to do everything in my power to prolong my existence.

Night had now descended upon the earth; and I could see on the heights around me northward along the Moskowa, and far to the south, towards Semenowska, the wood of Ulitza, and the old road to Moscow, the bivouac fires of the French army, as one by one they were lighted. Though many and bright, they had not sufficient strength to dissipate the general darkness, so that they seemed isolated, and at first without order. My eye, however, had begun to trace fanciful resemblances, when, strange to say, I fell into a sleep, from which I did not awake until day dawned.

The cold rain was again falling from a huge irregular mass of clouds which a violent north wind was driving across the country. As far as the eye could reach the broken ground was covered, as I have said, with the *débris* of the battle—dismounted cannon, burned houses, arms, dead bodies, and wounded men, some endeavouring to rise, others dragging themselves towards the rear of the army, others sitting gazing stupidly around them, others murmuring the names of their country or their mother, others silent and resigned, waiting with frigid indifference the appointed hour. Russians and French were indiscriminately mingled, neither taking notice of the other. The former, I observed, bore their sufferings with a kind of dogged, uniform, uncomplaining sullenness, whilst the French exhibited every various shade between absolute despair and a resignation bordering sometimes upon heroism.

As morning advanced, bands of marauders began to scour the field, composed principally of that dangerous rabble which follows generally the skirts of an army. I was too happy to escape the notice of these by feigning to be a corpse; but when, at length, a few parties began to make their appearance, evidently on the search for the wounded of whose recovery hopes might be entertained, I did all in my power to attract their attention. In so slovenly a manner did they perform their duty, however, that they never approached the place where I lay in an agony of suspense, which continued whilst there was yet hope, and was then followed by a long-continued swoon.

When I recovered the evening of the second night was coming on. The only sounds I heard were the faint notes of a distant military band, which seemed to be fast retiring along the road to Moscow. Presently it died away, and I felt that I was left alone on the battle-field, with no companions but the dead. It is impossible to paint my feelings at that moment. With a stern effort of the will overcoming

my weakness, I sat up, and tearing off pieces from the dresses of my companions, bound up my wounds, most of which were already staunched, whilst others bled but feebly.

I now discovered to what a state I was reduced. The immense quantity of blood I had lost, and my long abstinence from food, had nearly deprived me of all strength. Fortunately the rain, which, as I have said, had fallen, had left a pool close at hand. Out of this, with a shako, I was enabled to reach some water, which I drank greedily. The effect was instantaneous. My vigorous constitution required only this stimulant. I next felt hunger, and contrived to search my haversack for food. It contained, however, only two biscuits. Half of one of these was as much as I could eat at that time. The remainder I resolved to preserve most carefully. I now observed at no great distance a horseman's cloak, which I soon appropriated, as the cold began to be extreme. I had scarcely wrapt myself in it, and determined to pass the night with no other protection, when a flash of lightning, and a loud thunder-clap told me a storm was at hand. Unwilling to be again drenched to the skin, I looked about for a place of shelter, and soon discovered a most extraordinary one. This was the stomach of a horse, which had been ploughed open by a cannon-ball. However disgusting such a retreat might have been thought by me on a different occasion, I now felt thankful for having found it. The cold was every moment increasing; and it was evident by the whole aspect of the heavens that a terrific tempest was impending. Supporting myself with one hand, therefore, my lower limbs being utterly deprived of the power of motion, with the other I cleared away as much as I could of the intestines, and regardless of what at a different time would have inspired the most invincible repugnance, contrived at last to get under cover. Before I had done so, the first heavy drops of the shower warned me that my precaution was needed; for presently the sky seemed to open, and let fall an entire flood upon the country, whilst the lightning with incessant flashes seemed to ignite the heavens, and threaten the earth, and the thunder roared like a long-delayed echo of the battle from side to side of the horizon, tearing open the panting flanks of the clouds, and prolonging its angry bellowings until my very heart sank within me for terror, and I wished that the ground would open to swallow and save me from its fury. How it was possible for me to sleep in the midst of this horrible uproar I cannot tell. But when the elements had raged harmlessly over my head for upwards of an hour, I became more tranquil, I imagine, and yielded to fatigue. The dreams that now crowded to my brain were such as I had never experienced before. Sometimes whole showers of flowers seemed pouring down around me; sometimes, transported back in thought to a state of infancy, I fancied myself rocked in a cradle, amidst the most fragrant perfumes; sometimes I was walking in the greenest fields; sometimes floating gently through the air, upborne by invisible hands. I was awakened by sounds which might at first have been thought to proceed from a pack of hounds in full cry; but it soon became evident that they rose from a troop of wolves descending, now that the storm was over, from the mountains, to feast upon the dead. Shrinking backward into my loathsome habitation, I endeavoured to close the aperture by which I had entered. In vain, however; and presently more than fifty ferocious

wolves, if I might judge by the sounds, swept by me, as if taking a survey of the extent of their acquisition before they enjoyed it. One of them in his bounds alighted for a moment on the carcass which concealed me, and I judged his prodigious strength from the weightiness of his step. But there was no pause; and presently their howls died away in the distance. As soon as they were gone, so exhausted had I become that I fell asleep, and, being undisturbed during the rest of the night, did not awake until morning was far advanced.

Every day fresh causes of solicitude seemed to start into being around me, and I began to entertain the most discouraging thoughts. The most alarming circumstance, and that, accordingly, which most busily employed my thoughts, was the increasing stench arising from the vast amount of animal matter decomposing and putrifying on every side. The very air, at length, seemed to thicken and grow heavy, and to press, with a smothering weight, upon the lungs. The act of breathing was performed with disgust, as if it assimilated with the system particles in which lay concealed the seeds of corruption and dissolution. A cold blue vapour, ten times more intense and noxious than the fœtid exhalations of the church-yard, clung to the earth as far as the eye could reach, thus rendering the dangers that linger over a battle-field palpable to more senses than one. Around me on every side were sights too hideous to describe. Death had at length exerted its entire influence over every corpse. It seemed almost impossible to believe that life had ever inhabited those repulsive forms.

The stupifying effect of the malaria, instead of striking me dead instantly, as might have been the case with a feeble constitution, approached me gradually, inducing a sort of drowsiness in the head, and a general lassitude, with which exertion of any kind was almost incompatible. Finding myself in this state one day, I lacked the energy to go forth in search of provisions, and remained in the fœtid carcass, which now seemed to threaten to be my coffin, sinking gradually to so low a pitch of weakness that recovery might have proved hopeless. Fortunately, however, an ungovernable hunger took possession of me. Reduced to live in some respects like wild beasts, I did not now scorn to imitate them in others; but resorting to an expedient at which my very gorge now rises, I tore with my teeth morsels from the side of the dead horse which sheltered me, and ravenously devoured them. A violent fit of sickness was the consequence, which seemed to restore motion to my blood, to relieve my brain from the heaviness which had weighed upon it, and allow me to look the horrors of my position in the face. I now perceived the necessity of immediately abandoning at all hazards my loathsome retreat. Crawling forth, accordingly, I slung a musket on my back, stuck my two pistols in my belt, which supported also a sword, and putting a pound or two of cartouches in my haversack, proceeded to drag myself along, taking the direction of the heights of Gorcka, and endeavouring as much as possible to avoid the dead bodies. The journey was toilsome. Never since I was first wounded had I attempted anything so difficult. What with my general weakness, and the want of food, I was obliged to halt more than ten times in traversing two or three hundred yards. I at length reached a place where the heaps of corpses seemed to cease, and was congra-

tulating myself, when I beheld several right in front of me. I would have turned aside to avoid them, had not an unusual sight presented itself. This was the body of a woman. All the other victims of war I had shunned as masses of corruption. This kindled in my bosom feelings which had long been extinct. The desire of self-preservation was replaced for a while by the feeling of pity, and I directed my course towards the body which had attracted my attention. She lay with her arms tightly clasped round the neck of a young soldier, and her face buried in the long hair which adorned his head, and mingled with her own. Curious to know whether I could remember her face among the followers of the army, I endeavoured to disengage her hands. For some time I was unable, so firmly were they knit together; but I at length succeeded in turning the face towards me. It was that of a young woman, or rather girl, excessively emaciated, but retaining traces of great beauty.

I scarcely know what vague hope it was that induced me to pour a little powder on the ground close by her side, and set fire to it with one of my pistols. A gentle sigh moved her lips; but it was so gentle, and the motion was so insignificant, that it required the intense gaze which I cast upon her features, and the intense attention with which I listened, to detect them. But I was now convinced that life still lingered within those veins; the thought that I might have a companion to share my sufferings took possession of me; my heart fluttered within me; my pulse beat high; my brain whirled; and finally, passing my arm round the neck of the young girl, I swooned away.

I was restored by feeling a gentle throb under my right breast responsive to that which shook my own. But it was not immediately followed by another. However, I could now detect a certain glow in the whole frame of the young girl, which assured me that the principle of life was rapidly recovering within her. This roused me to exertion, and I proceeded to ransack the haversacks of the few bodies which lay around. I thus, at length, discovered what I sought with most eagerness — a small flask of brandy. This I applied to the girl's lips; and, though she did not swallow anything, the smell of it, without doubt, assisted in reviving her. Pouring a little into the palm of my hand, I chafed her temples therewith, and, at length, to my inexpressible joy, a long deep sigh escaped her, and she began to breathe with a regular, but a weak and suppressed breath. Her whole frame then shook with a convulsive tremor, and, at length, when by raising her head I had forced her to swallow about a spoonful of the brandy, she opened her eyes, and cast them around with a painful expression of surprise. At first it seemed as though she saw nothing to reconcile her to this return to existence, for she shuddered, closed her eyes, and seemed about to relapse into her former state of inanition. By immense exertions, however, I again restored her; her eyes encountered mine with a long gaze, though not of recognition, and in accents faint and low, she inquired,

"Where am I?"

The joy occasioned at these, the first words uttered by a human voice which had struck upon my ears for so many days, after having almost given up the hope of holding any further communion but with the dead, prevented me for a while from answering. At length the young girl, who still kept her glance firmly fixed upon

me, had time to say, with an expression of semi-reproach, — "You will not tell me?"

"We are at Borodino," I replied, willing if possible to keep for a while the more horrible features of the scene from her notice. She seemed satisfied with this, and remained tranquil, her head supported by my arms. At length, however, I perceived that evening was drawing nigh, and that it behoved me to think how we should pass the night.

"Can you walk a little?" I inquired.

"Are you Charles?" she said. "I am afraid you are not Charles."

"Yes, yes; my name is Charles."

"Not my Charles."

"Your Charles."

She shook her head, and remained motionless. I now contrived to steep a morsel of biscuit which I had found in the brandy, and to make her swallow it. This several times repeated gave her strength; and with an effort she rose to her knees. I found it impossible to assist her, which she perceived, and casting a glance of excessive commiseration upon me, she said,

"And in that state you have thought of me? Oh, sir, what can I say? How shall I thank you?"

All this time she did not cast her eyes upon the corpse to which I had found her clinging, but kept them as much as possible fixed on me. This I rejoiced at, imagining that if she were to behold him, the affection which had doubtless led her there would cause a relapse. I therefore hastened to crawl away, begging her to follow me if she was able. As I moved, of course, very slowly, bearing my arms, and a little food, which I had collected, she was enabled to keep pace with me; now rising to her feet, and tottering a step or two; now sinking on her knees, and advancing with the help of her hands. In this manner I led her to the other side of a small thicket, which lay at no great distance. We now found ourselves on the brink of a little glen, turned towards the south, and overlooking the whole field of battle. It was some thirty yards across, and about fifty deep. At the inner extremity I could discern the ruins of a burned hut, but I judged it impossible to reach it that evening, as I myself was near fainting with fatigue. My hands, moreover, were torn and bleeding; and my elbows covered with wounds. I accordingly resolved to pass the night where I was, and crept under a bush. I ate one of the biscuits I had found, persuaded my companion to eat a piece of one; and we both drank a little brandy. I abstained from asking any questions as to who and what she was, and what brought her there, for fear of fatiguing her; confining the little conversation that passed between us to a question or two about her actual feelings. She was evidently in a very exhausted state; and when I felt her burning hands, I began to fear that I had only restored her to die a second death. However, I offered up a prayer for her safety and my own — the first time I had really prayed on that field,—and wrapping my cloak about us both, we were soon fast asleep.

The brandy, I suppose, which I had drunk prevented me from awaking until morning was far advanced. Even before I opened my eyes I felt that something extraordinary had happened. My limbs seemed stiffened; an unusual weight impeded my movements; and

a sharp, damp, penetrating cold pierced me to the very marrow. I raised my head, and to my horror and astonishment beheld the whole country far and near white with snow. The last flakes of the fall were still floating in the air, driven before the wind; here and there a few inequalities marked the places where lay at no great distance the heaps of slain. The hills were crowned with snow, and the branches of the trees laden. A hurried glance sufficed, and I turned to communicate this new disaster to my companion. She seemed yet asleep. I shook her. Her arms were rigid. With a cry of despair I tore away the cloak from around her. I had been sleeping with a corpse! She was quite dead!

Never shall I forget the hideous torrent of feelings which gushed into my heart when I was at length forced to become convinced of this fact, by observing that mortification had commenced. It seemed as though the heavens had conspired to mock me, and drive me to madness. In a few hours I had conceived for that young girl more than the affection of a father. She was the only link that bound me to the rest of mankind. The solicitude which until then I felt only for myself I had transferred to her; and now she was taken from me. I clasped her to my bosom; and a torrent of expressions of love and grief, mixed, I am afraid, with incoherent blasphemies, burst from my lips. I kissed her cold lips, murmured in her dull ears, gazed passionately upon her form; and then, giving myself up to an ungovernable access of fury, rolled upon the snow, cursing the hour I was born, and wishing that a speedy death might overtake me. So strong, however, was the love of life within my breast, that I soon became more calm, or rather more insensible. I looked only to the preservation of my own vile body, though what there was in life that could make me prize it at that moment I cannot see. I covered up the corpse of the unhappy girl with snow, to protect it from the wolves, and then continued my course, crawling like a reptile, towards the ruined hut, which now seemed to afford the only promise of safety. At length I reached it; and creeping into a dark room, threw myself upon the ground in a dull, stupid state of satisfaction, at having overcome all difficulties, which endured the remainder of the day.

Towards evening, when I began to collect my faculties, the idea of the young girl was the first to present itself. In vain I endeavoured to drive it away; it filled the entire extent of my mind. Having no other alternative, I was forced to contemplate it. The whole value of what I had lost as soon as won now presented itself to me. Woe encompassed me on every side. The sole inhabitant of a desert, crippled, emaciated in body, dejected, and sorrowful in mind, without mental energy to plan, or physical energy to execute any means of defending myself from the piercing cold of the night, I lay flickering on the borders of existence hour after hour, expecting and almost wishing that death would overtake me. It was decreed, however, that unless I wilfully abandoned the struggle for my life, that I should live. About midnight I began to take more rational views of my position. Hunger had made itself felt. I ate something, drank a little of the brandy that remained in the flask, and went to sleep.

What it was that waked me in the grey light of the morning I do not know. But when I looked forth I beheld a dark form moving

upon the snow at no great distance from the mouth of the hollow in which my retreat was situated. At first my heart, elated, pictured the approach of a human being. But I soon discovered that it was a huge black bear ascending from the plain towards the hut. I now supposed that he had selected that ruined place for his den, and became convinced that I should have to dispute possession of it with him. This I resolved to do, and instantly prepared my arms. I had a musket, two pistols, a sword, and abundance of ammunition. Lest the snow should have penetrated into the pans, I reprimed my fire-arms. Meanwhile the animal continued to advance, though not rapidly, and at length reached the spot where I had left the body of the young girl. This he proceeded to uncover with his paws Though I had determined to reserve my fire until he came nearer, I could not now restrain myself, and taking aim as well as I was able in my position, I discharged my principal piece at him. The ball took effect, for the bear uttered a cry of fury, and leaving the half-exposed body, rushed towards the hut. My destruction would have been certain, had it not proved that I had struck him on the knee. After a few steps he stumbled, and rolled upon the snow. I now reloaded my musket; and again taking aim, was so fortunate this time as to strike him in the head. After a few more struggles, which brought him nearer to me, he fell lifeless on the snow. I now with the pride of a hunter proceeded to crawl towards him, armed with a pistol and sword. The idea had occurred to me that his carcass might serve for food. In the momentary elation of spirits, my successful shot had occasioned, I even determined to roll him towards the hut. This I soon perceived to be impossible. His size was enormous. The blood which gushed from his wounds stained the snow for many feet around. However, I resolved to cut a piece from him, which, in spite of my weakness, I effected. When I had succeeded I felt too much exhausted to proceed, as I had intended, to recover the body of the girl, and returned towards the hut, where I kindled a fire with some pieces of wood, and made a feast worthy of a king, improvidently drinking the last draught of brandy in the flask.

Another fall of snow now came on, which reminded me that I must devise means to protect myself from it. The hut had formerly consisted of two rooms, one behind the other. The roof of the front room had fallen in, and encumbered the floor. The corner also of the roof of the second had shared the same fate. The rest had received no damage. I reflected, however, that if the snow continued to fall, layer upon layer, it would at last be impossible to get out; besides, the heap which already lay in the corner might increase, and the narrow apartment, eight feet square, be choked up. I therefore resolved to spend a part of every day in clearing away the snow from the centre of the front room, so as to form a path by which I could emerge from my retreat when I pleased. I could have wished that with some of the boards which lay about I could have stopped up the hole in the roof of the inner room. But this was impossible. I could do nothing which required me to raise my hands much more than three feet from the ground. It was necessary, therefore, to content myself with clearing away the snow day by day. I was not sorry to have this occupation, as a state of total inactivity might have proved fatal to me. I set accordingly to work, dragging my-

self first to the heap in my room, supporting myself with one hand, and shovelling away with a piece of board, which I held in the other. It was several hours before I had cleared out all the snow, at the end of which I was so exhausted that I could not proceed to form the projected path. This I accordingly put off to the morrow.

In the same manner I occupied, I believe, nearly a whole week, during which the snow occasionally fell again, and forced me to begin my work anew. At length, however, I succeeded in forming a path with an embankment on either side, ascending, with a gentle slope, towards the surrounding level.

By this time I began again to feel the want of provisions. I planned, therefore, an expedition to the carcass of the bear I had killed. Leaving my musket behind me, and fastening a belt round my waist, into which I stuck my pistols and my sword, I set out. I had not had for some time the curiosity to examine the appearance of the country. The snow had changed its whole aspect. It was with the utmost difficulty I could trace the winding course of the frozen Kalougha across the plain; and the old road to Moscow was utterly effaced. All I saw was an endless succession of white forms of every irregular shape, swelling and sinking, as far as the eye could reach, except that here and there a thick grove of pine-trees bore upon its back the snow intended for the ground, and allowed the eye to plunge between its gaunt trunks into perhaps unvisited recesses of gloom.

I soon discovered that it would be no easy matter to find what I sought. But by taking the bearings of certain objects which I at length recognized, I judged that the carcass of the bear was a little to the right of a line drawn southward from the hut. I accordingly crawled in that direction, and in about ten minutes came to an almost imperceptible swelling in the snow. I instantly began to dig with my hands; but what was my horror after a short time at discovering the body of the young girl half devoured by the wolves, doubtless on the night after I had left it uncovered! Her features, however, were untouched, and preserved almost as they had been in life by the snow. They wore an expression of angelic sweetness; but I cannot describe them, nor my feelings at the sight. Suffice it to say, that with my sword I cut off one of her long tresses of auburn hair, and thrust it into my bosom. I still keep it as a memorial. When I had done this, I hastily threw back the snow, which I beat as hard as I could with my hands, and proceeded with the utmost dejection of spirits to return towards my hut, forgetful of what had drawn me forth.

I was moving, I say, towards my hut, when happening by chance to turn my head on one side, and glance over the field, I beheld a strange and delightful sight. Across the very centre of it a long line of men was marching. It was a military detachment, whose whole economy proved it to be French. Tears came into my eyes for joy. I endeavoured to call out, although they were nearly a mile distant. But in vain. Sobs choked my utterance, and I suffered them to descend into a ravine, and disappear, before I remembered the only means in my power of attracting their attention. This was by firing one of my pistols. It was too late to take advantage of it at present; but I now knew what to do should such another opportunity occur. Hope was re-awakened in my breast; redoubled vital warmth ga-

thered around my heart; and I began with some cheerfulness to search for the carcass of the bear, in which I at length succeeded. This time I cut off a much larger piece than before, and returned in high spirits. I found, however, that if I cooked the meat every time my wood would soon be exhausted. I therefore resolved to imitate the savage nations of the north, and eat the flesh raw, but frozen. I sometimes, like a true soldier, seasoned it with powder; and should not have disliked this mode of living had the possibility of any other been out of the question. Every now and then, however, I made a fire, and regaled myself on the luxury of grilled bear's meat.

My situation, however, gradually became worse and worse. Days passed by, with no other occurrence than my dragging myself to the carcass of the bear, to cut off a slice with my sword, and devour it. I seldom mustered courage to emerge from the door of the hut; for the cold was so excessive that my hands became covered with sores, and my wounds began to assume a threatening aspect. My weakness increased; a swimming in my head came on, partly induced by my being compelled to keep it so long in a declined position. How long I passed in this state I cannot tell. I made no reckoning of time. Whether it was that I went less seldom forth, or not, I saw no second detachment.

One morning, however, long before it was light, a terrific explosion shook the air. It waked me. I crawled out, in time to behold a momentary conflagration, lighting up the heavens in the east, like the bursting of a volcano. Was it, then, possible that the war was still carrying on so near me? My hopes rose. Day after day I went forth to examine the plain. But my expectation was frustrated, until at length I beheld an irregular array of scattered horsemen advancing from the direction of Moscow. Presently the whole field was covered by an army in the confusion of a retreat. Horse and foot-soldiers were mingled pell-mell. A wing passed by the spot where I lay. I was observed. My tale was soon told. Some shrugged their shoulders, pointed to the clouds of Cossacks that were hovering on the flanks of the retreating army, and hurried on; others raised me from the ground, carried me a little way, and abandoned me in despair. At length, however, Jaques Dupuis, of the Young Guard, placed me in a cart with other wounded men, exactly fifty days after the day of the great battle; and under his care I survived all the horrors of that disastrous retreat. He bore me on his shoulders across the bridge of the Beresina, where thousands, ten times more vigorous, perhaps more worthy of life than I was, perished miserably. He prevented my being abandoned at Vilna, attended everywhere to my wants;—in fine, under his guidance I at length re-crossed the Rhine; and it was in his arms that I fainted with joy at again finding myself in my native country. If you wish to see a man who has undergone many misfortunes, look on me; but if you would behold a hero, look on him.*

* Count Segur, in his History of the "Grande Armée," states that a soldier, mutilated in the manner described in the text, did actually live fifty days on the field of battle during the march on Moscow, part of the time in the bowels of a horse. He was found by the retreating army, and being put into a cart with many other wounded men, reached France in safety.

WALTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER.

After the lapse of nearly two centuries, honest Isaac Walton still maintains his popularity unimpaired. Highly as the "Complete Angler"—the finest prose pastoral in this, or perhaps in any language—was esteemed in its day, its reputation was never so decided as it is in the present age. All classes of readers now vie with each other in commending it, and in offering up the tribute of their respect and affection to the memory of the man who could produce such a work. And "honest Isaac"—as he was called by his contemporaries—is every way deserving of this universal homage. He was a plain, homely, unsophisticated creature, abounding in the milk of human kindness, cheerful and considerate in his nature, affable in his demeanour, and though by no means unskilled in the ways of the world, yet fortunately devoid of that coldness and distrust which worldly experience is so apt to engender. Had he been of a stirring or ambitious temperament there is little or no doubt that he might have achieved both wealth and station, for he numbered among his familiar associates some of the most eminent and influential men of his time; but he seems never to have coveted personal distinction; his wants were few and simple; the modesty of his nature urged him to court retirement; and provided he was left unmolested in the enjoyment of his own tranquil pursuits, he cared little for the concerns of the bustling world about him. A social evening chit-chat with a literary friend; a stroll along the banks of the Lea, his favourite stream; an impromptu meal at the village ale-house, with a thoughtful walk home in the summer or autumn sunset; these simple pleasures comprised his notions of perfect happiness; and it was his rare fortune to enjoy them uninterruptedly for the best part of a century, and then to drop peacefully into the grave, lamented by all who knew him, and leaving behind him a reputation that will endure as long as the language.

We have said that Isaac Walton was a good man; but the remark is a superfluous one, for the spirit of goodness breathes in every page of his writings. His "Complete Angler," in particular, bears abundant testimony to the sterling qualities both of his head and heart. No author, who was not a Christian in the most comprehensive and enlightened sense of the term, could possibly have produced such a work.

It is not a little singular that the "Complete Angler" was written and published in one of the most stormy periods recorded in our historical annals. The great Civil War had been but a few years before brought to a close by the death of Charles the First; and the nation, under the rigorous revolutionary sway of Cromwell, was still distracted with internal commotions, arising out of the fanatical vagaries of the Independents and the Fifth-Monarchy men, the political jealousies of the Republicans of the Pym and Hampden school, and the incessant machinations of the Royalists. But there is nothing to remind us of the existence of these national disturbances in Walton's work. His "Complete Angler" is anything but a reflection of the spirit of his age; in fact, it is in direct antagonism to it; for the one is as calm, peaceful, and orderly, as the other was tempestuous, warlike, discontented, and wildly speculative in its character. We have thought it worth while to notice this marked discrepancy, for the majority of our English authors have been more or less moulded and fashioned by the prevailing temper of the age in which they wrote; whereas, in Isaac Walton's case, the reverse is the fact, and he appears to have passed through the troublous scenes of the Civil War, the Commonwealth, and the Restoration, without—unlike the vast mass of his countrymen—being in the slightest degree infected by the varying political epidemics of the season. Of hardly one other literary man can this be said, with the exception perhaps of Sir Thomas Browne, who, in his insensibility to impressions from without, and in the calm, meditative turn of his mind—though not in the dreamy character of his philosophical speculations—bore no slight resemblance to Isaac Walton.

We have been led to these reflections by the appearance of the Fourth Edition of the "Complete Angler," which has been brought out under the superintendence of Mr. John Major, with additional Notes and Illustrations, and such information as this gentleman has been enabled to obtain since the publication of his First Edition. We have carefully perused the volume, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the most ably edited work that has appeared for many a long year past. Not a page but bears testimony to the extent and diligence of Mr. Major's research; indeed, no one can glance even cursorily at the work, without seeing at once that it has been "a labour of love."



Clara was indeed very wretched

THE FORTUNES OF THE SCATTERGOOD FAMILY.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Mr. Rosset retails his experiences to Mr. Fogg and Vincent.

Mr. Fogg's brain, which slumbering or waking was ever at work, never allowed him to oversleep himself; and he was the first of the quartette that awoke on the following morning. His visions had been ultra-dramatic. He had dreamt of more plots and jokes than would have furnished all the theatres for the next twelvemonth—things which in his sleep he pictured as the greatest hits ever known; but which only waited his *réveil* to have the charm dispelled, by the exposition of their utter incomprehensibility. So it ever is with the false positions of happiness brought about by sleep. No one ever anticipated, with shuddering nausea, the medicated beverage of unpleasant flavour to be taken early in the morning, without having rosy visions throughout the night that the dread task had been many times accomplished, in spite of the demon phial, with its cork worn on one side so rakishly, that danced continually and in mockery before him. And, under such circumstances, how bitter was the first dawning of the actual truth!

Mr. Fogg aroused his companions, as though they had been the robbers in the "Miller and his Men," and he their captain, informing them at the same time "that the eastern clouds were chequered with streaks of light." And then they assembled at breakfast in the small parlour wherein they had met the night before.

Mr. Rosset had announced his intention of going over to Coventry to see how the "circus" was going on; as the dolls were not to perform at Henley-in-Arden for a day or two: and proposing that they should take the chances of the road, they started off when the meal was finished, leaving Jeffries in charge of "the celebrated mechanical company."

"I hope you've caught an idea," said Mr. Rosset to the author, as they sallied forth from the town: "if not, I must hunt up that Shakspeare, whatever he charges."

"I think," replied Mr. Fogg modestly, "I have hit upon a subject that will exactly suit you. I only wish you could get rid of the cracker-tailed hobby-horse at the end."

"Ah! I can't do that," returned Mr. Rosset: "you must bring him in somehow or another, because that's always the great effect. Besides, the smoke of the powder clears the house, and saves the candles."

"Then I submit," said Mr. Fogg; "it shall be done."

"I ought to know what the public like," said Mr. Rosset, "after my long experience. Fifteen years have I been a showman."

"You must understand the line pretty well," observed Vincent.

"I understand nothing else," answered Mr. Rosset. "I've made

a fortune two or three times, and gone into speculations. They always failed, and I was obliged to come back to the shows again."

"And then you succeeded?"

"Always, in everything: from a peep-show to a pavilion. It was by keeping wide awake, sir. If there was anything making a noise in the world, I got it. If I couldn't do that, I made one like it. Look at the mermaid, and the club that killed Captain Cook, with the very native who used it. Those black wild Indians were great cards for me." And then, as if wound up to enthusiasm by the recollection of former triumphs, Mr. Rosset continued, in the same tone of voice that he would have used in addressing a crowd from one of his platforms. "The dolphin! the beautiful dolphin! There is no deception. The performing pig, and banded armadillo. The silver-haired Circassian, and pacific savage of the Indian seas. They were all mine!" he concluded triumphantly to Vincent.

"I should have thought the savages odd customers for a family-circle," said Vincent, with a smile.

"Seldom had a word, sir, with any of them," replied Rosset: "men of the gentlest manners. The only time we ever used to quarrel was when they kicked at eating the uncooked meat; but that was always *the* point. Many of them now sweep the London streets. It was my last savage chief that knocked up Spanner."

Mr. Fogg repeated the name to himself several times. He evidently wished to know who Spanner was: but his mild nature and natural timidity prevented him from asking.

"Spanner, sir," continued Mr. Rosset, coming spontaneously to his relief, "was the only opposition I ever knew. His caravan followed me everywhere; and I never had one novelty, but he got another. When I started the leopard boy, who had had the scarlatina struck in by cold, at Warwick races, he brought out the panther girl with lunar caustic wash; I know the chemist's he bought it at. And when I exhibited the interior of the cotton-mill outside, with a little jointed woman who turned the wheel, Spanner immediately picked up a working engine at Wolverhampton, and let off the steam whenever I began to speak. My Welch Indian knocked him up, though, because his didn't know any war-chorus: and then I bought his concern—literally for a song."

Mr. Fogg indulged in a low chuckle; and said, "Very good," as he proceeded to write something on a scrap of letter-paper, with an inch of blunt lead pencil. He had seen a joke in the word "song," where none was evidently meant; at least, to judge from the constitution of Mr. Rosset's mind.

"And then I suppose you added it to your own concern?" said Vincent.

"Not at all, sir; that would have done no good. I kept up the opposition," continued Mr. Rosset, "and got my own people to abuse me from the neighbouring platform. Whenever I had a dwarf or a giant, I always tried to get another, smaller or larger, for Spanner's, and the excitement was immense: we did not know where to put the people, sir. I didn't care, you know, which was the greatest hit, because all the money came to one pocket."

Mr. Fogg looked intense veneration at Mr. Rosset. He was evidently a thing to worship.

"The best thing I did in that line," continued the other, "was the basin gag with that man Jeffries you saw last night. I had engaged a fellow from Lambeth, Signor Genoa Verona, to spin the basin, you know, on the fishing-rod, at my circus. Well, he didn't take much; so I got Jeffries to hire a room at an inn, and then to send handbills out, stating that Verona was an impostor, but that Jeffries could do all, and more than the other did. There was a challenge of fifty pounds a side: and the match was to come off at my circus. What a house we had!"

"Good—was it?" inquired Mr. Fogg.

"Slightly immense," replied Mr. Rosset: "so good, that I told both my men to make a drawn match of it, which Verona did by breaking the basin. We kept them see-sawing thus for three or four nights; and the excitement crept up so, that one evening they broke the doors down. And then came the grand *coup*. At the end I said they were so perfectly equal, having each kept up two basins upon two sticks, that, regardless of expense, and ever anxious to secure the rarest talent, I had engaged them both. The rush was greater than ever; and we took three hundred pounds out of the town."

Vincent had listened with interest to Mr. Rosset's candid account of his singular speculations.

"There is a great deal more tact and knowledge of the world required to keep a show than I thought for," he exclaimed.

"Well, but every body keeps a show, more or less," said Mr. Rosset. "Look, when genteel folks give a party, what is it? Why, a dancing-show to collect the crowd they 're going to subsist upon. Great doctors drive about in their carriages for the same reason that I enter a town with my band in a van, and all the horses I have got in hand: it's an advertisement. Do you think the show-folks are the only people in the world who dress themselves in spangles for a particular period of the day, to look like nobility, and dazzle the bumpkins below as they strut in the sun? Because if you do, you are very much mistaken."

They did not hurry themselves upon their journey; for the day was fine, and the air soft and cheering. The rain, too, of the preceding evening had refreshed the thirsty earth, and the foliage of leafy Warwickshire had never looked so green and pleasant. Rosset entertained them with his reminiscences, as they now and then stopped to rest and bait at some little roadside hostelry; and after their meal Mr. Fogg generally got lively in his imagination, and talked as a book; a considerable part of their journey being occupied by an attempt of that unequalled gentleman to prove what a hit Shakspeare could have made of Hamlet if he had introduced some "real water" for the death of Ophelia, and concluded with a *tableau* of the ghost carrying off the king and queen in a shower of fire.

Vincent joined in the conversation with both his companions; but he was evidently ill at ease, in spite of the efforts made to think lightly of his troubles, which habitual recklessness had rendered a parcel of his disposition. But ever and anon his countenance fell, as dark thoughts crossed his mind, returning with double gloom by their contrast to his forced unconcern, in spite of the kind "Cheerly, my son!" which the good-hearted dramatist occasionally addressed to him.

Mr. Fogg saw that something serious weighed upon his spirits, and therefore conventionally recommended him, from time to time, to overcome his sorrow; common advice to one in trouble, by the way, but seldom really consolatory or alleviating. For, however we may dam up the tide of misery by the force of our own reasoning and determination, it still keeps accumulating, and at last will have its way, breaking down our barrier of false resolutions, and rushing onward with tenfold impetuosity. The majority of mankind in this case resemble rockets. The more their inward tumult is choked, the higher they rise for the time: but that time past, the worn-out case falls down again with increased momentum, from the forced elevation it had attained.

The pointed spires of the lofty churches were glowing in the afternoon sun when they reached Coventry; and their rugged and corroded masonry stood out with picturesque effect in the ruddy light. As they neared the city, Mr. Rosset pointed with pride to various posting-bills against palings, walls, and even trees, setting forth the attractions of his circus, and surmounted by huge woodcuts of human pyramids and equestrian gymnastics. Every one he found out he asked Mr. Fogg and Vincent "if it was not rather the thing:" and at last, with the apparent idea that they could not see to read themselves, he made them halt opposite one of the most available, whilst he enumerated the leading features of the bill, commenting, as he went on, as follows:—

"'*Gorgeous Entrée of the Untamed Steeds and Costumed Equestrians in the Intricate Feats of the Wild Cotillion of Queen Elizabeth and the Tartar Horde of Pekin.*' Ah! I should only like you to see that: eleven ladies and gents, led by my daughter-in-law, that I invented myself. '*The Bounding Ball of the Arena, Mr. Jones, surnamed by the editors of the leading Metropolitan Journals, The Flexible Curatii, or Olympian Air Diver.*' Fifty somersets, sir, that man threw upon his benefit."

"I should think that brought the house down," observed Mr. Fogg.

"Bring the house down! nothing like it!" answered the matter-of-fact Rosset. "Mine is built with the best of materials, and by the best of artists. No Brummagem here." And then he went on:— "'*The daring but graceful Act of the Antipodean Equilibriist, Mr. F. Rosset,*'—that 's Frank,—'*popularly known as the Energetic Whirlwind;*'—he was born at Bristol, sir; without saddle or bridle, as you will see. Um! ah!—'*Tranca Hispaniola,*' '*The Fox-hunter of Athens, or Tally-ho of Thermopylæ,*' '*Billy Button.*' All right: that *ought* to do it."

And having gone through the programme of many-coloured letters, his mind became relieved; and they proceeded on their route.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Vincent encounters an ugly customer, and gains another friend thereby.

They went though part of the city; and then turning from the populous streets, again got clear of the buildings; but not before Mr. Fogg had gazed upon Peeping Tom, and laid the mental keel of an-

other drama, in which a real person was to take the place of the effigy, and thus overhear a conspiracy being plotted at the corner of the street, which would lead to the detection of the wrongful Earl of Coventry. At length they came to a large space of ground, in the centre of which was a mighty circular tent, with smaller ones attached to it—parasitical marquees of various shapes, and one or two of the ordinary yellow caravans and waggons taking their ease on the outskirts. The style of the entire structure was classically simple, save at one end, where a scanty piece of red serge festoon, edged with black, was stretched across the principal entrance, supporting a scroll labelled, "Rosset's Arena of Olympian Equitation." At the side of this was a small tilted cart, wherein Mrs. F. Rosset sat on the evenings of performance to receive the money, in the bonnet and shawl of ordinary life; at such times as she was not wanted to lead "Queen Elizabeth's wild Cotillion."

The proprietor threw back the canvas door with the hand of a master, and ushered his friends into the interior of the arena. It was getting dusk in the approaching twilight; but one or two candle-ends, lighted upon a large parallelogram of laths which hung from the centre, cast a dim light over the arena; and there was a transparent look about one part of the walls — if they might be termed so — that indicated a species of inner marquee, which, to judge from the shadows of individuals occasionally passing backwards and forwards, was inhabited.

Several huge packing-cases, four or five feet high, were disposed about the circus, and behind one of these an enormous dark mass could be perceived in the obscurity, now and then slightly moving. Mr. Rosset saw it, and immediately exclaimed,

"What, Hadgi! poor old fellow! are you back again?"

The object, that was looming about on the ocean of sawdust, now turned round, and moved towards the proprietor, as Mr. Fogg instinctively retreated, and sheltered himself behind one of the large cases. Vincent immediately perceived that it was a large elephant, who now approached Mr. Rosset, with a peculiar cry of recognition, and began to caress him with his trunk.

"So ho, Hadgi!" said his master; "how long have you been home?"

"Not twenty minutes, governor," replied a new comer, who entered from one of the inner tents. "I thought it best to bring him along by daylight, instead of waiting for dark. Besides, it advertised the shop, you know."

The speaker was a tall dark man, of almost Herculean form; with large black whiskers, and long curling hair of raven hue, which hung about his ears and down his back, mixing with the shaggy texture of a black bearskin wrapper, until it was difficult to tell where one ended and the other began. If every individual bears a likeness more or less to some animal, then this man resembled a bison. But the most remarkable part about him was the extraordinary expression of his eyes. They were large and piercing, of such an intense but indefinable significance, that those he gazed upon were directly riveted by his glance, as though they were the focus upon which all the power was concentrated, like the rays of heat sent through a lens. His hands were of gigantic size, covered with hair on their backs, as

well as innumerable scratches, some of which were no trifles; and when he raised one of them occasionally to take a huge cigar that he was smoking from his mouth, a mountain of muscle rose from his arm, perceptible even under the coarse attire in which he was enveloped. He seized one of the tusks of the elephant, and turning the head of the animal on one side with apparently irresistible power, came close to Mr. Rosset and his companions.

"Scattergood," said the proprietor, who already appeared to consider Vincent as one of his *troupe*, "this is Mr. Brandon, our jungle monarch. Brandon—Mr. Fogg, an author."

The stranger raised his hat, and shaking his curls wildly about his head, replaced it. Vincent bowed, and Mr. Fogg was preparing some courteous address, when a ferocious roar broke forth from the interior of the case against which he was leaning, of such unmitigated ferocity, that he sprang away from it, as though the package had been a catapulta, and he the missile. Nor did he stop until, choosing the largest of two evils, he had got on the other side of Hadgi. The roar seemed to be the signal for a general tumult; for the next instant it was answered in, if anything, louder and more angry tones from every one of the huge chests. At the deafening noise several men, dressed something between strolling-players and stable boys, entered the circus; and some females appeared from the opening of the lighted tent.

"Oh! that's it!" cried Mr. Brandon, in tones that harmonized well with the riot, "that's it—is it? Look here, Rosset,—here's a mouser. I drafted her from Atkins's only the day before yesterday—wild as the winds."

He turned a button, and pulled down the front of the box, discovering the iron bars of a cage, behind which a fine-grown tigress, crouched in a corner, was snarling a savage defiance.

"Come out of that!" said Brandon fiercely, taking up one of the iron-bars used by the travelling show-folks to make holes in the ground for setting their poles in, and poking the animal with very little tenderness in the ribs.

"Ah! bite away!" he continued, as the tigress caught the bar in her mouth; "you won't digest that very easily.—No, you don't!" he added, as the brute made a sudden clutch at his hand. "Oh, that's the game you're up to! We'll soon settle that, my lady."

To the terror of every body present, Brandon walked round to the back of the cage, and opening a door, entered, in spite of Mr. Rosset's earnest entreaties to the contrary. So perfectly at his ease did he appear, that he took his cigar from his mouth at this instant, and quietly flicking away the ashes with his little finger — if it might be termed so—replaced it, and stood face to face with the tigress.

Every one in the arena seemed riveted to the spot, without speech or motion. The daring act had apparently paralyzed them.

The animal quailed for an instant at the intrusion: but immediately drawing back upon her haunches, with her terrible teeth displayed to their fullest extent, and uttering a low guttural snarl, prepared to spring. Brandon kept his piercing eyes fixed upon her, watching every motion; and so they remained, the man and the animal, for nearly half a minute, regarding each other like two accomplished pugilists. At length, with a roar of hate, the tigress flew from the cor-

ner of her den at her visitor. But, quicker than the lightning, Brandon saw her intent, and timed it so well, that doubling his huge fist, he met her with a blow on the head, which turned the animal's rush on one side, and beat her, reeling, against the bars of the cage, with a shock that threatened to burst them open. Instantaneously the tigress repeated her leap, and a second time she was beaten down by her opponent, who followed up the repulse by another heavy blow, inferior only to that from a sledge-hammer, which brought the blood spurting from her nostrils, and appeared to have stunned her. So thought Brandon as he approached nearer, intending to throw his whole weight upon the prostrate animal, when the tigress turned suddenly over, as if her whole spine had been dislocated, and made another bound. Brandon started on one side to recover himself; but it was too late. His stooping position in the cage somewhat cramped his power; and before he could collect the impetus for another blow, the spring of the animal—chafing and furious, and throwing her whole weight upon him,—drove him backwards, and he was pinned against the side of the cage, uttering a perfect shout of terror. At the same time the door of the den flew widely open. His cry was echoed by those outside, and the other beasts again added their roar to the tumult, as the oscillation of their cages from side to side showed how they were excited at the noise. One or two of the grooms darted off to the stable for some implement of attack: others fled precipitately; whilst Rosset, catching up the iron dibbler, thrust it with all his might against the animal's head, whose jaws were now reeking with its own blood. But this attack had only the effect of increasing her rage; and almost immediately Brandon, with a frightful oath, screamed in agony,

"She 's fastened on my arm. I 'm a dead man!"

Without a word, and before a moment had passed, Vincent was at the door of the cage. Not a second could be lost; in another clutch the fangs of the tigress might have been on Brandon's throat. He dashed boldly in, and threw his arms fearlessly round the animal's neck; then compressing his embrace with all the force he was able to collect, literally choked the infuriated beast from her prey, as some shreds of the coat came away in her talons. But he was not prepared for her thus so suddenly loosing her gripe; and losing his balance, he fell backwards through the door, together with the tigress, upon the ground of the open arena.

There was instantaneously a general flight of all who had hitherto been the lookers-on at this fearful encounter. But Brandon recovered himself in a moment, and following his antagonist, threw himself down upon the brute as she lay prostrate, still held down by Vincent, and struggling in the saw-dust. Again the blows fell like hail upon the animal's head: every roar became fainter and fainter, until, half-strangled, stunned, and nearly dead, Brandon drew the tigress by her hind legs to the door, and thrusting the body into the cage with his foot, closed it after her.

"You can come back!" he cried, as soon as he had drawn his breath. "Phew! I never had such a squeak before; and should certainly never have had the chance of another if it had not been for you. Give me your hand, old fellow: you 're another!"

It was fortunate that Vincent's hand was a strong one; had it not

been, Mr. Brandon's grasp would have crushed it like a vice. Mr. Rosset now re-appeared, with one or two of the others, who had thought it advisable to get out of the way.

"It 's a pity this didn't happen on a night of performance," observed the proprietor; "it would have made us at once. Scattergood, you 're a wonderful fellow, and must join our troop. You shall be a jungle monarch yourself some day; and I 'm sure you 're good for a trampoline now."

A timid voice called their attention to the spot whence it proceeded; and there, in the recess of an empty cage, the door of which he had bolted after him, shrouded by his cloak, and looking like a mild brigand in ambush, was Mr. Fogg; in such great tremour and agitation, that their most earnest assurances of perfect safety were scarcely sufficient to bring him forth. But at length he emerged, and exclaimed, "I breathe again!" after the manner of the lady helping the captive prince to escape, when she informs the audience, as she looks from the window, that "he has passed the sentry unobserved. Ah! he is seen, and one of the guards levels his arquebuse! He fires! — he is lost! — no; he has gained the eastern battlement — saved! saved!"

During this interval Brandon had stripped up his coat, and exposed his arm, which was torn, and still bleeding from the teeth of the animal. It would have been pronounced a serious wound by any body; but he did not appear to think so, and merely applied some brown paper and vinegar, which he said was the finest thing in the world for every accident, in spite of Rosset's wish that he should go to a doctor.

"The remedy," said Mr. Fogg, "has certainly the authority of antiquity on its side. There is a legend respecting two children drawing water from an Artesian well on an eminence, who lost their footing whilst descending, by which one received a severe injury on the scalp. It appears the means employed by the mother were the same: and with good effect. I studied the story once for the opening of a pantomime."

And immediately Mr. Fogg was lost in a reverie of reminiscences respecting the effects he meant to have produced; until his thoughts were broken in upon by Mr. Rosset recommending them to bespeak beds at a neighbouring public-house, if they wished any that night. Vincent would have been very well content with the saw-dust of the circle for a couch; but the proximity of a loose elephant, and several caged animals, was quite sufficient to deter Mr. Fogg from any such method of lodging; and so, not wishing to desert his patron, he accompanied the author to a modest inn close to the circus, after reiterated expressions of gratitude from Mr. Brandon, and a promise from the proprietor of an introduction on the morrow to the mysteries of a circus.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Clara is exposed to fresh indignities.

Several days passed before poor Clara had recovered sufficiently from the shock she had received, to leave her room. Her mother came every day to see her, and each time at parting wished to take

her home again. But this Clara always objected to. Mrs. Constable, who looked in about every other morning with a few cold inquiries, for which the tuition of her children was a far more important motive than the health of their governess, had not said any more about Clara's quitting her situation; and she was fearful, if she once went home, that something might occur to prevent her from returning. For, crushed and heartbroken as she was at Constable's, the prospect of being again dependant upon her own family, who could so ill afford it, and to whom every shilling was an object, was far more distressing.

Miss Deacon — the governess to Mrs. Armstrong — came in constantly to see her; and it was not until Bingham revealed it, that Clara found her kind acquaintance devoted at least an hour every morning to the children in the nursery before she visited the invalid. To this Mrs. Constable did not object, because, as we have stated, the Armstrongs were amongst her great connexions. And Dr. Herbert also came frequently — a kind-hearted and excellent individual, with those friendly and soothing manners which in some members of the profession excite so much confidence, and arise from the constant association with scenes of trouble and sickness acting on a disposition naturally overflowing with good feeling. He also brought her books (in the majority of which his son's name was written); now and then a bouquet of fresh flowers; and was altogether so gentle and attentive, that when he patted Clara on the shoulder, or putting her curls aside from her pale forehead, told her that she would soon be better, she felt tempted to throw her arms about his neck, and kiss him, as though he had been a second father. And one day, when Mrs. Scattergood was there, as she was about to leave, he insisted upon taking her the whole way home in his own carriage, stating at the same time that it was all in his way to see a patient, which in reality was not the case. Nor would he ever hear of receiving the slightest fee for his attention.

At length the low fever into which Clara had been thrown left her, and she came down stairs. She was somewhat comforted in her wretchedness to find that Mrs. Constable did not hint at her departure; but in the short period that had elapsed the children had become more unbearable than ever; and with her weak and shattered spirits, she was perfectly unable to keep them in anything like order. It fortunately happened, however, that at this period the approaching ball was all that occupied Mrs. Constable's mind; and the children, having heard they were to appear as fairies, or pages, or something of the sort, were so entirely wrapt up in the anticipation of display, and so engrossed in contemplating the bits of lama and tinsel which they knew were to adorn their dresses, that had they been as docile as lambs, it would have been equally difficult to have confined their attention to learning. And so they chiefly passed the time in quarreling as to who would be the finest; and informing Clara of their conviction—the result of much discussion amongst themselves—that she had no money to buy anything half so pretty. But these were not all the trials the governess had to undergo.

One morning, when Bingham had been sent out to walk with the children to some friends of the Constables, in St. John's Wood, on a message respecting the approaching gaiety, Clara was left alone in the nursery, very sad and lonely, thinking of home and its troubles,

and Vincent, until her meditations had borne her down to the extreme of despondency. Everything around her appeared frowning and unsympathizing. The very inanimate articles about the chamber assumed a dogged, severe air; a chilling *audible* silence impressed her with a double feeling of desolation: and even a few plants, which she had bought, and which were placed outside the window, were quivering in a cold remorseless air, as their petals fell one by one beneath its influence. Clara was indeed very, very wretched.

She had rung the bell for something that was wanted in the nursery, two or three times, without the least attention having been paid to the summons. At last the extreme plush leisurely walked up stairs, and having accomplished his mission, instead of leaving the room, began brushing up the hearth — for which there was not the slightest occasion, and apparently trying the variety of combinations that the position of the fire-irons could be made to assume. At last he spoke, with a presuming smirk:—

"I'm glad to see you about again; I thought you were going to leave us."

He addressed these words to Clara in the same tone of familiarity that he would have used to the upper housemaid: and there was such an easy insolence in his manner, that Clara, without making any reply, walked to the window, and looked into the street. But the extreme plush was not to be so easily put down.

"Do you like your place?" he inquired. "I should think you found it rather dull up here? Why don't you come down stairs now and then? We're the right sort, you'll find."

"I will trouble you to leave the room!" exclaimed Clara hurriedly, and crimsoning with indignation.

"Oh! no offence, if you're too high," continued the man; "only I thought, as you met that gent in the hall that night, you mightn't be above it."

Overwhelmed with mingled terror and rage at the insult, Clara hastily caught up her work, and was about leaving the room, when the man placed himself at the door.

"Now, don't be in a passion: that's a pity!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were a different kind of person, my dear; especially as you have lost the party you kept company with. Come; don't be cross! Make friends, now, won't you?"

He left the door, and advanced towards her, as Clara rushed to the other side of the table, and, hoarse with emotion, again ordered him to leave the room instantly. But he only returned the command with an insolent leer, and appeared desirous of approaching still nearer; when Clara seized a water-bottle from the children's dressing-stand—the only thing, in the agitation of the moment, that she could lay hands upon, — and flung it with all her force at the head of the miserable menial who addressed her. The man reeled back, half-stunned by the concussion, for the glass broke against his forehead, and cut it deeply; and Clara, taking advantage of this, darted from the nursery to her own chamber, locked the door, and threw herself upon her bed in a violent fit of hysterics, until a flood of tears came to her relief. At any time the results of such an insult would have been terribly severe; but now, weak and shaken as she was, and scarcely convalescent, it completely crushed her.

There was only one course to pursue; it was to inform Mrs. Constable immediately of the servant's insolent audacity: if this were not done, a licence would be given to all future similar indignities. And, accordingly, in about an hour, when she had somewhat recovered, having ascertained that the mistress of the house was at home, she descended, timid and heart-broken, to the drawing-room.

The children had returned, and were there also, having their dresses tried on, and being instructed by a cheerless little man, with an equally unhappy-looking little fiddle, how to perform a species of juvenile divertissement. Neville, who was habited as a page,—not a boy in buttons, but that species termed "pretty" in popular ballads, —was roaring and stamping with anger because his sisters had got wings, and he had not; and Blanche and Eleanor were being placed in remarkably unstable attitudes by the dismal, small professor, and were only restrained from expressing their dislike of such schooling by the consideration that they were showing off.

"Goodness gracious, Miss Scattergood, how ill you are looking!" exclaimed Mrs. Constable as she saw Clara's pale face, upon her entering the drawing-room. "I hope you are not going to be laid up again: really. I am sure I can't tell what we should do without you just now. I don't know what you think, but in spite of Miss Deacon's kindness, the children appear to have gone back very much lately."

"I like Miss Deacon better than her," said Neville, nodding his head towards Clara. He was one of those terrible children who, whatever temper they may happen to be in, always have their ears widely sensitive to what is going on around them, and prove that there is a direct anatomical communication between the organs of hearing and the mouth.

"So does mamma, sir," said Blanche. "Mamma!" she continued, "now, didn't you say that Miss Scattergood wasn't so good as Miss Deacon?"

"Silence, Blanche, this instant, and attend to Mr. Scurry," said Mrs. Constable. Then, turning to Clara, she added, "Did you want anything with me, Miss Scattergood?"

"I wished to speak to you for an instant, ma'am, if you were at leisure; but—perhaps now you are engaged?"

Clara looked round at the other occupants of the room, as if she did not like to say anything before them. For a wonder, Mrs. Constable perceived her meaning, or rather expressed that such was the case. She rose, and walked into the back drawing-room, followed by Clara, and closed the doors behind her.

"Now, what is it you have to communicate?" said the lady with dignity, as soon as they were alone.

"I scarcely know if I am right in so doing," replied Clara tremblingly. "I hope if such is not the case you will excuse me."

"You will oblige me by coming to the point, Miss Scattergood," returned Mrs. Constable; "for you see I have plenty on my hands just at present."

"I have been grossly insulted by one of your servants, ma'am," answered Clara, "and I have no one to appeal to for protection but yourself."

"Indeed! and, pray, who was that?"

"Edwards, the footman. Had I been the lowest menial in your house, he could not have treated me with such cruel insolence."

Mrs. Constable remained silent for a minute, stretching a piece of tinsel-lace over her fingers, as if admiring the fabric, whilst Clara gazed at her with a flushed and anxious countenance; for she was not pale now.

"Well, I think," exclaimed the lady at last,—"I think, if you are prudent, Miss Scattergood, you will let the matter drop. I make a point of never interfering with the quarrels of the domestics."

"But I am not one of your domestics, ma'am!"

"No; I do not say that, exactly. However, I must decline interfering in the matter, for Edwards is an excellent servant, and were he to go, I do not know where I could look for another. Besides," she added, "I cannot understand how any domestic of mine should cease to treat you with respect, unless, by some means or other,—I do not say voluntarily — you had already forfeited it. I trust this will be the last I shall hear of it."

Mrs. Constable bowed gravely to Clara, as much as to inform her that she did not wish the conversation prolonged, and sailed majestically towards the door. But before she left the room she turned back, and observed to Clara,

"Oh! by the way, Miss Scattergood—of course we shall expect to see you in the ball-room on the 14th. I do not wish you to go to the expense of a fancy dress; for that would perhaps press rather hardly on you. A plain muslin, with a few flowers, will be quite sufficient; and if you choose to trim it with silver, my dresser can get you some strips at the lowest cost."

And with these heartless observations the lady quitted the room.

Clara remained in the same position for some little time after she had left, in the most perfect blank of despondency, almost paralyzed by the cold and cruel indifference of her employer. But she was ere long compelled to accompany her charges back to the nursery; and then, with a breaking heart and crushed spirits, amidst their squabbles and cutting remarks, commenced the daily heavy task of endeavouring to instruct them. It was no wonder that afternoon that her pupils at times read how or what they pleased without a remark from their governess, or obtained no answers to their wearying and useless questions. The mind of the poor girl was far differently occupied.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Constables' *bal costumé*, and its consequences.

Any one with the most infinitesimal amount of perception would soon have discovered, had the opportunity been allowed them, that the domestic economy of the Constables was conducted on the principle of practising private parsimony to sustain public display; and this was observable, more or less, in every one of their domestic arrangements. They were types of, perhaps, the largest class of the middling metropolitan circles, whose abodes range from the *passé* square to the West End street, the patrician locality of which is but just beginning to be questioned.

Very early in the morning Mrs. Constable might be met making

very large purchases at the shops in Tottenham Court Road, when there was but little chance of her great acquaintances seeing her: but in the afternoon, when every one was about, she encountered them in patrician thoroughfares, and at first-rate establishments, where she bought the least expensive article she could, consistent with the wish of appearing always to deal there. Her household arrangements were conducted on the same plan. Everything was made subservient to show: and a wide difference existed between the usual domestic meals, and those which even the presence of a few guests called forth. Nothing could then be more splendid than the appointments of the table; but even in this there was economy, for all the articles, expensive as they had been at first, yielded good interest upon their outlay. The richly-chased silver dish raised the six minikin cutlets it contained to a dignity that four times the quantity would never have attained on common earthenware. The modest moselle in its shining cooler, placed there for display alone—since, in the absence of ice, there was of course no difference between the temperature of the silver vase and that of the room, — was thought far more of than if its humble bottle had been moving unobtrusively about the table. The *epergne,* with its cut-glass, and crown of wax-fruit, cost nothing to keep when it was not in use; and when it was, occupied the place of a dish. The massive jug, sparkling from a thousand facets, turned the *vin ordinaire* of tolerable excellence into patrician claret: and so on with everything. Even in the ball Mrs. Constable was about to give, there was not one extra for display which had not been husbanded from the common routine of management, — not an extra wax-candle for which the guests were not indebted as much to her frugality as to the bees which produced it.

At last the evening arrived, and the dowager-like gravity of Fitzroy Square was scared by unwonted clatter. It was a warm night; and the blinds were up, and the windows open, which materially increased Mrs. Constable's satisfaction, already brought about by the sight of a crowd round the door, marshalled by two policemen, awaiting the arrival of the company.

The house had been certainly very well arranged. The staircase was bordered by the choicest flowers, from the hall to the drawing-room, and long festoons of creeping plants were twined about the bronze balusters. All the doors had been removed; and in some instances their places supplied by more flowers, on either side of clear muslin screens. A small conservatory had been fitted up as a species of Turkish tent, with a rich curtain hanging before it—a very temple of flirtation; and endless lines of starry lights were burning in every direction, clustered round the handsome chandeliers, or projected in brilliant semicircles in front of the rich pier-glasses.

No one had yet arrived, and Mrs. Constable was in the drawing-room with the governess and the children, who in their dresses were as restlessly anxious as they might naturally be expected to have been under such circumstances. Clara, although pale and dispirited, looked most lovely. Her dress was simply of muslin, edged with narrow silver lace, and decorated with two or three small bouquets, all the work of her own hands; and her hair, in plain bands, was without an ornament of any kind except one white camellia, which had been sent to her anonymously that morning, — an event which had called forth

much animadversion from the mistress of the house, who expressed great surprise that Clara should wear it under such circumstances. But for once Clara was not hurt by her remarks; and kept the camellia, in spite of being talked at for half an hour.

Mrs. Constable's feelings as she gazed at Clara were somewhat indefinable. She was angry with her—certainly very angry—for being so pretty; but at the same time somewhat pleased to find one of her dependants looked so creditable. Perhaps, of the two emotions, the first was in the ascendant, for she presently said,

"You will oblige me by not dancing too often, Miss Scattergood; indeed, I would rather that you did not at all, at least whilst other ladies are sitting down. If you are asked, it will be sufficient for you to say that you are indisposed. Hark! there is an arrival."

A loud knock was followed by the rustling of brocade, as some of the company were announced. As they entered the room, that Clara might receive a lesson in knowing her position, Mrs. Constable, after the reception, said aloud,

"Miss Scattergood, I will trouble you to bring my fan down. I have left it on the table in my room."

As Mr. Constable was still upstairs, encasing himself in a dress after the pattern of the traditionary Roger Conestable in the library, the lady well knew Clara could not go into the room; but she was sure that the hint would be salutary, and was also well-timed.

The company now began to arrive in rapid succession, and there was soon a line of carriages that reached entirely to the corner of Fitzroy Street. Mrs. Constable gazed with pride upon the really brilliant throng she had collected together, and watched with admiration—it was not love—the manner in which her children were being flattered and petted by her friends. Certainly the costumes had been chosen with great taste. There were few amongst them that were conventional: and when the band struck up, and the showy trinkets sparkled, and plumes waved in the mazes of the dance, perhaps some of the lady's self-conceit might have been forgiven. Even Clara's passive face lost some of its sadness, and lighted up as she gazed upon the showy groups. But the next instant it was sad as before, for the moment's excitement had passed, and the bitter truth came back to her heart that she was "only the governess."

Dr. Herbert was amongst the latest arrivals. He brought a party with him, and Clara's pulse beat quicker—she scarcely knew why—as his own and his son's names were announced with those of one or two others, lost in the murmur of the crowd. The Doctor was effectively dressed as a soldier of the commonwealth, and Herbert wore a beautiful *moyen age* costume of the reign of Louis the Tenth: a dark claret velvet tunic with long scarlet hose, and pointed shoes. A very handsome girl in corresponding female attire was leaning on his arm; and at this moment Clara thought she should have felt happier had he been quite alone. But as the young lady turned round, and Clara beheld her lovely but thoughtful face, an exclamation of surprise burst from her as she recognized Amy Grantham.

The crowd was so great round the door, where many of the "wall-flowers" had collected, as that race usually do—generally in the spot where they are most in the way—that Clara could not get near her friends. But in an instant the whole truth shot across her mind, and

she wondered she had not thought of it before. Mrs. Grantham was Dr. Herbert's sister; and she recollected that a match had long been talked of between Amy and her cousin Herbert, at the time her family lived near Brentwood. The sensations of the last two minutes had been so rapid and unexpected that, in her present fragile state of health, they nearly overcame her, and she leant against a marble pedestal for support. But a quadrille commenced, and Mrs. Constable called her to look after the children, who were attitudinizing about the room in every body's way. With some trouble she contrived to draw them aside—a display of authority which Neville resented by tearing off one or two of the bouquets on her dress. But this produced little annoyance; for during the quadrille her entire gaze and thoughts were centered on Herbert, whose graceful and manly figure gliding about the room threw all others in the shade.

"Who is that fine girl?" asked a guest, pointing to Amy.

"A Miss Grantham, I believe," returned another; "she comes out of Essex. I hear she is engaged to young Herbert—the gentleman she is dancing with."

"I suppose it is a good match for him," said the first speaker.

"I think not," replied his friend. "Grantham's income has been reduced to nothing: but Herbert's expectations are first-rate. He is an excellent fellow, they tell me."

Poor Clara!

As the quadrille finished, Herbert and Amy came round in the promenade, and he stopped as he passed the recess wherein Clara was sitting, to speak to her, gently pressing her hand as he inquired kindly after her health.

"I see you have chosen a very nice camellia for your toilet," he added, in a low but impressive voice, as he almost looked through Clara's eyes with his own.

Clara coloured slightly, but beyond this took no notice, evidently avoiding the subject by speaking to Amy, who was no less surprised than her friend had previously been, at this unexpected meeting. But she greeted her warmly, and expressed her satisfaction at seeing her with more than ordinary emphasis.

"You may be released from your thraldom, gallant coz," said Amy, smiling at Herbert. "Poor victim! you have been very good. But you can go now, for I mean to have a long, long chat with Miss Scattergood."

Herbert raised his plumed cap to both the ladies, as he plunged into the vortex of company, but his last glance rested upon Clara.

The two young girls were soon seated, side by side, in one of the recesses of the windows, half concealed by the curtains of muslin and yellow damask on each side. One might have looked long about the ball-room before two such fair creatures could have been placed together, as the visitor and the governess. A few hurried remarks passed between them, and when another dance commenced, they entered into a deep and earnest conversation.

The discourse was long and serious; and, wound up together as they soon found their interests were, nothing on either side was concealed from the other. But not until this evening had Clara been clearly aware of the real extent to which the attachment between

Amy and her brother had gone, having put down much of Vincent's hurried narrative in the hall to the excited state in which he then was. Yet, as she heard from the lips of the devoted girl the corroborating account of the fearful scenes through which they had lately passed—their meeting, the fire, and Vincent's escape—she almost felt a weight taken from her mind as it proved that no other feeling than friendship existed between Amy and young Herbert.

"He told me to write to you," said Clara, alluding to her brother, "but I have been very ill since then, and was also afraid lest you should be from home. I had a letter from him yesterday."

"You know his address, then?" inquired Amy anxiously.

"This is it," replied Clara, producing the letter; "you can read it if you please—your name is mentioned in it more than once."

Amy took the letter, and hurriedly thrust it into the bosom of her dress, as Herbert advanced towards them.

"If you have quite finished this interesting discourse, Miss Scattergood," he said, "I shall be happy to dance with you. For *I* have also something to say."

Clara bowed, and rose to take his arm; and they were going to take their place in the quadrille, when Mrs. Constable crossed the room, and exclaimed,

"Miss Scattergood, Neville is very poorly—it must be the excitement. Bingham is engaged in the ice-room, so I will thank you to sit with him in the nursery for half an hour. I have been looking for you everywhere."

"You must not take Miss Scattergood away," said Herbert to the lady of the mansion. "She is engaged to me for this dance."

"I am very sorry," returned Mrs. Constable, certainly not looking so, "but the poor child is really quite ill. However, you will have no lack of partners, Mr. Herbert. I shall make you vain if I tell you the conquests you are making." And, dropping her voice, she said in a low tone, and only meant for his ear, "Besides, I think you may look higher than a governess."

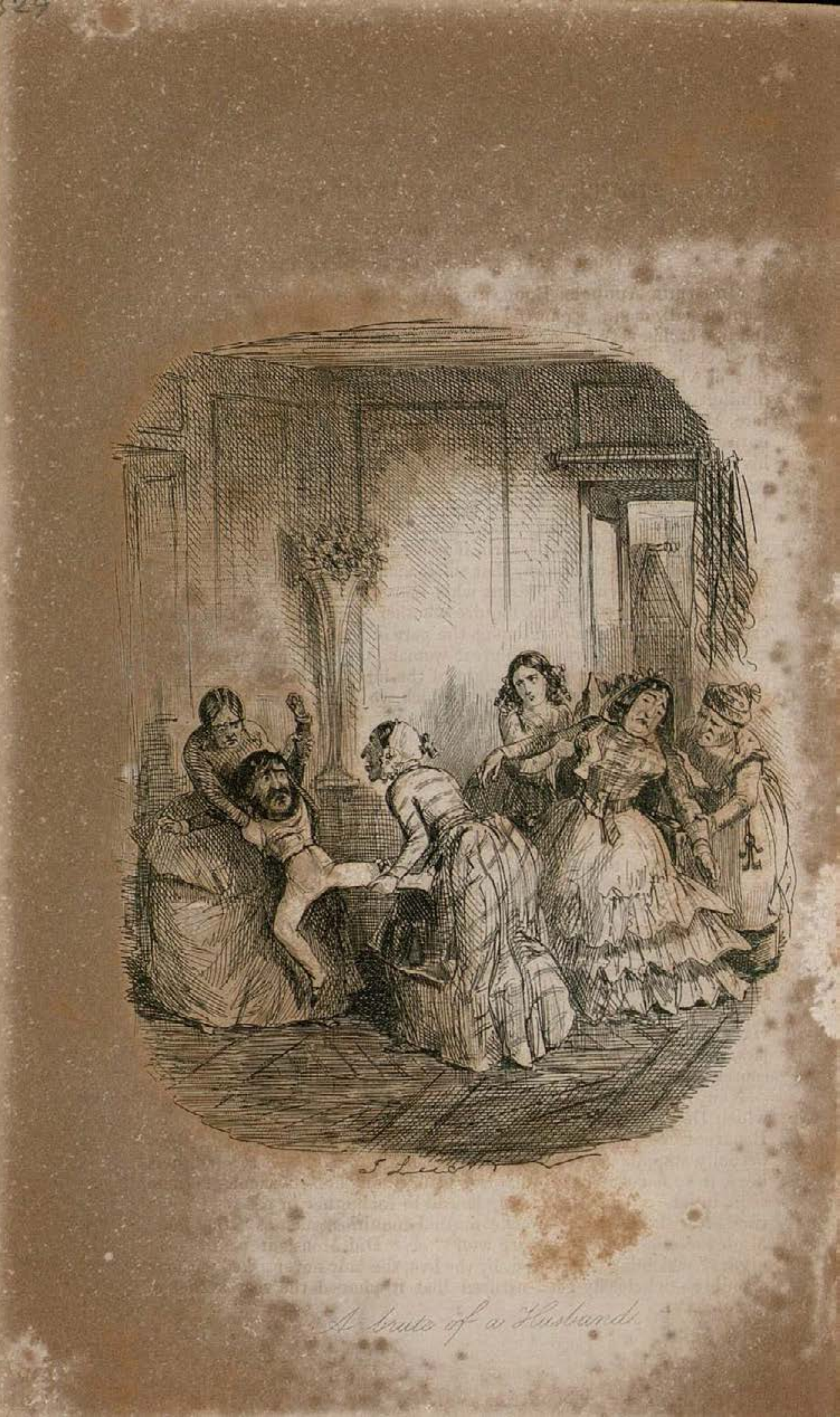
Clara heard every syllable. She drew her arm away from her intended partner's, and passed through the doorway, outside of which Master Neville was standing, very fractious and unpleasant, having gone down with every refreshment party, and considerably indulged. But Herbert immediately followed her, and said hurriedly,

"Do not think so meanly of me. I shall keep a place for you at supper; and if you are not there, I shall come and fetch you. You are aware that I know the way."

And at the same time Clara felt a gentle pressure on her hand.

There were two or three couples seated on the stairs, for the rooms were very full, by whom the governess had to lead her charge. They barely made way for her, staring coldly at her as she passed, and then going on with their conversation. She looked back as she turned the landing, and observed that Herbert's eyes were still following her: and then for the next half hour she remained in the nursery with her troublesome pupil, listening to the sounds of revelry and music below.





A brute of a Husband.

THE BENEFITS OF SNUFF-TAKING.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

Monsieur Auguste Edouard de Gamin was a small, an uncommonly small, man. From the bottom of his very high-heeled boots to the top of his very high-crowned hat he did not measure more than five feet six. But, then, his limbs were well-proportioned, and he had feet of which he was justly proud, and his hands were so white and diminutive that they elicited general admiration. Whenever, therefore, De Gamin placed himself before the mirror, and surveyed his entire person reflected therein, a complacent smile would glide over his really handsome features, and stroking his coal-black whiskers, he would murmur, "I *am* somewhat smaller than the generality of men; but, what then?—all that there is of me is good."

"Small men," it is said, "have great souls." Without wishing to dispute the truth of this proverb, if proverb it be, I will lay it down as a much more certain maxim, that small men have great wives. It is a matter of indifference at present what cause produces this effect, and therefore I will not stop to inquire whether it proceeds from love of contrast, from blind admiration on the part of the small man, from dangerous pity on the part of the great woman, or from some wise law of nature affecting the standard height of the human family. I will assert it, however, to be a fact; one from which we may derive a fixed rule —a rule to which De Gamin formed no exception.

Up to the age of five-and-thirty De Gamin had lived a bachelor; and during this period no breeze had ruffled the smooth waters of his happiness. With a yearly income of nearly eight thousand francs, a large sum for a Parisian bachelor, he possessed the means of gratifying every reasonable desire. He could afford to keep three comfortably-furnished rooms *au troisième,* to patronise the most fashionable tailors, and occasionally to drink in the dulcet notes of Rubini or Duprez, or to feast upon the graces of Fanny Ellsler or Taglioni. The portress prepared him his breakfast, and arranged his rooms; the *blanchisseuse* darned his stockings, and mended his linen; he dined with merry friends at a restaurant, and took his *demi-tasse,* newspaper in hand, at a café. Under such circumstances who could fail to be happy? De Gamin was completely so. He was always cheerful, always contented. But, alas! Juno — the inexorable Juno,—the angry, jealous, vexing, vixenish, bachelor-hating Juno, goddess of matrimony and matrimonial jars, waved her hymeneal torch over his fated head, and happiness, contentment, smiles, all vanished, like down before the hurricane.

Now, it so happened that upon the fourth floor of the same house in which De Gamin lived, there resided a certain Mademoiselle Adeline Bonaventure. Continually passing up and down the same stairs, perpetually stopping at the same porter's lodge to give and receive their keys, it is not wonderful that De Gamin and herself should become acquainted. At first they only bowed to each other in passing; some time after they paused to make mutual inquiries, such as "*Bon jour,* Mademoiselle, I hope you are well?" or, "Did Monsieur pass a good night?" which latter question, by the bye, the lady never asked without a smile so deliciously good-natured that it pierced the very kernel of

De Gamin's heart. Alas! poor De Gamin! that smile undid thee. It led to meetings and *tête-à-têtes*, to moonlight promenades, to long hours, and sympathy at the soul-stirring opera, to whispers and vows of love, to a civil marriage before the prefect, to a religious one before the priest, to the ruin of thy happiness, Auguste Edouard De Gamin!

Time passes on indifferent alike to our happiness or our misery, and so six months rolled, heavily enough, over the head of the once blithesome De Gamin. His wife, good woman, had improved wonderfully in person during this period, if indeed a considerable increase of flesh in one already large enough to have wedded Gog or Magog could be called an improvement. In her dress, too, there was a decided alteration for the better; silk and velvet floated gracefully over limbs which for many long years had known only cotton; and satin-bonnets, with waving plumes, shaded tresses which since distant childhood had curled affectionately under straw or tuscan. Dark-coloured gloves had given place to white ones, and the delicacy of Madame's shoes afforded constant employment to the cabmen. But the greatest change which marriage had wrought in Madame was her temper. Whether during her many years of spinstership and husband-hunting, (for she was two years older than her lord,) she had used up her whole stock of good-nature in decocting smiles, and placid, kind, and pleasurable looks, and that there remained to her only a residue of sour and bitter tempers, or whether—or whether—I cannot say, but Madame de Gamin was a different woman from Mademoiselle Bonaventure. The bland smile which had won De Gamin's heart existed no longer. The voice that had so gently responded to his own had become quick, loud, and sharp; and her breath, which as it came in whispers o'er his ear, he had likened to

"The sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,"

was now a north-easter, fresh from the Alpine glaciers.

De Gamin, too, was changed, and "such a change!" It was hardly credible that no other sickness than a sickness of the soul could have so wasted a man in six months. Of his person at least one half had disappeared, his figure had become angular, his calves rattled in his boots, and his once jetty hair girt like a silver frame his sunken cheeks and hollow eyes. A short time since he had been fastidiously particular about his dress; but now his coat hung on him like an hostler's frock, and his trowsers, once fitting like the stockings of a danseuse, flapped in the breeze with a sad, hollow sound. His linen was neglected, his cravat tied sideways, his hat was fretted, and his boots dim and dingy.

But all this was as nothing to the change which had taken place in the moral man. If he visited his former haunts, which, by-the-bye, he rarely did, he sneaked in with the stealthy pace of a thief, and seemed when seated to be as uneasy as a cat among terriers. He looked on at billiards, but never played, pushed the tempting cigar-box mournfully away, and refused the proffered snuff with a sigh. He had no song to sing, no tale to tell, no opinion to give. He started at a sudden question like a guilty man, and his weak, uncertain, hesitating answers were scarcely audible. His former friends looked at him, at each other, shrugged their shoulders, and exclaiming, "Lost—lost—lost!" hurried from him as from a pestilence.

It does not require a philosopher to explain why, as Madame de Gamin expanded like a rose in a May morning, Monsieur de Gamin

shrank and withered like a frost-bitten flower. To those who knew them, the reason was evident; to the wise who did not, a word will suffice. In getting a wife, De Gamin had caught a Tartar, and he was not long in finding it out.

During the first week of his married life, our little Benedick was perfectly happy; during the second he was less so; at the end of the month he was miserable. Not only had his wife ceased to be complacent, but, with a frowning brow she squandered away his money. She gave frequent and costly treats, dressed extravagantly, visited all places of public amusement, and lived at the rate not of eight, but of thirty thousand francs a-year. The remonstrances of De Gamin were treated with contempt, and his refusals of money followed by a remorseless running-up of bills. The second, third, fourth, and fifth months increased his sorrows; the sixth convinced him that he had bidden a "long farewell" to happiness and liberty. Madame de Gamin ruled him, his house, his servants, and his purse.

It was not by any sudden or single stroke of fortune that Napoleon became emperor. It was by a succession of well-timed and well-executed measures that he raised himself from a republican citizen to an imperial despot. Neither was it by any single effort that Madame de Gamin succeeded in obtaining the sovereignty at home. At the precise moment that her finger passed within the magic circle of the ring, she had resolved to conquer or to die; and never since then had she for one instant forgotten her vow. It was her thought by day, and her dream by night.

A week's observation revealed to her the weak and the strong points of De Gamin's character. Planning deliberately and wisely, she attacked her husband on every side. No opportunity escaped her. Now she wheedled, caressed, coaxed, and flattered; now chided, reproached, and scolded; now heaped upon his fated head the most biting sarcasms, and the most contemptuous ridicule.

To detail the many and various steps taken by this persevering woman to effect her purpose, would be not only tedious to the reader, but dangerous to the future peace of husbands. But while we consign the majority to oblivion, duty compels us to mention some two or three.

She deprived him of the society of his old associates by an ardent and flattering desire to enjoy his company.

She forbad his smoking, because of the odour which the cigar left, not in the rooms, nor on the curtains, but on his own dear lips.

She persuaded him that billiard-playing invariably led to quarrels; and, anxious for his safety, in a moment of excessive fondness, she exacted from him a promise never to play again.

So far, so good; but there was still one habit to which De Gamin clung, which kept him from utter ruin, which sustained and comforted him in all his trials, and which, in spite of everything, he seemed determined not to give up. He was like a machine, that, gradually rattling to pieces, is yet held together by a solitary screw. The screw that held the soul and body of De Gamin together, was the *habit of snuffing*.

It was a calm, delicious evening in June. Cool breezes sighed among the rare and fragrant exotics that adorned De Gamin's windows, wantoned and fluttered in the rich curtains, or played fitfully upon the fevered brow of the wretched man. He had dined—had dined alone; his wife had gone to Montmorenci with an old friend, a certain Cheva-

lier du Tendre. Tremblingly taking advantage of her absence, De Gamin had drawn the table to his side, had sipped his wine and coffee, and now, reclining in a magnificent easy chair which his lady had purchased for her own especial comfort, was rattling his fingers nervously upon his snuff-box, his cherished and only friend, and ruminating upon the condition to which he had reduced himself. His reflections were bitter in the extreme, and each moment added to the agony of thought. He mused upon the past, on his once quiet home, upon his former friends, upon the many comforts now seemingly gone for ever; and as his excitement increased, he drew more largely on his snuff-box as on a treasury of consolation.

"It shall be so no longer!" at length said he, with stern gloominess. "The house is mine; the furniture is mine; the plate is mine; the meat, the drink, the money,—all is mine! Hitherto my weakness has made me deem them my wife's. I am the owner, and I will be the master."

At this moment the bell rang violently. De Gamin felt who rang it. His limbs trembled, his face became pale, the perspiration trickled down his forehead; but still he remained firm. He seemed to feel that a crisis was at hand, and that now or never he must exert his authority as a man and a husband.

The outer door opened: De Gamin heard the voice of his wife, and then her footsteps. With a swing she bounced into the saloon. Her cheeks were flushed with health, exercise, and bordeaux.

"De Gamin," said she as she flung herself into a chair, "I want thirty francs to pay for the coach. Indeed, you might as well give me thirty-two. I shall have to give the coachman a *pour-boire*."

There was something, not only in the voice, but in the manner of the lady, as she indolently held out her hand for the money, that nettled De Gamin exceedingly. It seemed to him precisely the tone and manner which one would assume in speaking to a menial, and he sharply replied, "Is du Tendre too poor to pay for it?"

"What was Monsieur pleased to say?" inquired the lady, as she turned and fixed her eyes upon her husband with an air of astonishment.

"That du Tendre may pay for the coach," replied de Gamin.

"If you have no respect for your wife, I have," said the lady, as she drew herself up in the chair. "No other man shall pay my expenses while I have a husband."

"So it seems," retorted de Gamin, "but I 'll not pay for the coach."

Madame de Gamin rang the bell violently. "Louise," said she, as the maid entered, "go over to Mr. Dupont the grocer, and ask him to let me have sixty francs. I will return them to-morrow."

Before de Gamin could interfere, the servant was gone. After the lapse of some minutes, during which neither husband nor wife had spoken, she returned and handed her mistress the money. Madame de Gamin slowly counted out thirty francs and gave them back to the girl, and then, tossing a five-franc piece on the floor, she said, with marked emphasis, "As the coachman has waited some time, you may give him five francs instead of two."

The maid picked up the money and disappeared.

"Eh bien!" said the lady with a sneer, "has Monsieur any more remarks to make?"

For some moments de Gamin remained silent and motionless. He

was evidently in deep thought. At length he rapped his snuff-box, gravely took a pinch, dusted his nose, approached his wife, and looking something like his former self, said, "Madame de Gamin, I can permit this no longer. I am your husband, not your steward and slave, nor will I suffer myself to be ruined by you. Look here, Madame," and he drew from his pocket a bundle of papers. "These came during your absence to day; one hundred and twenty francs for gloves, two hundred and fifty for a cashmere shawl, one hundred and eighty for a silk dress, three hundred for laces; who the deuce is to pay all this money?"

"My husband, sir!" quietly replied the lady.

"Your husband," sneered de Gamin. "No, Madame, your husband neither can nor will. In six months you have spent more than his whole income. I insist upon it that you retrench."

"Retrench!" cried the lady contemptuously, as she sprang to her feet. "I'll not retrench, sir. Before you married me you should have known that two must spend more than one."

"You have spent more than a dozen reasonable wives would have done," replied de Gamin. "You shall have no more money, Madame, for such purposes until January next!"

"Won't I, Monsieur le Grand?"

"No; as I am a man," commenced the husband.

"Mannikin," interposed the wife.

"Madame!"

"Gamin!"

"This is too much," exclaimed de Gamin furiously, as the contemptuous epithet reached his ear. "I'll manage you, Madame. I'll put you on an allowance. I'll not pay your bills. I'll ruin your credit. I'll separate from you. I'll—I'll—"

"You will, will you? you little hop-o'my-thumb, you pocket-piece, you mite, you maggot," shouted the infuriated virago as she sprang forward, and grasping the snuff-box in one hand, seized de Gamin with the other, and sent him sliding across the polished floor.

Regaining his feet, with an oath de Gamin rushed towards his wife. She felt that she had gone too far; so, ringing the bell furiously, she shrieked, "Louise! Louise!" and fell back, with admirable presence of mind, fainting, into the chair.

"Oh! mon Dieu! is Madame ill?" asked the bonne, who had responded to the summons with unaccountable celerity.

"Some water, Louise," gasped the lady; "my salts, Louise. Oh! my head! my head! my head! This monster of a man will kill me."

Without getting either the water or the salts, Louise rushed to the top of the stairs and shouted, "Madame Duval! Madame Duval! help! help! murder! murder! my master is killing Madame! help!"

"What on earth has happened?" asked Madame Duval, the portress, as she bounded into the room accompanied by two female lodgers in the house.

"Oh! oh! oh!" sighed the wife.

"Oh!" sobbed the maid. "I'll never marry! He has killed her. I heard her fall. The fondest, loving'st wife ever I did see."

"Oh! you brute!" said Madame Borel, of the sixth story, through her closed teeth.

"Oh! villain!" shouted Mademoiselle Aigre, of the fifth, whose hands were opening and shutting like the claws of a cat in the sun.

"Monsieur de Gamin, I am astonished at you!" said the portress mildly. "How could you illtreat so good a wife?"

"Madame Duval," commenced the bewildered little man, "upon my word—"

"Oh! oh! oh!" sighed the lady more heavily than before.

"Oh!" echoed the maid. "Don't let him speak. His voice frightens her. She's trembling all over. Turn him out till the fit's over."

"Fit!" ejaculated de Gamin.

"Get out of the room, you tiger!" said Madame Borel.

"Out with you, you ruffian!" bawled Mademoiselle Aigre.

"You had better withdraw," said the portress in her blandest voice.

"I won't," said de Gamin, stamping his foot.

"You shall!" screamed the maid and Mesdames Borel and Aigre at once.

"Lock him up in my chamber," said Madame de Gamin faintly.

In a moment the little man was seized, and in spite of his efforts fairly lifted from the ground. As they were about to bear him from the room, however, Madame de Gamin raised herself in the chair, and, crying out, "Stop! stop!" fell back again completely overcome. There was an awkward pause. Again Madame roused herself and asked pathetically, "De Gamin, will you let me have my own way a little while I am in this delicate situation?"

"Order these women out and I'll do anything," groaned the miserable husband.

"Put him down," said the wife.

The women shook him and obeyed.

"What do you want here, sir?" asked Madame Borel fiercely of a tall, fine-looking man, who, unobserved, had entered the room.

"I—I—a—a—only came to see what—"

"I don't care what you came to see," interrupted his better half. "Away with you, sir. You sha'n't learn to illtreat your wife."

Nodding to the group, she said, "I'll be back in a minute," and seizing her husband by the collar she led him passive away.

De Gamin looked in amazement at the couple as they retreated. The sight consoled him. "Ah!" murmured he, "they trample on large men as well as small."

No sooner had Madame Borel returned, than Madame de Gamin was seized with another fit. Her eyes were fixed; she ground her teeth; her feet were stretched out; her limbs were rigid: with one hand she described concentric circles in the air and beat the wind most furiously; the other maintained its grasp of the captured snuff-box. De Gamin was seriously alarmed. He believed that his lady was *enceinte;* at least she had told him so, and he did not know what might be the consequence of these attacks. "If she chooses to die of her own accord," thought he, "I won't mind it much; but to have it said that I killed her!" He drew near and anxiously asked—

"Madame Duval, are these attacks dangerous?"

"Awfully dangerous, Monsieur de Gamin, awfully dangerous answered Madame Duval, with a portentous shake of the head.

De Gamin shuddered.

"Ah!" sighed Madame De Gamin.

"She's coming to," said Louise.

The women rose and approached the sick lady. "Are you better now?" asked Madame Duval.

"Yes, thank you," replied she; "but I should like to go to bed."

Assisted by the portress and Louise, Madame de Gamin arose and moved slowly to her chamber. She was followed by Mesdames Borel and Aigre.

De Gamin threw himself into the easy chair: He looked the picture of misery. "Would to Heaven," cried he, "I was again a bachelor among bachelors!"

A moment or two afterwards Louise entered.

"How is Madame now?" inquired De Gamin.

"Better, sir, but very weak. She begs you won't go out to-night."

"I don't mean," said De Gamin; "but pray, Louise, get me my snuff-box."

"I will as soon as I can," said the girl, and she disappeared.

For an hour or more De Gamin was left alone. He was unutterably wretched, and restless, and fidgety. He tried to read; but his intellects seemed benumbed. His eyes ran over the page a dozen times; but the words left no impression on his mind. At length he closed the book and went to the window. It looked on a thoroughfare. Numbers of persons passed and re-passed. They all seemed happy. De Gamin groaned. He felt as if he was the only wretched being in all Paris. An old friend strolled by, a bachelor: he looked up at De Gamin, smiled, bowed, and walked on. De Gamin flung himself from the window into the chair, and burying his face in his hands, he groaned aloud.

Louise entered. "Does Monsieur want anything?"

"A candle, Louise; and oh! get me my snuff-box," said De Gamin imploringly.

The candle was brought. "Madame sleeps; you shall have your snuff-box as soon as she wakes," said the bonne, and, abruptly turning on her heel, she left the room.

Just then he heard footsteps, the footsteps of several persons; they moved towards the outer door; it was opened, closed, locked, and the key withdrawn. Some one returned, entered the chamber of Madame, shut the door, and all was silence as before. De Gamin gnashed his teeth, nestled in his chair, and tried to sleep.

It was near eleven o'clock when the maid again entered the saloon. De Gamin gazed vacantly at her hands; they were empty; but a cloak was hanging on her arm.

"Monsieur must sleep on the sofa to-night," said she. "It is large and soft, and Monsieur's cloak will keep him comfortable."

"But my snuff-box, Louise, my snuff-box!" gasped the little man.

"Bah!" cried the maid, as she threw the cloak peevishly down. "How can you think of such trifles at such a time?"

De Gamin shrugged his shoulders and the maid withdrew to her chamber, a little bed-room adjoining the one that Madame occupied. The case seemed hopeless, so De Gamin undressed, threw himself on the sofa, spread the cloak over him, blew out the light, and tried to sleep.

For an hour at least, De Gamin tossed and turned, and screwed himself up, and stretched himself out upon the sofa. He could not sleep. The clock of a neighbouring church struck twelve. He rolled himself on his right side, and counted, slowly counted, thousands. It would not do. The clock struck one. He wheeled on his left side, and tried to imagine himself in a ship gently rocked by the waves,

then in a wheat field, watching the grain as it moved to and fro in the wind. He had heard that these imaginings had sometimes brought sleep to the weary, but all these measures failed him. The same old groaning clock struck two, and he was more wakeful than ever. What could be the matter? Was he sick? No. Was it his wife's sickness? No. Was it the want of his supper? No—he never supped now. "One pinch of snuff," said he—"only one! and I could sleep like a top."

From his entrance into manhood had De Gamin snuffed. For nearly fifteen years had he looked upon his snuff-box as a thing necessary to his existence. It had been his companion in solitude, his friend in adversity, his solace in affliction.

"Pooh!" said he half aloud. "I can't sleep without it. There's no use in trying to do so. I must and will have my snuff-box."

Determined to regain his snuff-box, De Gamin raised himself up, and throwing his legs from under the cloak, sat for a moment or two listlessly on the side of the sofa. It was so intensely dark that he could not see a single object in the room. He strove to recollect where he had put his clothes; but he could not. He stretched out his right hand and felt in one direction, stretched out his left and felt in the other; but he encountered not even an empty chair. A little reflection convinced him that his clothes were somewhere in the saloon; so at length he rose to his feet, and, after some groping, succeeded in finding his drawers These he pulled on, and then proceeded to search for his stockings; they were nowhere to be found. "Where the deuce did I throw them?" asked he peevishly. "I can't remember anything. I must be losing my senses."

Passing his hand slowly up and down the side of his head, he stood for at least five minutes, barefooted, on the cold oaken floor, striving to remember where he was when he put them off; but memory would not aid him. Tired of thinking, he stooped and groped along the floor for his slippers. "Pish!" murmured he through his closed teeth, "I never had them. They are in my chamber." Again he stood and mused. Some ten minutes passed; he began to grow chilly, and determined to move on. Feeling his way, now by a table, now by a chair, he managed to reach the door of the saloon. A second more, and he was in the passage. With "cautious steps and slow," he approached the door of his chamber, lowered his head and peeped through the key-hole. There was a light burning in the chimney; more than this he could not see. He raised his hand to the latch, but his courage failed him, and he dropped it again with a faint sigh. Again he raised it, and again he let it fall. The passage was paved with stone, and his legs were becoming cramped with cold. Each moment added to his sufferings, but still he dared not enter. Like Fatima at the door of the fatal blue closet, he stood and trembled and trembled and stood.

A cold shiver ran through his frame; he turned to the chamber of the maid. "I will send her for it," thought he; "I dare not go myself." Guided by the wall, he reached Louise's room. The door was latched. He knocked at it gently, and listened; nothing stirred. He knocked again a little more loudly; still no reply. He lifted his hand to the latch, and softly opened the door, "Louise, Louise!" Louise made no answer. He entered, reached the bed, stretched out his hand; it encountered the arm of the bonne; she awoke with a start.

"Who's that?" asked she in some alarm.

"'Tis I, Louise, for God's sake get me—"

"*Mais, Monsieur*, what do you want in my room at this time of night?" asked the girl in a loud voice.

A light flashed upon them—De Gamin turned—his wife stood before him with eyes that far outshone the candle which illuminated this scene of misfortune.

"So one wife is not enough for Monsieur," said she in a tone of bitter irony.

"I came but for my snuff-box," said De Gamin, with a miserable attempt at dignity. How could a man look dignified in such a dress?

"Was your snuff-box in Louise's room?" asked Madame, in the same sneering tone. "You cannot deceive me, sir; though you would have deceived a poor girl whose only fortune is her good name."

Louise sobbed hysterically.

"My snuff-box was all I sought," said De Gamin firmly; but appearances were fearfully against him.

"Silence, sir! Follow me," said Madame; and she turned and left the room. De Gamin hesitated a moment, shrugged his shoulders, and followed her. As soon as they had entered the chamber, she locked the door, and, looking sternly at her husband, said—

"De Gamin, this conduct is unworthy of a gentleman. This is an outrage that no woman would put up with. I have not deserved it at your hands. If you wish to kill me,"—she burst into tears—"don't kill me by such wickedness. Plunge a dagger in my bosom—poison the food I eat—but don't—don't—oh, oh!—I shall have another fit;" and she threw herself on the bed.

"Shall I call Louise?" asked the agitated man.

"No!" cried Madame in a voice of thunder. "Call no one—no one shall witness my misery;" and, sitting upright on the bed, she covered her face with her hands, and rocked herself to and fro.

"I declare to you, Madame—" commenced De Gamin.

"Hush, sir! I wish to hear nothing on the subject."

"'Tis a hard case," said De Gamin, "that I should be judged before I am heard."

"Speak on, then, sir; speak on."

"Well, Madame, the truth is, that I wanted my snuff-box, and, unwilling to disturb you, I went to Louise's room to send her for it."

"A very likely story," sneered Madame de Gamin. "I hope you expect every one to believe it. Your snuff-box is in my room, a room which you could enter as well as Louise; which you had a better right to enter; and you go to my maid's chamber at three o'clock in the morning, half dressed, to get a snuff-box that wasn't there—oh! 'twas infamous, infamous."

De Gamin shrugged his shoulders. "I can say no more."

"But *I* can, sir; and I will. You have committed a gross outrage on my honour. An outrage which few women would forgive. Yet I'll forgive it—on one condition, however, and only one."

"Name it."

"That you snuff no more."

"Impossible!" said De Gamin. "My snuffing cannot annoy you."

"It does," replied Madame. "It is a nasty, disgusting, odious, filthy habit. It affects my nerves dreadfully. I have long hated it, and since this night's work shall hate it more than ever. The sight of your snuff-box would kill me now."

"I must snuff," said De Gamin. "I can't do without it."

"Then you must do without your wife," said the lady, passionately bursting into tears. "I'll tell the world of your infamous conduct. I'll make you the laughing-stock of Paris. I'll cause you to be shunned by man and woman, and then I'll drown myself. Life is no longer endurable."

De Gamin was silent.

"Give up your snuff, and I'll say nothing about it; neither shall Louise. I will forgive and forget it all.

De Gamin was moved.

"De Gamin; if you knew that I had drowned myself because you used snuff, could you use it again with pleasure?"

"No," sighed De Gamin, "I could not."

"Then give it up at once, or I'll kill myself to-morrow."

De Gamin groaned deeply.

"Refrain for four months only—will you?"

For a moment the little man was silent; then faintly said, "I will."

"Swear it."

"I swear that I will not use snuff for four months."

"Then I freely forgive you all," exclaimed Madame rapturously. "You are my own dear little husband still. Come—come to bed."

December was come, and De Gamin, in spite of the loss of his snuff-box, still lived; that is, he breathed, and moved, and ate, and slept, and obeyed the orders of his wife. But he was wasted to a shadow, and a deep melancholy had settled on his features, and the neighbours pronounced him a heart-broken and a blighted man, upon whom the grave would shortly close.

Madame de Gamin was stouter than ever, but she was still childless. Reality had not kept pace with expectancy. To dissipate her sorrows she continued to dress, to visit, to feast, and to use her husband's purse as unsparingly as ever.

It happened on the night of the sixth of December, or, to speak more accurately, on the morning of the seventh, that M. de Gamin dreamed a dream.

He found himself, he knew not how—for dreams, like the magic carpet of the prince, whisk us in a moment whither they please—in a large and brilliantly lighted room. Beneath a lofty Gothic window were thirteen chairs, arranged so as to form a semicircle; of these, the seventh or centre was raised above the rest, and De Gamin could have sworn it was the easy chair of his wife.

There was no one in the room but himself, and impelled by curiosity, he attempted to walk about, but he could not lift a foot; he was spell bound and rooted to the spot. In this standing position he remained for some time, the sole occupant of the chamber; but at length the door was thrown open, and a figure, like a man enveloped in a cloud, entered; a second followed the first, then another, and another, until De Gamin counted thirteen. They formed a long row; and as they moved slowly onwards, they turned their heads neither to the right nor to the left. They did not walk, but they glided as noiselessly as ghosts, and seated themselves in the chairs. De Gamin looked fixedly at them, but he could not discern a feature. They were more like shadows than like men. Some minutes passed in silence, and then the figure that occupied the centre chair slowly rose, solemnly beckoned to De Gamin to draw near, and gradually settled in his seat again.

"I can't move," said De Gamin.

"Try," responded the figure.

De Gamin tried: one step, and he stood before them. Again De Gamin looked fixedly at the figures; it seemed as if a mist was gradually dispersing. He could see heads, then spots on those heads, like the spots in the moon, and then the features were distinctly visible. He knew the faces, they were those of his old friends; but they smiled not as they had been wont to do—on the contrary, they looked gravely, and even sternly upon him.

"De Gamin," said the same figure that had spoken before; "you stand here accused of having committed suicide."

"Zeste—I am not dead," replied De Gamin.

"That the blood still flows in your veins, that your pulse beats, and your heart throbs, is very true," answered the figure. "But the *man*, De Gamin, the *man* is dead! By a rash act you have destroyed yourself; and it is our painful duty, as bachelors, to hold an inquest over you."

"Who are my accusers?" asked De Gamin.

A female figure rose slowly from the ground, and said, "I am one."

"Unveil," said the coroner.

"Grand Dieu! my wife!" gasped De Gamin.

"Yes, sir. I, your wife, am your accuser: and here I swear that you are no longer a man; that you think not, reason not, act not like a man; that you dare not go or come, lie down or rise up, eat or drink, smoke or snuff, without my consent; that your words are but the echoes of my words, your thoughts dependent on my thoughts, your will on my will: and that, being without word, or thought, or will of your own, you are no more a man." De Gamin groaned.

"Disappear!" said the coroner, and the female vanished.

De Gamin breathed more freely.

Suddenly a man in white rose to Gamin's side, and said, "Prince of bachelors, of good fellows, and of *bon vivants*, I am here to defend Monsieur Auguste Edouard de Gamin, formerly a bachelor, and chief among bachelors."

"And I," said a figure in black, springing up as suddenly as the first, "am here to accuse him."

"Speak on," said the coroner to the gentleman in black.

"Bachelor gentlemen of the jury," said the figure, "I maintain that M. De Gamin, knowingly, deliberately, and in a sound state of mind, committed the deed which has destroyed him. I want no witnesses. He shall condemn himself. De Gamin, stand forward, and answer me. Up to the age of five-and-thirty did you not lead a happy life?"

Answer. "I did."

Question. "Had you not a good income, a good constitution, good rooms, and good friends?"

A. "I had."

Q. "What then induced you to marry?"

A. "Alas! the Italian epitaph must be my only excuse. 'Stavo ben, ma per star meglio, sto qui.'"

"You see, gentlemen," said the black figure as it turned to the jury, "that Monsieur de Gamin's excuse is no excuse. Possessed of all that could render man happy, he threw that all away. I maintain, therefore, that situated as De Gamin was, he has been guilty of deliberate suicide, and should be punished accordingly.

"And what hast thou to say?" asked the coroner of the figure in white.

"I must call my witnesses."

"Let them appear," said the coroner, and three women rose slowly in the place of the one that had vanished.

"Who are you?" asked the coroner.

The first figure raised her veil and said, "I am the portress of the hotel in which De Gamin lived."

Q. "Did you observe any change in his conduct previous to the committal of the fatal act?"

A. "What fatal act?"

Q. "His marriage, fool!" The room shook with the response.

A. "I did. For a month before his marriage he seemed to be very much bewildered in his mind. He became gloomy, moody, and thoughtful; continually mistook other people's keys for his own, and sometimes went up and down stairs three or four times before he found the right one."

Coroner. "And who art thou?"

The second figure unveiled. "I was the *blanchisseuse* of Monsieur de Gamin. About five weeks before his marriage his manners changed wonderfully. He took to grumbling; said his clothes were not well washed; that his linen was not neatly mended; that shortly these things would be better attended to. Two weeks later I found his black coat and trowsers, two pairs of boots, and a riding-whip in the dirty clothes' bag, while his soiled linen was neatly folded in his drawers."

Coroner. "Who art thou?"

The third figure unveiled and said, "I am the waiting-woman of Madame de Gamin. Monsieur was very much altered after his first walk with Mademoiselle. One day I entered his chamber suddenly; he was standing before the glass smiling, and smirking, and practising all manner of airs and graces. And when I spoke to him, he caught me in his arms, exclaiming, 'Oh woman! woman! thou art the choicest gift of heaven!'"

"Now gentlemen bachelors," said the figure in white, as the females slowly disappeared, "is there any one that can believe that Monsieur de Gamin was in a sound state of mind when he committed the deed of which he now stands accused. I contend, therefore, that De Gamin is guiltless of the deed now laid to his charge, and merits no further punishment."

Having made these remarks, the figure disappeared. A silence ensued. The jury gravely whispered among themselves. At length the coroner arose and smilingly said, "De Gamin, it has been sufficiently proved that the act you committed was done in a moment of temporary insanity. For this deed, therefore, we think you have already suffered enough and have resolved to put an end to your sorrows. Henceforth, De Gamin, you shall be as one of us again."

So saying, he descended from his chair, and taking De Gamin by the hand led him to it. De Gamin seated himself and stretched his legs out; a thrilling sensation of pleasure passed through his frame, and as the bachelors disappeared, his snuff-box descended slowly from the ceiling. With a cry of delight he grasped at it; it fell to the ground with a loud noise. He awoke.

Madame de Gamin was groaning dreadfully. She was really ill.

Bouncing out of bed, De Gamin rushed across the passage and rapped violently at Louise's door.

"Up! up! Louise! Madame is very sick."

"Another sham fit, I suppose," grumbled the maid, as she unwillingly deserted her nest among the blankets. "She might just as well choose the day-time for her nonsense." But Louise was mistaken. Madame had spent the day with M. Du Tendre at St. Cloud; she had eaten an enormous quantity of truffles, had taken violent exercise shortly afterwards, and was now dangerously sick.

"Put on your clothes, while I go for Madame Duval," said Louise to De Gamin, whose withered legs were rattling in the cold.

In a short time Louise returned. She was accompanied by Mesdames Duval, Borel, and Aigre. A long consultation ensued, at the end of which the ladies decided that Madame was grievously sick. De Gamin proposed to go for a physician; but he was ordered off to Louise's room as a creature decidedly in the way, and his wife was committed to the care of Madame Tuetout, a celebrated compound of witch, fortune-teller and doctress. The consequence was, that Madame grew rapidly worse. By the next evening she was in a raging fever. On the third day Madame Tuetout was somewhat uneasy.

M. de Gamin again proposed sending for a physician. Madame Tuetout was indignant. She had only tried ordinary means; she always tried them first: they sometimes disappointed her. Now she would try extraordinary remedies; they never failed. The women were delighted. Again De Gamin was turned out of the room. He sat in the saloon, in the easy chair. It put him in mind of his dream. It was a strange dream — very strange. What could it mean? He had some idea of asking Madame Tuetout about it.

Just then she entered the room. Mesdames Duval, Borel, and Aigre, were with her.

"*Eh bien, Monsieur!*" said she, with an air of importance. "I have done all, these ladies are witnesses, that poor human nature can do. At present all is well. I have given Madame a powder. It will throw her into a profuse perspiration, and a deep sleep. I am obliged to go away. Louise, and yourself must watch by her to-night. In the morning I will come again. Remember, there must be no noise whatever. If anything frightens her out of her sleep, she dies."

So saying the old lady bade De Gamin good-night, and retired, accompanied by the three women.

* * * *

It was nearly three hours past midnight. M. de Gamin and Louise sat by the fire in the saloon, exerting themselves to keep each other awake. Since the illness of her mistress the *bonne* had altered her behaviour to her master wonderfully. Her language had become respectful, and her manner kind and affectionate. She had even ventured to make one or two remarks about Madame, which it was well for her the lady could not hear.

Madame De Gamin was sleeping heavily. The door of her chamber was open. There was a pause in the conversation, and the watchers distinctly heard her breathing now quickly, now with all the slowness of a long-drawn sigh. Louise shook her head doubtingly, and drew her chair nearer to De Gamin. She was a pretty brunette, and there was mischief in her dark full eye as she said in a whisper,

"Ah, Monsieur, you are a sly rogue—a desperately sly rogue among the women."

"I!" said the poor miserable startled De Gamin, — "I! — eh? —

ah! no!—not now—not now!" and he crossed his legs, and looked despairingly at the fire. Louise's glance had fallen upon him like a spark upon ice.

Louise put her hand on his knee, and looking up in his face archly, she asked, "Now, what was it that Monsieur wanted in my room the night that Madame caught him there?"

"Ah!" said De Gamin with a sigh, "I only wanted my snuff-box."

Disconcerted by this answer, the maid remained silent for a moment or so, and then said, "'Tis a long time since Monsieur has snuffed."

"Very long—very long," said De Gamin, as he moved his head slowly from side to side. "'Twas my only comfort; and she took that too."

"Would Monsieur like to snuff now?" asked Louise, in the most insinuating manner.

"I dare not," said De Gamin, as he placed his hand on her arm, and looked suspiciously round the room.

"She'll never know anything about it," said Louise. "A pinch of snuff, Monsieur, would help to keep you awake."

De Gamin made no reply. Louise arose, and quietly entering her mistress's room, she gently opened a drawer, and taking out the snuff-box, returned with it to her master. De Gamin's hand trembled as he took it; but the bare touch seemed to revive him, and, springing to his feet, he tapped the snuff-box energetically, unscrewed it, plunged his fingers in, and taking a huge pinch, he inhaled it vigorously.

It was a pinch such as he had taken in the days of his strength. It was too much for him in his weak condition. It mounted to the eyes, played about the nerves, and then, descending with a titillating sensation to the end of the nose, ended in a tremendous chevee — chevee —chewack! A fearful groan issued from the chamber.

"Oh, Heavens!" cried Louise, "Madame is waked up."

De Gamin dropped the snuff-box, and rushed to the bedside. His wife was awake. She held out her hand, and said,

"De Gamin, I am ill—I am dying."

De Gamin was silent. He really did not know what to say.

"De Gamin," said the lady, "I have been a bad wife."

"No, you haven't," said De Gamin, sobbing.

"I have," said the wife. "Do you forgive me?"

"All—all," sobbed the husband.

"De Gamin, never marry again."

"I won't," said De Gamin.

"Swear it!" said the wife.

"I most solemnly swear it!"

"Never—never—mar—ry—again," gasped Madame.

"May I lose my snuff-box if I do!" said De Gamin.

"Kiss me, De Gamin—kiss—me."

De Gamin kissed her. At that moment Louise and the physician entered the room. 'Twas too late. Madame de Gamin was no more.

At noon the next day De Gamin was walking up and down the saloon, an altered man. There was a smile on his face, a light in his eye, and elasticity in his tread. In his hand he held his snuff-box, and as he tapped the lid, and thought upon the past, he stopped, glanced cautiously round the room, and then, drawing his shoulders up until they touched his ears, he exclaimed,

"I always thought that snuff was the best thing upon earth; but now, ah! *mon Dieu!* it has a double relish."

FITZMORTE; or, THE SON OF THE DEAD WOMAN.

A STORY OF THE SAXON TIMES.

BY CAPTAIN JOHNS, R.M.

AUTHOR OF "LEGEND AND ROMANCE," "THE SCHOOLFELLOWS," "THE BALLAD OF EARL GODWIN," ETC.

The groundwork of this legend is taken from "The treatise of Walter de Mapes, de Nugis Curialium," written in the reign of Henry II., preparing for publication, from a unique MS., by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A. The name of "Fitzmorte" occurs in several early documents.

"Nay, Cummer, nay," said the aged crone,
"It will surely die — it will surely die!
Though twenty were born, the first-born alone
Doth live in this fated family:
But one, as the ancient saying tells,
Doth live to hear his marriage-bells.
Coo, my baby, coo, and smile;
Death is near thee, and laughs the while.
Nay, Cummer, nay, though he 's likely and strong,
He is not the first-born — he dies ere long.
Slumber, my baby, long and deep;
Soon comes a longer and deeper sleep.
There—he is sleeping—now I will tell
How on this house the curse befel.
When the Bat's Tower, so old and grey,—
Where no ivy clings to the crumbling walls,
Or daisy grows, or wallflower gay,
Or nettle, or dock, or rank grass tall,
Doth ever on its dry walls wave,—
That ruin which hath not the life of a grave,
Where the lichen scarce forms ere it peels away,—
When that old tower so old and grey,
Was the keep of a castle strong and proud,
The voice of mirth in the hall was loud;
While in ladye's bower there nestled a dove,
Gentle and meet for a Baron's love;
Ay, long before the Norman day
Was the prime of that tower so old and grey.
Well, there lived in the castle a Baron bold,
Lord of broad lands, and of beeves, and gold;
And when his horn blew, for right or for wrong,
His vassals mustered a thousand strong;
And 'tis said that he led but a so-so life
While his blood was young, till he took a wife.
And oh! that wife was a dainty thing,
Gentle, and fair as a blossom of spring.
Mind me to-morrow, Cummer, and we
Will steal up to the western gallery,
And I 'll show thee her picture, that few may see.
It does not flaunt on the wainscot wall,
Amid stately dames and Barons tall—
Ay, ever of a noble port
Are those who live of the house Fitz-morte;—
But 'tis hidden away, and deeply set,
And hath doors like an oaken cabinet.
They say no luck comes of even a peep
At this picture the family secret keep;
But I 've often thought, could I only get
Thee to go with me, I 'd see it yet.
But where was I? Oh! the Baron was wed,
And a happy life for some years he led.
If deer was hunted, or hawk was flown,
The Baron now never went forth alone;
My ladye's palfrey, my ladye fair,
Fearless and smiling, still was there;
And when at the feast proud guests did meet,
The dame there filled an honoured seat;
Or, sweeping her lyre at sunset hour,
She sang to her lord in her own fair bower.
And the Baron loved her well, then why
Did the Baron frown, and the lady sigh?
It was that a childless wife was she,—
This made them look so gloomily.
'I would I might die, and pass away,
Could my death give an heir to my noble lord,'
Cried the dame as she rov'd in the woods one day,
And the silent woods answered not a word;
But when her handmaids, fear dis-traught,
Their mistress in the wild woods sought,
In the glade where she, by sorrow led,
Had wandered forth, lay the lady — dead!
The death-bell toll'd for the parted soul,

And the Baron wept for his ladye fair,
And when to her grave her body he gave,
He cried, 'I would fain her cold bed share!'
But, a hunting he did go!
A hunting he did go!
For the hunter gay of the olden day
Did not give way to woe.
Now once, 'twas at evening's close,
And his merry men all outrode,
He had got — where? why, nobody knows,—
Neither he nor the horse he bestrode;
And he came, as he chased a mighty boar,
To a part of his woods he'd ne'er seen before,
Where wych elms formed a mystic ring,
And there was an awful gathering.
For not a dame that in picture-frame
Did on the walls of his castle hang,
But a measure trod
On that woodland sod,
To the song the night-winds sang.
And not a sire of his ancestry,
Who, he thought, in the abbey hard by did lie,
Whether pictured or not,—for the story goes,
That he knew them all by their length of nose,
But there joined the dance,
With a solemn prance,
Like a camel's trot where the simoon blows."
Here came a note that the Saxon crone
Confessed this simile was not her own.
"Well, the Baron looked on most curiously,
While the night-winds sang right furiously;
And the bright moon shone,
And the dance went on,
Like sport enjoyed luxuriously.
Till the Baron perceived—
He could not be deceived,—
That each dame had a partner all but one;
And, as she pirouetted,
And solus pousetted,
That she was his darling, the bone of his bone,
The dear defunct, the gentle departed:
Like a hawk on his quarry the bold Baron darted!
Dead or alive,—a spirit or corse,—
In a moment more she was up on his horse,
The Baron behind her, away and away
Went the steed and its riders, and catch them who may?
Whether the dance that moment broke up,
Or whether his ancestors staid to sup,
The Baron, it seemed, never thought to inquire:
He asked no questions; he'd got his desire,
His wife back, and hearty;—and now, Cummer, now
Comes the best of the story,—she bore him an heir;
And when to his christening all the folks came,
She very much scandalized every one there
By vanishing — ay! in a brimstone flame!
She was never more seen — she was never more found,
A warning it was to the country round,
For every man of family
Of the knights of Kent
To rest content;
If their wives should die just to let them be.
And thus, to cut a long story short,
Came the curse on this family now called Fitzmorte.

* * * *

'Twas early dawn in the midst of summer,
When, leaving the nursery all on the sly,
The gossips twain, the crone and her Cummer,
Stole up to the western gallery.
They'd hardly been gone half an hour from the nursery,
When a housemaid looked in, with a glance somewhat cursory,
She, thinking,—as she's never tired of declaring,—
That the nurse and the child had gone out for an airing,
"Just to tidy the room," as that housemaid said,
Turned up the child in a press-bedstead,
And baby Fitzmorte was found smothered and dead.
But now, to record what the butler declares:—
Mr. Jinkins deposeth, about six o'clock
The old hags came tumbling down the back stairs—
'Twas a wonder their necks did not break by the shock;—
That, as to the picture, 'twas all "a flam;"
The frame "deeply set,"
The "oak cabinet,"
Was the cupboard in which he kept his Schiedam!
And those wicked women had broken the lock.

THREE GAY DECEIVERS.

It is not a little singular, as regards the German national character, that whereas in religion, ethics, and science, the Germans are notorious for abjuring faith and worshipping reason, the very contrary is the fact in all matters of legendary lore; and, while no nation in Europe is so rich in these apocryphal traditions, nowhere else are they so deeply impressed on the popular mind, or admitted to such general belief and acceptance. There seems, indeed, in that curious cavern which constitutes a German mind, to lie hid a single mysterious crypt, inaccessible from childhood to any known or unknown system of philosophy, but answering to the sesamé of a ghost-story in the ever-recurring, child-like trustfulness of faith. And I would confidently defy the prosy shade of Rahel Varnhagen herself—supposing that cumbrous sprite to be still brooding over the evanescent outlines of some ethereal ethics—to resist the magic influence of a real Kinder-Mährchen, even though she should chance not to be its heroine.

Begging the "gentle reader" to bear in mind this characteristic peculiarity, and promising to offend no more in the didactic style, I proceed to a true tale, whereof I am a living witness, taking its rise, undoubtedly, in the above Teutonic idiosyncrasy.

The Dresden fashionable season, like a sensible season as it is, commences in December, and terminates in the Passion Week. During that interval there is ample space to dance through an unlimited supply of pumps, and to be involved in a sufficient number of "endless attachments" and "unalterable friendships." The end of the carnival brings repose to mind and body. One is satiated with waltzing all night and flirting all the morning. Visions of more healthy and less exciting pursuits dawn upon the thoughts, somewhat after the fashion of a village-landscape slowly displacing an Eastern temple in the "Dissolving Views" of the Polytechnic. While one hesitates, meditating an eternal adieu to half a score fair-haired sentimentalists, (including thy votaries, most dangerous Plato!) the season is broken up, the town is empty. Everybody, that is anybody, is off to *château* or *Schloss;* and of the remainder, at least a third seeks a neighbouring "Bad"—Tœplitz for choice,—and you are left to read the language at your leisure, and attend the theatre to learn its pronunciation.

Such, at any rate, was my fate during the spring and summer of 1832. Sick at heart with the unsatisfactory medium of Germanized French as a vehicle of communication, whether with a professor or a pretty woman, I was bent on mastering a decent conversational proficiency in the German tongue. The result of my labours concerns not the public; by the autumn, at any rate, I thought I might breathe from my toil, and accepted an invitation to Schloss Ritterfeldt, with a vague idea of astonishing the natives in that charming retreat.

The castle of Ritterfeldt was in all particulars the *beau ideal* of a German schloss, and therefore not in any respect like the uneasy ruins we see perched on crags, or tumbling off rocks, by the banks of the Rhine. Embosomed in woods, very difficult to find, very dark, a trifle gloomy, and accessible (during fine weather) by turf

tracks, it was just such a haven of rest as a benighted forest-traveller is sure to arrive at—in a story, and sure to miss—in fact. I know a bright October night shone upon my despairing steps in the forest of Moritzburg, no further advanced in the direction of the Schloss than when the mellow afternoon first welcomed me among those perplexing shades. Rustics had ceased to inform me I was "a mile and a bit" (about five English miles) from the battlements of Ritterfeldt. I was alone—with my thoughts, and they ran exclusively on the Barmecide banquet I was likely to partake of in that silent and star-lit forest.

Reining up my tired and stumbling horse, I paused to listen if by chance any distant bell might seem to direct my course. By degrees a faint sound, becoming every instant more distinct, assumed at length the undoubted echo of the tramp of horses on the turf. In a few minutes two figures emerged from the gloom, and I perceived a lady and gentleman galloping towards me.

"Ha! De Carolan!" exclaimed I, as the moon lit up the features of the cavalier, who would certainly have passed me unseen, as I sat in the shade of an old oak; "well met in the forest of Moritzburg. You are riding, I presume, to the Schloss Ritterfeldt; and, if you will allow me to accompany you, I shall stand a better chance of a supper than I am flattered with at this moment. The Fraülein von Zehmen has forgotten her promising pupil at Madame Orloffska's mazurka."

I addressed the daughter of the house to which I was bound, accompanied by an agreeable Carlist Frenchman. Mademoiselle de Zehmen was the only fair girl I have ever seen whose beauty created much sensation. In her it was the effect of a most singular contrast. When in repose, her faultless profile had upon a beholder exactly the effect of a statue; I mean the character was marble-like in its stillness and calm. Not only did passion, and feeling, and thought appear quelled as in sleep, but extinct as in death. You would as soon have thought of addressing the figures that held the candelabra. Animation worked Pygmalion's miracle on this fair creature. On a sudden life, with all its warm impulses, darted from the full blue eye, played in every pliant fold of the mouth, appeared in each graceful gesture, and stamped fascination on all. It was no longer a question with you whether or not you would address Mademoiselle de Zehmen; thrice happy if her joyous glance rested one instant upon you,—if your remark elicited a repartee, and the happy ring of her laugh followed the low, but sweet, tones of her almost childlike voice. I should add that her Guido-tinted hair was extraordinary in its abundant profusion, and that she possessed that rare charm in German ladies, without which her faultless figure would have been overlooked, the graceful, swan-like carriage and movement, which are supposed to attest high birth and breeding.

The Marquis de Carolan was in all points the Breton nobleman. Frank to impetuosity, brave to rashness, but withal courteous, though simple in manner; far more like an Englishman than our recognised type of a Frenchman, and perhaps more like a polished Irishman than either. I do not think he played a deep stake in the game of politics, but was rather a Carlist from family connexions and early associations, than reflection or individual choice. He affected the society of the English, and spoke the language fluently.

Single and wealthy, he had not found it difficult, the preceding season, to render his homage a matter of more than common importance. But the Marquis was an indefatigable dancer, and not what is called a lady's man. He seemed most at his ease with Mademoiselle de Zehmen, and it was well known she was engaged to her cousin, Ernest von Ternitz, of whom report spoke highly at the university of Bonn.

A few minutes' conversation explained our relative positions; with many a laugh at my "thorough Englishness" in losing my way so near the house I was seeking, my companions piloted me in safety the short league that intervened between us and Ritterfeldt; and, if I be favoured with a reader who takes an interest in the creature-comforts, to him I hasten to make the assurance that my supper that night scarcely needed the appetite which I brought to bear upon it.

The guests of the castle were of the usual caste that frequent their friends' houses in the autumn all over Europe. Let it suffice to say that, besides half a dozen Germans, there was a very pretty and *spirituelle* Pole, realizing Beckford's description of a Venetian girl, "with a thousand adventures written in her eyes." The pretty Pole was accompanied by her uncle, a general, with an unapproachable name, and a heart-rending history. Another Englishman, De Carolan, and myself, completed the circle. Monsieur and Madame de Zehmen were kind-hearted, very national Germans, remarkable for nothing but their peerless daughter, and a fortune which in Saxony was considered enormous. The time passed pleasantly enough. Some of the men shot; all rode; there were not wanting carriages for long excursions. In the evening an early dinner, and afterwards satiety of dancing, music, cards, and such games as are only known in Germany. Strange again, that this hard-thinking nation are so expert with their heels, and take delight in sports which an English miss of fourteen would vote childish. And this reminds me that the pet amusement of a stormy night, when we had waltzed ourselves into brain-fevers, was to sit in a mystic circle and tell stories, among which ghost-stories were at a premium. Somehow Don Carolan had established himself as an oracle in these matters, and, when called upon, was always ready with a thrilling legend of the Brocken, or the Black Forest, or some equally classic spot. Among his listeners the Pole was the loudest in her applause. Mademoiselle de Zehmen rarely spoke; but what would I not have given thus to have enchained her wrapped attention — to have commanded those silent tears, those tremors, the furtive glances of those eloquent eyes! Meanwhile all wondered where De Carolan learnt these German legends. Perhaps I was not singular in asking myself *why* he learnt them.

All this time De Ternitz was expected, but delayed his coming from week to week. It was generally understood that the marriage between him and his lovely cousin was to take place early in the ensuing year.

It was, then, one stormy night in November that our party, such as I have described it, was gathered round the blazing wood fire which crackled and roared on the hearth of the *salon* at Schloss Ritterfeldt. The day, like the night, had been unusually boisterous; yet De Carolan had been absent since the dawn, and only returned

to dinner. When asked about his sport, it struck me his answers were evasive, and a furtive smile seemed to be with some difficulty repressed. It is very likely I was the only one who noticed these particulars; but the excitement of Mademoiselle de Zehmen was evident to all. Her bridegroom (as the German phrase is) was expected every hour, and her emotion appeared not unnatural. At any rate it was very becoming; her heightened colour, her flashing eyes, her rapid movements were observed by all, and, among other results, entangled the Hofrath von Linden in the mazes of a compliment, which all the eloquence of that worthy, but somewhat heavy, old gentleman failed to unravel. The beauty repaid his efforts with a smile, and I was glad that the excellent man did not mark the shudder by which it was accompanied.

That night the dance was unheeded, and one song only was accorded us. The Polish general insisted so pertinaciously on hearing Mademoiselle de Zehmen's voice "rebuke" as he graciously termed it, "the spirits of the storm," that she reluctantly turned to the piano, and commenced the first song that met her eye. It was the wild, strange ballad, Der Erl König. Probably no other song would have equally harmonised with our feelings and the uproar of the storm without. A thousand yelling fiends seemed raging around us, and the tempest-rocked forest in each recurring pause sent forth from its depths such dismal sounds, as to the least fanciful ears might have seemed the howls and groans of legions of tormented ones. Amidst this unearthly din the powerfully plaintive notes of Mademoiselle de Zehmen, rising with the subject into more mellow compass, soothed at first, and at length enthralled the vexed sense of hearing. We followed the luckless father in his midnight ride on just such a night as the present one; and, when the catastrophe was reached, and the wailing wind again made itself heard as the voice was silent, it appeared to chaunt the lament of the lost child, or, lashing itself into fury, to convey the taunting shouts of the half-baffled fiends over the innocent corpse of their infant prey.

The circle was too thoroughly heart-stirred to praise the singer, or to comment on the song. De Carolan leant his arm on the corner of the huge chimney-piece, and with his hand shaded his face. If the Hofrath, God forgive him! contemplated another compliment, a hollow sound, which stuck in his throat, was all the evidence of his intention that reached us, and was suffered to die away without remark.

The pretty Pole was the first to break the spell. Surprised into emotion, she very soon shook the fit off; and, as it formed no part of her desire to follow in the train of a rival beauty, she exerted herself by badinage to recover her lost ground.

"Come, Monsieur De Carolan," exclaimed the lively brunette, "will you, too, conspire with the storm, and introduce blue devils within, when all other colours may be found this awful night in the forest without? I charge you, on your allegiance, to give us a merry tale."

"You ask, princess," replied De Carolan, "an impossibility. The very elements forbid such a travestie. But, if you will accept such a tale as occurs to me, I am ready to obey your command."

A general murmur of approbation drowned the pouting remonstrance of the Princess Michaelowska; Mademoiselle de Zehmen

fixed her lustrous eyes on the speaker with an almost rigid stare. An unaccountable sympathy with the marvellous inclined us all to unwonted attention, and, in the midst of a silence "deep as death," the Marquis commenced his narration.

"The battle of Lutzen took place, as is doubtless well known to you all, in November 1632: that is exactly two hundred years ago. In that battle the great Gustavus Adolphus fell. His body was not, however, immediately recognised, and the popular rumour ran that he had retired wounded from the field, as was generally supposed, to Dresden, the capital of his ally, the Elector of Saxony. On this exact night, two hundred years ago, there sat in the apartment facing the guard-room, at the end of the Schloss-Gasse, three maidens of considerable beauty, betrothed each to an officer of the guard, at that time stationed in garrison in Dresden. The night was in all respects like the present one, stormy beyond precedent. The Elbe, roused into madness, lashed the piers of the old bridge, and threw its spray high over the massy arches. It was, in short, a night even a storm-loving German would remark in the stormiest month of the year.

"It matters not of what nature had been the conversation of the three maidens before they were attracted to the window by the sound of a cavalcade in the street, and perceived, by the fitful glare of rough pine-torches, a troop of thirteen cavaliers halting at the door of the guard-house. A short parley ensued, when the leader of the band, conspicuous for his gallant bearing, and the long white horseman's cloak which he wore, dismounted, and entered the guard-house. In a few minutes the remainder turned their horses under the neighbouring archway that leads to the castle itself, and the street was again abandoned to the monotonous howling of the storm.

"As it is my intention," observed the Count, at this part of his story, "to pass rapidly over this portion of my legend, I shall not detain you with the remarks made by the three maidens on the appearance of the thirteen cavaliers. Let it suffice to say, that though Saxony at that period was united in the Protestant cause, under the leading of Gustavus Adolphus, there were many Catholics among the population who abhorred the dictation of a heretic foreigner, and in secret favoured the cause of the Catholic League. My three heroines held those opinions, not a little strengthened, perhaps, by the similar views of their lovers, descendants of old Bohemian families. Supposing, therefore, the thirteenth cavalier to be no other than the bulwark of the Protestant Confederacy, Gustavus himself, retiring from the field of Lutzen, they severally summoned their lovers, and in emphatic terms declared to them, that never would they consent to be their brides unless the hated Swede perished by their swords. The next morning twelve cavaliers rode forth from the castle; but the thirteenth was discovered dead in his bed, having received three mortal stabs. Who he actually was, was never known; thus much is certain, he was not Gustavus, who perished, as I have said, on the field of Lutzen.

"Three days passed, and no tidings reached the maidens of their lovers, who from that night had not been seen in Dresden. The twilight of the third evening was rapidly coming on, when a handsome stranger presented himself to Veronika, the eldest of the three. He brought, he said, a token and a message to her from one whom,

by the description, she recognised for her absent lover. The token was a ring; the message was an eternal farewell from one who had now committed a fruitless murder, and who bade the instigator of it be happier in life than the murderer and the exile was likely to be.

"I will not detain you over the grief of Veronika, or over the arts by which the new gallant, Count Charnel, triumphed over it, and eventually secured her love. It would appear the same steps were pursued simultaneously with the other two girls, attended by the same success. Jealousy probably kept each girl silent on the subject, and thus it happened that, unknown to each other, the bridal for all was fixed for the same day. The night previous, the Count obtained permission from the parents to visit each girl in her chamber; and when the morning came the three were discovered dead in their beds, with their heads twisted over their shoulders. The gay Count Charnel had disappeared, and from that day to this no person bearing that name has ever been heard of."

De Carolan paused, and raised his eyes suddenly to Mademoiselle de Zehmen. A slight tremor shook her frame; but she did not relax her fixed stare. The storm, if possible, had increased. The pretty Pole did her best to laugh at "the nursery tale;" but, as she had a range of faultless teeth, and was somewhat given to laughing, her mirth excited no response.

"Continue, my dear Count," said Monsieur de Zehmen: "this is but the introduction, the prologue. I am sure you have something better in store to stop the Princess's laugh. How I wish, Gretchen," added the worthy man to his daughter, "Ernest were here! Would he not thoroughly enjoy our old national legends? I wonder what detains the boy. However, I have put the supper back till he comes."

Mademoiselle de Zehmen did not seem to hear her papa's question,—at any rate she did not answer it, but, with a slight motion of her head, intimated to the Marquis her anxiety to hear further.

"The neighbouring royal castle of Moritzburg," continued De Carolan, "was the scene of princely hospitality in the autumn of the year 1732. It was the concluding year of the life of Frederic Augustus I., whose existence passed amidst festivals and gallantries, not more famous throughout Europe than ruinous to his own country. What Saxon does not remember the pageants of the year 1719, at which, during the month of September, not less than four millions of thalers were spent, and every extravagance was exhausted that a costly fancy could devise? These woods, now so silent from the horn of the huntsman, then rang out a daily challenge to the gallant stag or the fierce wild-boar; and the halls of Moritzburg, long since deserted and cold, echoed then the jest of the courtier, the merry laugh of the court-dame, and, above all, the wit and licence of the jovial, but polished, Elector himself.

"Conspicuous at the court, and invited to the château after the court-season, was the magnificent George Count of Teckenheim, a principality (it was said) somewhere in Bohemia, but where *exactly* even the court-geographer could not say. He was indeed a splendid fellow, that George of Teckenheim; rich (it seemed) as the Elector, young, accomplished, and, if not handsome, striking in appearance. I know not why he chose always to appear in black, or very dark crimson, unless it was to contrast with his extreme paleness. There

are many ladies who prefer a pale man, and certainly the Count had his admirers, and they were not a few, among the court-beauties of Poland and Saxony.

"I would have you to suppose that every thing was tried in turn which promised amusement to this satiated band of revellers. Ball, and hunt, and tournay, and spectacle succeeded, until all were pronounced wearisome. The ladies' eyes looked dim from revelry without excitement; the gentlemen began to play deep, and to neglect the ladies. At last the Elector yawned: here was at least a sensation, but it was not voted a pleasant one; and every courtier took it as a personal hint that he was fast sinking into that proscribed class, the court pariahs—the bores.

"Conceive, then, if you can, the relief experienced by all, from the Elector down to the youngest page, when it was officially announced that a new idea had been born, and owned, and was likely to become a general favourite. The idea was a grand masquerade, the novelty of which consisted in each cavalier introducing two ladies; and the happy father, I need scarcely say, was the illustrious Count George of Teckenheim.

"It appeared, however, on a review of the guests at the castle, that the sexes were as nearly as possible divided, and this discovery had almost proved fatal to the new idea. Once more, however, the Count's original genius prevailed. He suggested the admixture of a certain number of neighbouring country girls, remarking that all women masked were alike. The Elector swore it was the best part of the plot; and after that the ladies submitted in silence, consoling themselves with the delicious reflection they should at least be conspicuous in their dress, and so, probably, break the hearts of their rustic rivals with spite.

"No one for a moment doubted that the choice of Count Teckenheim would light upon the beautiful Aurora Flemming, the only daughter of the well-known prime minister, Count Flemming. Of eastern descent, this lovely girl united the somewhat marked features of those "daughters of the sun" with the grace and polish of our more civilized climes. She was, in a word, singularly beautiful; and, if beauty will admit of such extreme contrasts, I would say Aurora Flemming and Mademoiselle Zehmen perfectly illustrate the finished antagonism of the brunette and blonde styles of loveliness."

This last sentence was uttered with a courtly inclination towards the fair Saxon; but, if it was heard, it was not noticed. As well might you have paid a compliment to a Pythoness.

"It remained," continued the Marquis, "to select her companion. The Count was not long in choosing. With an eye that detected every violet as well as every rose, he had long remarked the rare beauty, and still rarer shape, of Agatha Fogel, the daughter of the court tailor. I may not relate how he gained the bashful girl's consent to become his second partner; for, in truth, I find no record of the course he pursued. I conclude, therefore, he mingled some love with more flattery, some praise of the graceful Agatha's person and manners, with some disparagement of the court beauties. If other means were tried, it matters not; they were at any rate successful. Agatha promised to enter the ball on his arm, and vowed to keep her secret and his.

"It was November, and never, surely, were the surly elements more at variance with the devices of man than on that memorable night. Thunder, unusual at such a season, pealed over head, while the blinding lightning lit up the forest-paths for one instant with more than the brilliancy of day, leaving them the next in worse than Egyptian darkness. In a word, there had not been such a storm heard or read of since the night of the murder of the White Cavalier, as he was popularly called, just one hundred years previously.

"But let the storm rage: what matters it to the brilliant assemblage that meets that night in the Schloss Moritzburg? Heavy draperies defied the wind; music and laughter rose high above the rolling thunder; and, as each gay cavalier entered the ball-room with a lady on each arm, conjecture was busy among those already arrived as to the names of each; and I fear, in not a few instances, the lowly damsel, wearing her disguise with simple grace, attracted more admiration than the haughty court dame, whose swelling arrogance was visible even behind her mask. In all but one instance, anything like competition between the female dresses was unattempted. Courtly elegance blazed upon each gentleman's right arm, modest neatness hung trembling on his left; only, every one's face was concealed. The strictest order prevailed on this point, and many a blushing cheek was grateful for the shade.

"I have said there was one exception to the general contrast between the dresses of the ladies. Heaven only knows by what means Agatha Fogel learnt what was to be the disguise of Aurora Flemming, from the massy gold pins in her hair down to the curious embroidery of her velvet slipper. Who was the traitor in this instance may probably never transpire; for Aurora's maid was ugly and incorruptible, and the dress came direct from Warsaw, in the shape of an important despatch from the governor himself. Yet when a tall and graceful cavalier, attired in the flowing white robes of a Knight Templar, led in his two partners, curiosity was divided between the unusual appearance of the sad-coloured Count of Teckenheim and the absolute identity of the ladies who leant on his arm. I am privileged to publish the whispers the Count adroitly insinuated into the ear of each fair one as he entered. 'Aurora,' said he to the lady on his right arm, 'I have obeyed you, and put off for to-night the colour you dislike.—Agatha,' murmured he to the lady on his left arm, 'courage, my dear girl. Remember to attend my summons at twelve.'

"And gaily sped the hours in that enchanting atmosphere of wit, and beauty, and pleasure. After a while the *bourgeoise* fair ones shook off their timidity, and, encouraged by the flatteries of their partners, and the consciousness of innate grace, danced as merrily as heart could desire; and it became necessary in their titled rivals to take heed to their feet, or their dresses would never sustain them in the contest. As for Count George of Teckenheim, he danced chiefly with Aurora Flemming, not once with her antitype, whose presumption in assuming the young Countess's dress he severely criticised during an entire cotillon danced with that haughty beauty; though whether he repeated his objurgation to the gentle Agatha in a protracted *tête-à-tête* which took place in the deserted orangery, as I was not there, I am unable to say for certain. It is possible; for his manner was excited, his dark eyes flashed through

his mask, and the visible emotion of the shrinking girl made it apparent something was canvased between them of a nature to disturb her usually placid temperament.

"The clock wanted exactly ten minutes to twelve when a rumour ran through the castle that some great conspiracy had broken out in Poland, of which the news had suddenly arrived; that the Elector had hurried away to Dresden, taking with him his prime minister, Count Flemming, in his own carriage. At this moment two incidents took place, which amidst the general confusion attracted no notice. Count Teckenheim glided, in the endless whirl of a waltz, through the ball-room, the orangery, and the vestibule with his partner, Aurora Flemming; and a page, threading his way cautiously through groups of vehement talkers, or rows of excited dancers, motioned the expecting Agatha Fogel to follow him. In a moment both had quitted the ball-room, and were rapidly approaching the postern-door of the castle.

"At that door stood waiting a chaise and four horses, in spite of the awful weather. The Elector had departed by the grand court, and in such a night the arrival of a chaise at the postern-gate was unheard and unheeded. Trembling, sighing, almost sobbing, the page placed the poor Agatha in the carriage, and disappeared as his master placed Aurora Flemming at her side,—whispering to the latter, 'I have secured this young person for your attendant,'—to the former, 'Heavens! Agatha, the costume has betrayed us. I thought I was conducting you.' The Count made a sign to the drivers, and, jumping into the carriage, was whirled away in the storm and darkness—fast—faster yet—from the castle of Moritzburg.

"The next morning a ghastly sight greeted the eyes of the under verderer, at the four cross roads in the centre of the forest. There lay upon a rude bier the warm bodies of Aurora Flemming and Agatha Fogel, their heads twisted over their shoulders, but strangely placid, and even smiling, in death. The Count George of Teckenheim, it is presumed, retired to his Bohemian estates, which, up to this time, have eluded the search of every court-geographer, from the days of Frederic Augustus I. down to our own.

"Thus," added the Marquis, "concludes the second appearance of this unearthly lover."

"The second,—true," said the Pole. "Is there to be a third, then?"

"It is generally believed so," replied De Carolan; "but you will remark that, whereas this personage required three victims on his first appearance, he was satisfied with two on his second."

"And I suppose," said the general, "will even be content with one the next time he visits the earth."

"You are right," said De Carolan, earnestly, almost solemnly. "He will be content with one, unless the charm be broken."

"And the time fixed for his third appearance?"

"This is, I believe, the year 1832," replied the Marquis, significantly, addressing his remark to Mademoiselle de Zehmen.

What might have been the young lady's reply it is impossible to say, when at that moment a loud knocking at the hall-door, and the simultaneous barking of some half-score dogs, gave notice of the arrival of a stranger. Monsieur de Zehmen hurried out, and in a

few minutes returned with the long-looked-for Ernest von Ternitz, vociferating,

"So, so—come at last. What a night to choose! Like you young students. Well, well, now we can order supper. Ladies and gentlemen, my nephew,—a distinguished scholar. Gretchen, my rose—Gad, I should rather say my lily—Eh! God bless me, the girl's off! Mamma, go and see what's the matter with the child. There—now you all know each other; come round to the fire, Ernest, and tell us how you got through the forest. Met the Earl King, eh?"

The young gentleman presented to our notice was tall, and not ungraceful in person; in face decidedly handsome; but, whether from study or any other cause, his features were "sicklied o'er" with a paleness absolutely cadaverous. His costume retained some fantastic recollections of student-days, being in make and mode more becoming than the hideous fashion of our days warrants, and in colour of a sombre hue, either black or very dark green. His long black hair was permitted to fall in curls on his shoulders; his throat was bare. Altogether, he was far from being an every-day looking person, and I inwardly congratulated Mademoiselle de Zehmen on the appearance at least of her "bridegroom."

De Ternitz proved a valuable addition to our circle. To me there was something attractive in his very melancholy, the result of temperament, and the nurse of numberless spirit-stirring fancies, which he would unfold to us in language of affecting eloquence. That he should reserve some special revelations for his beautiful cousin was not to be wondered at; but they did not appear to call forth a corresponding confidence on her part. Mademoiselle de Zehmen seldom spoke in his presence, was usually confined to her room with a most pertinacious headache, was most unfortunately prevented waltzing by an unlucky sprain, and was heard to declare she did not understand metaphysics, and could not bear men always to dress in the same colour, and that a dark one.

For all this, the preparations for the wedding went on, and all of us, except De Carolan, had accepted a pressing invitation to stay at Schloss Ritterfeldt till the ceremony was performed. There was to be a ball, and a concert, and a play,—in short, every thing usual on these occasions; and the journeys to Dresden, in search of all possible and impossible things, became matter of daily occurrence. We pitied De Carolan that he was pledged to meet a stiff family party at Paris. Under all circumstances, however, he preserved admirable composure, gaily saying, "He never meant to be at any wedding but his own, and not at that, if he could help it."

It wanted but a week to the wedding-day when he left us, and after his departure we saw still less of the bride. De Ternitz bore the lady's caprices philosophically, passing his days in huge rambles over the country, his evenings in reading, or playing chess with the general. Just three days before *the* appointed one, as we were assembling at breakfast, Mademoiselle de Zehmen's maid rushed frantically into the room, exclaiming her young mistress was gone. I need not describe the agitation of her parents, because that was in a great measure calmed by a letter directed to them found on her table. Its contents may be imagined from one the post brought me the same morning from De Carolan. I trust I am committing no great breach of confidence in transcribing this latter document.

"My dear Friend,

"I owe you, and our late pleasant *réunion* of the Schloss Ritterfeldt, some explanation of my conduct. To be candid, I half fear your confounded English penetration has suspected me all along. Well, then, I will make a virtue of necessity, and confess the truth, lest even your sagacity should not save me from a far more injurious scandal.

"Soon after arriving at Ritterfeldt I fell a captive to the *naïve* charms of the lady you know as Mademoiselle de Zehmen, whom I shall be most happy to present to you as the Marquise de Carolan. In the course of our walks and rides I made this discovery, and one more besides, that for her intended Mademoiselle de Zehmen felt not merely indifference, but a kind of mysterious dread. At first her mystic apprehension, and vague, dreamy terror of one I believed to be a harmless German student, amused me, until my rising passion prompted me to turn this chimera to my own advantage. Here you have a clue to Henri de Carolan's altered deportment, his silence, his abstraction, and, above all, his interminable German legends, through which he obtained an influence which he might not have owed to more recognised methods of fascination. Ah! you have already seized it—you guess (hang your national talent of guessing!) my absence on the day of that frightful storm, and no less frightful ghost-story, means something. Yes; it means that, while resting at an auberge in the neighbourhood, I saw, myself unseen, De Ternitz enter, and heard him ask the way to the Schloss. As soon as I could, I secured my host's attention and his services. De Ternitz was told the family dined early, and the old gentleman did not like to be disturbed between dinner and supper. Meanwhile I hurried home, selected and adapted that remarkable narration you may remember for our evening's amusement, and tranquilly saw my rival appear, just at the proper moment to play the unconscious hero to a legend, which certainly did not add any *prestige* to his arrival.

"The rest you will easily surmise. Margaret confided to me her almost frantic abhorrence of this most impudent apparition. In return, while I proclaimed myself to be of right good flesh and blood, I avowed my concealed passion. I wrote to Paris, and enlisted my excellent sister Louise in our service. A week ago she arrived at Dresden, and accompanies us to Paris. We are to be married in ten days at the Hôtel Carolan, when I shall be most happy to see you, or any of our friends of the Schloss Ritterfeldt. By the way, I have good reason to think De Ternitz will be not a little obliged to me; for I believe he was not a whit more inclined to the family compact than his cousin. And his evident attentions to that very pretty Pole—"

Here I was interrupted by the Princess herself, who, it seems, had been looking over my shoulder.

"So, after all, poor Mademoiselle de Zehmen has been served like those unhappy ladies in the tale."

"How so?" said I.

"Why, it is clear her head has been turned; and I believe that was the catastrophe which overtook the brides of the insinuating Count Charnel, and the fascinating George of Teckenheim."

THE EFFIGY OF A WELSH PRINCE.

[By the old Church of Pennant Melangell (Montgomeryshire), formerly a noted sanctuary, lies the figure of an armed man, rudely carved in stone; it once covered the remains of Prince Edward, surnamed Drwyndwn, or the "broken-nosed," who, being put aside from the succession on account of this blemish, fled hither from the cruelty of his brother, and was killed, according to tradition, not far from the church. Some years since an old man insisted on being buried beneath this monument, which bears his rude initials near to the "Hic jacet Etwart" on the shield.]

They look'd upon his royal face, and saw
That Fate on Nature's mould had stamp'd a flaw;
They ask'd not if within that bosom beat
A heart where Virtue chose her sacred seat;
But from his brow the Cambrian crown they took,
And friends and flatt'rers—all—his side forsook:
They sent him from his royal fathers' hearth,
A homeless, branded wand'rer o'er the earth!

He came along these mountains bleak and bare,
Worn and deject, the victim of despair;
While tracking, bloodhound-like, his weary path,
Insatiate sped a jealous brother's wrath.
The gorge was wild; the stormy night fell fast,
Yet seem'd the toilsome distance nearly past;
Hope sought a spark amid her embers pale,
To light her course into that holy vale.

But vainly from her hospitable shrine
Did Melangell, protecting angel! shine:
Vainly to him those sheltering walls extend,
Though grim and grey, the welcome of a friend.
Lifeless they found him on the mountain drear,
His hound the only true heart watching near;
In Pennant's shade there lies a sculptured stone,
It bears the image of that warrior lone.

In Pennant's shade a happy infant plays;
He pulls the long grass from the mould'ring tomb;
His own bright locks with its green wreaths arrays,
Or bids fresh wild flowers o'er the warrior bloom.
He loves to gaze upon those features grim,
That shield which guards the once defenceless breast;
No blemish reigns in that pale face for him,
A mystic type of never-ending rest.

By Pennant's church strays one of thoughtful years;
He stands and looks upon the time-worn grave;
From its aged stone the damp, green moss he clears,
And vainly seeks each long-loved trace to save.
'Tis Autumn! yet those sculptured features lie
Still as when first in spring and youth he came;
He thinks how hope and joy, like flowers, pass by,
But grief and death are ever found the same!

By Pennant's crumbling church, the old man pleadeth,—
"Lay me to rest beneath this rude carved tomb;
My name no list of Fame or Fortune feedeth,
Yet may a royal grave afford me room.
My life, like his who moulders here, was lone;
Its calmest moments in this shade were past;
My truest friend hath been this form of stone;
Oh! let me share his silent home at last!"

Janet W. Wilkinson.

THE TEMPTED.

The rain fell heavily against the window-panes; the night was not only dark and gloomy, but a thick, black vapour seemed actually to penetrate into the interior of the mansion, the inhabitants of which were now locked in profound slumber. Not a single light appeared throughout the whole city of Brest, save in the windows of a large, square, dismal-looking building which stood on the left bank of the port. This edifice is the Bagne, or fatal prison, in which the captives, doomed to perpetual labour, are left to waste their useless sighs, or vent their idle execrations.

In an upper room of that portion of this establishment, used as an hospital, a young man, in the undress uniform of a surgeon in the French navy, sat reading. He seemed so absorbed in his studies that he took no notice of the pattering rain, or the fast decay of the lamp, which dimly lighted the book before him. On a sudden he started up, and carrying on the thread of the argument he had apparently been following, he exclaimed aloud, "True, true; the poor do but *live*, they do but *exist*, drag on a few miserable years, and then sink unheeded into a noisome grave. Riches alone can bring pleasure, and make each hour we live an age of enjoyment. Cursed is the lot of him unblessed by fortune! At twenty-seven years of age, here am I, doomed to a life of poverty, destined to pass my days in this miserable hospital! The author is right." And again De Launay plunged into his studies.

His task was, however, soon broken in upon by the entrance of one of the infirmary men, who came to inform him that "number seven had just breathed his last." Without the slightest emotion, save a shade of annoyance, which instantly stole over his countenance at this interruption, the young surgeon rose, and approached the double row of iron beds, each bearing the number of its tenant; for in the infirmary of the Bagne no prisoner bears a name. A single cipher stands for the appellative the convict has disgraced.

De Launay stopped when he came to "number seven." He drew down the sheet, which had been thrown over the face of the corpse, and gazed at it with deep interest. He placed his hand upon the head, and contemplated the form before him for some instants, then, as if struck with a sudden desire to ascertain some anatomical point, he ordered the body to be instantly carried into the dissecting hall. The wretched remains were those of one whose phrenological developments might have proved a study of deep interest. Condemned to hard labour for life, for robbery, and attempt to murder, Pierre Cranon had now been an inmate of the prison for upwards of ten years—ten years of continual study how to escape. No less than sixty times had the unhappy man endeavoured to get away, and sixty times had he been detected and punished. For several months previous to his last illness had Cranon been bound to his labour by chains weighing some thirty pounds; every vigilance had been exercised by his guards to prevent the possibility of his flight, and yet the idea of escape haunted his imagination, and became a never-dying, never-yielding monomania. The pain, however, of his increased fetters, at length brought on a sullen despair. His strict confinement within the walls undermined

his health, and wore out the last remnant of his miserable days. He pined; he sickened; and, withering, sank.

The attendants re-entered with a bier, on which they placed the body, and carried it, as desired, into the dissecting-room. The anatomical hall of the Bagne, but rarely used, was still more horrible in its appearance than such places usually are. Strewed about lay several human limbs, thrown carelessly aside, half-eaten by the rats. Several shreds of human flesh, already putrid, clung to the large marble table used for dissecting, while the foot occasionally slipped as it glided through some filthy pool of half-coagulated blood. Near an open window hung a skeleton, which had already lost some of its parts, and which moved up and down, creaking and almost cracking as the breeze swung it about.

Although accustomed to such scenes, De Launay felt a chill steal through his frame, a nervous sensation, hitherto unknown to him, but now brought on by the dreary damp of the horrid amphitheatre, whose terrors seemed to dance in grim array, as the flaming light kept waving in the breeze. The young surgeon quickly produced his instruments, and approached the corpse. The dreadfully attenuated frame, the lacerated ankles, where the iron had actually eaten into the flesh, all lay displayed before him, and he paused for a moment. De Launay, seizing his dissecting-knife, was about to plunge it into the body, when a slight movement of the arm made him start back; in another instant, Cranon opened his eyes, and slowly raising himself, peered anxiously around. The young surgeon stood aghast; profiting by this, the prisoner quietly but quickly started up, and rushed towards the window. In a moment De Launay saw the artifice; he darted on the unfortunate wretch, and attempted to throw him down. The love of life, the hope of liberty for a moment lent their whole force to the miserable captive. A deadly struggle took place, in which youth and vigour gained the mastery, and Cranon lay at the mercy of De Launay, who placed his knee upon his chest.

"Your attempts are useless; you are in my power. A single call will bring the guard. Say, then, what means this fresh, this mad attempt at escape?"

"For the love of God, let me go! Surely my escape cannot hurt you, and the Almighty will reward you for the good deed. Nay, do not spurn the prayers of a miserable old man."

"What! think you I will connive at such a thing?"

"Just Providence! think what I've suffered! ten long years of misery, and now two months of cherished hope thus crushed in a moment. I, who for three days refused all food, in order to become ill, and be admitted into the infirmary; I, who counterfeited death so well that even you were deceived. But no, no; you will not detain me. Good Monsieur de Launay, you have a heart. Oh, give me, then, my freedom."

"Why are you so desirous of obtaining it?"

"Why? Ah! you have never been a prisoner, a prisoner for life, or you would never ask why I desire liberty."

"But how would you gain a livelihood? You are too old, too weak to work. You would starve."

The captive smiled; an almost disdainful sneer of triumph curled his lip, as he replied, "I am richer than yourself."

"You?"——"Most true."

"You are indeed, then, fortunate." This was said with a degree of bitter irony, which, while it conveyed a doubt of the truth of the assertion, told plainly how highly the young surgeon estimated the gifts of fortune.

"Would you also be rich? I have enough for us both."

"Do you take me for a fool, that you thus endeavour to deceive me?"

"I tell you I can make your fortune."

"Some robbery, in which you would have me join?"

"No, not so; assist my flight, and I will place the money in your hands. I will give you half of all I have got."

"Silence, keep your falsehoods for those who are credulous enough to believe them, and come instantly back to the guard-house;" and De Launay attempted to look careless, though his ears had drunk in each syllable the prisoner had uttered.

"Why will you not believe me?" despairingly asked the captive. "On my soul, I lie not. How can I prove the truth of my assertion?"

"Show me your treasure."

"I have it not here. You know well I cannot have it in my possession. Let me go, and I swear you shall have your share of it."

"Thank you! thank you for nothing! I will instantly sign the receipt in full. So up, and in again!—up!" and he shook the wretched man.

Cranon groaned heavily. He pondered for a moment, and then suddenly exclaimed, in a tone which left no doubt on the mind of the young surgeon that he was speaking the truth, "Listen to me; so help me Providence, I possess the money I speak of. It is no fancy, no well-invented lie; I have a fortune enough to make us both rich. Now, say, if I prove this to be the fact, and consent to give you half, will you allow me to escape?"

"We'll see; go on."

"Not so, till you promise."

"Well, I suppose I may do so safely."

"Swear that you will."——"I swear."

"Well, then, on the beach at St. Michaels, just behind the rock of Irglas, in a pit six feet deep, ten years ago I hid an iron case, containing four hundred thousand francs in bank-notes."

De Launay started. "Where did you get that sum?"

"From a traveller we assassinated near the spot."——"Wretch!"

"Four hundred thousand francs," repeated the convict, with a voice of triumph, "is enough, I hope, for two,—enough to make us both happy. Say, will you have half?"

The young surgeon paused, then added in a tone of doubt, "The tale seems scarcely credible. You have been a prisoner here for upwards of ten years."

"Right; it is fully that time since Martin and I, being closely pursued, buried the treasure in the spot I have told you of. The very day after we were seized at Plestin, and brought here. Martin died within these walls last year, and left me the sole possessor of this important secret."

Nowithstanding all his endeavours to appear indifferent, De Launay had listened with deep attention to Cranon's recital. When he had ceased to speak, the young man remained perfectly silent for some time, seeming to balance in his own mind the probability of the story

he had just heard. Casting his eyes up for a single moment, he found those of the prisoner fixed on him. He blushed, and starting from his reverie, said, with an air of forced levity, which his former attention but too fully belied—

"Your story is well invented, but the theme is old. It won't do. These hidden treasures are a hackneyed subject, which even children laugh at now. Try and get up a better, a more probable one."

The convict shuddered. "You do not believe me?"

"I believe you to be a clever rogue, who might perhaps succeed in deceiving one less wary than myself."

Cranon threw himself on his knees. "Monsieur de Launay, for the love of God, believe me! I speak the truth; I can instantly find the spot, if you will only let me go and search for it."

"I will save you that trouble."

"Nay, then, I will give you two-thirds, two full thirds."

"Enough."

"Nay, I will also add the jewels, the trinkets; for there are also valuable jewels in the case."

"Silence! I have listened too long; get up, sir."

Cranon uttered a wild scream of despair, and threw himself on the ground again. The convict now rolled himself over in agonizing misery; he groaned in mental torture. De Launay seemed perplexed; an inward struggle agitated his bosom. Bad passions began to spring up and shake his purpose. On the one hand, his violent desire for riches made him almost hope the tale he had just heard were true, and in this case he would not hesitate to accept the prisoner's proposals; on the other hand, he feared he might be duped, and become a laughing-stock, despised, disgraced, for thus conniving at the escape of a convict. This last reflection overcame his every other feeling. He started up, and attempted, but without success, to drag Cranon towards the entrance. Foiled in this, he darted through the door, which he double-locked upon the prisoner, and rushing to the guard-house, obtained the assistance of a file of soldiers.

As he was unlocking the door, in company with the assistants he had brought, a sudden shot was fired; at the same moment a man, stripped perfectly naked, covered with blood, bounded past him. It was Cranon, who during his momentary absence had jumped out of the window, and been wounded by the sentinel on duty.

The unhappy man staggered a few paces, reeled, and fell a corpse into the arms of De Launay.

Badenwiller, an inconsiderable watering-place in the neighbourhood of the Black Forest, is one of the most picturesque spots on the continent of Europe. Nature seems here to have taken a strange delight in amassing her richest charms, and concentrating her every beauty within a single valley. As its name indicates, Badenwiller boasts mineral baths, famed from the earliest ages.

The bathers who lodged at the "Ville de Carlsrhue," the best hotel in the place, were assembled beneath a little grove of acacias planted in the garden of the inn. Madame Perschof, with her only unmarried daughter, had just joined the group, from which the young bachelors shrunk with terror at the approach of this regular husband-hunting dame, who, having managed to procure partners for her three elder damsels elsewhere, had come hither for the purpose of entrapping another son-in-law. After a short salutation to each of the company, the

match-making parent sat down, and having made her spinster child take a place next to her,—for caution is always commendable in prudent mammas at strange watering-places,—the conversation, which had been interrupted for a moment by her arrival, again went on.

"I must confess," said a fat old lady, who occupied three chairs, "I must confess that the conduct of this Miss Morpeth is most strange. I cannot make out her coming here with a sort of a governess, travelling about unprotected in a strange country."

"Oh, that is nothing," interrupted a pseudo-blue-stocking lady. "I know the customs of these islanders well; for my husband subscribes to the British reading-room at Frankfort; and I can assure you that English young ladies always travel alone, or with their lovers."

"How very immoral!" exclaimed Madame Perschof.

"And this Englishman, this Mr. Burns, who follows the young lady about to every place she visits? It is all very well for her to call him an old friend of the family; but I know better than that. I've watched his attentions, and I am sure he is a lover."

"But he is old enough to be her father."

"So much the more likely to be a gallant. She is just the girl an elderly man would admire. I will be bound to say Mr. Burns is rich."

"How very horrible!" cried Madame Perschof. "I am but a poor lone widow; but, if I had a child like Miss Morpeth—"

"Yes, but you don't understand the character of these English," again chimed in the blue-stocking. "England is a free country; they have their 'habeas corpus,' and their hustings, which decidedly affect their manners."

"That is all very possible, though I don't understand it. But this I do know, the girl is a coquette, and has managed to turn Monsieur de Launay's head, a young man who might aspire to a far more beautiful and accomplished creature." And Madame Perschof looked approvingly at her buckram daughter.

"Hush!" cried the fat lady; "here he comes."

As she spoke, Edward de Launay approached. Apparently preoccupied by unpleasant reflections, he allowed the gesture of Madame Perschof to pass unheeded, although that gesture conveyed a direct invitation to the favoured gentleman to take a seat next to her fair daughter; but, taking his place at some distance from the rest of the company, he turned silently away, without deigning to cast another look on the fair Madame Perschof, and thus offended the worthy mamma, who, with some little acerbity, asked, "How it was that Monsieur de Launay was not on duty, keeping guard over the lovely Fanny Morpeth?"

"Miss Morpeth does not go out to-day: she is far from well."

"Indeed! I think you are wrong. I am almost sure I saw her pass some hours ago."

"I learned this from Miss Morpeth herself, in answer to a solicitation on my part to accompany her on an excursion we had planned last evening."

"Is it so? Then you are not the favoured one I thought you. Behold!"

And, with a glance of triumph, Madame Perschof pointed to Miss Morpeth, who just then entered the grove mounted on a donkey. She had evidently returned from a long country ramble. Mr. Burns ac-

companied her on foot. De Launay started up, while his countenance betrayed surprise and mortification. Miss Morpeth blushed, and, hurrying past, entered the hotel without speaking to any one. Mr. Burns was following her, when De Launay, seizing him by the arm, begged for a few minutes' private conversation. The Englishman instantly assented, and they at once sought the retirement of the neighbouring wood. Suddenly De Launay stopped.

"You, doubtless, know my reason for thus seeking a private interview?"

"Perhaps I do."

"You cannot be ignorant that I love, adore Miss Morpeth; that, to a certain extent, our affection is mutual; at least so I had every reason to believe, till you arrived here. Since that period her manner has changed; she is no longer the same."

"Surely a young lady has a right to consider well, and weigh the consequences, ere she enters into an engagement to marry a perfect stranger?"

"I scarcely understand you, nor your right to inquire; but if you seek the information, you shall have it. I am not ashamed of telling you who and what I am."

"I am all attention."

"I am a member of one of the oldest families in Brittany. My father, who commanded a frigate, died at Brest. Left an orphan at fifteen years of age, I became a surgeon in the French navy, a service I only quitted a year and a half ago. As to my fortune," and here his voice trembled as he added, "I possess four hundred thousand francs, of which I can give positive proof."

"All these assertions would doubtless be of great interest, and have their proper weight with the young lady. As far as I am concerned, mere statement is not sufficient."

"Sir, this language, these doubts are insulting."

"Rather call it prudence."

"By what right do you thus dare either to question or disbelieve me? You are a stranger to me yourself; I know not who you are."

"A friend, warmly interested in the young lady's welfare; nothing more."

"In my turn, may not I re-echo your doubts?—may I not declare such an explanation to be wholly unsatisfactory?"

"Sir, you will remember that I never sought this interview. You chose to make me your confidant: it was a post I did not seek. I have told you all I intend to tell you. If this does not suit you, I wish you a good morning."

At this moment Miss Morpeth appeared.

"I come, my dear, I come," said the Englishman; and he instantly joined Fanny, leaving De Launay to his further reflections:—Whether Miss Morpeth was a heartless coquette, who had played with his affections? By what tie she was bound to the laconic Englishman? Had the young surgeon's vanity misconstrued her good nature, and magnified her simple civilities into encouragement? Was the whole a dream? or was she really attached to him? For the life of him, De Launay could not decide in his own mind.

When De Launay saw Miss Morpeth in the evening, he assumed all the coldness, the distance of an injured lover. He even attempted to conceal his jealousy by appearing to flirt with Mademoiselle Pers-

chef, to the no small delight of her proud mamma, who occasionally came to the relief of her blushing daughter by a chance allusion to her uncle the burgomaster, a hint about family portraits, and a mere glance at her child's great accomplishments.

Fanny looked grave, but not angry. Day after day rolled past; her melancholy seemed to increase, an anxious excitement lighted her countenance, and on more than one occasion De Launay saw her rush with peevish impatience to meet the man who was employed to bring the letters to the hotel. At length the wished-for epistle reached her hands. Pale as marble, she received one morning a packet bearing the post-mark "Brest," and with trembling haste she flew to Mr. Burns, to whom it was directed, as if her whole existence depended on the contents of that missive.

De Launay saw this, and again his jealous fears were roused. In misery and anger he rushed from the house, and entering the well-shrubberied garden, threw himself on one of the benches, where, unseen by any one, he might mentally review his misfortunes, jealous lest some prying eye should read his thoughts, and discover the pain he felt at being thus slighted, cast off, in favour of another. Here he had not sat long, when a fairy hand was placed on his shoulder, and the well-known tones of his loved Fanny were heard to utter his name. He started up: it was no vision. There stood the girl he loved, smiling on him with pure affection; then before him was the rapturous gaze of her, who, while she offered him one of her lovely hands as a token of restored affection, held up to his view, with tantalizing archness, the very letter which had caused him so much uneasiness.

They exchanged a single sentence, and were again the fondest, the most affectionate of lovers. A few more words, and, without alluding to its contents, Miss Morpeth handed him the letter, which he eagerly read.

"TO MR. BURNS.

"Sir,

"I have, as directed, made every inquiry relative to the person you mention. He is the only son of the late Captain de Launay, who died in this city in 1820. His Christian name is Edward. He became a naval surgeon—appointed five years ago as assistant in the Bagne—quitted on the 8th of April last year, having, it is said, inherited a large fortune from a distant relation, name unknown. Bears a good character, and said to be skilful. Description copied from the police-office, as per margin.

"Your obedient and humble servants,

"Rochfort & Co."

In an instant the blood rushed into the face of the indignant young man.

"Am I to be made the object of inquiries like these? Never, never! If it is at such a price—if I am to be taken only on the faith of such documents as these, to become the husband of Miss Morpeth, ten thousand times will I rather renounce them than be the pointed object of suspicion."

"Edward! this from you?"

"Alas! it will break my heart; but by Heaven it shall not pass unpunished. I will instantly seek out this officious Englishman."

"Stay, you know not what you do."

"Ay, but too well do I know that he is your lover."

"On my soul, not so."

"Tell me, then, tell me, I conjure you, how is it that he is thus mixed up in your welfare?"

"Nay, I beseech you, inquire not. After to-morrow, I pledge myself to clear up this mystery. Suffice it to say at present, he is a relative, a near and dear relative, whose name must remain concealed for a few days, till the fate of an officer he has wounded be ascertained. Wait but a little, dearest Edward, and there shall be no concealment between us."

The term "dearest Edward" at once softened the young Frenchman. The half explanation, the assurance that Mr. Burns was a relative pleased him; and, though he thought it dignified to keep up a small degree of apparent rancour about the letter, the contents of which, after all, were not disagreeable, De Launay felt perfectly happy. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that in less than ten minutes the said letter, Mr. Burns, Mademoiselle Perschof, and the whole world were forgotten.

To their great surprise, the bell sounded, and summoned them to their evening repast, ere they seemed to have conversed five minutes.

"And must we part, dearest Fanny?—so soon, too. Promise to see me here again at the same hour to-morrow." The happy and now lively girl assented. "Till then, sometimes think on me. But stay—a happy idea—bear some token that will remind you of me in my absence."

"That is unnecessary, Edward."

"Nay, nay, not so; it will please me—here." And he took a small casket from his pocket. "The cameo has long been in our family: accept it as a token that my parent now looks down from heaven on our love."

And he fastened the rich ornament in her scarf. In truth, I must confess I believe he imprinted a chaste kiss on the fair cheek of her he adored, as he entered with her into the saloon in which the evening meal was served.

The greater number of persons were assembled together in a little knot, talking of some discoveries lately made in Africa; while the female portion were expressing their terror at the dangers which every man must incur who travels through an uncivilized country. This little *coterie* Edward instantly joined, and was soon mixed up in their conversation; while Miss Morpeth approached Mr. Burns, who sat at the opposite end of the room, apparently in a deep reverie. As Fanny drew near to him he rose, and advanced to meet her. Scarcely, however, had he taken a single pace towards her, than, starting back with a look of horror, pointing at the same time to the brooch she had just received, he said—

"Where did you get that ornament?"

The poor girl blushed. She had unconsciously betrayed her secret.

"Where did you get that brooch?" repeated Mr. Burns, in a tone of extreme agitation; "where did you purchase it?"

"It was a present."

"From whom?" Fanny was silent. Doubtlessly from Monsieur de Launay? Ah, it is so, is it? Then are my worst fears confirmed."

"I do not understand you."

"Allow me to look at it."

She handed it to him; he examined it carefully, turned it over several times, then touching a spring at the back, the setting flew open, and discovered some hair placed inside it.

"I thought I could not be deceived; and yet his age almost staggers me. Tell me, Miss Morpeth, did Monsieur de Launay state where he obtained this trinket?"

"It is a family jewel: his mother left it to him."

"He told you so—you are quite sure?"

"Most perfectly so."

For a few moments the Englishman was plunged in thought; then, suddenly recovering himself, he approached the group of talkers, who were still speaking of the dangers which surrounded those who ventured into savage lands. He abruptly chimed in,

"Risk of life is not confined to the distant voyager: I have experienced this myself in Europe."

"In England, perhaps," replied De Launay, somewhat displeased at being interrupted.

"You are wrong, sir; it was in France, that country so proud of its high state of civilization. I was nearly assassinated twelve years ago."

"Indeed! How did it happen?"

The chairs of the ladies were drawn close round the narrator.

"Mine is a very simple, straight-forward tale, though it is one I can never forget, or cease to feel, since it has had an effect both upon my health and fortune. Having disembarked at Brest, where we had put in from stress of weather, I determined on proceeding through Brittany on to Paris by post. I was quite alone, and carried a pocket-book containing four hundred thousand francs in bank-bills. In the course of our journey we had to cross the sands of St. Michael."

At the mention of this, De Launay started, and turned deadly pale. He lent his undivided attention, while the Englishman, who had closely watched him, continued—

"When we arrived at this spot the shades of night had already begun to obscure the horizon. The damp sand returned no echo to the footfall of the horses, or the roll of the wheels. The white surf of the receding tide, the murmur of the waves, the wildness of the scene, threw me into a deep reverie. Suddenly we came in view of a rock which stands boldly in the middle of the beach, like an Egyptian pyramid. I lowered the glass, and asked the name; the postilion turned round, and replied, 'The Irglas:' scarcely was the word uttered, when he fell from his horse, struck down by a ruffian, whom I now clearly perceived. I instantly jumped from the carriage. In another instant a blow from an unseen hand laid me senseless, bathed in my blood."

A general murmur went round the auditors. De Launay stood like a statue, immovable, and as pale as death.

"When again recovered, I found myself in a fisherman's hut. He had discovered me apparently without life, and having transported me to his cottage, had taken care of me. The postilion was found quite dead, and the carriage rifled."

"And have you never been able to trace the assassins?" asked several voices.

"As yet all attempts to do so have failed. I think, however, I have

at length discovered a clue," and he looked straight at De Launay; "one of the objects stolen was a jewel-case, containing several rich trinkets of peculiar make; amongst others a brooch, the very counterpart of the one I now hold in my hand."

In an instant every one was busily engaged in examining the brooch, of which Mr. Burns still retained possession. One individual alone seemed indifferent to the subject, Edward de Launay, who, evidently fainting, was leaning against the opposite wall.

"Good Heaven! see, what is the matter with Monsieur de Launay? What can this mean?" cried a well-intentioned friend.

"I'll tell you!" sternly replied Burns; "it is—"

"Father, for Heaven's sake, stop!" cried Fanny, throwing herself into his arms, and interrupting him. "Stop, as you value your child!" and she sank insensible on his shoulders.

"Her father! he — her father! great God! then I am lost!" and with one bound Edward rushed frantically from the room.

Miss Morpeth was carried to her chamber. A violent fever, accompanied by spasms, was the immediate consequence, and a surgeon was instantly sent for from the neighbouring town. At length she fell into an uneasy slumber, and her father took advantage of the opportunity to enter the next room, where he had a letter to finish. Scarcely had he begun the task when the door opened quietly, and De Launay entered. The first impulse of Burns was anger and indignation; but when he saw the humble, the self-abased attitude of the young surgeon, who approached him as one conscious of his own degraded position, the good-hearted Englishman checked the harsh term, which was already on his tongue, and awaited the address of the intruder.

"My visit is unexpected," murmured Edward, in a low voice.

"It is true; assassins are usually more prudent."

"Were I one I might be so. I came to offer you a full explanation." Mr. Burns was silent, but cast a look of doubt on the young Frenchman.

"Nay, sir, you will have no cause to disbelieve my statement. I confess myself to be, if not exactly criminal, yet quite culpable enough to satisfy the malice of my bitterest enemy. As to any participation in the crime of which you were the victim, these certificates will exempt me, since they prove that I was employed on board a frigate in the South Seas at the time the misfortune happened to you." And he laid some official documents before Mr. Burns, who expressed some suspicion at this testimony in favour of him he had supposed to have been an assassin, and he cautiously demanded—

"Whence, then, this cameo? You appeared evidently overcome by my late recital. Though you did not commit the deed, I fear you were cognizant of it."

"I was aware of it."

"You gave this brooch to my daughter, as a trinket belonging to your family; am I, then, to understand that it was a member of—"

"By no means," interrupted Edward, "my family has always been honourable and honoured."

"Unfortunate young man! how, then, have you become an accomplice?"

"By inheritance. Listen, sir; I will hide nothing from you." And he at once stated the whole truth to Mr. Burns. When it was concluded, the Englishman pondered; but ere he had time to speak, De

Launay rose, and added, "Your four hundred thousand francs are placed in the funds. Here are the vouchers; I have by this act transferred them to your name; and here, sir, is the case, which contains the rest of the property, for which, in an unlucky hour I have bartered honour, life, and happiness."

"Sir, this extraordinary explanation, this sudden restitution of property, lost, but for you, for ever, has filled me with such conflicting ideas, that I scarcely know whether to reproach you or load you with grateful acknowledgments. I cannot, however, conceal from you that I think you have committed a great fault."

"Say crime; crime is the word. I was too weak. It is true I strove with the tempter for some time after the death of Cranon; but, alas! the evil spirit, Ambition, was too strong, and I fell a victim to it. I obtained the treasure I sought; but it has been at the expense of peace and repose; for, since the moment I became possessed of it, I have not known a happy hour.

For a moment the miserable young man seemed racked with pain; but after an instant's pause he continued—

"But I will not trouble you farther. I have, perhaps, already said too much. I will now retire; most probably we shall never meet again." He took a pace towards the door, then stopped, and in a voice of humble appeal, again addressed the Englishman: "No, sir, you will never see me more; this farewell may be looked upon as the farewell of a dying man. Oh! sir, if I dared to ask it, dared to hope for it—one single word with *her* before we part for ever. But no; I see you think me unworthy of this happiness. I go," and he was turning to leave, as Fanny suddenly threw open the door, and appeared before them.

"What do you here? Begone! return to your room, I insist."

"Ah, sir; you deny me this last consolation, this fleeting happiness." He turned to Fanny. "You shed tears. May Heaven bless you! My prayers shall follow you, though I shall never behold you more."

"I have heard all," sobbed Miss Morpeth.

"You then despise me?"

"No, not so!" cried the wretched girl, and, flying to him, she threw herself into his arms. For a moment their mingled sobs could only be heard. Mr. Burns approached to separate them, when Fanny, suddenly disengaging herself, stood erect before him and sternly exclaimed—

"Father, I have sworn to be his."

"Are you distracted?"

"I will keep my vow. I am his for ever."

"Sir, as you value your life, give up my daughter," and he approached De Launay.

"Stay!" suddenly cried Fanny, her feelings wrought up to a point of excitement almost beyond endurance, and suddenly throwing herself on her knees between them, she burst into tears. "Stay, father. I have been your child, your affectionate child. I have loved, I have venerated you; but from this moment Edward is my husband. Cast him off, if you will; I will follow him; I will share his exile, and endeavour to console him for your unkindness. In misery, in illness, in poverty, I am his for ever. Renounce me, if you will; nothing shall change my purpose;" and she sprang up, and encircled De Launay with her arms.

Frantic almost to madness, her father rushed towards her, and at-

tempted to tear her away; then turning to the young Frenchman, he raised his hand as if about to strike him.

"Stay, sir; I can permit no violence. Fear not that I am about to rob you of this angel. No, sir; you ought to have known me better. Remove your daughter quietly, but quickly. Cannot you see I am dying?"

The lovely girl uttered a piercing cry, and clung still closer to him. He looked up; he smiled; he attempted to draw her closer to his breast as his head fell on her marble shoulder.

De Launay was no more!

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Oh! who, in these days of stocks, railroads, debentures,
First-rate investments, and promising ventures,
Will pity a lover, and tell him some plan
To make money, and woo thee, my sweet Mary Anne!

Though sometimes I swear that my love I 'll confess,
One glance at my purse serves my vows to repress,
For I own that I feel as if under a ban;
I'm a regular pauper, my sweet Mary Anne!

If I ever make salt to my broth by the bar,
And her sweet little self will but say, "Ask mamma,"
In spite of Old Nick and that vagabond, Dan,
Hurrah for the union—with dear Mary Anne!

Don't talk of Achilles, Leander, or Romeo,
Or else into fits I 'm quite certain you 'll throw me—oh!
Ten times their flames were a flash in the pan
To the love that I feel for my sweet Mary Anne.

Colds, scolds, and blue devils, e'en duns, I 'd defy;
Let balls, races, dinners, unheeded pass by;
No despot I 'd envy, Chinese or Affghan,
Could I win but a smile from my sweet Mary Anne!

No! the best of all husbands I swear that I 'd make,
(Faith, I 'd swear black was white if thy love were the stake,)
And enraptured live on through this life's narrow span
In thy arms, my own love! my own sweet Mary Anne!

But in raptures, you 'd say, love will soon disappear,
And, boylike, fly elsewhere, e'er life 's in the sere;
He shall strip off his wings, and spring up into man,
Let him take but my likeness, my sweet Mary Anne!

Must I still, when next season we meet, act a part,
With a smile on my lips, and a sigh in my heart;
Talk of anything, nothing, or carry your fan,
While you dance with another, my sweet Mary Anne?

Ah! my candle is just burning out in the socket,
And my bottle is empty, and so is my pocket;
So I 'll turn into bed, go to sleep if I can—
If I do, I shall dream of thee, dear Mary Anne!

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON LIFE.

BY J. FISHER MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF LONDON."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LIFE IN LODGINGS.

Q. How long do you stay in town?
A. Ten guineas.—Connoisseur.

When a man goes looking for lodgings, he is like one of those soldier-fish, who, having found one shell inconvenient, wanders along the shore, popping his head into every unoccupied periwinkle, in search of another, and so goes on, till at length he finds himself fitted to his heart's content. Looking for a friend, for your own money, for a situation, are bad enough, but there is something pathetic in looking for lodgings — for a home, for a place wherein to lay your head. Few set out upon such an expedition unless they happen to be thoroughly steeled by long experience of lodgings, without that sensation of sinking at the heart it has often been our lot to experience on the like occasions. Uncertainty of how you will be treated; fear of falling among unkind, careless, or dishonest people, strange faces, and the thousand annoyances of change of place, make one feel much like going to be married, or hanged, or any other frightful possibility. First, the experienced lodging-hunter narrowly scans the street he thinks of settling in; avoiding, like the pestilence, streets with gin-shops at the corners; he studies the physiognomy of street—for streets in London, like every thing else, have their physiognomies, — and concludes it a respectable, quiet street, of moderate means, and good behaviour. The houses are not at loggerheads, but stand together in brotherly love; the wood-pavement and asphalte madness have not yet tattered to pieces its respectable, old established paving-stones; besides, the street is so happily situate as to be the shortest way to nowhere. Its gas-lamps are in goodly order, and fire-plugs, freshly painted, adorn either end; the area-rails are neat and clean, the footway firm and entire; you never see, so quiet is this street, more than three foot-passengers, one hack-cab, one servant-of-all-work, at one and the same time.

But it is necessary not merely to see that your street is quite correct; you must make also a careful survey of the immediate neighbourhood. Perhaps a cabstand of retired habits may lurk unobserved immediately round the corner; its attendant cocks and hens may be in the habit of making nocturnal excursions into your favourite street, and it is not impossible that the learned fraternity of cab-drivers may select their *arena*, or battle-ground, immediately under your bedroom window.

Thus, it is possible that a thieves' alley, or St. Giles's in little, may lurk at the rear; observe, then, that no semi-subterranean entry emerges from these retreats anywhere in your street; notice, moreover, carefully, whether many-windowed manufactories usurp the place of coach-houses and stables, to the utter discomfiture of your quiet, by noise of perpetual hammers, or buzz of wheels within

wheels. Enquire whether your intended neighbourhood may not be frequented by medical students; three of these gentry are *quantum suff.* to annoy and disturb a whole parish of lodgers; therefore beware of the vicinage of the great hospitals, or the London University.

Having settled the street to your satisfaction, next take a look at the physiognomy of your particular house; see that its eyes are not bleared by dust, and that its mouth (by which matter-of-fact folks will understand the hall-door) is, with all its appurtenances, frappant and tintinabulant, shining bright, and in scrupulous order. See that the door-step is white as snow; hence, with other things, may you conclude that cleanliness is part of your landlady's religion. Have a care that there is not a brass-plate on the hall-door, with a separate bell; this indicates an artist, dentist, or musician on the second floor, or physician in the parlours, with semi-genteel wife, swarm of brats, and no money.

We have known a bill in the window placed awry, a soiled blind, or a cracked pane, turn away very desirable lodgers; and, although these things are trifling in themselves, yet they are trifles indicating which way the household wind blows.

When you knock at the door, take out your watch, and calculate how long you are kept waiting before it is opened; if you are obliged to knock twice, or if you hear a mysterious clatter upon the stairs preliminary to letting you in, you may conclude that the lodgings will not suit.

Look sharp at the countenance of the servant who opens the door; it is a mirror in which you see reflected the temper of your landlady; if your eyes meet a slip-shod, wishy-washy faced, depressed-looking creature, you may conclude her mistress is what is technically known in London as a "knife;" if, on the contrary, a well-coloured, rotund, tidy, plump, cheery-hearted-looking lassie appears, intimate, without further preface, your wish to see the lodgings.

If the lodgings suit, see the landlady whether *she* will; this is by far the most important matter of the two; for the best lodgings we ever had were taken without being seen, simply on the good faith of the countenance of our landlady.

There are three trades in which custom dispenses with serving an apprenticeship — school-mistresses, lodging-house keepers, and politicians. If a lady is reduced — or, as the phrase is, from having known better days, she comes to know worse,—she sets up lodgings, or a boarding-school; if a lord, he sets up ambassador, secretary, or head of a department. Change of circumstances is considered to be sufficient qualification; and an incapacity to succeed in one condition of life, makes a plea to undertake the duties of another. Success will altogether depend upon carrying into their new sphere a spirit and energy adapted to their new conditions; we speak now only of ladies; the very best, and very worst lodgings in London are kept by persons who have been reduced in circumstances, by the casualties of fortune. Some carry into their lodging-house the manners, deportment, and conduct, which render them equally respectable in their new capacity, as in that from which the accidents of fortune have compelled them to descend; others display the vanity and folly which render them more ridiculous in their new situation than in the old. It is with letting lodgings, as with every

thing else, those best succeed whose previous education and habits of life fit them for the avocation; hence, those lodging-houses presided over by persons who have been in service are generally most comfortable.

If, then, you like your landlady, and her terms, be as liberal as you can afford; have a care of *extras*, and be as rigorous as you please in settling what you shall have to pay for *them;* but it is judicious, in the matter of rent, not to attempt putting on the screw; for if you put on the *screw*, your hostess, depend on't, will take off the *lock!*

Insist upon having a street-door key; this puts an end to all sorts of nonsense about regular hours, and also is an act of humanity towards the poor servants who may be compelled, after the labour of the day, to await your return from the play, opera, or evening-party, half the night; if there is any demur upon this head, you may rest assured that you will not find yourself comfortable. It is by no means necessary, or, indeed, desirable, that you should be out late at night; but it *is* essential that you should be master of your own hours, and absolute in your comings and goings; for, if you are not permitted the social comforts and cheering influences of a home, it is hardly necessary for you to put yourself under petticoat government.

Insist, also, upon having cupboard keys, and begin as you will find it necessary to end, by locking every thing up. No doubt the landlady is strictly honest; we could not doubt it for a moment; Betty, too, carries in her face a perpetual open letter of recommendation; think what a sin it would be to throw temptation in the way of the rigorous virtue of Mrs. Smith, or to endanger, by promiscuous gin-bottle, or casual tea and sugar, the immaculate character of Betty; therefore, I say, lock up—lock up.

The most curious phenomenon attendant upon London lodging-houses we have ever noticed, is that of spontaneous consumption.

Suppose a bottle of brandy arrives from your wine-merchant—(of course I mean the public-house at the corner, but wouldn't say so, except confidentially); you mix one tumbler, which just empties the *neck* of your bottle, replace the cork, put it in the cupboard, and lock it up; you dine the next day with your friend Snooks, the celebrated traveller; the third day Snooks dines with you upon tripe and onions; dinner over, you unlock your cupboard with all the confidence of a gentleman "not so easily done," taking out your loaf-sugar and brandy-bottle; holding the latter up to the light, you observe with surprise and horror that the brandy has spontaneously sunk in the bottle at least a quartern. You say nothing about it, lest Snooks should have the laugh at you, and conclude not to mention it to your landlady, lest she might think you a mean fellow.

This is what I call spontaneous consumption.

In like manner, when you purchase a pound of five-shilling mixed—your landlady's canister holds exactly a pound—you press it well into the canister, and find on shaking it, that the contents do not make any noise—in fact, the canister is full; you breakfast with Snooks, who is starting for Timbuctoo next morning, and return home to tea; taking down your canister, to accept the polite invitation of Ridgway and Co., whose bill requests you to "*try* their five-shilling mixed," you give it a shake, and discover that it *rattles!*

This is another case of spontaneous consumption. This mysterious law of nature affects sugar, which in the course of a couple of days we have known to evaporate from a pound of ninepenny down to not enough for breakfast; butter oozes imperceptibly through the sides of your boat, so that you cannot for the life of you make out what has become of the pound you paid for the morning before yesterday; coals, though of a heavy nature, fly off with wondrous rapidity, if you lay them in yourself; if your landlady provide them, you have only to wonder how coals came to be worth sixpence a scuttle-full.

Lodging-houses, like other commonwealths, have their peculiar taxes, levied "towards carrying on the war," upon the subjects of her majesty, Mrs. Smith, and generally collected by Betty. This amounts to from five to ten per cent. upon every article you require, or have occasion to send out for, and is something in the nature of a broker's fee, or transfer-tax. A pound of mutton-chops pays from a penny to twopence, according to the taste of the landlady—twopence if she cuts it fat; delicacies, such as fowl, game, or fish, considerably higher, — the taxation in these cases proceeding upon the income-tax principle, that you can afford it; a lobster is charged in your weekly bill not so much according to its freshness as your own; cabbages are taxed according to the greenness of the vegetable, and of the lodger.

Thus, whichever way you go to work, you are sure to be "done;" lay in your own consumables, they disappear by spontaneous combustion; send Betty for them, they pay Mrs. Smith tax; you can take your choice.

The leading feature of lodging-houses in London is the generally expressed, and acted up to determination not to permit you to have the slightest idea of home, or home-like comforts. Nobody has any business to be comfortable, except a married man; and if you choose to remain a bachelor, you must expect to be maltreated accordingly.

With what studied cruelty do not the advertisements of lodging-house keepers teem, in the daily prints! "Apartments for gentlemen who dine out,"—that is to say, who fly to gobble up their wretched meal at a "slap-bang" shop, and return to their apartments to forget their desolation in sleep! "Apartments for a gentleman who takes his meals abroad;" alluding to wretches who are handed out to a coffee-shop for their breakfasts; or, "A *comfortable* home for a gentleman who requires *no attendance*," and who will be sure to get notice to quit if he rings for a glass of water.

The indisposition of people who let lodgings to let you do more than sleep there, amounts almost to a prohibition; if you eat or drink you must pay for it, more ways than one; they rise *en masse* against a man who likes a domestic dinner, and utterly refuse to receive him who desires anything hot for supper; a lodger is not a human being—he is a first or second floor, a front parlour, or a two pair back; what right has he to courtesy, or kindness? how dare he expect a kettle to be kept for the purpose of supplying him with hot water? He pays twelve shillings a-week for his room and attendance, it is true; but then attendance means making his bed. What are coffee-shops and cook-shops for, if not for lodgers?

Poor devil! With difficulty having got your shaving-water—not

without murmurs from Betty, and some sharp "chin-whack" from the mistress,—concerning the trouble you give, you step into your shoes, for the polishing whereof you are to pay two-pence, and step out into bleak November fogs, in search of your breakfast. You pay by the cup, and by the bite, and every time you raise one hand to your mouth, you must dip the other in your pocket; having made your miserable meal, and paid, you take it out of the newspapers, and the stove, and luxuriate upon the fragrant odour of fat muffins and hot coffee. This is too good to last for ever; you have taken up another customer's place long enough; you must march. Away you go, padding along the greasy flags, whose well-kneaded mud has the consistence under your shoes of well-worked dough, to your business, if you have any; if not, to your reflections upon not having any—in which we by no means are desirous to participate.

Dinner-time comes, and you go; off through the miry streets again, directed by your pocket to where the largest *breads* are to be found, where you cannot see the pattern of the plate *very* distinctly through your Vauxhall slice of meat, and where you sometimes have the luck to see a plate of *three* indifferent potatoes.

You ascend the stairs, big with the noble rage of hunger. Calling for the paper, you meditate, while pretending to read, upon the state of the odds against the goodness of the day's corned beef, or boiled leg of mutton. You inquire of the waitress, whom you long ago have wisely propitiated by the donation of an additional penny, as to the condition of her mutton, and are informed generally that it is "a very good cut,"—a panegyric which that lady impartially bestows upon every article of the bill of fare, and which does not afford you very satisfactory information. You wait a little longer, ordering of the lounging pot-boy, from the public house over the way, a pint of the black decoction he dignifies with the good old English name of *beer;* the pot-boy brings his black draught, takes his three-halfpence, without thanks, — lingers three and a half seconds, in expectation of a halfpenny for himself, for even the pot-boy lives by lodgers,—and not getting it, whistles in your face, and *exit.*

You rummage, meanwhile, in the basket for a "*bread,*" of which five-and-twenty make a quartern loaf; you look for a crusty piece, but not finding one, you desire the waitress to bring it you; she, oblivious of the extra penny, but stimulated by that sort of gratitude which consists in a lively sense of favours to come, brings you your favourite crust, which you weigh carefully on the point of your fork, having, on the strength of the plate of an elderly gentleman opposite, decided on the mutton. Your eight-penn'orth arrives, and what is called a plate of greens—about as much as would nearly blind the eye of a canary—flanks your three potatoes. These last you cut carefully in halves, in order to return in good time a bad one, and get a better in exchange; and then to dinner with what appetite you may.

Pudding, salad, tarts, cheese, you eat or not, according to the state of your pocket-linings, which in these cases govern the most rebellious appetite; and having paid the "shot," and only a penny over for your friend the waitress, she regrets her civility in fetching you the bread, and wishes she had known, or you shouldn't have had *that* cut of mutton.

You are now in a condition to walk about the streets as before, return to your business, or take a glass of "something." If the last, you enter your favourite tavern; or, recommended by a briefless barrister, who knows where a capital four-penn'orth of gin is to be had, you adopt the opinion of the learned gentleman, and try the Fox and Geese. You have at least warmth, light, and shelter here, and such society as the place affords; but, on the other hand, you are expected to poison yourself—for the good of the house. You order the smallest possible dose, and discuss with the briefless barrister aforesaid, an M.A., and sundry other gentlemen lodgers, the merits of the gin, the defects of the government, and the totally wrong and vicious condition of public matters and things in general.

Perhaps you prefer to gin and talk, tea and muffin; you adjourn to the coffee-house, having first paid the tavern bill and tavern waiter; you read the evening paper, the review, or magazine; you pay here, and then you walk out, to pay for shelter somewhere else.

You return to the tavern; not that you wish to drink, but, oppressed with the desolation of your solitude, you have nowhere to go, no one to speak to, and as no private door is open to you, you open the door of the public house; you find there men desolate as yourself; there is a sympathy of loneliness among you; you know not one another's names, nor residences, nor occupations; but you know that they are lonely men, and you join them in their loneliness.

You gossip away the hours until midnight warns you to repose; pay again, not forgetting the waiter, and the cigars that you forgot before, and sundry other items forgotten before that; wind away, through street and square, towards the place you sometimes by mistake call *home;* tumble up to your apartment the best way you can, and forget, in a sound sleep, that you are a lodger.

Happy you who, warm in the snuggery of domestic life, rise from your comfortable fireside after your hearty breakfast, and proceed, light-hearted, to your daily task, returning thence in the sure and certain hope of as hearty a dinner, with plenty and to spare; every little nicety of your palate consulted by your careful spouse, and all the appliances and means to boot to make your meal nourishing, palatable, and pleasant. Then the clean-swept hearth, the cheerful, moderate domestic glass, not taken to pay for shelter, not swallowed because you *must* drink whether you like it or not;—consecrated to your household gods, you pour the temperate libation, while in converse with your friend,—such a friend as lodgings and taverns will never afford,—you pour out the story of your hopes and fears, gains and losses, your business over of the present day, and your plans for the business of the morrow.

When you go forth of your home, you leave your affections, as things sacred, not to be jostled and knocked about in contact with the rude world and worldly men; long ere you return you are strengthened and elevated by the thought that there is one "whose eye will mark your coming, and will brighten when you come." When the door of your house closes behind you, Care is left to find his way to the nearest tavern; you expand, you chirp, cricket-like, about your own fireside; your heart is glad, as your children welcome you with shouts of irrepressible delight; the silent household ministering of your wife is a secret joy; the face of your servant is

radiant with kindness towards you; your dog insists upon exchanging caresses; even grimalkin purring, expresses her delight that you are come; inanimate things, long sacred to the master's use, are pleasant in your eyes; looking triumphant round your little realm of *home*, you behold a thousand objects, trivial, yet familiar, that recal pleasant memories of the past.

PLEASURE'S VOYAGE.

PLEASURE took it in his head
Once upon a day to sail;
Sprung he from his rosy bed,
Bright the skies, and fair the gale.

Soon unmoor'd, his well-trimm'd bark
Launch'd he gaily from the shore:
Wit was there, a brilliant spark,—
Blither crew ne'er swam before.

Love at once began to steer;
Beauty with her presence graced;
And, to banish every fear,
Bacchus was for ballast placed.

Mirth and Song, away they row
O'er the bright and sunlit tide,
Where the snowy lilies grow,
By the noble lotus' side.

Pleasure never knew such bliss:
Bacchus pour'd Elysian draughts,
Beauty lull'd him with her kiss,
Love and Wit let fly their shafts.

Gaily o'er them flew the hours;
No one paused to mark their flight;
On their brows, entwined with flowers,
'Gan to rest the shades of night.

Still old Laughter shakes his sides;
Beauty wears her sweetest smile;
Song resounds; and Wit derides
Those who'll not with Pleasure sail.

Merrily they drift along;
Pleasure was in highest glee;
But an unmark'd current strong
Bore them downwards towards sea.

Bacchus, drunk, would mix his wine,—
Water from the stream he drew,
When his curses on the brine
Light upon the revellers threw.

Pleasure gazed, but far away,
Fast receding saw the strand;
Suddenly Wit ceased his play;
Beauty wish'd herself on land.

Pleasure, careless still and blind,
While his gay confreres were nigh,
Heeded not the rising wind,
Heeded not the dark'ning sky.

On they roll'd 'midst swelling waves,
Sunken rocks were 'neath their lee:
Drunken Bacchus wildly raves;
Suddenly they shipp'd a sea.

Beauty scream'd, blithe Mirth and Song
Ne'er such sadness felt before;
Pleasure, in his madness strong,
Shouted loud, nor thought of shore.

Dangers thicken'd round them fast;
Billows raged, a tempest blew;
Night her mantle o'er them cast;
In their course a quicksand grew.

Hush'd was every sound of glee;
All, save Pleasure, stood prepared
O'er the madden'd waves to flee;
Pleasure only idly stared.

From his wings Love shook the spray,
(Ever first to fly distress,)
And tow'rds land he led the way;
Beauty next arranged her dress.

Wit, the callous, rude ingrate,
Heedless of the victim's cheer,
Left him to his gloomy fate;
Left him with a biting sneer.

Mirth sank 'neath the boiling brine;
Song, whose strains infernal grew,
Outcast of the tuneful nine,
Fled, in shape a wild sea-mew.

Bacchus was the last to move;
First he emptied every flask;
Then, his oft-vow'd love to prove,
Sheer'd off on an empty cask.

Wisdom came—how oft, too late!
Reason shines when hope is dead!—
Loudly Pleasure wail'd his fate,
Heaping curses on his head.

Folly's snares were now reveal'd,
Faithless friends too well were tried;
Flowers no more their stings conceal'd,
Loving tongues no longer lied.

All in vain the vision new;
Vows were vain of alter'd life;
Mountain billows o'er him flew;
Pleasure sank amidst the strife.

W. LAW GANE.

SKETCHES OF LEGENDARY CITIES.—No. II.

SHREWSBURY.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

The poet Churchyard, who was a native of this town, and a celebrated recorder of all *worthiness*, speaks of Shrewsbury as of a place polished and refined, and, with more truth than good grammar, thus remarks of the inhabitants,—

> These meeke folke that meets you in the street
> Will curchie make, or shows an humble spreet.

It is curious that the character for civility which they enjoyed in the time of Elizabeth should belong to them at the present day, and should be so evident, that a stranger has scarcely been an hour in the town before he has cause to acknowledge that the people of Shrewsbury deserve their reputation. Equally is it to be observed, that from early time the cakes and ale of Shrewsbury have been famous; and all the creature comforts it affords are now, as formerly, peculiarly excellent in their quality.

The town is placed in a fine position, on elevated ground above the Severn; the air is fresh and healthy, the views animated and cheerful, the streets in general wide and clean, and not one of them without its interest. Here are as many strange old houses, carved, and striped black and white, as at Chester; and, though there are no *rows*, as in that singular town, the buildings are quite as well worthy of attention, and the history of the town as exciting and entertaining. It seems as if Shrewsbury belonged in an especial manner to Shakspeare. Prince Henry, Glendower, Hotspur, and Falstaff are continually called to mind; and, though the identical "Shrewsbury clock," by which the fat and valiant knight asserted that he fought, has now disappeared, there are records of it still; and few of the memorials belonging to the period of those wars, which the immortal master has made familiar as household words, are lost.

The oak of Owen Glendower flourishes still in its decay; a few turrets of the castle still surmount the highest point of the town; the Council-house still overlooks the rapid river, and the school which reared Sir Philip Sydney and Fulke Greville stands proudly as ever. The trees still wave before the house of the gallant Benbow; and of the host of ecclesiastical buildings few, in comparison with other towns in England, are swept away.

Here did the newly-discovered art of printing first meet with encouragement; and here did learning flourish, as it still does, in the famous grammar-school which Camden, in his time, called the largest in the kingdom. Giraldus speaks with great satisfaction of the comfortable accommodations he met with at Shrewsbury, which he seems particularly to enjoy, as most travellers do after a long journey, and in his case a tedious one, taken by him in attendance on Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, over the bleak and barren mountains of Wales.

Few places in England can boast of a finer public walk than that called The Quarry, which extends along the banks of "Sabrina Fair." It is a magnificent grove of singularly large and luxuriant limetrees, planted in stately avenues, and spreading over a space of twenty-three acres. The ground slopes to the river, and the line of the avenues is broken here and there by groups of horse-chestnuts, and other trees of graceful growth. On the opposite shore rises a woody amphitheatre, where, on the sloping lawns, were once played those wonderful mysteries and moralities for which the town of Shrewsbury was famous; nor did this spot cease to be a theatre when such monkish pastimes were discontinued; for the Dry Dingle, as it is called, formed a stage for the young actors of the free schools up to a very late date. An annual pageant formerly enlivened these banks, and the goddess of the river

> "Listened, where she was sitting
> Under the glassy, cool, transparent wave,"

to the mirthful sounds which accompanied "Shrewsbury show," when, on Corpus Christi day, the guilds came with banners and ensigns displayed, and accompanied by monks and priests in solemn procession, celebrated the great festival; or afterwards, when the religious part of the ceremony was omitted, often have

> "The water-nymphs that in the bottom play'd"

been startled to hear the quips and cranks of the merry weavers and mercers, and their fellows, as they sat in their respective "arbours," each decorated with their arms, and kept up the revels till break of day. Little care had they to provide the enjoined "mede of wax," which of old they were obliged to furnish the church withal. The day became one solely devoted to gaiety; but, as refinement has increased, the custom has fallen into disuse, and the pretty mount of Kingsland, once its scene, sees no more festivals of the kind. A gigantic house of industry rises on the height, in a commanding position, where might perhaps once have been a castle, placed there to guard the river and the town. In the pastures opposite, called Stury's Close, was once a mighty muster of determined spirits, resolved to defend against the insolent Spaniard that "Urania," whose charms were sung by Sir Philip Sidney. The Earl of Pembroke, Lord President of the Marches, collected together in this spot, in the year 1588, all the forces of the country, both horse and foot, ready to resist the great Armada.

Nothing now remains of the once extensive convents of the Franciscan and Dominican friars, which in early times occupied the two sides of the river, where now huge iron works or quiet cottages are seen. In the convent of Black Friars it was that the Queen of Edward the Fourth presented him with two sons, Richard and George Plantagenet; and here were once pleasant gardens and a vineyard, now vanished. The walls and gates of the town, both once strong and extensive, are now scarcely to be traced, except in one part, where there is still a considerable portion of the wall left, on which is a path in the same manner as at Chester, and from whence is a fine view over the wide-spreading country, where the great Wrekin predominates, and, in the absence of higher hills, may pass for a mountain of some importance. One gate, called that of Water Lane, keeps its station by the river side in venerable seclusion, unseen,

except sought for by the curious. Far above, on a rock, tower the buildings of the Council-house, or Lord's Place, conspicuous and majestic. It was by this gate that the Parliamentary army, in 1644, entered stealthily, and took the town,—a feat which was considered worthy of praise, as exhibiting much generalship; but there is reason to believe the treachery of the sentinels, who admitted the adverse party, was the secret means by which the end was gained. The rock on which the Council-house stands was scaled by determined soldiers, who knew they should find friends within; and their companions, mean time, had gained the Water-gate, and forced a tower which then stood in the middle of the lane. The victorious Mytton, that fatal foe of Welsh and Border castles, entered with his troops, and proceeding to the market-place, a conflict of short duration ensued, and the loyal garrison were marched off to Ludlow Castle, while the republicans employed themselves in hanging, without trial, thirteen unfortunate Irishmen, who had not been cared for by their friends of the King's party.

The Council-house, now a private residence, is still in good preservation, and is a very interesting building. It stands in a court, which is entered through a curious gate-house, whose gable-ends are striped black and white, with carved window-frames and door-posts; beside it, now built into a rude dwelling and stable, is all that remains of the Norman chapel of St. Nicholas, and the courts and halls built for the accommodation of the retainers of Roger Earl of Montgomery, who erected them. The President and Council of the Marches of Wales were wont to assemble in the Lord's Place, or Council-house, and here was great state kept, and regal entertainments given. It is difficult now to trace the size of the apartments, which are divided and arranged for modern convenience; and there is no chamber of sufficient dimensions to have received a large assembly, such as was accustomed to congregate beneath this roof. The entrance-hall still preserves its antique carving of dark oak, and its pretty, old, low doorways; and the beautiful terrace is probably not much changed from what it formerly was. It surmounts a hanging garden, placed high above the Severn, and overlooks a fine extent of country, and part of the town, the dull red tower of the old abbey being a conspicuous object in the scene. The Lord's Place was frequently the abode of the father of the poet Philip Sidney, when he was President of Wales and Lord Deputy of Ireland. He came almost every year to Shrewsbury; for he had strong inducement in the town. Philip was a pupil at the famous grammar-school, which boasts of him, and shows his name in a list of scholars entered in a memorandum-book.

Sir Henry Sidney, as Knight of the Garter, kept the feast of St. George here in 1581, with singular splendour. He marched in state from the Council-house to the then magnificent church of St. Chad's, whose stalls, now no more, were then decorated with the arms of the knights, and service was "sung by note" with great solemnity. The citizens were never weary of showing him honour, and loaded him and his lady and son with presents and civilities. There was no lack of Shrewsbury cakes on these occasions; but the records kept of their bestowal proves that they were held as choice dainties, and their price in Elizabeth's time was precisely the same as now. It is set forth in the town's expenses:—

"*Item.* Spent and given to Mr. Phillipe Siddney, at his coming to this town with my Lord President his father, in wine, cakes, and other things,—seven shillings and twopence.

"*Item.* 1561, when Sir Henry Sidney was President of Wales and Lord Deputy of Ireland.

"A box of marmylad,—four shillings.

"A pound of sugar, with *cowconfitts bykotts,*—three shillings.

"A pottall of Iepokras,—three shillings and fourpence.

"In wafferys,—fourteen pence.

"Given to my Lord Stafford a dossyn of fyen kakys,—two shillings.

"A dozen of kakys for the Earl of Essex,—ditto."

The Queen's magnificent favourite did not disdain a dozen of Shrewsbury cakes! and Sir Philip Sidney ate them like a school-boy. Many cakes also did "the honourable Lady Mary" get when, as recorded, she came *in her wagon* to meet her husband, and took her lodgings at the Lord's Place: it cost the town no less than ten pounds eighteen shillings and elevenpence to feast and entertain her, and the scholars of the free schools exerted all their skill in delivering a suitable oration at the conduit of the "Wyle Copp," where her trumpeter and wagon paused awhile.

But the most memorable occasion in which the citizens and scholars paid Sir Henry their devoirs was at the above-mentioned time, when he held the feast of St. George. A costly banquet was given him in the school-garden, and the next day the pupils, to the number of three hundred and sixty, mustered in the ground called The Gay, with their masters, and the head boy, or general, together with his assistant, the captain, addressed their guest in a speech of surpassing eloquence, which was only equalled by the taste afterwards displayed by "Young Salop," when Sir Henry took his departure by water, and when "certain of the scholars, in guise of water-nymphs, their apparel green, and green willows on their heads," came forth from islands in the river, and poured out their regrets at his departure so pitifully, that the Lord President himself was moved to tears — either of mirth or sympathy. At this time the Queen herself had been expected at Shrewsbury, and much of the splendour displayed was no doubt prepared for her, as, without question, were the moving verses composed for the occasion by the useful poet Churchyard, whose muse was always employed to celebrate these events. No wonder that the father of Sir Philip was observed to "change countenance" when the disguised nymphs, in woeful accents, sobbed forth strains like these:—

"And will your honour needs depart,
And must it needs be so!
Would God we could like fishes swim,
That we might with thee go!

"Or else would God this little isle
Were stretched out so large,
That we on foot might follow *ye*,
And wait upon *thy* barge!

"But, seeing that we cannot swim,
And island 's at an end,
Safe passage, with a short return,
The mighty God thee send!"

Surely Shakspeare was much indebted to the renowned Thomas Churchyard and the amateur players of Shrewsbury for his acting

scenes in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." That tragical comedy of Pyramus is scarcely more laughable than these lines uttered by the disconsolate water-nymphs of Severn.

Charles the First more than once visited the Lord's Place. He established a mint at Shrewsbury, and was fond of the town, and the inhabitants showed him always great attachment. In 1642 he drew up his army on a spot afterwards called the Soldier's Piece, and which is now the race-ground, where he publicly thanked the gentry of the county for their support and service in his time of need. Charles the Second offered to make the town a city; but the citizens declined the distinction, desiring that it should still remain a borough: from henceforth they were therefore called "Proud Salopians."

The few dark red towers of the castle stand on a fine eminence, just above the free grammar-school; and from the highest part, now a pretty bower in a garden, the country is commanded to an immense distance. William the Conqueror gave this castle to his friend and follower, Roger de Montgomery, who enlarged and fortified it more securely; for it stands at the only point which is undefended by the river, which on all the other sides surrounds the town and guards it effectually with its broad and rapid stream.

One interior gateway remains, and has a grand and imposing effect, though its portcullis and towers have disappeared. Through this gateway the last Norman Earl of Shrewsbury issued forth to deliver the keys of the castle, and offer his submission to Henry the First. It was of great importance at the period when the turbulent Welsh were continually making attacks on the border-towns, and was once of great extent and remarkable strength.

Close below the castle are seen the tower and antique walls of the famous grammar-school, founded by that youthful lover and encourager of learning, Edward the Sixth, in 1561, its revenues being supplied from the two dissolved colleges of St. Mary and St. Chad. The front of the building is much ornamented, and a parapet, with a scalloped trefoil pattern, runs along the top, which gives it lightness and some grace, though it possesses little beauty of architecture, and is rather interesting from its age and its destination. The chambers within are, however, very good, particularly the library, rebuilt about thirty years since; and the collection of books is said to be the finest possessed by any similar institution, except Eton. Round the apartment are numerous portraits, Sir Philip Sidney, of course, being one the most in honour; and that the least so, and the absence of which would be more agreeable than its presence, is no other than Judge Jefferies of hateful memory. As may well be supposed, neither masters nor scholars are proud of showing the picture of the cruel judge; but, as he was at the free school, they do not feel, I suppose, at liberty to remove him from the walls. On my inquiring whom the picture represented, I was hastily told his name by one of the masters; and a pupil near whispered, that Jefferies, it was true, had been at the school, but was "expelled *for bullying*." There are some very perfect and interesting sepulchral stones preserved here, which were found at Wroxeter, the ancient Uriconium, where the plough is constantly bringing wonders to light, which have long slept in the peaceful earth. But the most curious discovery made here is, an intimation contained in a manuscript copy of

the Pentateuch, which, whether it be founded on any fact or not, goes far to throw "scandal on Queen Elizabeth." The manuscript is well preserved, and partially illuminated, and once belonged to a certain vicar of Shawbury, who in 1555 was appointed to the vicarage by Queen Mary. He afterwards conformed to the Established Church, and held the living for sixty years. This vicar, who was called *Sir* John Dychar, might not have been friendly to the Protestant Queen, and the singular entry in his hand on the margin of this book may have been a piece of malice. It is, however, remarkable that an attempt has been made to efface the entry, but unsuccessfully, the first ink being the blackest, and refusing to be overpowered by that which substituted other words, in hopes to mislead the reader. The entry runs as follows:—

"Henry Roidō Dudley Tuther Plantagenet, filius Q. E. reg. et Robt. Comitis Leicestr."

This is written at the top of the page, nearly at the beginning of the book, and at the bottom there has evidently been more; but a square piece has been cut out of the leaf, therefore the secret is effectually preserved.

There is a tradition that such a personage as this mysterious son was brought up secretly at the free school of Shrewsbury; but what became of him is not known; nor is it easy to account for this curious entry in the parish-church book of Shawbury.

Several exhibitions of seventy and eighty pounds a-year belong to this school, to which the freemen's sons are entitled for a certain number of years. An additional one of one hundred per annum was founded in honour of the head master, Dr. Butler, to be tenable by the sons of freemen entering at either university. A young gentleman had just gained this great distinction when I visited Shrewsbury, and there was much rejoicing at the event. The names of those distinguished scholars, Philip Sidney and his friend Fulke Greville, are to be seen in a book of entries; and with theirs that of John Harrington, probably the father of Prince Henry's learned and short-lived young friend, and of Lucy, the accomplished companion of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, who passed much of her early life under Lord Harrington's roof.

The poet Shenstone is also said to have been brought up here; but nothing positive is asserted in relation to him.

The names of the streets and courts at Shrewsbury are very extraordinary and startling to a stranger; nor is it very easy to account for many of them. One part is called by the very unmusical name of Dog-pole. There is Dog-pole Court, and Dog-pole Street, and Dog Lane, which, more honoured than its fellows, is now named Claremont Street; and antiquaries, who have busied themselves to discover hidden meanings, do not seem yet to have hit upon the signification of this strange cognomen. Some say it should be doke, or duck, *to decline*, and poll, *the head*,—because this quarter makes a sudden descent to the Wyle Copp, a long precipitous street, which leads down to the English bridge and the abbey.

In this Wyle Copp are many very antique gable-ended houses; and one is conspicuous, where it is said Henry of Richmond took up his abode during his stay at Shrewsbury. Scarcely a house in this steep street but presents an ancient front: some are adorned with carving, some have projecting and overhanging stories; but all are

restored, and rendered habitable, and have nothing of the neglect and desolation which is usually found in the French towns which Shrewsbury so much resembles. The Wyle Copp is the original portion of the town where the early British settlers lived; and if to be almost inaccessible was an advantage, it was possessed by these first denizens in perfection.

In the centre of the town is a fine square, where stands a venerable antique building, called the Market-house, one of the most remarkable, perhaps, in England, though not unlike many still existing in France and Belgium. It was built in 1595, to replace one of timber of great antiquity, and was finished in less than four months,—a singular thing in those days, when solidity rather than celerity was generally considered. There is an open arcade round the building, and the arms of England under Elizabeth, in high relief, adorn its principal front; above the arcades is a series of square mullioned windows, surmounted with a rich fanciful parapet of curved embrasures, here and there relieved by flower-shaped pinnacles. In a niche is an armed statue of Richard Duke of York, father of Edward the Fourth, with a device of three roses on a stalk. This figure was removed from the Welsh bridge when the antique tower there was destroyed, and a modern bridge erected over the river. It used to be called Llewelyn, and sometimes David.

The Market-house is still used for a corn-market; but the venders of vegetables and other commodities prefer sitting in rows on the pavement of the great square, with their wares spread out in profusion before them. The effect produced is precisely like that of a foreign market, except that there is but little in the costumes to attract, very few Welsh people now attending, though at one period, on market-days, a host of Welshmen came pouring in with woollen goods, now entirely superseded.

In the High Street are several beautiful striped houses, in the most exquisite preservation, and carefully re-painted from time to time. One, called Ireland's Mansion, is one of the finest specimens it is possible to see. It is four stories high, has four ranges of bay-windows, and is covered with ornament, the pointed gables adorned with armorial bearings. Nearly opposite are some others, finely barred and crossed with timber. High Street was formerly called Bakers' Row, from the circumstance of most of that fraternity living there; and even now the street is redolent of pastrycooks, whose famous cakes fill every window in wondrous variety and remarkable beauty. The celebrated *simnel,* however, was not to be seen when we were there, as it is exhibited only in the winter. It is a mysterious composition, of antiquity equal to its brother condiment, mince-meat and saffron forming the chief ingredients. It is both boiled and baked, both hard and soft,—in fact, has no parallel in England, and is probably of monkish origin.

In Grope Lane is another curious half-timbered house, formerly the Mercers' Hall, and a remarkable stone one, with long pointed windows, once Shearmen's Hall, before which, from the time of Edward the Fourth to Henry the Eighth, a May-pole used to be erected, accompanied with many gay doings, but all put down by public preaching, and its votaries thrown into prison for persisting in the profane pastime, redolent of paganism. Though the May-pole has long disappeared, there is still in Shrewsbury a relic more start-

ling of the old worship of stocks and stones, which, for some unexplained cause, is preserved with great care. This is called the Bell Stone, and, though it is but an ordinary, unformed block, the Salopians have placed it in a garden, where it is surrounded by flowering shrubs, and kept with care. No one knows why it is called the Bell Stone, nor why it has never been destroyed: some tradition of its sacred character must surely have prevented its being broken in pieces to mend the roads, or built into some office or outhouse. At *Bourges, en Berri,* I once made great efforts to find a pagan altar in the market-place, which had kept its station for centuries; but that was known to have been a sacred stone. No antiquary of Shrewsbury could, however, satisfy me as to the history of this relic, the name of which alone suggests its story. Nothing is left of the once fine cross which adorned one of the open spaces of the town on Pride Hill, nor is there a pedestal or a stone belonging to it preserved; but the Bell Stone is still on the ground, and put in a place of safety.

Strange-sounding names assail the ear of the stranger as he asks his way in Shrewsbury. Now he is directed to Shoplatch, now to Knuckin Street, now to Murivance and Mardol, to Double Butcher Row, Bull in the Barn, and Oxlode, to Fish Street and Milk Street; and then comes the more refined quarter, once called Chedde, or Priest's Lode, but now named, like Portia's retreat, Belmont, with good reason; for some of the best houses are situated there, and the view from the gardens behind them is extremely beautiful. The open space called The Gay, or Le Geye, was a pasture belonging to the monks of the Holy Cross, granted by them by purchase to the guild of St. Winifred, the bones of that celebrated sainted lady of Holywell, in Flintshire, having been translated to the abbey of Shrewsbury. Other meadows were called, in diction half French and half English, Le Almener's Orchard and Le Halliwell Held (*i. e.* slope), Le Connynger, or Rabbit-field, Le Barlyfeld, and Long Medowe. One meadow was called Le Monk's Eye, which answers to the Roodee, or Rood Eye, of Chester. There were also Carvecall and Raven Meadows; but I believe most of these are now covered with houses.

Perhaps this Raven Meadow was the haunt of one of those extraordinary birds who were believed to carry within them a stone of invisibility. Such a raven was kept in Shrewsbury by the unfortunate Earl of Arundel, who was brought to the block in 1397; and it is related of him that one day, as he was seated in a bower in his garden playing at chess, the bird, *or a spirit in that form,* brought up a stone which had the power of making invisible him who possessed it. "The Earl set no store by it, contrary to the advice of his friends; and soon after, being arrested by a strong hand, he was committed to ward, and finally beheaded."

Owen Glendower was believed to have been more cautious, and not to have slighted such a treasure when thrown in his way. By some means he got this very raven-stone of power into his hands; for often when besieged, and his camp taken, he was nowhere to be seen. This is probably the "molten raven" mentioned by Hotspur amongst the "scimble scamble stuff" of which the pompous Welshman boasted, to prove himself more than mortal.

The churches of Shrewsbury are very ancient and very numerous.

The earliest is old St. Chad's, which, though replaced by a new building of the same name, in a part of the town near the Quarry, has not entirely disappeared. Part of its heavy Saxon bulk still remains in a square, and was, till lately, used as a school. It has a venerable appearance; and, as it is not likely to fall, as the rest of the building did, it will probably be allowed to keep its station; for the inhabitants of Shrewsbury, to their honour, seem proud of their antiquities. Although the church was much decayed, a few years ago service used to be performed within the walls, and a very large congregation, no less than three thousand persons, had assembled on the occasion of a military funeral, a short time before its destruction. It was about daybreak on the fatal morning that, as a young chimney-sweeper sat perched on the roof of a house in a neighbouring street, he was startled to see the high tower of St. Chad's rocking and reeling, as it seemed, in the air, and the figure of the saint, which was placed on the highest pinnacle, tottering in its niche. While he gazed in bewildered terror, the tower suddenly gave way, and with a mighty crash down went the whole fabric, crushing in the roof, walls, and all before it. The only witness of this awful sight scrambled down into the house, and, rushing out into the street, ran breathlessly along, exclaiming to all he met, "St. Chad's church is sunk into the earth." No one believed him; for, strange to say, few had heard the noise of the fall, and even persons in the square were not awakened. Soon, however, the truth was apparent, and the whole population of Shrewsbury collected round the ruins in amazement and dismay. All of the immense church was a mass of destruction, except the porch and a few windows, still standing; beautiful pillars, statues, ornaments, were broken to pieces; but, on clearing away the rubbish, the figure of the presiding saint himself was found beneath perfectly uninjured. The statue is elegantly sculptured, and may now be seen in the vestry of new St. Chad's, an enormous, misshapen rotunda, with a high tower, conspicuous from most parts of the town.

This antique church was once nearly destroyed by fire, in the time of Richard the Second, through the inadvertence of a man who was working on the leads. He was so terrified when he saw the flames burst forth, that he ran instantly to his own house, put a few marks in his pocket, and fled through the premises of a neighbour. He reached the ford at the Stone-gate, and there threw himself into the river, hoping to swim across; but the current was too strong, and the unhappy man was drowned.

The cause of its final destruction seems to have been the injudicious mode adopted with a view to strengthen one of the pillars of the great tower which had decayed and shrunk, in consequence of graves having been made too near it. The vibration of the bells, which were a heavy peal, caused this pillar to give way, and the destruction of the whole followed. It is said the masons had a narrow escape; for they were only waiting till the sexton was ready with the keys to admit them to continue their misdirected labours.

What remains of St. Chad's is now used as a chapel, where the burial-service of the cemetery in which it stands is read. If the new St. Chad's were a building intended for a circus, or some dramatic exhibition, its huge dimensions and singular shape might be admired. Its tower is, however, ornamental, and very handsome when seen at

a distance, rising as it does above all the buildings of the town. The church is highly decorated in the interior with stained glass and adornments of all kinds, which are much admired by the Salopians, as well as its fine music.

The grandest object, however, in the view of the town is the beautiful spire of St. Mary's, which, as the church stands on very high ground, is seen from every point. This is the largest and most important of the churches, and has much belonging to it which demands admiration. · Three distinct styles are apparent in its architecture, — the Anglo-Norman, the early lancet, and the pointed and obtuse arch of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The doorways and windows present some beautiful mouldings and tracery; the carved oak roof and circular interior pillars are remarkable; and there is some of the finest ancient painted glass in the country to be seen there, which, however, originally belonged to old St. Chad's. Exteriorly the form is very irregular, and the colour of the walls is so dark and dingy, that at first the real beauties of the building are not appreciated.

There is on the north side of the altar a peculiarly beautiful and singular triple lancet window, with arches remarkably acute, resting on isolated columns, whose capitals are adorned with exquisite foliage. Several of the other windows are also extremely beautiful. In Trinity chapel is an altar-tomb, on which is the effigy of a knight in armour, which used to be called that of Hotspur. It is, however, of earlier date, and represents a warrior less distinguished in history.

The Abbey church is a strange old building, with no more beauty than the cathedral at Chester, battered and worn, solemn and dismal. Its large window, which extends more than half way up the dingy red stone tower, is thought to be a very fine specimen of its kind; but it appears to me much too large for the size of the tower, and, in the present state of the fabric, does not show to much advantage. There are pretty Saxon doors and windows here and there; and doubtless, when the Abbey of the Holy Cross was complete, it was a very gorgeous building. It was founded in 1083, by Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, and yielded to none in riches and splendour.

Amongst other chapels which it contained, was one dedicated to St. Alkmunde, where once burned a candle in memory of a wondrous miracle, such as few chronicles could record. It happened in this sort:—

Roger de Belesme, Earl of Shrewsbury, had been for some time affected with that most distressing of all maladies, the leprosy, and no remedy could be found to afford him relief. At length, when he was almost reduced to despair, he was favoured with a vision, as he thus sets it forth in a charter, granting certain privileges to the minstrels of Shrewsbury, a class of persons not often connected with any religious matters, but, on the contrary, generally looked upon with contempt and fear by the clergy, whom they were apt to ridicule, and, by their profane excitement to amusement and worldly songs, often prevented rich lords from endowing holy places with their wealth. The minstrel of the Earl was, however, an exception, as will be shown.

"I, Roger de Bedelem, Earl of Shrewsbury, soon after the conquest of my sovrayn Wm. Conqueror, was enfect with sickness of

leper, and, as I in my sickness being, a vision appeareth to me in myne chamber, and bade me go to *Araske*, for there was a candyll the which was with our Ladye Christy's mother in Bedelem at the birth of our Blessed Lord her son; and that time the said candyll tende by hitselfe thro myrakle, and when the night was gone an angyll took the candyll and bare hitt into the heir (air) in *Araske*, and there it burneth and never wasteth, and so shall to the day of doom: and yif thou might get a sight of that candyll, and a drop of that waxe, thou shouldst be hoole of thy sicknesse," &c. &c.

Where "Araske" happened to be was unknown, but in these cases, and especially when a minstrel was concerned, whose business it is to invent and discover, the fact even of its non-existence was of no consequence whatever.

A party of devout persons, attached to the Earl, resolved to set forth on a voyage of discovery, and amongst them was his favourite *trouvère*, who probably took the lead in directing their steps to Araske, this city in the clouds. They duly arrived there, and having repaired to the temple where the blessed candle was known to be contained, they all prayed without ceasing for forty days. Every third day, during this period, a glimpse of the candle was vouchsafed to them, but it was so far off that they could only just discern its light. By this token they became aware that some one amongst them was thought unworthy; accordingly they resolved that every one of their party should pray separately. One after the other they passed the night in pious entreaties but to no effect, until it came to the turn of this Phœnix of minstrels, who had not been long kneeling at the altar when the wondrous candle descended so close to him that a drop of the wax fell on his right hand. He instantly placed the precious drop in a silver bottle and, the object of their journey being accomplished, the company set forth on their return to Shrewsbury. By the time the minstrel arrived at the Earl's palace his silver bottle was full of wax, which had miraculously increased. His grateful master immediately anointed himself with it, and in a very short time his cure was effected. As soon as this took place, the remainder of the wax disappeared. What could the Earl do after this but grant singular privileges to the order of minstrels, which were confirmed by the pious Conqueror, and renewed as late as the time of Henry the Sixth. Moreover the Earl ordained, of course providing funds accordingly, that a candle should henceforth, and for ever, burn on the altar of St. Alkmunde's chapel, in the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, of the abbey of the Holy Cross.

Shrewsbury is remarkable for the fondness of its inhabitants for melody, concerts and music meetings being particularly successful there; but how much of this taste they owe to the *trouvère* and his candle I do not know.

There are several tombs with effigies of knights in chain and plate armour, and a figure in a niche, said to represent Edward the Third. The fonts are curious, and elaborately ornamented; and the stores of the church are enriched by several monuments formerly in St. Chad's.

The part of the town in which the Abbey church stands is across the English bridge, from whence is a fine view of the town; and this suburb is called the Abbey Foregate, to which is attached the hamlet of Murivale. Two houses, adorned with beautiful patterns in wood, striped, crossed, and lined, stand here. Both are extremely

interesting. The first has the appearance of having once been surrounded by a moat, and the other is perfect in its gables and original form. Of course a whole forest of old houses has been removed from this spot to admit of so wide a space as exists before the Abbey, and these two beautiful houses stand out in great dignity, unencumbered, and open to the broad road which has not long been made here. Opposite the Abbey, in a garden, is still standing an exquisitely carved pulpit, partially shaded with ivy and graceful trees. It rests on part of the ruined wall of the refectory, and was, no doubt, a place from whence the junior monks were accustomed to read to their brethren when at meals. This is all that remains of the Abbey-house, where once lordly abbots and princes were entertained, and where Richard the Second, amongst others, attired in his royal robes, and attended by a numerous guard of Cheshire men, gave a magnificent feast to his nobles, and displayed on the occasion all his fatal love of ostentation and profusion. The suburb of the Abbey Foregate is very handsome; and ranges of new houses are built here, which is the case at every entrance of this fine town. A curious old mansion attracts the eye in this neighbourhood, called The White Hall; a singular designation for a house built of the remarkably deep red brick so common here. What its original name was I could not discover; it was so called in consequence of having been painted white; but its natural hue is now suffered to remain, and adds much to its antique effect. It was built in 1578, and is a fine and complete specimen of a gentleman's house of the period. It was probably then surrounded by a moat, but now faces the road, and gardens and orchards encompass it about. It is a huge pile of gables and ornamented chimneys, with a central cupola rising proudly in the midst, and altogether has a singularly picturesque and ancient aspect, pleasing in the extreme. It stands well in the centre of meadows, not far from the fine race-ground, once the Soldier's Piece, a long level green which extends for a great distance, and is considered one of the best courses in the kingdom.

On the London road, not far from the pretty ancient church of St. Giles, once a hospital for lepers, is a magnificent column erected in honour of Lord Hill, one of the modern boasts of Shrewsbury, a peculiarly fine monument, placed in a charming position, and commanding an extensive view of the whole country "round the Wrekin." The original grant of money for the relief of lepers, given by Henry the Second, is not yet discontinued, and certain poor are still relieved by it, and four hospitallers maintained. There is no want of charities of various descriptions, both old and new, at Shrewsbury, but most of the dwellings are modern.

The once famous old Welsh bridge, considered a wonder in its way, and decorated with the figure of a warrior, supposed to be Llewelyn, has been replaced by a new one, and leads to an ugly suburb, which is, however, full of striped houses of antique form, and which it is worth while to pass, in order to arrive at the spot where still stands in vigorous age, the oak of Owen Glendower.

This tree is near the road in a gentleman's grounds at Shelton, on the Holyhead road, and is ascertained to be really of the age attributed to it; at least, it was known as an aged tree within a hundred and forty years of the battle of Shrewsbury. The tradition is that it was from its branches that the Welsh prince beheld the de-

feat of the gallant Hotspur, and the triumph of the English force. That Glendower should have tamely remained on that side of the Severn while his friends were in such immediate necessity for his assistance, does not speak well for either his courage or his generosity. From this oak he could look far over the plains for leagues and might well have descried the fortune of the day from his safe, if not honourable retreat.

Hotspur, impetuous and daring, had travelled from the North, no less than two hundred and fifty miles towards Shrewsbury, anxious to encounter the English army, and confident that Owen would join him from Oswestry. He advanced through Newport, by High Ercall and Haghmond Hill,* and thought to gain admittance to the town by the North or Castle Gate, but King Henry had taken his measures so promptly that, coming by the Roman Watling Street, he reached Shrewsbury a few days before him, thus saving the town, and gaining the advantage. From the high tower of the castle the exulting King looked forth, and saw with pleasure that Hotspur was pausing till joined by Owen, and Owen kept his post on the other side of the river. The camp of Hotspur was pitched amongst a field of peas, nearly ripe, called the Bull, or the Hussey field, near a common called Berwick. The impatient warrior could not brook the delay of the Welsh prince, and resolved to bring on the encounter with the English at once, and so gain the honour or perish. His desire to meet King Henry hand to hand became a phrenzy, and his whole mind was bent on their personal struggle. All was prepared, the two armies in sight, but Glendower's banners stirred not, and the oak still waved above his head; he probably saw too clearly that the English would be victors, and that succour was useless to his fiery ally.

When about to take the field, it is said that Hotspur called for his sword, when it was discovered that he had left it behind at Berwick, a place the name of which he then heard for the first time; he turned pale, and said with much emotion, "Is it so—then I perceive that my plough is drawing to its last furrow, for a wizard told me in Northumberland that I should perish at Berwick, which I vainly imagined to be the town in the North."

Then rose the terrible cry of "Esperance! Percy!" then was it answered by the shout of "St. George! England!" but the red dragon of Wales expanded not its wings in the air, and Mordred, rather than Arthur, seemed there to be in command of the Britons!

On the wide, cultivated plain, called Battlefield, near Shrewsbury, is a fine church erected by the gratitude and piety of the successful Henry the Fourth, in memory of the defeat of Hotspur, Douglas, and Worcester; and at Shelton still stands the aged tree which sheltered the once redoubted Glendower, whose fortunes after that period, never rose again, though with his army of twelve thousand men, he returned next year to the borders and carried his ravages even to the gates of the Welsh bridge, destroying the suburb called Frankwell, and several townships near.

"Even from that day when, chain'd by fate,
By wizard's dream, or potent spell,
Ling'ring from sad Salopia's field,
Reft of his aid, the Percy fell;

* Near which are the ruins of the beautiful old Abbey.

Even from that day misfortune still,
As if for violated faith,
Pursued him with unwearied step,
Vindictive for brave Hotspur's death."

Owen Glendower's fate remained a mystery; he never re-appeared in arms, and was no more seen in the beautiful vale of Corwen, where his castles and domains were situated.

At the Welsh bridge of Shrewsbury, in 1485, arrived from Milford Haven, an army augmented as its leader pursued his route through the principality, and there Henry of Richmond demanded admittance as the rightful king of England. The gates were, however, shut against him, and the answer he received from the chief bailiff of the town, Thomas Mytton, was that, "he knew no king but Richard, and no rebel should enter that town but over his body." This loyal and magnanimous speech had, however, more sound than meaning, for it is thought that "stoute, wyse gentleman, Maister Myttoon," was induced "for a consideration" to alter his high tone; but, in order not to be worse than his word, it was agreed by Henry of Richmond that as he entered the gates he should step over the prostrate body of the dignitary, who laid himself in the gateway for that purpose. From his residence in the Wyle Copp did Henry sally forth for Bosworth Field when he defeated and slew the usurper Richard.

In the suburb called Coton Hill, where the river runs winding between verdant banks, and from whence the town is seen to great advantage, are to be seen several ancient houses. Before one of them is a row of high old trees, which form a screen to the mansion which was once striped and adorned like many of its fellows, and which even now, though sadly modernized, attracts the eye as something remarkable. But if the stranger, bent on discovery, should approach the trees, he will observe at a considerable height, on one in the centre, an iron ring to which hangs a key. If he inquire the meaning of this unusual circumstance, he will be told that that key opens a subterranean chamber in Admiral Benbow's house, where all his treasures were deposited.

When the Admiral departed from this, his domicile, on his last unfortunate expedition, he placed the key of his riches, with his own hands, in this spot, with orders that it was never to be taken down by another. His bones lie in Kingston Church, Jamaica, for he never returned to his native town again to resume possession of his wealth. Honest indeed must have been the race who succeeded him and those who have since lived in his house, or else the doors of the subterranean chamber was concealed by a fairy spell which the admiral had learnt in foreign parts, for there still hangs the key, and tradition asserts that his treasure has remained to this day undisturbed.

Benbow was of mean birth, and fought his way to rank and honour. He left his native town to seek his fortune, and found

"The bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth."

Having distinguished himself he soon became a captain, and it was then that he came back with a purse full of gold pieces, and one evening entered a little coffee-house in Raven Street, kept by his sister then married. At first, in the bluff captain of the sea, she

did not recognize her brother, but a few words were enough to tell her his story, and great was the joy on both sides.

The humble inn soon assumed a more important aspect, and the poor of Shrewsbury rejoiced in his return, while for the maintenance of the bells, which rang a merry peal when he came back a second time as admiral, he gave a liberal donation, and a further sum to keep up the chimes which he delighted to hear. For a long time a relic was preserved in his family which gives some colour to the following strange story told of him. He is said to have filled a sack with the heads of some pirates whom he had killed, and on landing at Cadiz, when the custom-house authorities insisted on examining his stores, he threw the contents of the bag on a table, exclaiming, "If you like these, gentlemen, they are at your service." The King of Spain hearing of this exploit, was so delighted with the hero of it that he took him into great favour, and his rise began from that time. The relic alluded to is a cap called "the skull-cap," made of the fibres of cane closely matted, such as are commonly worn by the Moors; it is coated with varnish and set in silver, and on it is engraved, "First adventure of Captain John Benbow, and gift to Richard Ridley, 1687."

The walks and drives round Shrewsbury are all charming; and it is not only a very curious and interesting *ancient*, but a delightful and agreeable *modern* town.

A LYRIC FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY W. G. J. BARKER.

Winter has resumed his reign;
Snow envelopes hill and plain;
Sleep the summer flowers in earth,
And the birds refrain from mirth:
Yet mirth lightens every eye;
Every pulse is beating high;
Gladness smiles in cot and hall,
Like a winsome dame on all,
And the church-bells sweetly chime,—
'Tis the merry Christmas time.

From the holly-tree be brought
Boughs with ruby berries fraught;
Search the grey oak high and low
For the mystic misletoe;
Bid the ivy loose her rings
That round rock or ruin clings;
Deck the shrine with foliage green;
In each house be verdure seen,
Just as earth were in her prime,—
'Tis the cheerful Christmas time.

Pile the board with viands rare,
Savoury dishes—hearty fare;
Brawn of boar, and capon good,
Fowls from river, marsh, and wood;
Partridge plump, and pheasant wild,
Teal and duck by art beguiled;
Bid the huge sirloin smoke nigh,
Luscious pastry, fruit-stored pie,
Fruit that grew in Eastern clime,—
'Tis the festal Christmas time.

Quickly broach the oldest cask,
Bring the goblet, bring the flask;
Ale of England, wine from Spain,
Rhenish vintage, choice champagne:
Fill as wont the wassail bowl,
Let it round the circle trowl;
Whilst the Yule-fire blazes bright,
Whilst the Yule-torch lends its light,
Till we hear the morning chime—
'Tis the joyful Christmas time.

Feed the hungry, clothe the poor,
Chide no wanderer from the door;
Bounteous give, with thankful mind,
To the wretched of mankind.
This day throws the barrier down,
'Twixt the noble and the clown;
For an equal share have all
In its blessed festival,
Of each colour, class, and clime,—
'Tis the holy Christmas time.

As our fathers used of old,
Still the solemn rites we hold,
And with season-hallow'd mirth
Celebrate our Saviour's birth.
Chaunt those ancient carols well
That the wondrous story tell;
Call the jocund masquers in;
Bid the dancers' sport begin.
Blameless tale and cheerful song
Shall our merriment prolong,
Whilst around the church-bells chime
For the solemn Christmas time.

THE BULL IN THE CHINA-SHOP.

(A FREE INQUIRY INTO THE TRADITION SO CALLED.)

BY DR. DRYASDUST, F.S.A.

"A storm in the shop of a glass-dealer."—*Arabic Proverb.*

At a recent Meeting of the Society of Antiquaries the Secretary read the following interesting communication, which we have been allowed the exclusive privilege of publishing:—

"To institute inquiry into the neglected usages of former days, to explore the dark recesses of the past, to raise the veil which shrouds the proceedings of our forefathers, to illumine that which was obscure by the aid of the lamp of research, and thus *to trace tradition to its source,* are the duty, as well as the pleasure of the zealous antiquary.

It is for this cause I have devoted my best energies to the elucidation of a subject which cannot fail to prove interesting to this society.

We are not permitted to doubt,—indeed, it would strike at the root of all knowledge communicated by Tradition were we to do so,—that the Event of which we are speaking (the entry of a Bull into a China-shop) did actually take place. It was a possible occurrence (though undoubtedly disagreeable in its consequences), and therefore it *might* have taken place had it been even more difficult of accomplishment than we are bound to suppose it was. That it *did* take place we have the assurance of that which rarely deceives us, *proverbial authority.* Proverbs are not mere theoretic dogmas propounded in the expectation of ultimate adoption; they are the results of practical wisdom, which derive their origin from sources the most authentic—perpetuated facts. If it has passed into a common saying that the unrestrained licence of will be typified by the comparison of "A Bull in a China-shop," it follows that an outrage of such a nature must, at some period or other, have been committed.

Again, it is known to all who perambulate this great city, that of all the venders of wares with which it abounds, the merchants who deal in crockery offer the greatest facilities for admission into their *tabernæ;* the *officina postica* itself is open to all comers,—they fear invasion least who are most likely to suffer from irruption. The portals of the china-shop, like the gates of the temple of Janus, are rarely closed,—indeed, it would be difficult to do so as long as daylight lasts, for the fragile vase of various forms is too freely strewn around the entrance to admit of such being the case. Thus, if an animal in a state of irritation—and why not a bull? goaded, perchance to madness,—were suddenly to seek a harbour of refuge, I know not what place he could select with greater propriety,—as far as the opportunity of ingress is concerned,—than a china-shop.

It will, then, I trust, be conceded, that *a bull has been known to enter a china-shop.* It remains for me to attempt to show in what part of the habitable globe this occurred.

The occurrence took place in England. This, I think, is indisputable, for in all my various readings I never yet met with an allusion to such an event in the records of any other country. The French have no symbol of the kind. "*Furieux comme un bœuf dans la boutique d'un marchand de faïences,*" falls miserably short of the terseness which distinguishes a proverb. Besides, the system of *abattoirs* is against its probability in the French capital. The only bull that has licence to parade the streets of Paris, is the *Bœuf Gras,* and then only on Shrove Tuesday, yoked to a car, bestrode by a Cupid and garlanded with flowers. Under such circumstances to make a forcible rush into a china-shop is next to impossible. It is true that the *avatar* of a bull in the streets of Paris did once occur, to the great consternation of the inhabitants, for we find it stated by Dulaure in his "*Histoire de Paris,*" tom. i. p. 188, that St. Marcel, Bishop of Paris in the fifth century, acquired great renown in consequence of having miraculously overcome the enraged animal. But tradition is entirely silent as regards the china-shop. It may therefore fairly be inferred, that the act was not the act of a French bull.

Neither, in my opinion, did it take place in Spain; such a catastrophe was never witnessed by the Madrileño, the Sevillano, the Gaditano, or by the inhabitants of any other important town in the Peninsula, so as to have given rise to a popular saying. Sancho, the mouthpiece of the proverbial wisdom of Spain, says nothing on the subject. Indeed the Iberian bulls have always had too much to occupy them in a different way. The "Plaza de los Toros" leaves them little leisure to disport themselves in china-shops. The Spaniards themselves have a proverb, "*Ciertos son los toros,*" which they employ when they wish to demonstrate that a thing is beyond doubt; but this simply refers to the existence of the animal that furnishes the national sport. The bulls of Portugal are of too tame a character to incur suspicion.

If we turn to Italy, we find nothing there to warrant our belief that the transaction had its birth in that land. The only bulls we read of are those belonging to the Pope, and it is scarcely necessary for me to remind the Royal Society of Antiquaries that a papal bull is not what the newspapers of the present day would imply by the term "infuriated animal."

Neither are we more successful in Germany or Holland. From the Chancery in Vienna to the Royal Library in Amsterdam we search in vain for the equivalents of "The Bull in the China-shop." There is nothing that sounds like a smash in the heavy, lumbering German word "*Porzellangewölbe,*" denoting a depôt for crockery; nor does the expression, when translated into Dutch, come much nearer the mark, though "*Winkel*" is smart enough for shop; and all who remember Paul Potter's young bull at the Hague, may readily imagine him to have been capable of great things.

But the truth is, investigation, however laborious, fails to discover a birth-place in Europe for our erratic quadruped elsewhere than in England. There may be some who choose to advocate the claims of the Emerald Isle, founding its pretensions on the multitude of *bulls* that are annually produced in Ireland; but granting to the Irish *cattle* the mercurial qualities which distinguish the Irish *men,* it is yet to be shewn that the destruction of the pottery (for the de-

truction is admitted by all commentators) ever took place in that country; and although the Bard of Erin has apostrophised the Monarchs of Europe as having

> "Everything now, as Bill Gibbons would say,
> *Like the bull in the china-shop*, all their own way."

Yet this proves nothing in favour of the Irish Bull, for it must be remembered that the poet is only *quoting* his authority; he refers the expression to Mr. Gibbons, and unless it can be satisfactorily proved that that personage was a native of Hibernia, I fear the claims of the sister-kingdom must fall to the ground. Mr. Moore himself seems disposed to think that Gibbons was not his countryman, for in the Preface to that learned work "Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress," he says that he has "found himself tracing Bill Gibbons *and his Bull* in the 'taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo' of Virgil." Here is a manifest bearing towards an Ionian origin, which Mr. Moore would not have sought had he been of opinion that the Tradition was Irish.

It will not, I hope, be thought that I have dwelt too long on this branch of my subject, since it was absolutely necessary for me to show that the entry of the bull into the china-shop took place in the land where the tradition is rife. This could have been nowhere but in England; and, unless I strangely err, nowhere in England but in London.

London is the great centre, or, not to speak with geographical inaccuracy, the great focus of attraction of the whole country. The consumption of butchers' meat within the Bills of Mortality is enormous, and to supply animal food to nearly two millions of mouths, the quantity of cattle brought to market must necessarily be very great. The experiences recorded in the daily papers of overdriven oxen, coupled with every Londoner's personal testimony to the events of Monday and Friday in each week, speak trumpet-tongued in favour of London; and it remains only to determine in what part of the vast metropolis it happened.

It might naturally be supposed that an occurrence of so remarkable a nature as the appearance of a bull in a china-shop would, of itself, have sufficed to determine its locality. The great fire of London has its Monument; the field of Waterloo its Lion; the pier at Calais its Pillar; and yet an event fraught with consequences scarcely less important, has passed unrecorded, save by tradition. The town of Montargis owes its chief celebrity to the fresco-painting, representing the combat between the dog of that ilk, and the murderer of its master, Macaire; and the least that could have been done to perpetuate the memory of the British bull, would have been the erection of a painted sign, or the naming of the spot, to mark its place amongst the monuments of human pride or calamity. The worship of the bull was common to all the nations of the north, and some vestiges of that worship may, I think, be discerned in the present recurrence of *taurean* inscriptions in the metropolis. Thus, I entertain no doubt that Bull Alley in Whitechapel, Bull Yard at Horsleydown, Bull's Rents in Lambeth Marsh, and many other obscure localities so indicated, may owe their origin to the discovery of ancient altars, bas-reliefs, or similar relics of pagan worship. It is equally true, as in the instance of Whitechapel already cited, the number of butchers

residing in that quarter may have had some effect in affixing the bovine designation. But that none of these places were the scene of the irruption, is, I think, tolerably certain; the sphere of action was too limited to attract the eyes of a whole nation, and become associated, familiar as household words, with the inmost thoughts of every man. For the same reason I reject *Turnbull* Street, though, were I influenced by the whistling of a name, here most assuredly I should fix my choice; for what could have been more apposite than to have named the street as it were after a victory gained?

It may be thought that I am narrowing the field of discovery, and reducing my chance of success, in thus depriving myself of the opportunities which the above-mentioned localities offer for deriving a not improbable conclusion. But it has never been my practice to avail myself of hypothesis, however plausible, when facts, though difficult of attainment, might still be arrived at; and I have reason to congratulate myself on this resolution, for it has enabled me at length to announce that, by dint of laborious and patient investigation, *I have fully succeeded in discovering an authority* which not only renders further conjecture unnecessary, but at the same time reveals *the time and place* of the occurrence.

Before I adduce that authority, I must say a few words which will be found to bear collaterally on the subject.

The invention of that finer description of earthenware which we term porcelain or china, is derived from the Celestial Empire, and we have given to it the name of the country from which it was first imported, in preference to that which it bears in China. Philologists, who are fond of looking for knowledge to the sources afforded by etymology, will notice a curious coincidence between the original word and the fear inspired by the act which forms the basis of this inquiry. In the Chinese language porcelain is called *tse-ki;* now in my own county (York), and in other parts of the north of England, *ki,* or *kai* as the word is pronounced, signifies *cows,* the generic name for cattle. By a happy combination of the two languages and giving to the first syllable an English signification, *tse* becomes *see;* add to this *ki,* or *cows, oxen, bulls,* &c., and we have *at once* "*see bull!*" or "*behold the bull!*" an exclamation of terror very naturally excited by the catastrophe apprehended. Not, however, to dwell upon this particular, it is enough to establish that our china-ware came originally from the shores of the Yellow Sea; but it is well known that it was not till the time of Wedgewood, about the middle of the last century, that those improvements were made which multiplied the sale of the commodity and enabled persons of moderate income to use it freely for domestic purposes. At this period, therefore, *china-shops arose;* not the toy-shops of Madame Chenevix and others, but genuine earthenware establishments wherein bulls might rush and riot to their hearts' content.

I am now prepared to bring forward the authority to which I have adverted.

Between thirty and forty years back I was a great frequenter of places of public entertainment in London, and was accustomed much to visit the national theatres, which I am told are no longer in existence. Hence it was that I often found myself in the middle of the pit at Covent Garden, enjoying the drolleries of the elder Grimaldi, and there I distinctly remember to have heard him sing a

song in which the adventures of a bull in a china-shop were broadly and comically narrated. It was then a pleasant entertainment—nothing further; for I little thought that the day would arrive when that song would prove the guiding star to a discovery which I trust will procure for me, if not a resting-place in

"The temple where the dead
Are honour'd by the nations;"

at least an association of my name

"With my land's language,"

as of one who toiled, and not altogether without success, to illustrate the literature of his country. But in the midst of the severe studies in which the last quarter of a century of my life has been past, a ray of light suddenly broke in upon me, and like those who in moments of delirium express themselves fluently in language forgotten during a state of health, I became suddenly able to repeat several lines of the hymn or ballad chaunted by Grimaldi. The commencement, however, containing, as I believed, one of the most material passages, still escaped my recollection, and I accordingly determined on a journey to London, in the hope of finding the ballad entire. The Coal-hole, the Cider-cellar, the Edinburgh Castle, and the Eagle Tavern, places which I was *compelled, however reluctantly*, to visit, afforded me no clue to the discovery I was so anxious to make. In all those haunts of midnight recreation, to characterise them by no harsher denomination, the songs sung were of a date too modern to afford me the satisfaction I required; and it was only by the accident which led my footsteps one day through that part of London known as The Seven Dials that I finally relieved myself of all my doubts.

To relieve this learned body from further suspense, *I found the metrical version of the transaction*, and I am now enabled to state that both *time and place* are satisfactorily set forth in the very first line. I will no longer detain my impatient readers from the perusal of this interesting *morceau*. I give the poem as I find it, according to the text of Catnach, an authority in such matters not to be questioned. I should mention that a well-executed engraving figures at the head of the ballad.

SONG.—THE BULL IN THE CHINA-SHOP.

Air. "Tol de rol," &c.

On Holborn Hill, the first of May,
The truth I do declare, sir,
A furious Bull did run away,
Which made the folks to stare, sir;
This Bull was stout, this Bull was strong,
He ran and made no stop, sir,
Till, horns and all, he rush'd headlong
Into a china-shop, sir!
Tol de rol, &c.

The cups and platters there he dish'd,
And knock'd the mugs about, sir!
The china-men they swore and fish'd,
But could not get him out, sir;
And such a clatter made he then,
And such a great uproar, sir,
With sheriffs, mayor, and aldermen,
Was never heard before, sir!
Tol de rol, &c.

It will not, I presume, be necessary to adduce other testimony than the preceding to show how entirely the doubts which have so long hung like mist above the great well of truth are thus triumphantly dispersed in the furious blaze of the sunlight of research.

NOTES OF A LOITERER IN NEW YORK.

BY HENRY COOKE.

Voyage out.—Yankee Captain.—Death in the Steerage.—Yankee Pilot. —Arrival at New York.

"Hail Columbia! happy land!"

On the 18th of April, 1843, I embarked from St. Katherine's docks on board the American packet-ship Philadelphia, bound for New York, having the previous day paid twenty-five guineas for my passage out, which, however, did not include either wines or spirits.

The ship was crowded with passengers and their friends, whose reluctance to part when the final order was given for all visitors to leave the ship, caused some of the most painful scenes I ever witnessed; and no wonder, for, doubtless, many were taking a last farewell of friends near and dear to them. I felt myself the depressing influence of the scene, and that it was possible I might not be again permitted to revisit the land of my birth.

The pilot left us at Portsmouth, and the little Captain no sooner took the command, than he began to guess and calculate, speak through his nose, and brag, in a way that astonished our weak minds, affording us an amusing specimen of his class, and allowing no comparison whatever in favour of the old country. Then, his ship, though not the largest, was the fastest sailer in the line. "She was a pretty considerable go-a-head ship, she was;"—"she would tear slick through it like a scalded hog, she would;"—"greased lightning was a fool to her, it was;"—"and wouldn't she wallop through it, pretty considerable jam, like a streak of chalk;" with much more to the same purpose.

We had about one hundred and thirty emigrants on board, apparently of the poorer class, huddled together in the steerage, and poor wretched creatures they appeared for the most part. Our cabin party consisted of twenty-five, some of them gentlemanlike, agreeable persons, with one or two rich specimens of the States amongst them.

The outline of a sea-life is subject to little variation, and the most trifling incidents after land is lost sight of, such as, a sail in sight, the spouting of a whale, or the frolicking of porpoises, become matters of immense importance:

"Two things break the monotony
Of an Atlantic trip;
Sometimes, alas! you ship a sea,
And sometimes see a ship."

On the 15th of May, the joyful announcement was made to us that land was in sight, though at a considerable distance, and all was life and gaiety on board. "In the midst of life we are in death;"—for, to our great astonishment, the startling fact was almost at the same instant announced to us, that a poor girl had died the night previous in the steerage.

On the 18th of May, exactly thirty days after leaving London, we entered The Narrows, two beautiful headlands forming the entrance to the noble bay of New York. We were soon taken in tow by

a steamer, of a totally different build to ours in England, much more elegant in appearance, and with two spacious, open promenade decks, one over the other. The helmsman, a pale, thin-lipped man, in a black dress-coat and satin waistcoat, was steering in a little box, rising from the centre of the vessel, half as high as the chimneys; the communication with the rudder being by means of chains. She was no sooner alongside, than we went on board: it was really like a scene in a pantomime. At one end of the cabin was a small room, yclept "the Bar," and behind a counter therein sat a man of saturnine aspect, with a cheek full of tobacco, and bottles enough around him to set up an apothecary for the rest of his life. I enquired very deferentially if I could have anything to drink there. "Well, now," said he, "I calculate, stranger, you'll get any drink in that 'ere printed list, fixed right away, from a Sherry Cobbler to a Common Cocktail." I glanced my eye over the first half-dozen, "Sangaree—Hail Storm—Streak of Lightning—I.O.U.—No you don't—Sherry Cobbler—Moral 'Suasion—Cocktail, and Citronella Jam."

I then demanded a common cocktail. "With the kick in it?" said he. "Oh, by all means," I replied. The man rose, and with a squirt ten times the usual size, squirted a small quantity of rum and brandy into a tumbler, put in a few nobs of ice as pure as crystal, a little pounded sugar, and shook a pepper-box over it. That was a common cocktail. It was very good, though somewhat strong; but then that was my fault, for having ordered it "with the kick in it."

The approaches to New York are really beautiful: the Bay, as you enter the Narrows, appears a complete circle, its undulating banks fringed with wood, and dotted with remarkably white, lively-looking villas and cottages, with the island of New York directly opposite; the noble Hudson sweeping on one side, and the East river on the other. I was also much struck with the great quantity of shipping and the extraordinary length of quays. We no sooner entered one of the slips—for there are no docks at New York—than we were boarded by a custom-house officer, who at once inspected our baggage, and went through his task with a forbearance, courtesy, and gentlemanlike propriety that one would like to see imitated elsewhere.

I now took leave of my fellow-passengers, most of whom were receiving the congratulations of friends on their safe arrival in the land of liberty; but I had no friend to meet, no congratulations to receive, and as I stepped upon the land I could almost have exclaimed, with a poor Irishman in a similar situation, "Lord, have compassion upon me, a poor unfortunate sinner, three thousand miles from my own country, and seventy-five from anywhere else!"

New York.—Cab to the Astor.—Splendid Hotel.—First Impressions.—Broadway.—Its handsome shops.—Cabs and Hacks.—Excessive use of Tobacco.—Peculiarities of the People.—Beauty of the Women.—Their Deficiency of Bust.—The Theatres.—Legs no longer permitted outside the Boxes.—Introduction to the Mayor.—His Court.—Law Courts.—A Horse Cause.—The Albany Volunteers.—Yankee Doodle.

INSTEAD of finding the streets of New York paved with gold, I found them nearly ankle-deep in mud, with innumerable frisky specimens of that American pork I had heard so much of, grunting and squeaking about in every direction.

It was about half past twelve on a fine sun-shiny morning that I

found myself seated in a cab on my way to the Astor House, the most aristocratic hotel in the city of New York. There was a looking-glass in the cab, and the driver had a very black face, a very white hat, and a great thumping pair of earrings. I saw a good many like him as I passed along, especially one fellow, who was jumping *James Crow* at a corner of the street, in a way that Rice himself might have envied. "Stop," said I. "What 's that nigger girl after at the corner of the street there?"—"Oh, I 'm d——d if I know," replied the driver. "Go on," said I. I sat gloaming about, as one is apt to do on first entering upon scenes so new to one, when, with a sudden jerk, my driver pulled up opposite an immense building, tilted up his cab in the mud-cart style, and out I came like a shot out of a shovel. The porters of the hotel at once took charge of my trunk and carpet-bag, and passing through a hall of noble proportions, supported by marble columns, I entered the bar, bowed to the bar-keepers, registered my name in the books kept for that purpose, was most politely received, all my wishes anticipated, and a degree of courtesy and civility exhibited by the domestics of the establishment, that could not have been surpassed at any hotel in the world; and such I found to be invariably the case at the best hotels throughout my tour in the United States. I had no sooner enjoyed the luxury of a warm bath — and oh, what a luxury it is after a long sea-voyage! — than I was summoned to dinner, with some hundreds of others, by the thunder of a large gong. The room in which we dined was about a hundred feet by fifty, ornamented with well-executed paintings; the tables beautifully laid, and the dinner admirably served. The style of cookery struck me as being more after the English than the continental mode. Each guest was provided with an arm-chair, and there were some forty waiters in attendance, who I at once perceived were either English or Irish; and I was told that I should find this the case at most of the hotels in the free States, for that the Americans looked upon domestic service almost as a disgrace. I kept my eyes about me during dinner, and did not observe any spitting, or other vulgarity, to strike a stranger; but what *did* strike me most forcibly was, the extraordinary national resemblance each man bore to his fellow, for verily they looked like one large family. They were all well-dressed, but all dressed alike, for there was the everlasting black coat and black satin waistcoat; they almost all spoke more or less through their noses; they were all grave and ceremonious alike; they all looked dyspeptic; they all to a man had their shirt-collars turned down *à la Byron*; and dollars and cents appeared to be the leading topic of conversation, varied with an occasional dish of Yankee politics, or a discussion upon the probable result of the last year's cotton crop. Then, the very few minutes they remain at the dinner-table, their hurried manner of leaving it to look after the beloved dollars, the way in which they bolt their food, and then bolt themselves, cannot fail to create in the mind of the stranger a feeling of astonishment.

The streets of New York are full of life and bustle, and, though I saw few private carriages, there appeared to me almost as many omnibuses and cabs plying about as in London, and the hackney horses are certainly of a superior character to those seen in London. I devoted an entire day to the far-famed Broadway: a handsome street, three miles in length, with some excellent houses at its upper extremity. The shops in this street are very good; and many of them,

with their windows of plate-glass, would not suffer by a comparison with those of London. They are called here "stores," and, as I passed along, I was struck with their singular signs. "Thread and needle store—Cigar store—Bookbindery store—Ice cream depôt—Wigs, inimitable wigs;" and at a millinery store at the corner of Liberty Street, I inspected with considerable interest some improved wire-gauze bustles for the ladies. They were a beautiful article, and to be had, it seems, considerably under prime cost.

There was also a marked peculiarity about the people themselves. They all looked pale and care-worn alike, and each had his shirt-collar turned down, and some were "bearded like the pard." Then their chewing and spitting propensities cannot be exaggerated, or the way in which they squirt their tobacco-juice over things alike animate and inanimate. But,

> "If you would know the deeds of him that chews,
> Enter the House of God and see the pews."

I shall now, for a brief space, take my leave of the gentlemen, to say, as in duty bound, a few words respecting the ladies, who are indeed the fairest of the fair, and well deserve the reputation for beauty they have so long enjoyed; for though, it must be admitted, they lack the brilliancy of colour and complexion of some of our English beauties, their features are remarkable for their pale, classic grace and delicacy of expression. I think I never looked upon more beautiful faces than I saw on my way to church on Sunday afternoon; but then their figures are not sufficiently developed, and in this respect they are almost universally deficient; their beauty is, also, very transient, and this latter circumstance may doubtless be attributed, in a great degree, to the extreme heat and variability of the climate, which will not admit of the exercise requisite for health. They dress gaily, quite in the Parisian mode; and what they lack in bust, they try and make up for in bustle: still, their general appearance and style are so infinitely superior to that of the men, that one cannot help wondering how such very pretty girls should have such extremely ordinary-looking mortals for fathers and brothers.

I met with great kindness from those gentlemen to whom I presented letters, and one of them actually took the trouble to write me seventeen letters to friends of his in different parts of the Union; and, from the little I have seen of the higher class of Americans, they appeared to me carefully to avoid those national peculiarities I have spoken of as applying rather to the people as a mass.

Theatricals appear to be at a very low ebb in this country. One night I went to the Bowery Theatre, the Covent Garden of New York. As the price of admission to the dress-circle was only a shilling, you may suppose the company were not very aristocratic in their appearance; many in the pit were in their shirt-sleeves; and I observed that "apples, oranges, and ginger-beer" appeared to be fully appreciated in all parts of the house. The play was "Macbeth;" and if the illustrious Thane of Cawdor at all resembled his Yankee representative, he must indeed have been an extraordinary man, and much given to chewing and new readings. But the most laughable part of the business was, that, owing to some mismanagement of the machinery, the unhappy Ghost of the murdered Banquo got so jammed up in the trap, that he could not for the life of him disappear at the cri-

tical moment, though Macbeth told him repeatedly to take himself off, saying, in the words of the text,

> "Avaunt, and quit my sight!
> Thy bones are marrowless—thy blood is cold!
> Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
> Which thou dost glare with!"

But the Ghost couldn't do it, being, as a Yankee near me observed, "in a pretty considerable fix," till at last the perturbed spirit was extricated by two of the castle guard, and left the stage, looking as little like a real ghost as it is possible to conceive.

One thing *did* surprise me. I had been led to suppose that I should see many of the audience with their legs hanging outside the boxes, but this was not the case in a single instance; and when, by way of experiment, I placed my own legs outside, there was such a tremendous outcry of "Boots, boots, boots!" (the great Macbeth himself seeming rather to apostrophise the boots before him, than the ideal dagger that led him on to the murder of the gracious Duncan of pious memory,) that I was glad to put my legs inside the box again, though I could not help exclaiming, as I took a quiet pinch of snuff, "Oh oh! I see Mrs. Trollope has cured you of one abominable habit, at any rate."

The Americans are a peculiar people, and, notwithstanding all Mrs. Trollope has said, their greatest enjoyment seems to me to consist in sitting with their legs up. I saw long rows of them sitting opposite the open windows of the different hotels with their legs considerably higher than their heads; still, I think national peculiarities have been a little exaggerated, for at the best hotels you rarely see a man with his feet on the mantel-shelf—they more generally place them on the tables there.

I also attended the Hall of Justice, and had the honour of an introduction to his worship the mayor, who pointed out to me portraits of the different Presidents, from Washington downwards, and apologized for not having it in his power to show me more attention, as his court was about to open. He thereupon ascended the throne of civic justice, with a cigar in his mouth, some six inches in length, and obtained a light from his clerk, who was seated immediately below, smoking one of similar dimensions, and busily employed getting up evidence. They appear to get through their cases in a very summary manner. One fellow was indicted for stealing a goose out of the market; but it having been clearly proved in evidence, that, at the time he stole the bird, its head, legs, and guts were missing, it was decided that it was not *a goose*, but only *part of a goose*, and the case was dismissed; his worship, at the same time, very properly censuring the lawyer for having framed his indictment in such a slovenly manner.

The greater portion of one entire day I devoted to the Law Courts, which certainly would not suffer by a comparison with those at Westminster Hall. The arrangement is decidedly better, there is greater space, and more of the drawing-room about them; the floors too are handsomely carpeted, the windows and judge's canopy nicely curtained; while the counsel, who act also as attorneys, and wear neither wigs nor gowns, have plenty of room, and each of them an arm-chair to sit in. There was more dignity about the whole than I expected, It is, however, a melancholy fact, that they all chew, from the judge to the common crier, and spittoons were scattered about in the vain hope of protecting the handsome carpet. They were trying a horse cause, and while one counsel pleaded, the other whittled, and so on *vice versâ*.

Counsel contended that a horse's roaring was no proof of unsoundness; but Judge Kent, who had a very respectable *nisi prius* look, though he missed the spittoon three times, at last decided, that a roarer was not a sound horse; and the court broke up just in time to enable us to see the Albany Volunteers march, in a very independent manner, through the streets, preceded by their military band playing with all their might the favourite national air of

" Yankee doodle, yankee doodle,
Yankee doodle dandy;
Yankee doodle, timber doodle,
Nebber say him bandy."

Public Buildings of New York.—The Tombs Prison for Criminals.—Punishment of Death rarely inflicted.—American Ships of War.—Beautiful Environs.—Extreme Heat of the Climate.—Profuse Supply of Ice.—Magnificent Reservoirs of Water.—Staten Island.—The Hudson.—Hoboken.

I UNDERSTAND the present population of New York is near upon three hundred thousand souls; and though it is undoubtedly a very fine city, and far superior to most of our provincial towns, it contains fewer handsome public buildings for the size of it, than any city I ever visited. One morning I went to visit the famed prison for criminals, called "The Tombs;" and a very appropriate designation too, for a more gloomy abode can hardly be. It is built in the massive Egyptian style, and its wretched cells were few of them untenanted; but most of the prisoners, I observed, were either blacks or creoles. A creole woman was brought in whilst I was there; she was very obstreperous, very drunk, and almost in a state of nudity, with anchors and ships in full sail tatooed on every part of her person. It took three men to carry her, and she was thrown like a heap of rubbish into a dark cell, and the iron door locked upon her. In the centre of the prison is the yard in which criminals are executed, and doubtless some dreadful scenes have been witnessed there. The criminal stands upon the ground with the rope round his neck, and, on the signal being given, is hauled up by the running down of a heavy weight. The public, with the exception of twenty-five citizens, whom the law requires to be present, are excluded; and I cannot help thinking that this secret mode of execution is, for many reasons, preferable to our indecent public exhibitions of a similar nature.

The punishment of death is not very often inflicted in this country; and from all I can understand, so long as a man has plenty of money and friends, there is no great danger of his being hanged, let him commit what crime he may.

I went over the American ship of war Columbus, of 120 guns, and a fine ship she is as ever sailor trod. I observed she was almost entirely manned by English seamen, who, I was told, had entered the service on the express understanding that they were not to be called upon to fight *against* their own country. It is to be hoped this *is* the case. The Pennsylvania, of 130 guns, is larger than any ship in the British navy; and, though they have not many of them, there can be no doubt that their ships of war, as also their beautiful packet-ships, are in every respect equal to our own. The officers of the American navy also struck me as being as intelligent and gentleman-like a set of men as one would wish to meet with anywhere.

I had many delightful drives in the beautiful environs of New

York—for walking was almost out of the question, owing to the extreme heat and sultriness of the climate. But then what a beautiful climate it is, if it was not so extremely hot! how transparently clear the sky is, and how brilliantly the stars shine at night. One of my prettiest drives was round the island of New York, a narrow slip some twelve miles in length, remarkable for its wild rocky scenery. The Hudson flows on one side of the island, and the East river on the other; and, as I proceeded, I had beautiful views of both. It is not perhaps *very* unreasonable to suppose that the city of New York may one day cover the whole of the pretty island; at present it occupies about three miles of it.

One of the greatest possible luxuries in New York, considering the heat of the climate, is the profuse supply of ice and fresh water; the latter being actually brought from the Croton river, a distance of forty miles from New York, by means of large aqueducts, and so conveyed into two immense reservoirs or tanks, the largest containing, I was told, thirty-five acres of water, and the smaller one about five. I had the curiosity to inspect these reservoirs, which are some miles from the city, and really I was greatly struck with the grandeur *and spirit* of the undertaking. They are built entirely of granite, the walls being at least five-and-thirty feet in thickness. The water is of the purest quality, and the entire cost of the undertaking I saw stated at no less a sum than three millions of pounds sterling.

Greenwood Cemetery is a sweet, pretty spot, quite in a wild state of nature, prettily wooded and full of little dingles and dells, the white marble tombs being scattered amidst the green foliage in the prettiest manner. The handsomest tomb I saw there is "The Stranger's Tomb," subscribed for by the different hotel-keepers of New York.

I afterwards dined, and passed an agreeable evening with an amiable family in New York: there cannot, I think, be a doubt, that the higher class of Americans are decidedly partial to the English, and disposed to treat them (if properly introduced) with the *greatest* cordiality and friendship.

I made repeated excursions to Staten Island, some six miles from New York, and a place of fashionable resort during the summer months. It is, in fact, to New York what Brighton is to London; and its rides, drives, and sea-views are certainly exceedingly beautiful: but what will you say when I tell you, that this charming little isle, which is some eighteen miles long by about seven in breadth, was actually sold by the Indians to the Dutch, in 1657, for ten shirts, thirty pairs of stockings, ten guns, thirty bars of lead for balls, thirty pounds of powder, thirty hatchets, thirty kettles, and a brass saucepan?

Of the noble Hudson I saw but little during my residence at New York, having been advised, in consequence of the heat of the weather, to make my southern tour *first*, and thus finish with the Hudson, instead of commencing with it, as I had originally intended. I must not, however, omit to mention, that before starting on my tour, I had one or two lovely evening strolls along its shady banks, by Hoboken, and was delighted with the magnificent scenery, which forcibly recalled recollections of the Rhine; but what renders this romantic region still more interesting, is the pleasing fact, that it is greatly resorted to by newly-married couples, as well as those who are merely paying their preliminary addresses to the fair objects of their affections.

THE GENIUS OF THEOCRITUS.

"And with a tale, forsooth, he cometh to you—with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner."—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Theocritus! Theocritus! ah! thou had'st pleasant dreams,
Of the crystal spring Burinna, and the Haleus' murm'ring streams;
Of Physcus, and Neaethus, and fair Arethusa's fount,
Of Lacinion's beetling crag, and Latymnus' woody mount;
Of the fretted rocks and antres hoar that overhang the sea,
And the sapphire sky and thymy plains of thy own sweet Sicily;
And of the nymphs of Sicily, that dwelt in oak and pine—
Theocritus! Theocritus! what pleasant dreams were thine!

And of the merry rustics who tend the goats and sheep,
And the maids who trip to milk the cows at morning's dewy peep,
Of Clearista with her locks of brightest sunny hair,
And the saucy girl Eunica, and sweet Chloe kind and fair;
And of those highly favoured ones, Endymion and Adonis,
Loved by Selena the divine, and the beauteous Dionis;
Of the silky-haired capella, and the gentle lowing kine—
Theocritus! Theocritus! what pleasant dreams were thine!

Of the spring time, and the summer, and the zephyr's balmy breeze;
Of the dainty flowers, and waving elms, and the yellow humming bees;
Of the rustling poplar and the oak, the tamarisk and the beech,
The dogrose and anemone;—thou had'st a dream of each!
Of the galingale and hyacinth, and the lily's snowy hue,
The couch-grass, and green maiden-hair, and celandine pale blue,
The gold-bedropt cassidony, the fern, and sweet woodbine—
Theocritus! Theocritus! what pleasant dreams were thine!

Of the merry harvest-home, all beneath the good green tree,
The poppies and the spikes of corn, the shouting and the glee
Of the lads so blithe and healthy, and the girls so gay and neat,
And the dance they lead around the tree with ever twinkling feet;
And the bushy piles of lentisk to rest the aching brow,
And reach and pluck the damson down from the overladen bough,
And munch the roasted bean at ease, and quaff the Ptelean wine—
Theocritus! Theocritus! what pleasant dreams were thine!

And higher dreams were thine to dream—of Heracles the brave,
And Polydenkes good at need, and Castor strong to save;
Of Dionysus and the woe he wrought the Theban king;
And of Zeus the mighty centre of Olympus' glittering ring;
Of Tiresias, the blind old man, the famed Aonian seer;
Of Hecatè, and Cthonian Dis, whom all mankind revere;
And of Daphnis lying down to die beneath the leafy vine—
Theocritus! Theocritus! what pleasant dreams were thine!

But mostly sweet and soft thy dreams—of Cypris' loving kiss,
Of the dark-haired maids of Corinth, and the feasts of Sybaris;
Of alabaster vases of Assyrian perfume,
Of ebony, and gold, and pomp, and softly-curtained room;
Of Faunus piping in the woods to the Satyrs' noisy rout,
And the saucy Panisks mocking him with many a jeer and flout;
And of the tender-footed Hours, and Pieria's tuneful Nine—
Theocritus! Theocritus! what pleasant dreams were thine!

C. H. L.

THE POST-BAG; OR, ECCENTRIC CORRESPONDENCE.

BY R. B. PEAKE.

"Your means are very slender, and your waste great."
SHAKSPEARE, *Henry IV. Second Part.*

"WASTE not, want not," is the thrifty adage. Many a valuable gem has been lost by having been intermingled with dirt—many a literary gem has been hidden from the light, and destroyed with waste paper. The sparkling wit of a Sheridan has been folded round a lump of cheap Irish butter, bought by one guiltless of the art of reading. Within the last ten years a volume of the correspondence of Mr. Sheridan and his family was discovered by Gallot, the actor, at a small cheesemonger's shop, and purchased by Mathews, who parted with it to the late William Linley.

But is there not a charm in looking at the ever-changing style of letters, variable as the countenances of the writers? Is there not something agreeable in imagining the person or figure of him or her who has penned the epistle?—to stretch the imagination further, and endeavour to enter into the thoughts of those who have despatched their ideas on paper? Many of the following specimens are in the handwriting of humble and illiterate persons, but are all given as they were worded and written.

The annexed letter, from an aggrieved butler, was sent to Mr. W * * * *, an eminent violin-player; it is a favourable specimen of the straight-forward, down-right style.

SIR,—From the misunderstanding that has occurred between Mrs. Bathurst and her servants, respecting you and your Fiddle, I am induced to ask you a Question or two. If you was a servant in a gentleman's family, where an Artist of your Profession attended, should you think it right, that he, by any means whatever, should command your service to fetch and return his Fiddle, as often as he attended? Should you not think that, as he was handsomely paid for his attendance, that his own servant, or (wanting such) a person at his expense should be employed? If you stand high in your profession, (as doubtless you do,) your profit must be adequate to this; if not, it would be advisable to make it so.

A servant knows, by the usual compact, that it is his Duty to serve and obey his Master, in all his just and reasonable commands; but he does not consider himself a Lackey to every one whom his Master employs, and pays for his service. Indeed it would be very unbecoming assurance to desire it. This, from a servant may grate harshly on your Feelings—be it so. It may excite your Resentment—be that so too. Perhaps in the contest, I may prove as eminent with my Pen, as you with your Fiddle. Waiting the result I am yours, &c.

JNO. TAYLOR, Butler to the Bishop of Norwich.

45, Wimpole Street.

The direction of the following epistle, and genuine rustic poetry, is

For WILLIAM HALL, Privet Soldier the 59th Ridg. foot, 5 company
King's County Ireland, or els whear—with all speed.

Attleborough, March 2.

DEAR WILLIAM,—As I have not heard from you I take the opertunity of righting to you to know the reason why you have not sent to me. Iff you have forgot me I have not forgot braking the waggon wip.

But you have another girl in vew as I've been latly told
I do not know her name but I think your love grows cold
But I am ever trew as aney girl can be
Iff you like her the best then come no more to me.

But iff you come no more to me I still the same shall think
That you'r with some other girl and glassing out the drink
So iff you meen to leave me now and to give me the slip
Then I will think no more of you though I broake your waggon wip.

But now you are a soldier bold and many a mile from me
I hope you will be trew to your King and to your cuntry
And iff that I see you no more nor wee dont meet again
I hope in Heaven we shall meet a blessing to obtain.

DEAR WILLIAM,—this leaves me in verey good health and I hope it will find you the same and I hope you will answer this as quick as you posable can and send me word wher you are at the present time and weather you are likley to stay thear long or not. Iff you remove please to send word for I remain your constant Lover

ELIZABETH BOSWORTH.

The next is a *bonâ fide* specimen of erudition, from a clergyman of the Church of England. Whether the writer fancied himself Dean Swift, or William Cowper, we are in doubt.

TO MRS. * * * *

DEAR MADAM,—It is so long since I heard of your family and of Mrs. William, that I venture to pay respects to you and enquire how you all do? And that I may do so more completely, allow me to enquire after the welfare of each Member of your Family separately, I hope Madam you still continue through the Divine blessing to enjoy good health, and to be an example of all that is excellent. Mr. * * * * * is, I trust, well, and while cumbered about many things, deeply sensible that one thing is needful.

Now, Miss * * * * * and how do you do? Have you forgiven me yet for sending you such a letter? I hope Madam *you have.* (Here, may I beg that when you favour me with another letter, which I hope will be *soon,* you will *all* give me as *much religion* as you please, and as *little politics* and "*dingle dangle*" as possible.) Like Mary, pray you choose that good part, love to christ. This yields peace and happiness, and nothing else can do so. Would that you felt the truth and sweetness of this! Must I again beg your forbearance for the great liberty I am taking?

Miss C * * * * * * * *, is all well? I think I hear your reply "Yes, all is well!" I am glad to hear you say so. And is *all* well? Well for time, for death, and well for eternity? Be assured Madam I would it may be so: and that your conscience and y^{e} word of

God agree in declaring "all is well." You will overlook my freedom. How is y[e] little dog?

Mr. William, I hope you are much, yea quite recovered. May the Lord grant it may be so; and that you may labour long in the church, to the comfort and salvation of many. I am now Curate of * * * * * * * * * * * Population 6000! church elegant inside, and seats 2300. Finally, respected, and kind friends, what do you think of the cholera in Quebec? one in twenty seven carried off! Who among us is ready to die? am I? are you? you? or you? I am, Madam, your obedient humble servant

C. C * * * *.

P.S. I send this by hand to town; Pray how does Miss * * * * * do? I must not forget her; I am sorry to say my Mother, my dear aged (76) Mother is no more. The event occurred some time since; just about the time of my recovery of a fever I have had since I came here. I am now an orphan in the wide world and alone. Heaven is my only home, now, and God my only Parent.

Specimen of German-English:—

Chelsea, 22 Nov, 1831.

Most Honourable Sir,—Upon my knee I beag Sir G. . . . . . pardon for teakon the liberté asken this favor, I shall heave money from my Relation in Germane and so soon I Reiceivt it I will bring the two Pounds to Sir G. . . . . we are in the greatest want for it, nothing to covert ourself—never—never I will for git to be tank fall, and God will hoer oure Prayers for Sir G. . . . . Healt—Habiness—and Blessing, remain till Deadt Obadient—tankfall.

Philip Doll.

Poetical Remonstrance from a neglected fair one, addressed

TO THE OFFICERS OF THE —th REGIMENT, WEEDON BARRACKS,

Shun delays, they breed remorse,
Take thy time while time is lent thee.
Creeping snails have weakest force,
Fly their fault lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought;
Lingering labours come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Time and tide stay no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After wits are dearly bought;
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before.
Take thou hold upon his hair!
When he flies he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is bare.
Works adjourned have many stays,
Long demurs breed new delays.

Taking you all together, you are a set of cold-blooded animals. Heaven defend me from a soldier with not a spark of gallantry! The Ladies all cry shame on the —th and well they may. From what I have seen of the whole corps since I came to Northampton I must conclude that it sadly wants spirit.

"Infirm of purpose, give me the dagger!"

A Stranger.

This is not for you in particular; no, it is a hit at every officer of you: I am unacquainted with the name of any one in the regiment.

Specimen of Italian-English :—

(Addressed to Dr. Arnold.)

Sir,—Behold Stracchini, who goes now to make to you a sincere, and truly confession.

By the threatening to be confined into a prison, the rubbery suffered last winter, and the bankrupt of Tenducci seduced me to be guilty of such behaviour, with the intention however to return in time all the rears, as I have all ready done it. I would rather pass the days without any kind of subsistance, than to wrong Dr. Arnold of an epenny.

As, I must confess the truth, are few more subscribers, which have paid me punctually, and that I have made use of the money; I propose to Dr. Arnold to cast up the sum, and I promise now and then by bringing small sums to extinguish the whole debt. I would propose to him to leave the half-guinea every week; but how can I subsist? The Scholars dont pay the Master every week. As soon I will receive the money of the lessons I will bring to you the whole till the extinction of the debt. For the future in what regards me, will not be such rears, and I hope that this will serve to me as a good warning. My intention has never been for to cheating my Principal, and I hope that in future Dr. Arnold will have no occasion to find matter for to be against me, and I flatter also myself that he will be so kind and generous to forgive me, and not to comunicate as what I have done it. I have done it with an honest wiews, and that for the future will appear clear. I am, Sir, your most humble servant, A. Stracchini.

Reply of a lady residing at Camberwell, to an application for the character of a servant. There is a delightful simplicity running throughout, and it is humbly recommended as a model to any lady who may be similarly situated.

Madam,—The same post by which I received your letter brought me also one from Emma Hoggett, requesting me to give her "*a character suitable to the place;*" but as I make it a rule never to give one that is false, I shall without reference to it proceed to answer your enquiries as far as my knowledge of her extends. I believe her to be perfectly sober, honest, and good-tempered. Steady she is not, as our sadly diminished stock of earthenware can prove. In her person she is very neat and clean, with the exception of her *nose*, which is sufficient to turn the stomach of any one; I gave her stuff to make pocket handkerchiefs of, but still no change took place. In her work she is very dirty (though she certainly kept the place clean during the first fortnight). When she first came to us, she could not even boil a potatoe: we taught her to fry herrings, and eggs and bacon, also to boil cod and salmon; but her nose caused us to do the cooking ourselves. It is not to be expected that such a child can cook. As she had scalded her hand, we parted with her before her month's notice was expired. I remain, Madam, your obedient servant, * * * * *

To Mrs. * * * * * * * Harlow, Essex.

The annexed crazy lines, and letter, were addressed

FOR MR. KEELY;

Actor Comique, English Opera, Strand.

To Mr. and Mrs. KEELY;—

When on Life's ocean first Dame Nature sent me,
One "wee bit mite" of Poesy she lent me;
More I can't make it—so must e'en content me.
But the whole sum I 'll muster up in toto,
To sing the wondrous comic pow'rs of you two.
Matchless! I swear by mirth-inspiring Pluto!
The God all men do worship—yes, *mirth*-moving
Pluto—thy rays of gold heighten the loving
Couple's bliss—should'ring thoughts of care, and shoving—
No matter what. One Shakspeare says, I'm certain,
That ever to good acting it doth pertain
"To hold as 'twere (premising the green curtain
To be drawn up) to Nature's face a mirror,"
Wherein the age's body—I'm in error—
The age and body of the time—that's Terror,
Joy, Grief, Rage, et cetera—should be shown up.
Now this same glass, you, and your wife, that 's grown up,
Did hold last night before the Gods, who, blown up
By her sweet voice in song, loudly call'd encore.
Great Jupiter was I—my deep thunder's roar
Deafened the very Gods—until once more
The Flageolet's most sweet, soft tone, still'd all uproar.

SIR,—I much admire your comic talents, as well as those of Mrs. Keely, and have spent half an hour agreeably in putting together a few rhymes to tell you so.

I am a stranger in London, where I arrived for the first time in my life on the evening Covent-Garden closed. I saw you there—and much admired you as Major-domo to Cinderella. I saw you also on the first night of the English Opera, and was delighted with your dancing servant in the "Middle Temple."

I came to town for the purpose of enlisting as a common soldier, or entering the navy as a seaman, having quarrelled with my father and family, and quitted his roof for ever. I had some five-and-twenty sovereigns in my pocket, and of course have been looking about me in town, before fixing my fate in life. I have visited all the theatres open, and have been much disappointed (sometimes disgusted) in my expectations of London performances—at the Surrey, Cobourg, Vauxhall, and Astley's, for I have seen good acting in the country. In short, I have some hopes that I might make an actor, tho' I am utterly ignorant of the business of the stage, or indeed how I should set about it. Perhaps you would be kind enough to bestow a few lines upon me, giving me some clue how and where to apply, to make my debut as an actor. I have a good memory, and am in height and make something like the gentleman (Mr. Wrench, I believe) who played Peter Shack to your Paul last evening. With much respect for your talents, I have the honour to remain, your obedient humble servant, VANBEEST BROWN.

Age 22.—July 9th, 1829.

A letter addressed to me at the French Horn Dining Room, Crutched Friars, will reach me.

Specimen of a *professed* Hibernian letter-writer, who has been called in to practise on the present occasion. It was addressed to the Secretary of War, London.

Noble Sir,—Your memorialist Margret Donaghey mother of James Donaghey Soldier in H.M. 59th Regt foot, native of Greenfield Parish of Aghadowey county Londonderry—Humbly soliciteth in the most tender and endearing beseeches the clemency of your benign benignity To make serch and enquest concerning her son James Donaghey Who enlisted in Coleraine and has heard no accompt of him since Aprill 1813 he was then in Chichester in England and hopes the Sublimity of your Renowned Highness may feelingly consider the Grieved mind of a Relict and Mother of a Soldier after the horrors of war. from receiving no intelligence of my Son &c May condescend to Remit unto me what accompt are to be found of him and how I may correctly address to find intelligence as I adressed already under the patronage of Mr. Paul Recotr of the Parish But received no answer My Relationship to him are certifyable by the Local Magistrates &c James Orr Alexander Orr &c.

When your bounty is pleased to remit me information please to Direct to Memorialist to the care of Mr. John Mc Farlin Merchant of Greenfield. And I as in duty bound will pray Greenfield Septr 22 1815.

H. M. Service.—To the Noble Secretary of the War Office, London, England.

Written by a poor French teacher on his death-bed; in fact, it may be called his will, and he has very carefully worded the disposal of his property.

I do, underwritten, empower my legitimate wife to receive, for me, One Guinea, which still remains due to me from Mr. Scott, a Boarding School master, living in London — Fen church Street N[ber] 1rst. in the city, for my French Lessons given to four private pupils at the rate of one guinea per quarter for each of them. I must observe that, though my lessons-quarter be ended, I could hitherto receive, even in several times, piecemeal, and by driblets, but three guineas only ! ! ! Equity, no doubt, is a virtue which belongs to every civilized country; and in spite of my quality as a Foreigner, I dare respectfully to confide in the Impartial Integrity of my most honoured adoptive Magistrates.

Louis Etienne Robert Flozitier.

69, Berwick Street, Soho Square.

Specimen of Hindoo-English writing:

7 Feb. 1827.

Gentleman Sir,—I am very much happy to inform you and to begs leave I have sent down for your breakfast for it 5 pieces of Mackred fishes and 3 Tumbilate* Fishes—I present to of all your honour I brought over for the Officers Breakfast for it on the March —very good and very nice fishes—and best of all complement to your honour and Messrs. feet—I pray to God, ever time long life shall ever pray. I am Sir your most obedient very humble servant,

Ulladey Rhon, Mess-Man, 47th Regt.

Specimen of Spanish-English from Ferdinand Sor, the very celebrated guitar-player:

My dear Mr. Peake,—I 'll be very much obliged to you at sending to me by the bearer the orders for four that you had the

* Quere—Tamarind fish?

goodness to promise yesterday, and at the same time the score of my song if the copiest has donet with it.

Could you oblige me again with three orders for Friday? I am affraid you will find me troblesome, but that's your fault—Why do you are so kind with your devoted friend F. SOR?

Not the least amusing, in more ways than one, is the invitation letter of the late worthy Doctor Kitchener:

MY DEAR SIR,—The honor of your company is requested, to dine with THE COMMITTEE OF TASTE, on Sunday, October 3rd.

The SPECIMENS will be placed on the table at Five o'clock PRECISELY, when the business of the day will immediately commence.

I have the honor to be your most obedient servant,
W. KITCHENER, Secretary.

43, Warren Street, Fitzroy Square.

At the last general meeting it was unanimously resolved, that,—

1st. An invitation to ETA-BETA-PI must be answered in writing as soon as possible after it is received—within twenty-four hours at latest, reckoning from that on which it is dated; otherwise the Secretary will have the profound regret to feel that the invitation has been definitively declined.

2ndly. The Secretary having represented that the perfection of several of the preparations is so exquisitely evanescent, that the delay of *one minute* after their arrival at the meridian of concoction will render them no longer worthy of Men of Taste;

Therefore, to ensure the punctual attendance of those Illustrious Gastrophilists, who on grand occasions are invited to join this High Tribunal of Taste—for their own pleasure, and the benefit of their country, it is irrevocably resolved, 'That the Janitor be ordered not to admit any visitor, of whatever eminence of appetite, after the hour which the Secretary shall have announced that the specimens are ready. By order of the Committee.

WILLIAM KITCHENER, Sec.

A specimen of the concise style (in verse), from T. Dibdin to R. B. Peake, dated Surrey Theatre, Feb. 12, 1821.

DEAR SIR—

Excuse so many troublesome letters,
And lend me (till Wednesday) a pair of fetters.

Dear P.
Yours, D.

Two brothers, well-known in the theatrical world, and who resided next door to each other, had been living somewhat too freely in regard to wine: the elder brother made a vow, that for a certain period he would take no liquor stronger than coffee: on the first evening after this resolve, the younger brother sent in the following epistle to his neighbour:—

How is it with you, man? Art yet like unto the Frenchman's horse? Hast turned thy cork-screw out to grass? and sippest thou real Mocha? or have all thy promises been like unto the idle wind, which thou regardest not? Tell me, most rash experimentalist, how fares the inner man? Is the wit finer than the juice of the grape? and dost thou sit with empty bottle, quaffing the Turkish

beverage, fined and refined with isinglass? Solve these queries, that I may commence walking in thy ways at my most early convenience. Shouldst thou survive this one day's trial, thou art more than mortal man, and I will say, as Faustus said to Mephistophiles, "Master, how I honour thee." Send not excuses, pleading the coldness of the weather, &c. &c., or such-like reasons for avoiding chivalrous exploits; but let me hear thou hast kept thy word, and thou shalt have the profound adoration of thy brother.

Nov. 17, Seven, Evening. Bacchus's Chief Mate.

Five doors from any public-house; and licensed to drink foreign wines!

An epistle from the late renowned Simpson, of the late Vauxhall Gardens, should command a place in every well-regulated collection of letters. The following is a specimen of "much ado about nothing" from the pen of that learned gentleman.

Most respected Sir,—I on Thursday last had infinite pleasure in enclosing you an admission for two to the Royal Property last night, (and which I am happy to learn came into the Royal Gardens, last night,) and very respectfully solicited by the return of the post an order for the Royal English Opera on Tuesday next the 28th of August, but beg to assure you, Sir, that up to the present moment, 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, I have not had the highly prized honour of having a letter even in reply to mine of Thursday last; therefore, thinking that there must be some mistake, again take the liberty, much respected Sir, of respectfully soliciting by the return of the post the great favour of an order for two for Tuesday next, the 28th of August. I would not, Sir, by any means obtrude on your kindness if orders for the Royal English Opera were not given at all, but I do assure you, respected Sir, my own son (who is a clerk in the Bank of England) was taken by a friend of his to the Royal English Opera by an order for two, which his friend had obtained, and was highly entertained last night. I therefore hope, respected Sir, that you will comply with my humble request, and I shall at all times feel great pleasure in complying with your commands at all times for the Royal Gardens.

I most respectfully beg to apologise most sincerely, kind Sir, for the very great blunder which my messenger committed in his eagerness to run off with my letter of Thursday last, in leaving the Two-pence behind him on my desk, which I had given him (to pay the postage of my letter), and for which great blunder I most sincerely beg your pardon; for my principle is, that, where a person asks a favour, he ought in duty bound to pay the postage of that letter. But, respected Sir, never pay the postage of any letters to me, for all my letters are paid by the Proprietors of the Royal Property, and, of course, free to me.

I have the honour to remain, with every sense of gratitude, much respected Sir, your infinitely obliged, and very devoted, obedient humble servant, C. H. Simpson.

Royal Gardens, Vauxhall, Saturday morning, 10 o'clock.
To R. B. Peake, Esq. &c. &c. &c.

There's a ceremonious Master of the Ceremonies! Vauxhall was nothing without him; but it will be perceived that he was *something* without Vauxhall!

TRIBUTE TO ANACREON.

GENTLE Anacreon! blithest of men!
Where are thy harp-strings?—oh, strike them again!
There are maids to be kiss'd, there is wine to be quaff'd,
There is joy in the lip, there is mirth in the draught,—
There are flowers, there are leaves, there are sweet voices still,—
There 's a charm in the wood, and a charm in the rill,—
There are strains of wild music to thrill thy old veins,—
All, all are not fled from thine ancient domains.
Gentle Anacreon! blithest of men!
Where are thy harp-strings?—oh, strike them again!

The world has grown old, but the banquet is spread,
So come with the myrtle wreath twined round thy head;
Come, join in the blithe jest, and join in the song,
And late shall the wine-cup our sweet hours prolong;
And though, 'midst the revel, old Time may fly fast,
Thou shalt dream thyself back to the days of the past.
Gentle Anacreon! blithest of men!
Where are thy harp-strings?—oh, strike them again

The world has grown old, but its maidens are young,
And silv'ry the music that drops from their tongue,
They weave the wild dance, and they wake the soft strain;
Come amongst them, Anacreon, amongst them again!
Thou shalt sit in the midst, and their king thou shalt be,—
Come, hie to their gambols, Anacreon, with me!
Gentle Anacreon! blithest of men!
Where are thy harp-strings?—oh, strike them again!

They have deck'd thee, Anacreon, a sweet greenwood bower,
'Tis unscorch'd by the sun, 'tis unscathed by the shower;
The birds never die there, the flowers never fade,
And none e'er grow old 'neath its magical shade;
And the damsels are twining a wreath for thee there
Of the asphodel leaves and the lash maiden-hair.
Gentle Anacreon! blithest of men!
Where are thy harp-strings?—oh, strike them again!

We want thee, Anacreon,—the world has grown old,
Its heart-strings are snapp'd, and its pulses are cold:
Its harps are all tuneless, its homes all forlorn,
Its twilight has come, and o'erpast is its morn:
It is palsied with care, it is haggard with pain,—
We want thee, Anacreon, we want thee again!
Gentle Anacreon! blithest of men!
Where are thy harp-strings?—oh, strike them again!

But come thou, Anacreon,—oh, hasten away,
And the night of the earth will be turn'd into day;
The blithe birds will carol, the fresh flowers will spring,
The youth will be joyous, the maiden will sing;
We will laugh, we will feast, we will break our dull chain,—
We want thee, Anacreon, we want thee again!
Gentle Anacreon! blithest of men!
Where are thy harp-strings?—oh, strike them again!

C. H. L.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN;

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER XLVII.

OFFENDED DIGNITY.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.—DAVID HUME.

WHENCE comes it that in so many minds autumn is associated with melancholy and gloom? Much is there in its sombre hues and grateful stillness to soothe, much to soften, much to calm; little, surely, to depress or sadden. What more glorious than October! The very hedges are brilliant with the rich colour of their dying leaves and their various berries—the black privet and buckthorn, the hips and haws of bright scarlet and deep crimson. The ruddy squirrel is busily employed beneath the beech-trees feasting on their fallen nuts, the happiest and liveliest of gratified epicures; the varied and peculiar cries of the woodpecker, and the jay, and the solitary raven, may be distinctly heard; while the woods, in all their solemn magnificence of colours, scarlet, crimson, tawny, pale yellow, and richest russet, present a combination of hues never seen in our climate but in autumn. Say, from this deep-reposing loveliness of nature, does not the mind revert to the beneficent Creator above, and the lips utter involuntarily words of earnest gratitude to HIM, for the beauty and varied attractions with which he has adorned the abode of his acknowledged children?

Thankful for the refreshment which these quiet regions breathe upon the spirit, I had toiled along a path shadowed by sombre masses of forest-trees up the steep ascent, on the crown of which the gaol was piled, when my reverie was closed, abruptly enough, by the exclamation which greeted me as I passed the portal,—

"Angels in temper—language—actions—intentions,—that 's what gaolers of the present day should be!—proof against every affront, and indifferent to every insult."

The governor was the speaker, and looked superlatively pettish.

"Anything unusual, Mr. Croak?"

"Unusual!—oh no!—quite the contrary. This is only the third refused letter—*refused*, sir, remember," laying special emphasis on the term, "which has been returned to me within the last fortnight. Now, is it decent, is it endurable, that a person filling *my* official situation should be exposed to such repeated indignities?"

He pushed towards me as he spoke three villanously soiled epistles, and tapped with indignant energy the cover of each, as he bade me note the address. I did so; but, after a lengthened scrutiny, could discover nothing offensive.

"What is there here to disconcert you?"

"Much," said he angrily; "and, upon explanation, you 'll agree with me. The Legislature,—because a gaoler has *little* to do, and ample leisure,—requires him to send to the father or mother of every prisoner in his custody *under age* a notification of the day on which

their son's or daughter's imprisonment will expire. The minute is to this effect:—

'—— Gaol, May 1st, 18—.

'This is to acquaint you that your daughter, Amelia Botherby, will be discharged from this gaol on the fifteenth day of May, at about 8 A. M.

'JOHN CROAK, Governor.

'To JOHN BOTHERBY, Rag Merchant,
'Windy Nook, Bagshot.'

Well! this polite and precise announcement of an impending family occurrence Mr. Botherby declines receiving! It is returned to me. Not that Mr. Botherby is 'unknown,' or that he is 'removed from his late residence,' or that he 'cannot be found;' but '*refused*' is marked legibly on the cover. What do people in their class of life," continued Mr. Croak vehemently, "care about the locality where Miss Amelia or Master James is spending a few months of his or her minority? Where their children may be, either within or without the walls of a prison, gives them slight concern. The main point is, that they escape the burden of their maintenance: have neither to feed nor clothe them. In the interim, as humanity is the order of the day, the gaoler's time is occupied in writing letters to parties who will not open them!"

"Did you pre-pay them?"

"Where was my authority so to do?" cried my companion testily. "The visiting justices gave none. I did as I was directed—wrote, and posted my letter."

"But how could you expect parties like these—steeped in poverty, and perhaps wanting a meal—to accept from the postman an unpaid letter?"

"Their affair, sir, not mine."

I would not let him off so easily.

"The postage rate, though but twopence, they might be unable to meet; and if so, their insulting you by refusing your letter, is on their part involuntary. Humanity teaches—"

"Oh, if that be your watchword," said Mr. Croak, now thoroughly roused, "further argument is useless. I'm sick of the term. Humanity!—ha! ha! ha! By and by, prisons will be warmed with hot air, and rendered quite desirable places of genteel resort. It is easy to foresee to what extravagance the current of popular opinion will carry prison discipline. Ere long I shall have to ask the lady prisoner what joint she prefers for dinner, and the male whether a cigar, on stepping from the wheel, would not be agreeable! Humanity!—show *me* some, and don't expose me to unnecessary impertinence, insult, and indignity."

With a mien anything but calm, and steps the reverse of measured, Mr. Croak departed.

And yet, methought, if any individual connected with the prison has to complain of enduring "indignity," the chaplain may say with truth he has to swallow his full share. His position is anomalous enough. He is an ecclesiastical officer, and yet removeable at the will and pleasure of lay magistrates. Instead of being, as he ought to be, amenable only to his bishop, his spiritual superior, the justices assembled in general or quarter sessions have the power of displacing him — ay, and of severely censuring him both before and after the act of remov-

ing him. Add to this, that while his duties are necessarily painful, while he has continually to reprove, and condemn, and denounce, rare and slender are his opportunities of aiding and relieving those committed to his care. Painful cases may present themselves where aid would be welcome and opportune; but that aid, save and except from his own slender pittance, he is unable to afford. Officially he is powerless. I contend that every chaplain should have a fund, were it only ten guineas per annum, placed at his sole and uncontrolled disposal among destitute and well-conducted prisoners. Require from him an account of its disbursement as minute as you think fit. Exact from him name and age of party, date of relief, and recommendatory quality,—compel him to render the strictest account of his stewardship; but be just, and with his many and painful duties connect some kindly, cheering, grateful office. With the warnings of the religious teacher blend the friendly aid of the almoner.

Cases demanding the most merciful consideration are constantly passing under a chaplain's notice.

A meager, ill-clad, wretched-looking woman, deserted by her husband, and with an infant at her breast, presents herself at the door of a union workhouse, and clamours for relief: it is denied—she is footsore, famine-stricken, helpless, desperate. Hunger gnaws at her heart, and thorough exhaustion chains her to the spot. She seizes the first missile at hand, and breaks the workhouse windows. "Now," she exclaims, "I am a criminal; you must commit me: you have denied me food and shelter at the workhouse: now — find me both within a prison."

She is committed for ten, fourteen, or twenty-one days. The period of her punishment expires. The prison-door is opened to her; and she is once more cast pennyless and friendless upon the cold charity of the world.

I ask, is this not a case in which the Chaplain should have the power —he unquestionably would have the inclination—to afford temporary, but most welcome aid?

Take another instance. Two poor fellows, father and son—labourers —after having been four months out of employment, walk from their own home, seventy-six miles distant, to a village—call it Flinterton— where there are lime-works. Here, they have been told, hands are wanted; and here they have hoped to find work. They are disappointed. Human labour at Flinterton, as in some other places, is at a discount. The owner, they are given to understand, has already more men on the works than he can conveniently employ. Night is coming on. Heartsick—famished—spent with fatigue—and thoroughly despondent, they present themselves at the gate of the nearest Union Workhouse, and beg for relief. It is granted. A night's lodging is afforded, and food. A meal is given them that evening before they go to rest; and another in the morning when they rise. They now prepare to resume their journey, and search after work. They are detained: they demand the reason.

"You must render an equivalent," says the master of the workhouse, "for the food and shelter you have received."

"We thought both were *given* us," say the unfortunates.

"Then you thought wrong: you must pay for them."

"How?"

"By labour. I order each of you to break those two heaps of stone

into bits the size of a crown-piece; to pump, each, thirty pails full of water; and to dig and rake over fine that square plot of garden-ground. *That done*, go when you will, and where you will, and as soon as you will."

The men attempt the task enjoined them; but, physically, are unable to accomplish it. They are worn down by previous suffering; have been four months out of work; frequently twenty-four hours without food; have journeyed on foot seventy-six miles; their bodily strength is prostrated; they are feeble, faint, powerless. After a desperate struggle of two hours, they make a piteous appeal to the master of the workhouse; relate their past sufferings; and declare their inability, from lack of strength, to fulfil the prescribed task.

"Cheats and vagabonds!" is the reply. "Rank rebellion! If you won't work in the Union, you shall try the tread-wheel in the prison."

They are brought before a magistrate. Proof is given, that, after having received food and shelter, they have refused to work. The provisions of "The New Poor Law" are peremptory and stringent. The civil magistrate feels himself "compelled to administer the law as he finds it." The men attempt no denial of the line of conduct imputed to them, and are each committed for a fortnight to prison; and to their sentence is added "hard labour."

The fortnight expires, and these unhappy men are released. But how does freedom find them? Seventy-six miles from home; penny-less, friendless, homeless. The wants of nature must be supplied: but how? They have no means of purchasing food: are they to procure it by theft? Their very destitution suggests to them the readiness of relief by means of crime. Here, then, is another sad case which the Chaplain ought to have means to reach, temporarily, but effectually.

It is not a sufficient answer to this statement, that visiting justices have power, on the recommendation of the gaoler, to direct that "a moderate sum of money shall be given and paid to every discharged prisoner who shall not have the means of returning to his or her family, or place of settlement, or resorting to any place of employment or honest occupation."

The gaoler cannot bestow one sixpence by way of relief on any discharged prisoner without the previous sanction and direction of a visiting justice. Visiting justices are not always at hand. Gaolers are slow to perceive merit in discharged prisoners, or to admit their pressing need of relief. Moreover, county magistrates are sometimes, in minor points, remarkably jealous guardians of the public purse.

The Chaplain is the party in whom should be vested a discretionary power of relieving, encouraging, and rewarding. This accords with his calling, his duties, and the sacred truths he is, day by day, announcing.

No *destitute* prisoner—if it be A FIRST OFFENCE—should, in my humble judgment, be dismissed from confinement without being furnished with *means to procure shelter and sustenance for the first forty-eight hours after release.*

A bold conclusion perhaps! Impertinent in the highest degree from a Chaplain; whom silence best befits; whose opinions are valueless; and whose suggestions what visiting justice would think it worth his while to adopt?



Mr Constable interrupting Clara & Her[illegible]

London Richard Bentley, 1841.

THE FORTUNES OF THE SCATTERGOOD FAMILY.

BY ALBERT SMITH;

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Ball Supper.—Clara scarcely knows whether to be very glad or very sorry.

MASTER NEVILLE'S complaint, which imprisoned the poor governess in the nursery, was a compound of ill-temper and indigestion; and, having amused himself by venting his fractious spirit upon Clara for the space of three quadrilles, as could be reckoned by the sound of the band in the drawing-room, he insisted upon getting into bed with his clothes on, and went to sleep. At length the music ceased, and whilst Clara was wondering how long her imprisonment would continue, she heard light footsteps ascending the staircase, accompanied by a musical laugh, and then Amy Grantham came into the nursery, followed by Herbert.

"There!" said Amy, "your knight-errant has come to release you. I told him I did not know what Mrs. Constable would say if she heard of it. But he is terribly headstrong."

"Who would not dare anything for the society of two such *belles*," replied her cousin, bowing to each.

"Oh, my dear Herbert," said Amy, laughing, "don't pay me any compliments; keep them all for Clara. I am sure we quite understand each other; don't we, coz?"

She extended her hand towards Herbert, smiling; and then, almost immediately a cloud passed over her face, and she sighed deeply.

"My goodness, Amy!" exclaimed Herbert. "You must be very far gone indeed, if that sigh shows the pressure upon the heart, like the safety-valves on the engines."

"I thought you came to take Clara down to supper?" replied Miss Grantham, wishing to turn the subject.

"Of course I did: and we must make haste if we wish to get a seat. *Allons!* that waltz has finished."

And taking one on either arm, he descended with his fair companions to the drawing-room landing, where they were checked by the imposing train of costumes, which went crushing, rustling, and glittering down the staircase.

Very brilliant indeed did the supper-table look, with its long rows of twinkling lights, its burnished *epergnes*, and sparkling service of cut-glass, coruscating in all directions. And brighter still were the flashing eyes that lighted up about it; and pleasanter to gaze upon were the perfumed silky tresses that flung their odour around, mingling with those of the scented bouquets placed along the table, for which so many exotics had been despoiled. And there were waving plumes, and shining head-dresses in animated confusion, in every direction. There were peals of soft laughter, too, and sallies of delicate wit, and refined compliments: the circumstance of being in a fancy dress appeared to give greater licence to the wearers to in-

dulge in mirth-creating retorts or allusions. And then came the sharp reports of the fringed and sugared artillery that guarded the *pâtisserie;* and the joyous explosion of champagne bottles, as the corks leapt forth from their prison-fetters, followed by the creaming wine, whose transient bewilderment made the laughter more loudly musical, the compliment more daring, and the rejoinder more piquant.

A glorious thing at an evening-party is champagne: though it does not behove you to speak about it afterwards with rapture, lest others should imagine it was not a wonted beverage at the *réunions* you are accustomed to attend. But still, it is a wondrous production to be obtained from such a modest berry as a grape. Science shows us that subtle gases may be compressed until their atoms are driven into a liquid form; we look upon champagne as the fluid condensed from vivifying and ethereal essences, which in their free state combine to produce wit, joy, and flirtation. Champagne knows its power, and even appears proud of it. It is impatient of restraint from wire and foil: it rushes into the glass as if it had an idea that every fairy-bubble rising to its surface contained an epigram or pointed allusion: it leaps to the red lips of women, as though it loved to kiss them in its very gallantry. And the red lips, as far as the champagne is concerned, never object to return the compliment.

In the general crush for places, seats at the table were somewhat at a premium. But even this, in some cases, added enjoyment to the repast; for many snug parties were formed in out-of-the-way situations,—at side-boards, and tray-stands, and window-seats; at which, though there was not quite so much noise as at the long tables, perhaps a great deal more was going on. For it was there that voices spake low, and eyes looked a great deal more than the tongue either dared, or was able, to express. It was here that the pointed shoe of the middle ages came so closely to the tiny satin slipper of modern times; so much so, indeed, that at times it quite touched it, whilst a tremulous vibration ran through the dress from beneath whose border it peeped forth.

Amy, Clara, and Herbert were too late to find places with the majority; and they had taken their seats at a small side-table, from which the latter had ruthlessly cleared an array of plate and glass, to make room for them. And when they were settled, it was indeed well that Amy understood her cousin, as she had affirmed; had it been otherwise, she would have been very jealous. For he seemed at one time to think that there was nobody but Clara in the room, until Amy told him that when he was quite disengaged she should be glad of a little wine; and even then, after begging her pardon, he relapsed into his attentions again, talking to her so earnestly that Amy could not find it in her heart to disturb him any more. So she quietly and good-temperedly looked after herself; although there were many cavaliers in the room who would have been proud and happy to have become her attendant.

At last the ladies rose to depart. Hurried words of temporary farewell were spoken, and small taper hands were detained in mailed gloves, certainly much longer than there was any occasion for, whilst the fact that it was to be "the very first quadrille after supper" was again and again impressed upon their fair owners. And then the gentlemen collected round the principal tables, and balanced the

anti-romantic manner in which they attacked the viands by the chivalrous way in which they toasted the ladies. After this they drank Mr. Constable's health, who returned thanks, and pointing to the portrait of Roger Conestable, sometime steward of Chiltern, and latterly of Wardour Street, trusted he might ever sustain the honour of that line; which line, as far as he knew anything about it, could only have been the red one by which the picture was suspended.

Herbert was one of the first to slip away from the table, and rejoin the fair occupants of the ball-rooms. The usual long postcœnal waltz was going on when he entered the room; but Clara had not joined it, and the cavalier immediately went and seated himself by her, in spite of the strenuous exertions and angry looks of Mrs. Constable to prevent it. And then, after a little conversation, it appeared to strike them that the rooms were very warm, and they were very much in the way, for the reckless waltzers would keep rushing against them.

"I think it will be more pleasant in the conservatory," said Herbert. "Shall we go there?"

Clara timidly assented, fearful of Mrs. Constable's wrath at such a rash proceeding for a governess. But the mistress of the house was just wishing two old ladies good-night, who were expressing their unbounded gratification at the evening they had spent, and fortunately did not observe her. She therefore accompanied Herbert to the conservatory, where they found Amy talking to a young gentleman of the last century, in a waistcoat like a volcano, and a cravat like a cataract. As she saw the others enter, Amy rose to depart, looking significantly at her cousin, and apparently glad to break off her own conversation. And then Herbert and Clara remained alone.

They were both silent for some few minutes after Amy Grantham left. Herbert was evidently embarrassed; and Clara was opening and closing her fan, and drawing the fibres of its plumed edge through her fingers, as if a fan was a most difficult thing to arrange to one's satisfaction. At last she spoke.

"I am really afraid I shall get into disgrace, Mr. Herbert, if we are here much longer," she said. "Mrs. Constable is so very particular with me, and I dare not offend her."

"What right has she to assume any control over your actions?" asked Herbert.

"You know my situation in this house—the governess,—I believe under the lowest servant; in utter dependence upon whatever she may choose to order," replied Clara, as her eyes glistened. "I know she would think you demeaned yourself in talking to me."

"Do you believe *me* guilty of harbouring the same thoughts," asked Herbert, in a low emphatic voice.

"Oh, no," answered his fair companion; "you have always evinced the contrary. I have much—very much to thank you for; more than I can ever repay but with my assurances of gratitude."

"You have more than that to give me if you chose," Herbert continued in the same tone.

"And what is that?" asked Clara, all trembling with emotion.

"Your hand—your heart—your love!" exclaimed Herbert as he seized her hand, half dropping upon his knee from the low *causeuse* on which they were seated. "And may I hope? Only tell me that

you do not actually dislike me, — that I may try and gain your esteem. Clara—answer me."

"Mr. Herbert, this is unkind, — it is cruel of you," returned the governess, "you are compromising me: you are indeed. Some of the company will be here immediately, and then—think to what you will expose me."

"I do not care if the whole world come," replied Herbert hurriedly. Nor, indeed, did he at the moment: at such periods we seldom do. If ever selfishness be excusable, it is during a similar access of temporary delirium. Had he not been indifferent to anything else, he would have seen the curtain at the doorway slightly moved. "Clara!" he continued most earnestly, "pray answer me. May I presume—or are your affections otherwise engaged? If so, you shall see that I know how to respect them."

Clara made no reply, but burst into tears, entirely overcome by her emotion. And yet she did not withdraw her hand. There was a pause, equally painful and harassing to either party, and then she spoke in a broken voice.

"I should be but ill-repaying your kindness if I did not answer you in the same spirit of candour you have always evinced towards me. I told you how sensible I was of all your goodness; can you not understand how closely a woman's gratitude borders on another feeling? But you do not know all, or you would pity me, and not urge this suit, which cannot but end in sorrow to both of us."

"I know everything," he answered. "There is scarcely a circumstance connected with you and your family that my father or Amy Grantham has not put me in possession of. All I have heard only raises you still higher in my esteem. Will you allow me to hope?"

Clara turned her head away; but Herbert felt a slight—very slight pressure upon his hand from the taper fingers he held within his own. It was sufficient, though, to inform him that his addresses were accepted; and he was about to pour forth his gratitude to his trembling and weeping companion, when the rich curtain that shrouded the entrance was thrown on one side, and Mrs. Constable in all the pride of her Queen Elizabeth's dress, and all the passion of the character she represented, stood in the doorway, leading Blanche by the hand.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Mr. Herbert," she exclaimed, in a terrible calm of anger; "but your father has been inquiring after you some time. I should not have known where you were had not Blanche peeped in by chance and seen you thus, no doubt pleasantly, engaged."

Herbert stammered out a few words, but was so taken by surprise that he broke down in his attempt to speak. And all the colour which his proposal had called up to Clara's cheeks had left them: she remained, pale and frightened, on the *causeuse*.

"May I conduct you back to the ball-room, Miss Scattergood?" he said at last, offering his arm to Clara.

"Excuse me," replied Mrs. Constable, seizing Clara's arm. "I wish to speak to the governess for an instant. Perhaps you will be kind enough to take care of my little girl?"

There was no resource left but to comply; so, with one long, meaning glance at Clara, Herbert took the child, and went back to the drawing-room.

"I thank you," said Mrs. Constable, almost choking with anger as

he left,—"I thank you, Miss Scattergood, for this unparalleled display of impudence in my house, and with my guest, — before my child, too, whose morals I believe you are supposed to direct!"

She uttered the last few words with a bitter sneer. It was the child—one of those "sharp little things,"—who had peeped into the conservatory during the conversation between Clara and Herbert.

The poor girl scarcely knew what reply to make. The events of the last quarter of an hour had been sufficient to confuse her, without this interruption. She was about to stammer forth a few flurried words, when Mrs. Constable continued:—

"I do not wish for any explanation, as I shall not require your services any longer than the time of notice mentioned in our agreement: you are quite at liberty to look out for another situation. At present you will oblige me by retiring to your room."

If ever Clara's sweet temper felt inclined to rebel it was at present. But prudence conquered; as any resistance on her part to Mrs. Constable's orders would have led to a scene. She therefore went at once to her chamber, casting a hurried glance at the ball-room as she passed. Herbert was not in sight, and she stole upstairs, scarcely knowing whether to cry or be happy at the events of the evening, for her brain was in a perfect whirl.

CHAPTER XL.

The dawn of better times appears to be coming on.

In a very little time after the interview between Mrs. Constable and her governess mentioned in the last chapter, Clara left her situation, by mutual agreement. For Herbert called so constantly, in spite of all the black looks of the lady of the house; and the children, encouraged by the example of their mamma, became so completely tyrannical in their nursery behaviour, and perfectly heedless of whatever they were told to do, that a change of instructresses appeared the only plan to be pursued. And so, after enduring rudeness from everybody all over the house, except Bingham, she returned home. The extreme plush could not condescend to go and call a cab, so the nursery-maid went by herself, when she had taken Clara's boxes down into the hall; after which she was obliged to return to the children. Mrs. Constable called Clara into the drawing-room before she went, and paid her exactly so much of her salary as was due, even down to some fractional *halfpence* screwed up in a bit of a concert programme—which sum she had discovered by the "Ready Reckoner" was the proper proportion for some odd days, — and coldly wished her good-bye, trusting she would get on better in her next place, and expressing her sorrow that they had not suited each other. And then, as the bell was rung, the extreme plush was obliged to open the street-door, but he did not further degrade himself by touching the parcels of the governess. On the contrary, he allowed Clara and the cabman to carry them all out between them, even to the wonderful box covered with canvas, which would not go inside or behind, and could not be put on the top, so that it was finally placed upon the box, all of which it occupied, giving rise to curious speculations in thinking minds as to the ultimate situation of the driver. When the extreme plush saw Clara carry the last

package out, he said "Good-bye, my dear!" in a most familiar manner, and then banged the door to immediately, so close upon her that it almost caught her dress, long before she moved away from the house, or had even got into the cab. But Clara was going home, and had a great deal to tell them about, and think of herself; and there would be no children to torment her,— for some little time, at least; so that she did not think anything of all these disagreeables.

And how cheerful did home appear; even though it was but in a lodging-house! Mrs. Chicksand and Lisbeth, who knew Clara was coming back, had been the whole morning performing feats of dexterity with hammers and bed-winches, as well as despoiling Mr. Bodle's room of various articles of furniture, to fit up her old chamber as heretofore. For Mr. Bodle was still in arrear, and therefore considerable liberties were taken with his *ameublemens* and personal comforts, whenever it was found necessary to do so.

Things were certainly looking brighter with the Scattergood family. The old gentleman had, by the interest of some good connexions, got an appointment in some government office, that nobody had ever before heard of: and his principal duties consisted in untying dusty papers one day, and tying them up again the next, as well as being paid to read the *Times* and *Post* all through every morning, between ten and three, and give his opinion thereon to the clerks. And the clerks themselves were not overworked. They made pens, and scratched out mistakes in letters with a thing like a steel ace of spades; or carried home quires of foolscap, and bundles of quills, in the pockets of their Chesterfields "to work at home with."

Freddy was not at home. He had been prevailed upon, after a terrible struggle, to return to Merchant Tailors', but not to Mr. Snaps's. For, after all, he did not dislike the school so much as the bullying where he boarded; and therefore he was placed where he was more comfortable and better looked after, which much alleviated the horrors he had associated with the institution. The house was in a retired city square, to arrive at which by its intricate lanes and passages, a course of six lessons in the Hampton Court Maze might have been prescribed with advantage. But it was not dull and dreary, like his former abode, for all that. There was a large office opposite, where a great newspaper was printed; and the bustle and clatter connected with this establishment kept them alive all day, and even all night, as far as that goes. For then the engine began to shout and travail in the throes of labour, producing the thousand sheets which were to have such mighty influence over all the earth: and expresses clattered into the square, and others left it, without ceasing, until day came again. And although this disturbed the neighbours for a time, yet they soon got used to it; and Freddy began to regard the engine-press as a homely companion, and was even dull and wakeful on Saturday nights, when it rested itself for the week, with whatever conscience it best might, according to its proceedings of the previous six days.

Herbert was constant in his visits, now Clara had left the Constables, and was very soon received as a recognized lover. And very attentive indeed he was, not only to her, but to everybody. He brought the old gentleman yesterday's *Examiner*, every Monday morning, and sent Clara fresh flowers for her table, and used to go

and visit Freddy, and treat him to tarts until he could hardly see for repletion; and never left Mrs. Chicksand's in the evening but he gave Lisbeth a shilling, which also produced a very favourable impression in that quarter. Besides this, he took half a dozen reserved seats at a concert Mr. Bodle was about to give; and altogether conducted himself with so much liberality to everybody, that he became a general favourite. Indeed, they were all happier than they had been for a long, long time. As Mr. Scattergood had often remarked, it was a very long lane that had got no turning; and now they appeared to be arriving at that particular point. Yet through it all they thought a great deal about Vincent, and used to wish that he was amongst them. Clara had letters from him very frequently, from different resting-places upon Mr. Rossett's "circuit." Perhaps there was always more about Amy Grantham than there was about home; but Clara was not vexed at this, and usually took care to answer the letter in the same spirit. But there were also earnest entreaties from all that he would return home, and as often were they replied to by his alluding to the persecutions which he was sure Mr. Grantham would subject him to, now that his attachment to Amy was not concealed. And this was done also in consideration to his family; for, with all his recklessness and loose life, into which circumstances had led him, Vincent had a good heart. The worst regulated in the eyes of the world, have not always the worst natures.

Clara used to ponder a long time over what was the best course to be pursued, and at last determined that she would go herself to Mr. Grantham, and endeavour to plead her brother's cause. Under other circumstances, her parents might possibly have objected; but they were anxious that the family should be once more reunited, and had the greatest confidence in her good sense. And she also determined upon visiting her uncle Gregory on the way, to thank him personally for what he had sent her, calculating upon a share of Amy's bed at Brabants, which had been rendered again habitable. She insisted, moreover, upon going alone, although Herbert would have given his little finger to have escorted her. But this she would not permit, for Clara was proud of her own self-reliance; but she gave him to understand, with a very wicked smile, that she could not help meeting him at Brabants, or even speaking civilly to him, if he happened to be there.

She started by an early Gravesend boat the following morning. The excitement of the mission had put her in good spirits, and she thought that the river breeze never came so cool and fresh upon her cheeks,—that the Thames never sparkled and scintillated so vividly as it did in the bright sunlight. There was music on board, too,—not of a very high order, to be sure, but still it was lively and joyous; and everybody looked pleasant and contented, from the old gentleman who was catching all the air he could at the end of the boat, to the young 'gent' in severe summer costume, who put himself into imposing attitudes before Clara, and tapping his glazed boot with the end of a two-feet cane, thought he was creating a very great sensation, to which the cigar no doubt contributed. But we question if Clara ever observed him, much less if he occupied a place in her thoughts for a single instant.

At last the packet came up to the Terrace-pier, and Clara landed

without assistance, and in spite of the offered hand of the aforesaid individual; and then she proceeded through a region of shrimps and tea-things to Chamouny Cottage, presumed to have been so named by the original architect, from its Alpine situation. It was a long time since she had seen her uncle Gregory; but he had always been very kind to her—more so, indeed, than to any of the family. So Clara was not very nervous about the interview; and, being aware of all his peculiarities, there was nothing to surprise her.

The mountebank boy, who had so delighted Mr. Jollit and frightened Mr. Snarry when they paid their visit, received Clara in the same curious fashion, and inducted her to the room where Mr. Gregory Scattergood was seated, in his accustomed chair. The old gentleman was somewhat astonished at first to see a young lady; but he soon recognised her, and spoke very kindly.

"What, my little Clara!—eh? quite a woman, and so and so. What brings you here? I thought all your family had forgotten me long ago."

"Indeed, uncle, they have not," replied Clara. "It was to thank you from them for your late kindness to us, that I came. Mamma is sorry that we have not yet been able to repay it, but we hope to do so soon."

"Ah! that 's my brother's idea, I 'm sure," said the old gentleman; "he was always going to do everything soon, only he never did."

Poor Clara felt it was so exactly her father's character that she could not deny it. She replied,

"I hoped to have paid you myself, uncle, if I had remained longer in my situation; but I am now at home again."

"And how comes that, Clara?" asked Mr. Scattergood somewhat gravely.

"I don't know, I 'm sure. We did not agree very well, I believe —Mrs. Constable and myself. I was very unhappy—very."

The tears came into poor Clara's eyes at the very reminiscence of her misery.

"And where 's Vincent?" asked the old man; "vagabondizing, and so and so?"

"He is in the country, I believe, uncle. It is a long time since they have seen him at home."

"The less they see of him the better," said Mr. Scattergood. "A sad graceless fellow — would turn any family topsy-turvy. Ugh! I wish he 'd do so to me, though."

This was the first touch of the old gentleman's monomania that Clara had perceived; and knowing that he would become excited if the subject were not changed, she continued hastily,

"Indeed you are mistaken, sir. I am sure if he had only the chance of doing something for himself, he would work very hard." And then, after a minute's pause, she added, "Will you come and see us, uncle? At all events, will you come and see *me?*"

"What should I come and see you for?" said the old gentleman in rather a testy tone. "You only want me for what you can get, and so and so."

"If that had been the case, we should have asked you when we really were in want," replied Clara, colouring. "Not when things are looking so much better with us."

Clara was very sly not to say anything about her own prospects.

"You will come, I know, uncle—will you not?" she continued, in coaxing tones, as she leant upon the arm of his chair, and placed her arm about the old gentleman's neck.

"You 're a very dangerous little girl, Clara," replied Mr. Scattergood. But he did not say "No."

Clara saw that she had pretty well gained one great point, and so she did not care to press it further; but with proper tact turned the subject. Her uncle insisted upon her stopping for some refreshment; and during all this time her gentle manners and goodness so won upon the old man, that when she left he kissed her, and pressed a small parcel into her hand, which he had been preparing quietly under the table, like a conjuror making ready some great trick. And then she wished him good-bye, not saying anything about her intended journey to Brabants, but getting a promise before she left that her uncle would soon come and see them.

She kept the little parcel tightly grasped in her hand, until she had got clear of the house, and then looked at it, when she found it contained five bright new sovereigns. This made Clara very happy; but not so much for the sake of the money, as because it shewed her uncle was well disposed towards her; and she tripped lightly along the street, causing many a Gravesend "man-about-the-town-pier" to look back after her.

At the corner of one of the thoroughfares she encountered a joyous party of ladies and gentlemen; and one of the latter having looked at her for an instant, made one or two convulsive bows, accompanied by a sentimental start, as he then passed on with a lady on his arm. Clara knew the face, but did not recollect until a few minutes afterwards that it was her old admirer, Mr. Snarry. The next boat to town was snorting at the pier, and the bell was ringing as she once more embarked, to be put out at Gray's Thurrock, on her way to Brabants.

It did not take a very long time to reach her destination; for she hired a conveyance in the village, and proceeded at once, gratified at her own independence, and deeming the five sovereigns an exhaustless sum, for she had never before had so much money entirely at her command. Had there been an estate to sell, the purchase of it would have seemed perfectly within her grasp. As it was, she had already laid out the money a hundred times over, in presents for everybody, and especially a remittance for Vincent.

She followed the same road that her brother had taken some time before, and reached Brabants early in the afternoon. There were still traces of the conflagration about the house; but the great portion of the wing destroyed had been cleared away, and the rest put in tolerable repair. Every object came back as fresh to Clara as though it had only been yesterday when she saw it last, and she regarded everything with the deepest interest, not unmixed, however, with some anxiety as to the termination of her mission.

She saw Amy and Herbert strolling about the grounds as she neared the house, and when the little vehicle stopped, they came to meet her. Mr. Grantham had gone over to Brentwood upon some county business; but Clara was delighted to hear that Herbert had in some degree prepared him for Clara's visit. Be sure too that Amy, for many reasons, had done what she could—quietly, gently,

and without going too far; for although her father was tenderly attached to her, yet this was a subject upon which, since the dreary night of the fire, she had not dared to speak to him. However, Clara was glad to hear that she was likely to be kindly received. And then Amy suddenly found she had something to see to in the house, which she had quite forgotten, and entered forthwith, leaving Herbert and Clara to linger about the pleasant avenues and terraces of the garden.

At length Mr. Grantham returned. He greeted Clara far more cordially than she had anticipated; but she was still flurried and trembling, as she accompanied him anxiously into the room wherein we first introduced him to the reader. Neither of the others went with her, but she could see them walking about the lawn in close conversation, and ever and anon glancing towards the window.

"I believe I am not altogether unacquainted with the motives that have brought you here, Miss Scattergood," said Mr. Grantham, speaking first, to Clara's great relief. "You came respecting your brother."

Clara replied in a tremulous affirmative.

"Have you any notion of his present location?" asked Mr. Grantham.

"He was at Coventry when he last wrote," answered Clara; "but I have not seen him since—since that terrible night when he met you."

"You heard of that affair, then?"

"He has told me all, sir, in his letters," continued Clara. "I believe he would have been with us at home at this present time, but the fear of your resentment has kept him wandering about the country. As you say, you may have heard the reason of this visit; it was to implore you to forget what is past, and pardon him."

"He deserves little commiseration from any one," observed Mr. Grantham.

"He is my brother, sir," exclaimed Clara.

And then, after a momentary pause, she added:

"Possibly I understand him better than any one else in the world. I will admit all his faults: that he is idle, improvident—reckless, if you will—that he has thrown away numberless chances that might have benefited both himself and our family. But I know with it all that he has a good heart, and he has kept it so through everything."

Clara spoke warmly, and the colour heightened in her cheeks as she addressed Mr. Grantham. He regarded her with attention, and then asked,

"And what would you have me do?"

Had Clara spoken what was uppermost in her thoughts, she would have asked the master of Brabants to have received him there, and allowed him to pay his addresses to Amy. But this would have, at once, frustrated everything. She merely rejoined:

"Let him come back to us again, without fear of your anger pursuing him. They do not know everything at home; if they did, it would break my mother's heart."

"I will persecute him no further," said Mr. Grantham. "He may return whenever he likes—I hope to settle in some respectable

position. It would rejoice no one more than myself to see him so placed."

"Oh! thank you." This was all the answer Clara made; but, if ever she threw her whole heart into three words, it was now.

Mr. Grantham, perhaps fearful of being led into further concessions, now broke up the interview. He rose and bowed to Clara, as she flew back to the lawn, and rapidly revealed the termination of the interview to Herbert and Amy. To all it was most satisfactory; and much as Herbert had admired Clara before, he loved her still more dearly for the good feeling she had, alone, established that very day.

It was a happy evening at Brabants; more so perhaps than any that had been passed there for a long time. Mr. Grantham took it into his head to retire early; and the three young people sat up, talking and arranging plans to an hour beyond the memory of the oldest servant. And Amy had never been so musically inclined. She remained at her piano nearly the whole evening, drowning the low tones of Herbert and Clara with her own sweet voice, until they separated for the night.

And then, long after everybody had been wrapt in their first sleep, the voices of the two girls might be heard in Amy's chamber, still in conversation, until the first chirp of the earliest bird resounded, and the first grey of morning stole over the leafy coverts that stretched far and wide round Brabants.

CHAPTER XLI.

The ingenious Mr. Jollit sees everything go off to his satisfaction.

ROSHERVILLE, which may be considered a species of paradise between a chalkpit and a zoological garden, is a locality of considerable interest to Gravesend emigrants, combining the magnificence of a regal *parterre* with the advantages of a shilling ordinary, and collateral attractions of various kinds which only are discovered upon residing at the adjoining popular watering-place.

The day fixed for the fancy fair, whereby the "Provident Crickets" were to derive such benefit, at length arrived; and Mr. Jollit had never before appeared so perfectly in his glory, as on that morning before the gates were thrown open, when, assisted by the committee, who each carried a little rosette at the button-hole, like the ornament of a bridle headpiece, he marshalled the ladies to their different stalls. Mrs. Hankins's sister probably had the choicest display of wares, through the management of Mr. Snarry, who was going backwards and forwards all the morning to the different lodgings of the contributors in one of the Parrock Street vehicles, familiarly called "shatter-go-dans," a species of carriage which might be discussed with interest at the Antiquarian Society's meetings, as to whether it was ever new, and if so, during what period of early history, and what was the state of the arts and sciences in England at the time.

Be sure the other fair young ladies—especially when they were fair and young—had also attendants, in gloves and stocks of a brilliancy known only to light comedians, and those who go down to the waters in shilling steamers, for festivity. And besides the

quadrille music proper to Rosherville, there were two bands stationed about the gardens; one next the bows and arrows, and the other half way up the hill leading to the tower. Mr. Jollit had provided them, having picked them both up in London a few evenings before, misplaying popular airs in front of houses of popular resort and refreshment; and he had clothed them in beefeaters' dresses, also obtained from the masquerade warehouse, which gave them a very imposing appearance.

The last arrival, before the gates were opened, was that of Mr. Rasselas Fipps, the troubadour, who came in a close fly, guitar and all, in a state of great fear and trembling, and escorted by a troop of boys on either side, and some riding behind, who had accompanied and huzza'd him all the way from his lodgings. He was received by Mr. Jollit, and then presented successively to all the ladies as the "Rosherville Minstrel," which made him blush more than ever; for although Mr. Fipps's temperament was poetical, and as such beloved by the fair sex, yet in his gentle nature he preferred, and felt easier in their society, in his own clothes, on donkeys, at the melting time of twilight, than he did in green tights and feathers, beneath the flaunting, garish eye of noon.

"Well, Rasselas, how do you feel?" asked the pleasant Jollit, as he paced the greensward with his friend. "I hope you 're not uncomfortable."

"Oh, not at all, not at all," replied Mr. Fipps, with the pseudo-careless air of an individual who tumbles down and hurts himself in a great thoroughfare, before many people, always getting up smiling, as though it were rather a joyous proceeding than otherwise.

"That 's all right," said Jollit. "Now turn round and let me look at you. The dress fits you capitally."

"Yes," replied Mr. Fipps dubiously; "it's rather small, though. I don't think I could stoop in it."

And his appearance bore out his words; being somewhat as tight as the soldier-dolls who stand up amongst the baskets of shaving-soap in the Lowther Arcade.

"Well, never mind," returned Mr. Jollit, "it sets your figure off. Now go and sit in that arbour; and when you see company coming that way, start out before them, and sing something touching and soft—one or two if you like."

"Will Moore be too gallant?" asked Rasselas.

"More the merrier," replied Jollit, walking off.

"No—Moore, the poet, I mean. He won't be too—dear, I don't know how to express it—too warm, will he?"

"With the chill off! Oh no, not at all," said Jollit, as he marched off to see something else; and Mr. Fipps retired to his summer-house, practising "Lovely Night," in which he was not quite perfect, but which he had rehearsed the evening before over and over again, until the other lodger formed quite a different opinion of the period in question.

"Mr. Jollit," said a soft voice, as that gentleman crossed the lawn. It belonged to Mrs. Hankins's sister.

"My love?" returned that gentleman, in the most winning tones. He had a familiar manner, which sometimes bordered on affection, especially towards Mrs. Hankins's sister. But Mr. Snarry, who was standing by, knew his friend, and was not jealous.

"What must we charge for these Berlin kettle-holders?" asked the young lady.

"How much do they sell in the shops for?" was the question in reply.

"About eighteen-pence at the Soho Bazaar, I should think."

"Oh! make them half a sovereign, then," said Mr. Jollit; "and if it is a gentleman, and he is inclined to flirt, double it. Now Snarry, here, I'm sure would give five pounds if you looked at him as you do now."

Mr. Snarry blushed; and Mrs. Hankins's sister said, "Oh! Mr. Jollit, now: you do say such very strange things!" And then that light-hearted gentleman passed on to another part of the gardens.

"I say, Jollit," said Mr. Bam, who appeared to have been mixing salad and slicing cucumbers ever since daybreak in the banqueting-hall, "I've got some news just this minute from my brother."

"Let us have it, then."

"Well, then, we have got an old aunt that 's rather religious."

"Oh!" replied Jollit; "she 's not coming, is she?"

"No: but something else is. She keeps a Sunday-school out of her own pocket, and be—"

"Hush!" interrupted the funny gentleman; "I know what you are going to say."

"I have persuaded her," continued Mr. Bam, "to let the scholars have an excursion to the Nore to-day. Now, don't you see, we shall have some children after all to walk about the grounds, and excite much admiration from the company?"

"I see," replied Mr. Jollit; "capital! Are they to know where they are?"

"Not in the least," said Mr. Bam; "they don't know the Nore from Nova Scotia. I shall tell them that summer-house is the Nore: It will do very well. Taste this dressing—it is first-rate," continued Mr. Bam, presenting some in a table-spoon to Mr. Jollit.

"No, thank you, I had rather not; I will take your word," returned that gentleman. "Salad-dressing by itself is not a lively refreshment."

"Excellent!" continued Mr. Bam, in admiration, shaking the peculiar bottle that contained it. "It could not be better if it was 'incorporated by Act of Parliament.'"

Which being intended as a dim joke, the two gentlemen dug each other in the ribs, laughed, called each other wags, and then Mr. Jollit, assuming a more serious demeanour, observed, "I say, poor Snarry is hit very hard with Mrs. Hankins's sister. I'm afraid it's a case."

"Ah! um! yes," returned Mr. Bam, slicing red hearts from a beet-root cut for that purpose; "love is quite a popular delusion. Were you ever in love, Jollit?"

"Not that I know of," replied his friend; "at least never beyond the morning after a party, with some girl I had met the night before. My heart 's very like a pop-gun, every shot that comes in drives the other out before it. I say, Bam—"

"Well."

"When the fair is over, keep your eye upon the interesting couple. I will show you some fun before the day's over."

Mr. Bam promised compliance; and Mr. Jollit withdrew to look

after the arrangements, for the company were now arriving very fast.

Very gay the gardens looked too, with the groups promenading about over the fresh greensward, dotting the leafy precipices with their lightly-tinted dresses, and moving along the top of the heights or sitting on the edges of them, and gazing on the fair prospect of foliage, river, and distant headlands before them. Some were in the arbours—but these were only in pairs—remaining incredibly long spaces of time without any other amusement than that of talking to one another: others were in the maze, and it was remarkable what pains the young ladies took, after some intelligent cavalier had inducted them to the centre, to take every way of getting out again but the right one; and then the trellised barriers resounded with light silvery laughter, and little coquettish bonnets could be seen along the top of them, flirting with gallant-looking hats, or skimming away before them.

Mr. Joe Jollit was everywhere at once; now leading off a round of applause to Mr. Fipps, who by dint of violent beverages was at last excited to commence his minstrelsy; and anon going to the various stalls, admiring the goods audibly if he saw many people standing round them, and buying sovereign purses, worsted half-pence jugs, and sticking-plaister cases at immense prices, with a quiet understanding, however, that they were to be returned as soon as the other customers had departed. Mr. Snarry kept close to the stall of Mrs. Hankins's sister the whole day, looking all sorts of cutting instruments and edged tools at the gentlemen who lingered over her wares, paying compliments. And Mr. Bam's client, the lady high in rank, was continually asking all the fair retailers whether they had sold any of the "Rainbow of Reality," walking about the grounds in all the pride of a *conversazione* authoress, and instructing her "companion," who was not remarkable for beauty, and consequently in no danger of philandering, to be perpetually reading a copy of the charming little work, and with great apparent interest, under a parasol upon a mechanical camp-stool.

Mr. Bam's autographs went off wonderfully well, more especially those of Shakspere, which name he spelt all sorts of ways to suit the taste of the purchasers; and there was also a little ode, purporting to be written by Linnæus, and translated by the Rev. Gilbert White, omitted in his Natural History of Selbourne, which being addressed to a cricket, was remarkably appropriate to the day; and was intended also to have been sung by the children, but the hard names confused them. This was it:

IN GRYLLUM (TO A CRICKET).

Who is 't, when frosts begin to chill us,
With chirping, mirthful notes doth thrill us
Around the fire?—domestic *Gryllus*,
My cricket!

Whose voice of warmth and life the test is,
As musical as that of Vestris,
Thee, and thy brother, term'd *campestris*?
My cricket!

Who sleep'st near ovens all the day,
But on thy wings at night dost play,
Of order term'd *Neuroptera*,
My cricket!

Whom all have heard, but never saw ;
Thou dost thy chirp from friction draw,
And not, as some think, from thy jaw,
My cricket !

Whose *tibiæ* are very strong,
Elytra cross'd by nerves, a throng:
With labial *palpi* not too long,
My cricket !

Tarlton's note also fetched a high price; as well as an unedited joke of that person, who appears only to have equalled Joe Miller in dismal fun. It was as follows:

How Tarlton fell out with a gallery fellowe.

Tarlton, playing at the Bull, in Bishop his Gate, by reason of many people and much disporte, a wag halter boy did cry: "Throw him over." "Mary, boy," saies Tarlton, "thou hast a quick wit." "Ay," saies the boy, "which can catch anything." "Then, God a mercy, boy, you 'll catch it," saies Tarlton, throwing a pippin which hit him sorelie. And ever after it was a by-word thorow Bishop his Gate, "You 'll catch it," and is to this day.

The day went on pleasantly enough for everybody; and at last the fair concluded, to the great increase of the funds, and then the pretty stall-keepers left the tents, and wandered about the grounds with their *attachés*, as well as the rest of the company. Many delightful things were whispered and heard in the ruddy twilight; eyes grew more eloquent as the sun declined, and hearts softened, in company with the outlines of surrounding objects. And then the bands struck up for the dance, and twinkling lights, like many-coloured glow-worms, dotted the flower-beds, or coruscated on the stars and balloons of the banqueting-hall, to the admiration of the beholders. There was also a concert, and it would have done the heart good of any extant master of ceremonies to have seen Mr. Jollit lead the *prima donna* into the music-gallery to sing, and lead her off again when she had finished. And the *prima donna* herself was a beautiful young lady in real feathers, who wore one side of her shawl over her shoulders, and the other under her waist, and who, when she sang a song expressive of her positive wish to enter into the matrimonial state, provided she could only find some eligible gallant whose attributes harmonized with her own mental idiosyncrasy, she threw such glances at the gentlemen below, that it was a wonder they did not all make an offer at once.

So passed the time until it was perfectly dark, when the fireworks were announced, and the company once more assembled on the lawn. The fireworks themselves had been exposed to view all day. They were wonderfully mysterious-looking things, very like magnified ornaments on French tombstones; and, from the facility offered by the quickmatches, Mr. Jollit would have lighted them long before their time with a cigar, if it had not been his own fête. But he did not wish to play practical jokes upon himself, and so he left their combustion to the proper men. First of all a rocket went up, and drew the people's gaze after it, who indulged in the groans of admiration proper to be observed upon such occasions. Then wheels went off, first one way and then another, slow at first, and then fast; and things changed, and turned, and banged, and the

usual routine of pyrotechnicism was observed, until Mr. Joe Jollit, after communing with Mr. Bam, came forward during a temporary cessation of brilliancies, and made a speech as follows :—

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I have a firework now to offer to your notice of most original beauty; for never has anything been seen like it before. It is called the '*bouquet d'amour*,' and its exhibition will conclude the day's festivities. The committee of the society in aid of whose funds the fête has taken place desire me to return you their best thanks."

Applause followed Mr. Jollit's speech, who retired; and then expectation was on tiptoe. The firework commenced—it was an ordinary one for a little time, until it went off into a circle of port-fires, encircling the word "Farewell." And then a sparkling light was seen hovering at the extremity of the lawn, which immediately burst out into a glare of Bengal fire of dazzling brilliancy, shedding a light equal to that of day—perhaps beyond it—upon the surrounding scenery. It was placed in front of a summer-house, behind which Mr. Jollit and Mr. Bam were seen rapidly making a retreat; but in the interior, which was illuminated with an intensity equalling that of oxyhydrogen, the astonished spectators beheld Mr. Snarry at the feet of Mrs. Hankins's sister, and apparently offering up the warmest protestations of love; whilst at a small distance, seated on a tea-table, Mr. Rasselas Fipps was singing soft melodies to his guitar, being in Mr. Snarry's confidence, and having been requested to do so, that additional romance might be thrown about the rendezvous.

A whirlwind of applause burst from the large audience at the unexpected disclosure. Mrs. Hankins's sister buried her face in her handkerchief as Mr. Snarry rushed wildly from the arbour; and in the madness of desperation, unable to find his own hat, seized the plumed bonnet of Mr. Fipps, and extinguished the glaring telltale in an instant.

But the mischief was done, and the excitement did not stop with the burning case. The audience again cheered loudly; Mrs. Hankins went into hysterics, and was taken into the banqueting-hall; and her spouse rushed madly to the summer-house, declaring that he would have Mr. Snarry's best heart's blood, or fall himself, either of which consummations, in the perfect absence of anything like weapons, would have appeared, upon calm reflection, somewhat difficult to bring about. But when the protector of his sister-in-law's propriety reached the arbour, both the late inmates had flown; and he was compelled to be satisfied by wreaking verbal vengeance upon Mr. Fipps, who had remained aghast, and nearly paralyzed, ever since the beginning of the catastrophe.

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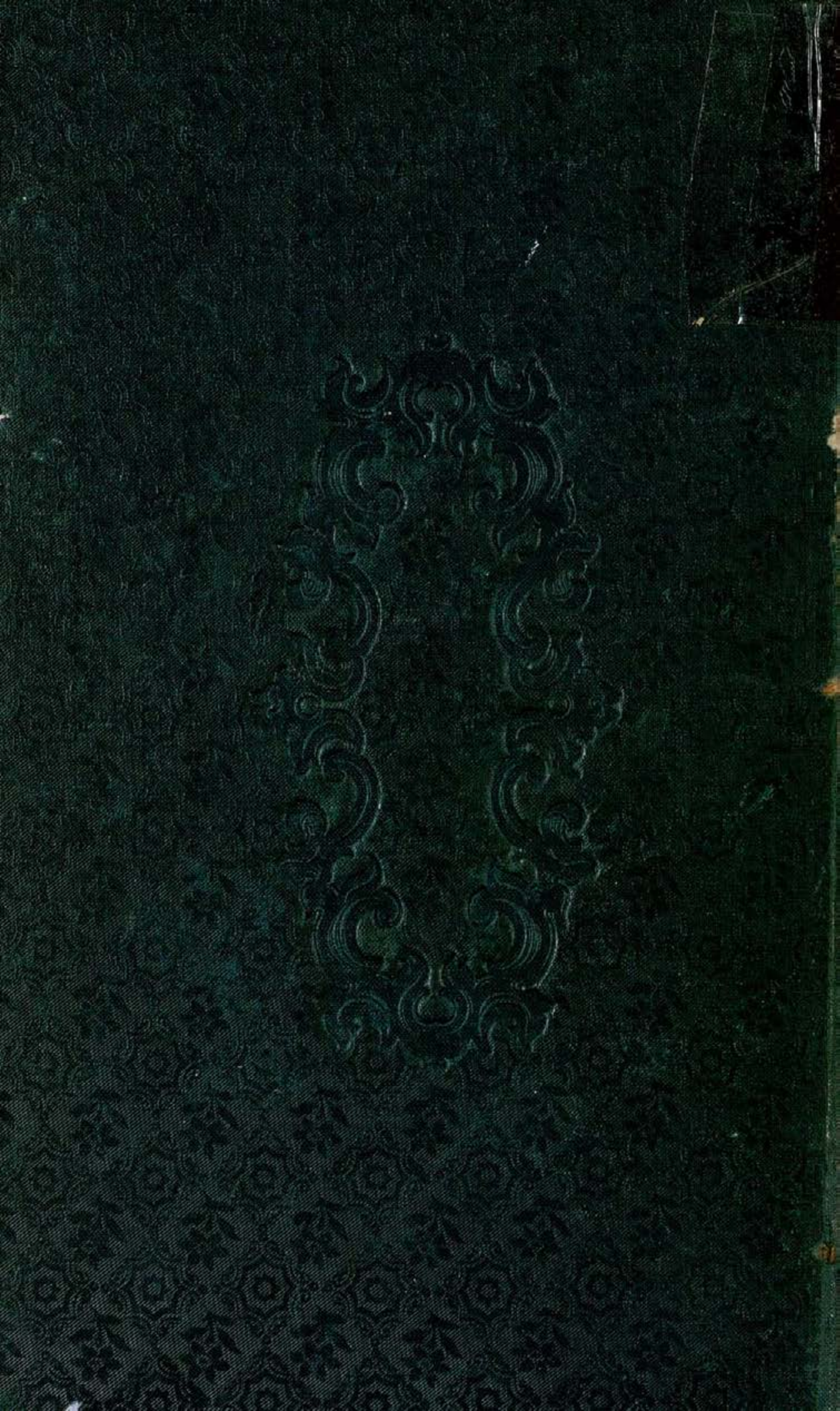
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LONDON:
PRINTED BY S. & J. BENTLEY, WILSON, AND FLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.









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